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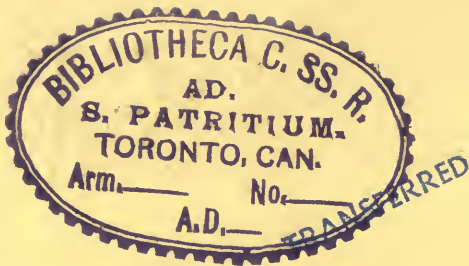
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*J. Arthur McMurtry*





THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS HOOD.

*SECOND SERIES.*



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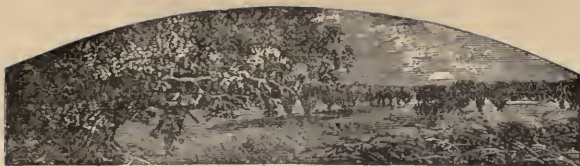
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## HOOD'S POETICAL WORKS.

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### HERO AND LEANDER.

---

TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

It is not with a hope my feeble praise  
Can add one moment's honour to thy own,  
That with thy mighty name I grace these lays ;  
I seek to glorify myself alone :  
For that some precious favour thou hast shown  
To my endeavour in a by-gone time,  
And by this token I would have it known  
Thou art my friend, and friendly to my rhyme !  
It is my dear ambition now to climb  
Still higher in thy thought,—if my bold pen  
May thrust on contemplations more sublime.—  
But I am thirsty for thy praise, for when  
We gain applauses from the great in name,  
We seem to be partakers of *their* fame.

---

OH Bards of old ! what sorrows have ye sung,  
And tragic stories, chronicled in stone,—  
Sad Philomel restored her ravish'd tongue,  
And transform'd Niobe in dumbness shown ;  
Sweet Sappho on her love for ever calls,  
And Hero on the drown'd Leander falls !

Was it that spectacles of sadder plights  
Should make our blisses relish the more high ?  
Then all fair dames, and maidens, and true knights,  
Whose flourish'd fortunes prosper in Love's eye,  
Weep here, unto a tale of ancient grief,  
Traced from the course of an old bas-relief.

There stands Abydos !—here is Sestos' steep,  
 Hard by the gusty margin of the sea,  
 Where sprinkling waves continually do leap ;  
 And that is where those famous lovers be,  
 A builded gloom shot up into the grey,  
 As is the first tall watch-tow'r of the day.

Lo ! how the lark soars upward and is gone ;  
 Turning a spirit as he nears the sky,  
 His voice is heard, though body there is none,  
 And rain-like music scatters from on high ;  
 But love would follow with a falcon spite,  
 To pluck the minstrel from his dewy height.

For Love hath framed a ditty of regrets,  
 Tuned to the hollow sobbings on the shore,  
 A vexing sense, that with like music frets,  
 And chimes this dismal burthen o'er and o'er,  
 Saying, Leander's joys are past and spent,  
 Like stars extinguish'd in the firmament.

For ere the golden crevices of morn  
 Let in those regal luxuries of light,  
 Which all the variable east adorn,  
 And hang rich fringes on the skirts of night,  
 Leander, weaning from sweet Hero's side,  
 Must leave a widow where he found a bride.

Hark ! how the billows beat upon the sand !  
 Like pawing steeds impatient of delay ;  
 Meanwhile their rider, ling'ring on the land,  
 Dallies with love, and holds farewell at bay  
 A too short span.—How tedious slow is grief !  
 But parting renders time both sad and brief.

“ Alas ! ” he sigh'd, “ that this first glimpsing light,  
 Which makes the wide world tenderly appear,  
 Should be the burning signal for my flight,  
 From all the world's best image, which is here ;  
 Whose very shadow, in my fond compare,  
 Shines far more bright than Beauty's self elsewhere.”

Their cheeks are white as blossoms of the dark,  
Whose leaves close up and show the outward pale,  
And those fair mirrors where their joys did spark,  
All dim and tarnish'd with a dreary veil,  
No more to kindle till the night's return,  
Like stars replenish'd at Joy's golden urn.

Ev'n thus they creep into the spectral grey,  
That cramps the landscape in its narrow brim,  
As when two shadows by old Lethe stray,  
He clasping her, and she entwining him ;  
Like trees, wind-parted, that embrace anon,—  
True love so often goes before 'tis gone.

For what rich merchant but will pause in fear,  
To trust his wealth to the unsafe abyss ?  
So Hero dotes upon her treasure here,  
And sums the loss with many an anxious kiss  
Whilst her fond eyes grow dizzy in her head,  
Fear aggravating fear with shows of dread.

She thinks how many have been sunk and drown'd,  
And spies their snow-white bones below the deep,  
Then calls huge congregated monsters round,  
And plants a rock wherever he would leap ;  
Anon she dwells on a fantastic dream,  
Which she interprets of that fatal stream.

Saying, "That honied fly I saw was thee,  
Which lighted on a water-lily's cup,  
When, lo ! the flower, enamour'd of my bee,  
Closed on him suddenly and lock'd him up,  
And he was smother'd in her drenching dew ;  
Therefore this day thy drowning I shall rue."

But next, remembering her virgin fame,  
She clips him in her arms and bids him go,  
But seeing him break loose, repents her shame,  
And plucks him back upon her bosom's snow ;  
And tears unfix her iced resolve again,  
As steadfast frosts are thaw'd by show'rs of rain.

O for a type of parting !—Love to love  
 Is like the fond attraction of two spheres,  
 Which needs a godlike effort to remove,  
 And then sink down their sunny atmospheres  
 In rain and darkness on each ruin'd heart,  
 Nor yet their melodies will sound apart.

So brave Leander sunders from his bride ;  
 The wrenching pang disparts his soul in twain ;  
 Half stays with her, half goes towards the tide,  
 And life must ache, until they join again.  
 Now wouldst thou know the wideness of the wound ?—  
 Mete every step he takes upon the ground.

And for the agony and bosom throe,  
 Let it be measured by the wide vast air,  
 For that is infinite, and so is woe,  
 Since parted lovers breathe it everywhere.  
 Look how it heaves Leander's labouring chest,  
 Panting, at poise, upon a rocky crest !

From which he leaps into the scooping brine,  
 That shocks his bosom with a double chill ;  
 Because, all hours, till the slow sun's decline,  
 That cold divorcer will be twixt them still ;  
 Wherefore he likens it to Styx' foul tide,  
 Where life grows death upon the other side.

Then sadly he confronts his two-fold toil  
 Against rude waves and an unwilling mind,  
 Wishing, alas ! with the stout rower's toil,  
 That like a rower he might gaze behind,  
 And watch that lonely statue he hath left,  
 On her bleak summit, weeping and bereft !

Yet turning oft, he sees her troubled locks  
 Pursue him still the furthest that they may ;  
 Her marble arms that overstretch the rocks,  
 And her pale passion'd hands that seem to pray  
 In dumb petition to the gods above :  
 Love prays devoutly when it prays for love !

Then with deep sighs he blows away the wave,  
 That hangs superfluous tears upon his cheek,  
 And bans his labour like a hopeless slave,  
 That, chain'd in hostile galley, faint and weak,  
 Plies on despairing through the restless foam,  
 Thoughtful of his lost love, and far-off home.

The drowsy mist before him chill and dank,  
 Like a dull lethargy o'erleans the sea,  
 When he rows on against the utter blank,  
 Steering as if to dim eternity,—  
 Like Love's frail ghost departing with the dawn ;  
 A failing shadow in the twilight drawn.

And soon is gone,—or nothing but a faint  
 And failing image in the eye of thought,  
 That mocks his model with an after-paint,  
 And stains an atom like the shape she sought ;  
 Then with her earnest vows she hopes to see  
 The old and hoary majesty of sea.

“O King of waves, and brother of high Jove,  
 Preserve my sumless venture there afloat ;  
 A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,  
 Are all embark'd upon that little boat ;  
 Nay!—but two loves, two lives, a double fate,—  
 A perilous voyage for so dear a freight.

“If impious mariners be stain'd with crime,  
 Shake not in awful rage thy hoary locks ;  
 Lay by thy storms until another time,  
 Lest my frail bark be dash'd against the rocks :  
 O rather smooth thy deeps, that he may fly  
 Like Love himself, upon a seeming sky !

“Let all thy herded monsters sleep beneath,  
 Nor gore him with crook'd tusks, or wreath'd horns ;  
 Let no fierce sharks destroy him with their teeth,  
 Nor spine-fish wound him with their venom'd thorns ;  
 But if he faint, and timely succour lack,  
 Let ruthless dolphins rest him on their back.

“Let no false dimpling whirlpool suck him in,  
 Nor slimy quicksands smother his sweet breath ;  
 Let no jagg’d coral tear his tender skin,  
 Nor mountain billows bury him in death ;”—  
 And with that thought forestalling her own fears,  
 She drowned his painted image in her tears.

By this, the climbing Sun, with rest repair’d,  
 Look’d through the gold embrasures of the sky,  
 And ask’d the drowsy world how she had fared ;—  
 The drowsy world shone brighten’d in reply ;  
 And smiling off her fogs, his slanting beam  
 Spied young Leander in the middle stream.

His face was pallid, but the hectic morn  
 Had hung a lying crimson on his cheeks,  
 And slanderous sparkles in his eyes forlorn ;  
 So death lies ambush’d in consumptive streaks  
 But inward grief was writhing o’er its task,  
 As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.

He thought of Hero and the lost delight,  
 Her last embracings, and the space between ;  
 He thought of Hero and the future night,  
 Her speechless rapture and enamour’d mien,  
 When, lo ! before him, scarce two galleys’ space,  
 His thoughts confronted with another face !

Her aspect’s like a moon, divinely fair,  
 But makes the midnight darker that it lies on ;  
 “Tis so beclouded with her coal-black hair  
 That densely skirts her luminous horizon,  
 Making her doubly fair, thus darkly set,  
 As marble lies advantaged upon jet.

She’s all too bright, too argent, and too pale,  
 To be a woman ;—but a woman’s double,  
 Reflected on the wave so faint and frail,  
 She tops the billows like an air-blown bubble ;  
 Or dim creation of a morning dream,  
 Fair as the wave-bleach’d lily of the stream.

The very rumour strikes his seeing dead :  
Great beauty like great fear first stuns the sense :  
He knows not if her lips be blue or red,  
Nor of her eyes can give true evidence :  
Like murder's witness swooning in the court,  
His sight falls senseless by its own report.

Anon resuming, it declares her eyes  
Are tint with azure, like two crystal wells  
That drink the blue complexion of the skies,  
Or pearls outpeeping from their silvery shells  
Her polish'd brow, it is an ample plain,  
To lodge vast contemplations of the main.

Her lips might corals seem, but corals near,  
Stray through her hair like blossoms on a bower ;  
And o'er the weaker red still domineer,  
And make it pale by tribute to more power ;  
Her rounded cheeks are of still paler hue,  
Touch'd by the bloom of water, tender blue.

Thus he beholds her rocking on the water,  
Under the glossy umbrage of her hair,  
Like pearly Amphitrite's fairest daughter,  
Naiad, or Nereid, or Syren fair,  
Mislodging music in her pitiless breast,  
A nightingale within a falcon's nest.

They say there be such maidens in the deep,  
Charming poor mariners, that all too near  
By mortal lullabies fall dead asleep,  
As drowsy men are poison'd through the ear ;  
Therefore Leander's fears begin to urge,  
This snowy swan is come to sing his dirge.

At which he falls into a deadly chill,  
And strains his eyes upon her lips apart ;  
Fearing each breath to feel that prelude shrill,  
Pierce through his marrow, like a breath-blown dart  
Shot sudden from an Indian's hollow cane,  
With mortal venom fraught, and fiery pain.

Here then, poor wretch, how he begins to crowd  
 A thousand thoughts within a pulse's space ;  
 There seem'd so brief a pause of life allow'd,  
 His mind stretch'd universal, to embrace  
 The whole wide world, in an extreme farewell,—  
 A moment's musing—but an age to tell.

For there stood Hero, widow'd at a glance,  
 The foreseen sum of many a tedious fact,  
 Pale cheeks, dim eyes, and wither'd countenance  
 A wasted ruin that no wasting lack'd ;  
 Time's tragic consequents ere time began,  
 A world of sorrow in a tear-drop's span.

A moment's thinking is an hour in words,—  
 An hour of words is little for some woes ;  
 Too little breathing a long life affords  
 For love to paint itself by perfect shows ;  
 Then let his love and grief unwrong'd lie dumb,  
 Whilst Fear, and that it fears, together come.

As when the crew, hard by some jutty cape,  
 Struck pale and panick'd by the billows' roar,  
 Lay by all timely measures of escape,  
 And let their bark go driving on the shore ;  
 So fray'd Leander, drifting to his wreck,  
 Gazing on Scylla, falls upon her neck.

For he hath all forgot the swimmer's art,  
 The rower's cunning, and the pilot's skill,  
 Letting his arms fall down in languid part,  
 Sway'd by the waves, and nothing by his will,  
 Till soon he jars against that glossy skin,  
 Solid like glass, though seemingly as thin.

Lo ! how she startles at the warning shock,  
 And straightway girds him to her radiant breast,  
 More like his safe smooth harbour than his rock  
 Poor wretch, he is so faint and toil-opprest,  
 He cannot loose him from his grappling foe,  
 Whether for love or hate, she lets not go.



His eyes are blinded with the sleety brine,  
His ears are deafen'd with the wildering noise ;  
He asks the purpose of her fell design,  
But foamy waves choke up his struggling voice ;  
Under the ponderous sea his body dips,  
And Hero's name dies bubbling on his lips.

Look how a man is lower'd to his grave,—  
A yearning hollow in the green earth's lap ;  
So he is sunk into the yawning wave,—  
The plunging sea fills up the watery gap ;  
Anon he is all gone, and nothing seen  
But likeness of green turf and hillocks green.

And where he swam, the constant sun lies sleeping,  
Over the verdant plain that makes his bed ;  
And all the noisy waves go freshly leaping,  
Like gamesome boys over the churchyard dead ;  
The light in vain keeps looking for his face :—  
Now screaming sea-fowl settle in his place.

Yet weep and watch for him, though all in vain !  
Ye moaning billows, seek him as ye wander !  
Ye gazing sunbeams, look for him again !  
Ye winds, grow hoarse with asking for Leander !  
Ye did but spare him for more cruel rape,  
Sea-storm and ruin in a female shape !

She says 'tis love hath bribed her to this deed,  
The glancing of his eyes did so bewitch her.  
O bootless theft ! unprofitable meed !  
Love's treasury is sack'd, but she no richer ;  
The sparkles of his eyes are cold and dead,  
And all his golden looks are turn'd to lead !

She holds the casket, but her simple hand  
Hath spill'd its dearest jewel by the way ;  
She hath life's empty garment at command,  
But her own death lies covert in the prey ;  
As if a thief should steal a tainted vest,  
Some dead man's spoil, and sicken of his pest.

Now she compels him to her deeps below,  
 Hiding his face beneath her plenteous hair,  
 Which jealously she makes all round her brow,  
 For dread of envy, though no eyes are there  
 But seals', and all brute tenants' of the deep,  
 Which heedless through the wave their journeys keep.

Down and still downward through the dusky green  
 She bore him, murmuring with joyous haste  
 In too rash ignorance, as he had been  
 Born to the texture of that watery waste ;  
 That which she breathed and sigh'd, the emerald wave !  
 How could her pleasant home become his grave ?

Down and still downward through the dusky green  
 She bore her treasure, with a face too nigh  
 To mark how life was alter'd in its mien,  
 Or how the light grew torpid in his eye,  
 Or how his pearly breath, unprison'd there,  
 Flew up to join the universal air.

She could not miss the throbbings of his heart,  
 Whilst her own pulse so wanton'd in its joy ;  
 She could not guess he struggled to depart,  
 And when he strove no more, the hapless boy !  
 She read his mortal stillness for content,  
 Feeling no fear where only love was meant.

Soon she alights upon her ocean-floor,  
 And straight unyokes her arms from her fair prize ;  
 Then on his lovely face begins to pore,  
 As if to glut her soul ;—her hungry eyes  
 Have grown so jealous of her arms' delight ;  
 It seems she hath no other sense but sight.

But O sad marvel ! O most bitter strange !  
 What dismal magic makes his cheek so pale ?  
 Why will he not embrace,—why not exchange  
 Her kindly kisses ;—wherefore not exhale  
 Some odorous message from life's ruby gates,  
 Where she his first sweet embassy awaits ?

Her eyes, poor watchers, fix'd upon his looks,  
 Are grappled with a wonder near to grief,  
 As one, who pores on undecipher'd books,  
 Strains vain surmise, and dodges with belief ;  
 So she keeps gazing with a mazy thought,  
 Framing a thousand doubts that end in nought.

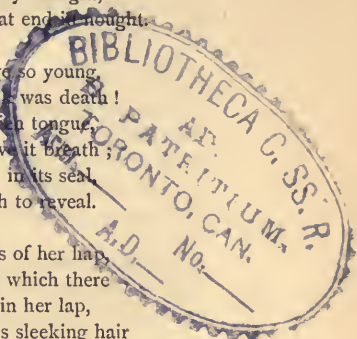
Too stern inscription for a page so young,  
 The dark translation of his looks was death !  
 But death was written in an alien tongue,  
 And learning was not by to give it breath ;  
 So one deep woe sleeps buried in its seal,  
 Which Time, untimely, hasteth to reveal.

Meanwhile she sits unconscious of her lap,  
 Nursing Death's marble effigy, which there  
 With heavy head lies pillow'd in her lap,  
 And elbows all unhinged ;—his sleeking hair  
 Creeps o'er her knees, and settles where his hand  
 Leans with lax fingers crook'd against the sand ;

And there lies spread in many an oozy trail,  
 Like glossy weeds hung from a chalky base,  
 That shows no whiter than his brow is pale ;  
 So soon the wintry death had bleach'd his face  
 Into cold marble,—with blue chilly shades,  
 Showing wherein the freezy blood pervades.

And o'er his steadfast cheek a furrow'd pain  
 Hath set, and stiffen'd, like a storm in ice,  
 Showing by drooping lines the deadly strain  
 Of mortal anguish ;—yet you might gaze twice  
 Ere Death it seem'd, and not his cousin, Sleep,  
 That through those creviced lids did underpeep.

But all that tender bloom about his eyes,  
 Is Death's own violets, which his utmost rite  
 It is to scatter when the red rose dies ;  
 For blue is chilly, and akin to white :  
 Also he leaves some tinges on his lips,  
 Which he hath kiss'd with such cold frosty nips.



“Surely,” quoth she, “he sleeps, the senseless thing,  
Oppress’d and faint with toiling in the stream !”  
Therefore she will not mar his rest, but sing  
So low, her tune shall mingle with his dream ;  
Meanwhile, her lily fingers tasks to twine  
His uncrispt locks uncurling in the brine.

“O lovely boy !”—thus she attuned her voice,—  
“Welcome, thrice welcome, to a sea-maid’s home,  
My love-mate thou shalt be, and true heart’s choice ;  
How have I long’d such a twin-self should come,—  
A lonely thing, till this sweet chance befel,  
My heart kept sighing like a hollow shell.

“Here thou shalt live, beneath this secret dome,  
An ocean bow’r ; defended by the shade  
Of quiet waters, a cool emerald gloom  
To lap thee all about. Nay, be not fray’d,  
Those are but shady fishes that sail by  
Like antic clouds across my liquid sky !

Look how the sunbeam burns upon their scales,  
And shows rich glimpses of their Tyrian skins ;  
They flash small lightnings from their vigorous tails,  
And winking stars are kindled at their fins ;  
These shall divert thee in thy weariest mood,  
And seek thy hand for gamesomeness and food.

“Lo ! those green pretty leaves with tassel bells,  
My flow’rets those, that never pine for drowth ;  
Myself did plant them in the dappled shells,  
That drink the wave with such a rosy mouth,—  
Pearls wouldst thou have beside ? crystals to shine ?  
I had such treasures once,—now they are thine.

“Now, lay thine ear against this golden sand,  
And thou shalt hear the music of the sea,  
Those hollow tunes it plays against the land,—  
Is’t not a rich and wondrous melody ?  
I have lain hours, and fancied in its tone  
I heard the languages of ages gone !

“I too can sing when it shall please thy choice,  
 And breathe soft tunes through a melodious shell,  
 Though heretofore I have but set my voice  
 To some long sighs, grief-harmonized, to tell  
 How desolate I fared ;—but this sweet change  
 Will add new notes of gladness to my range !

‘Or bid me speak, and I will tell thee tales,  
 Which I have framed out of the noise of waves ;  
 Ere now I have communed with senseless gales,  
 And held vain colloquies with barren caves ;  
 But I could talk to thee whole days and days,  
 Only to word my love a thousand ways.

“But if thy lips will bless me with their speech,  
 Then ope, sweet oracles ! and I’ll be mute ;  
 I was born ignorant for thee to teach,  
 Nay all love’s lore to thy dear looks impute ;  
 Then ope thine eyes, fair teachers, by whose light  
 I saw to give away my heart aright !”

But cold and deaf the sullen creature lies  
 Over her knees, and with concealing clay,  
 Like hoarding Avarice, locks up his eyes,  
 And leaves her world impoverish’d of day ;  
 Then at his cruel lips she bends to plead,  
 But there the door is closed against her need.

Surely he sleeps,—so her false wits infer !  
 Alas ! poor sluggard, ne’er to wake again !  
 Surely he sleeps, yet without any stir  
 That might denote a vision in his brain ;  
 Or if he does not sleep, he feigns too long,  
 Twice she hath reach’d the ending of her song.

Therefore ’tis time she tells him to uncover  
 Those radiant jesters, and disperse her fears,  
 Whereby her April face is shaded over,  
 Like rainy clouds just ripe for showering tears ;  
 Nay, if he will not wake, so poor she gets,  
 Herself must rob those lock’d-up cabinets.

With that she stoops above his brow, and bids  
 Her busy hands forsake his tangled hair,  
 And tenderly lift up those coffer-lids,  
 That she may gaze upon the jewels there,  
 Like babes that pluck an early bud apart,  
 To know the dainty colour of its heart.

Now, picture one, soft creeping to a bed,  
 Who slowly parts the fringe-hung canopies,  
 And then starts back to find the sleeper dead;  
 So she looks in on his uncover'd eyes,  
 And seeing all within so drear and dark,  
 Her own bright soul dies in her like a spark.

Backward she falls, like a pale prophetess,  
 Under the swoon of holy divination :  
 And what had all surpass'd her simple guess,  
 She now resolves in this dark revelation ;  
 Death's very mystery,—oblivious death ;—  
 Long sleep,—deep night, and an entranc'd breath.

Yet life, though wounded sore, not wholly slain,  
 Merely obscured, and not extinguish'd, lies ;  
 Her breath that stood at ebb, soon flows again,  
 Heaving her hollow breast with heavy sighs,  
 And light comes in and kindles up the gloom,  
 To light her spirit from its transient tomb.

Then like the sun, awaken'd at new dawn,  
 With pale bewilder'd face she peers about,  
 And spies blurr'd images obscurely drawn,  
 Uncertain shadows in a haze of doubt ;  
 But her true grief grows shapely by degrees,—  
 A perish'd creature lying on her knees.

And now she knows how that old Murderer preys,  
 Whose quarry on her lap lies newly slain :  
 How he roams all abroad and grimly slays,  
 Like a lean tiger in Love's own domain ;  
 Parting fond mates,—and oft in flowery lawns  
 Bereaves mild mothers of their milky fawns.

O too dear knowledge ! O pernicious earning !  
 Foul curse engraven upon beauty's page !  
 Ev'n now the sorrow of that deadly learning  
 Ploughs up her brow, like an untimely age,  
 And on her cheek stamps verdict of death's truth  
 By canker blights upon the bud of youth !

For as unwholesome winds decay the leaf,  
 So her cheeks' rose is perish'd by her sighs,  
 And withers in the sickly breath of grief ;  
 Whilst unacquainted rheum bedims her eyes,  
 Tears, virgin tears, the first that ever leapt  
 From those young lids, now plentifully wept.

Whence being shed, the liquid crystalline  
 Drops straightway down, refusing to partake  
 In gross admixture with the baser brine,  
 But shrinks and hardens into pearls opaque,  
 Hereafter to be worn on arms and ears ;  
 So one maid's trophy is another's tears !

"O foul Arch-Shadow, thou old cloud of Night,"  
 (Thus in her frenzy she began to wail,)  
 "Thou blank Oblivion—Blotter-out of light,  
 Life's ruthless murderer, and dear love's bale !  
 Why hast thou left thy havoc incomplete,  
 Leaving me here, and slaying the more sweet ?

"Lo ! what a lovely ruin thou hast made !  
 Alas ! alas ! thou hast no eye to see,  
 And blindly slew'st him in misguided shade.  
 Would I had lent my doting sense to thee !  
 But now I turn to thee, a willing mark,  
 Thine arrows miss me in the aimless dark !

"O doubly cruel !—twice misdoing spite  
 But I will guide thee with my helping eyes,  
 Or—walk the wide world through, devoid of sight,—  
 Yet thou shalt know me by my many sighs.  
 Nay, then thou should'st have spared my rose, false Death,  
 And known Love's flow'r by smelling his sweet breath ;

“Or, when thy furious rage was round him dealing,  
 Love should have grown from touching of his skin ;  
 But like cold marble thou art all unfeeling,  
 And hast no ruddy springs of warmth within,  
 And being but a shape of freezing bone,  
 Thy touching only turn'd my love to stone !

“And here, alas ! he lies across my knees,  
 With cheeks still colder than the stilly wave.  
 The light beneath his eyelids seems to freeze ;  
 Here then, since Love is dead and lacks a grave,  
 O come and dig it in my sad heart's core—  
 That wound will bring a balsam for its sore !

“For art thou not a sleep where sense of ill  
 Lies stingless, like a sense benumb'd with cold,  
 Healing all hurts only with sleep's good-will ?  
 So shall I slumber, and perchance behold  
 My living love in dreams,—O happy night,  
 That lets me company his banish'd spright !

“O poppy Death !—sweet poisoner of sleep ;  
 Where shall I seek for thee, oblivious drug,  
 That I may steep thee in my drink, and creep  
 Out of life's coil ? Look, Idol ! how I hug  
 Thy dainty image in this strict embrace,  
 And kiss this clay-cold model of thy face !

“Put out, put out those sun-consuming lamps,  
 I do but read my sorrows by their shine ;  
 O come and quench them with thy oozy damps,  
 And let my darkness intermix with thine ;  
 Since love is blinded, wherefore should I see ?  
 Now love is death,—death will be love to me !

“Away, away, this vain complaining breath,  
 It does but stir the troubles that I weep ;  
 Let it be hush'd and quieted, sweet Death ;  
 The wind must settle ere the wave can sleep,—  
 Since love is silent, I would fain be mute :  
 O Death, be gracious to my dying suit !”



Thus far she pleads, but pleading nought avails her.  
 For Death, her sullen burthen, deigns no heed ;  
 Then with dumb craving arms, since darkness fails her.  
 She prays to heaven's fair light, as if her need  
 Inspired her there were Gods to pity pain,  
 Or end it,— but she lifts her arms in vain !

Poor gilded Grief ! the subtle light by this  
 With mazy gold creeps through her watery mine.  
 And, diving downward through the green abyss,  
 Lights up her palace with an amber shine ;  
 There, falling on her arms,—the crystal skin  
 Reveals the ruby tide that fares within.

Look how the fulsome beam would hang a glory  
 On her dark hair, but the dark hairs repel it ;  
 Look how the perjured glow suborns a story  
 On her pale lips, but lips refuse to tell it ;  
 Grief will not swerve from grief, however told  
 On coral lips, or character'd in gold ;

Or else, thou maid ! safe anchored on Love's neck-  
 Listing the hapless doom of young Leander,  
 Thou would'st not shed a tear for that old wreck-  
 Sitting secure where no wild surges wander ;  
 Whereas the woe moves on with tragic pace.  
 And shows its sad reflection in thy face.

Thus having travell'd on, and tracked the tale.  
 Like the due course of an old bas-relief,  
 Where Tragedy pursues her progress pale,  
 Brood here awhile upon that sea-maid's grie',  
 And take a deeper imprint from the frieze  
 Of that young Fate, with Death upon her knees.

Then whilst the melancholy Muse withal  
 Resumes her music in a sadder tone,  
 Meanwhile the sunbeam strikes upon the wall,  
 Conceive that lovely siren to live on-  
 Ev'n as Hope whispered the Promethean light  
 Would kindle up the dead Leander's spright.

“’Tis light,” she says, “that feeds the glittering stars,  
 And those were stars set in his heavenly brow ;  
 But this salt cloud, this cold sea-vapour, mars  
 Their radiant breathing, and obscures them now ;  
 Therefore I’ll lay him in the clear blue air,  
 And see how these dull orbs will kindle there.”

Swiftly as dolphins glide, or swifter yet,  
 With dead Leander in her fond arms’ fold,  
 She cleaves the meshes of that radiant net,  
 The sun hath twined above of liquid gold,  
 Nor slacks till on the margin of the land,  
 She lays his body on the glowing sand.

There, like a pearly waif, just past the reach  
 Of foamy billows he lies cast. Just then,  
 Some listless fishers, straying down the beach,  
 Spy out this wonder. Thence the curious men,  
 Low crouching, creep into a thicket brake,  
 And watch her doings till their rude hearts ache.

First she begins to chafe him till she faints,  
 Then falls upon his mouth with kisses many,  
 And sometimes pauses in her own complaints  
 To list his breathing, but there is not any,—  
 Then looks into his eyes where no light dwells ;  
 Light makes no pictures in such muddy wells.

The hot sun parches his discover’d eyes,  
 The hot sun beats on his discolour’d limbs,  
 The sand is oozy whereupon he lies,  
 Soiling his fairness ;—then away she swims,  
 Meaning to gather him a daintier bed,  
 Plucking the cool fresh weeds, brown, green, and red.

But, simple-witted thief, while she dives under,  
 Another robs her of her amorous theft ;  
 The ambush’d fishermen creep forth to plunder,  
 And steal the unwatch’d treasure she has left ;  
 Only his void impression dints the sands ;  
 Leander is purloined by stealthy hands !

Lo ! how she shudders off the beaded wave,  
Like Grief all over tears, and senseless falls,—  
His void imprint seems hollow'd for her grave ;  
Then, rising on her knees, looks round and calls  
On " Hero ! Hero !" having learn'd this name  
Of his last breath, she calls him by the same.

Then with her frantic hands she rends her hairs,  
And casts them forth, sad keepsakes to the wind,  
As if in plucking those she pluck'd her cares ;  
But grief lies deeper, and remains behind  
Like a barb'd arrow, rankling in her brain,  
Turning her very thoughts to throbs of pain.

Anon her tangled locks are left alone,  
And down upon the sand she meekly sits,  
Hard by the foam, as humble as a stone,  
Like an enchanted maid beside her wits,  
That ponders with a look serene and tragic,  
Stunned by the mighty mystery of magic.

Or think of Ariadne's utter trance,  
Crazed by the flight of that disloyal traitor,  
Who left her gazing on the green expanse  
That swallow'd up his track,—yet this would mate her,  
Ev'n in the cloudy summit of her woe,  
When o'er the far sea-brim she saw him go.

For even so she bows, and bends her gaze  
O'er the eternal waste, as if to sum  
Its waves by weary thousands all her days,  
Dismally doom'd ! meanwhile the billows come,  
And coldly dabble with her quiet feet,  
Like any bleaching stones they wont to greet.

And thence into her lap have boldly sprung,  
Washing her weedy tresses to and fro,  
That round her crouching knees have darkly hung ;  
But she sits careless of waves' ebb and flow,  
Like a lone beacon on a desert coast,  
Showing where all her hope was wreck'd and lost.

Yet whether in the sea or vaulted sky,  
 She knoweth not her love's abrupt resort,  
 So like a shape of dreams he left her eye,  
 Winking with doubt. Meanwhile, the churls' report  
 Has throng'd the beach with many a curious face,  
 That peeps upon her from its hiding place.

And here a head, and there a brow half seen,  
 Dodges behind a rock. Here on his hands  
 A mariner his crumpled cheeks doth lean  
 Over a rugged crest. Another stands,  
 Holding his harmful arrow at the head,  
 Still check'd by human caution and strange dread.

One stops his ears,—another close beholder  
 Whispers unto the next his grave surmise ;  
 This crouches down,—and just above his shoulder  
 A woman's pity saddens in her eyes,  
 And prompts her to befriend that lonely grief,  
 With all sweet helps of sisterly relief.

And down the sunny beach she paces slowly,  
 With many doubtful pauses by the way ;  
 Grief hath an influence so hush'd and holy,—  
 Making her twice attempt, ere she can lay  
 Her hand upon that sea-maid's shoulder white,  
 Which makes her startle up in wild affright.

And, like a seal, she leaps into the wave  
 That drowns the shrill remainder of her scream ;  
 Anon the sea fills up the watery cave,  
 And seals her exit with a foamy seam,—  
 Leaving those baffled gazers on the beach,  
 Turning in uncouth wonder each to each.

Some watch, some call, some see her head emerge,  
 Wherever a brown weed falls through the foam ;  
 Some point to white eruptions of the surge :—  
 But she is vanish'd to her shady home,  
 Under the deep, inscrutable,—and there  
 Weeps in a midnight made of her own hair.

Now here, the sighing winds, before unheard,  
Forth from their cloudy caves begin to blow  
Till all the surface of the deep is stirr'd,  
Like to the panting grief it hides below ;  
And heaven is cover'd with a stormy rack,  
Soiling the waters with its inky black.

The screaming fowl resigns her finny prey,  
And labours shoreward with a bending wing,  
Rowing against the wind her toilsome way ;  
Meanwhile, the curling billows chafe, and fling  
Their dewy frost still further on the stones,  
That answer to the wind with hollow groans.

And here and there a fisher's far-off bark  
Flies with the sun's last glimpse upon its sail,  
Like a bright flame amid the waters dark,  
Watch'd with the hope and fear of maidens pale ;  
And anxious mothers that upturn their brows,  
Freighting the gusty wind with frequent vows,

For that the horrid deep has no sure path  
To guide Love safe into his homely haven.  
And lo ! the storm grows blacker in its wrath,  
O'er the dark billow brooding like a raven,  
That bodes of death and widow's sorrowing,  
Under the dusky covert of his wing.

And so day ended. . But no vesper spark  
Hung forth its heavenly sign ; but sheets of flame  
Play'd round the savage features of the dark,  
Making night horrible. That night, there came  
A weeping maiden to high Sestos' steep,  
And tore her hair and gazed upon the deep.

And waved aloft her bright and ruddy torch,  
Whose flame the boastful wind so rudely fann'd  
That oft it would recoil, and basely scorch  
The tender covert of her sheltering hand ;  
Which yet, for Love's dear sake, disdain'd retire,  
And, like a glorying martyr, braved the fire.

For that was Love's own sign and beacon guide  
 Across the Hellespont's wide weary space,  
 Wherein he nightly struggled with the tide :—  
 Look what a red it forges on her face,  
 As if she blush'd at holding such a light,  
 Ev'n in the unseen presence of the night !

Whercas her tragic cheek is truly pale,  
 And colder than the rude and ruffian air  
 That howls into her ear a horrid tale  
 Of storm and wreck, and uttermost despair,  
 Saying, " Leander floats amid the surge,  
 And those are dismal waves that sing his dirge."

And hark !—a grieving voice, trembling and faint,  
 Blends with the hollow sobbings of the sea ;  
 Like the sad music of a siren's plaint,  
 But shriller than Leander's voice should be,  
 Unless the wintry death had changed its tone,—  
 Wherefore she thinks she hears his spirit moan.

For now, upon each brief and breathless pause,  
 Made by the raging winds, it plainly calls  
 On " Hero ! Hero !" —whereupon she draws  
 Close to the dizzy brink, that ne'er appals  
 Her brave and constant spirit to recoil,  
 However the wild billows toss and toil.

" Oh ! dost thou live under the deep deep sea ?  
 I thought such love as thine could never die ;  
 If thou hast gain'd an immortality  
 From the kind pitying sea-god, so will I ;  
 And this false cruel tide that used to sever  
 Our hearts, shall be our common home for ever .

" There we will sit and sport upon one billow,  
 And sing our ocean ditties all the day,  
 And lie together on the same green pillow,  
 That curls above us with its dewy spray ;  
 And ever in one presence live and dwell,  
 Like two twin pearls within the selfsame shell."

One moment then, upon the dizzy verge  
 She stands ;—with face upturn'd against the sky ;  
 A moment more, upon the foamy surge  
 She gazes, with a calm despairing eye ;  
 Feeling that awful pause of blood and breath,  
 Which life endures when it confronts with death ;—

Then from the giddy steep she madly springs,  
 Grasping her maiden robes, that vainly kept  
 Panting abroad, like unavailing wings,  
 To save her from her death,—l'he sea-maid wept,  
 And in a crystal cave her corse enshrined ;  
 No meaner sepulchre should Hero find !

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 THE ELM TREE. \*

## A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
 Finds tongues in trees."—*As You Like It.*

'T WAS in a shady Avenue,  
 Where lofty Elms abound—  
 And from a Tree  
 There came to me  
 A sad and solemn sound,  
 That sometimes murmur'd overhead,  
 And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,  
 Amid the boughs to moan ;  
 It mutter'd in the stem, and then  
 The roots took up the tone ;  
 As if beneath the dewy grass  
 The dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves ;  
 No bolts that tempests launch,  
 To rend the trunk or rugged bark ;  
 No gale to bend the branch ;

\* Suggested by a visit to Ham House, on the banks of the Thames.

## THE ELM TREE.

No quake of earth to heave the roots,  
That stood so stiff and staunch.

No bird was preening up aloft,  
To rustle with its wing ;  
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,  
From bough to bough to spring ;  
The solid bole  
Had ne'er a hole  
To hide a living thing !

No scooping hollow cell to lodge  
A furtive beast or fowl,  
The martin, bat,  
Or forest cat  
That nightly loves to prowl,  
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud  
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,  
A sad and solemn sound,  
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,  
And sometimes underground—  
'Twas in a shady Avenue  
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue  
In this ungenial clime ?  
Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice  
As in the classic prime—  
To make the forest voluble,  
As in the olden time ?

The olden time is dead and gone ;  
Its years have fill'd their sum—  
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—  
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—  
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,  
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch,  
And fragrant Linden Trees ;



No living sound  
 E'er hovers round,  
 Unless the vagrant breeze,  
 The music of the merry bird,  
 Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm  
 That bears no bloom aloft—  
 The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,  
 The Blackbird in the croft ;  
 And among the firs the brooding Dove,  
 That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,  
 And sad it was to boot,  
 From ev'ry overhanging bough,  
 And each minuter shoot ;  
 From rugged trunk and mossy rind,  
 And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan ;  
 From those,—a dreary sigh ;  
 As if the boughs were wintry bare,  
 And wild winds sweeping by—  
 Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud  
 Was stéadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air  
 Could either sense observe—  
 The zephyr had not breath enough  
 The thistle-down to swerve,  
 Or force the filmy gossamers  
 To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd  
 All nature seem'd to be :  
 From heaven above, or earth beneath,  
 No whisper came to me—  
 Except the solemn sound and sad  
 From that MYSTERIOUS TREE !

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,  
 As is that dreamy roar

When distant billows boil and bound  
 Along a shingly shore—  
 But the ocean brim was far aloof,  
 A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,  
 No tumult of the beach,  
 However they may foam and fret,  
 The bounded sense could reach—  
 Methought the trees in mystic tongue  
 Were talking each to each !—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales  
 Of greenwood love or guilt,  
 Of whisper'd vows  
 Beneath their boughs ;  
 Or blood obscurely spilt ;  
 Or of that near-hand Mansion House  
 A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared  
 Beneath the starry cope—  
 Or where the suicidal wretch  
 Hung up the fatal rope ;  
 Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,  
 Insnared by love and hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd  
 At midnight dark and dank—  
 And what is underneath the sod  
 Whereon the grass is rank—  
 Of old intrigues,  
 And privy leagues,  
 Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—  
 Of Kin who fought and fell—  
 God knows the undiscover'd schemes,  
 The arts and acts of Hell,  
 Performed long generations since,  
 If trees had tongues to tell !

With wary eyes, and ears alert,  
As one who walks afraid,  
I wander'd down the dappled path  
Of mingled light and shade—  
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue  
Beyond the green arcade !

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n  
Beyond that verdant aisle !  
All overarch'd with lofty elms,  
That quench'd the light, the while,  
As dim and chill  
As serves to fill  
Some old Cathedral pile !

And many a gnarlèd trunk was there,  
That ages long had stood,  
Till Time had wrought them into shapes  
Like Pan's fantastic brood ;  
Or still more foul and hideous forms  
That Pagans carve in wood !

A crouching Satyr lurking here—  
And there a Goblin grim—  
As staring full of demon life  
As Gothic sculptor's whim—  
A marvel it had scarcely been  
To hear a voice from him !

Some whisper from that horrid mouth  
Of strange, unearthly tone ;  
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill  
One's marrow in the bone.  
But no——it grins like rigid Death,  
And silent as a stone !

As silent as its fellows be,  
For all is mute with them—  
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—  
The rough and mossy stem—  
The crooked root,

And tender shoot,  
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,  
Of sad and solemn sound—  
That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
And sometimes underground—  
In all that shady Avenue,  
Where lofty Elms abound.

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PART II.

THE Scene is changed ! No green Arcade  
No Trees all ranged a-row—  
But scatter'd like a beaten host,  
Dispersing to and fro ;  
With here and there a sylvan corse,  
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell  
Pursues his daily toil ;  
As witness many a prostrate trunk,  
Bereft of leafy spoil,  
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon  
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows  
Have banish'd bird and beast ;  
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off  
A hundred yards at least ;  
And on the maple's lofty top,  
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,  
Or when he takes his rest ;  
Except the timid thrush that peeps  
Above her secret nest,  
Forbid by love to leave the young  
Beneath her speckled breast.

The woodman's heart is in his work,  
His axe is sharp and good :  
With sturdy arm and steady aim  
He smites the gaping wood ;  
From distant rocks  
His lusty knocks  
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;  
The muscles serve him well ;  
His years have reach'd an extra span,  
The number none can tell ;  
But still his lifelong task has been  
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,  
And Winter's freezing cold,  
From sapling youth  
To virile growth,  
And Age's rigid mould,  
His energetic axe hath rung  
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel  
The vivid sunbeams glance—  
About his head and round his feet  
The forest shadows dance ;  
And bounding from his russet coat  
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,  
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,  
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown  
As corn, that's ripe to reap ;  
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,  
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame ;  
His legs are long and stark ;  
His arms like limbs of knotted yew  
His hands like rugged bark ;

## THE ELM TREE.

So he felleth still  
 With right good will,  
 As if to build an Ark !

Oh ! well within *His* fatal path  
 The fearful Tree might quake  
 Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,  
 With aspen tremor shake ;  
 Through trunk and root,  
 And branch and shoot,  
 A low complaining make !

Oh ! well to *Him* the Tree might breathe  
 A sad and solemn sound,  
 A sigh that murmur'd overhead,  
 And groans from underground ;  
 As in that shady Avenue  
 Where lofty Elms abound !

But calm and mute the Maple stands,  
 The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,  
 The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,  
 Without the least demur ;  
 And e'en the Aspen's hoary leaf  
 Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,  
 That writhe—recalling soon  
 The famous Human Group that writhes  
 With Snakes in wild festoon—  
 In ramous wrestlings interlaced  
 A Forest Læocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth  
 By tortures overcome,  
 Their brown enormous limbs they twine  
 Bedew'd with tears of gum—  
 Fierce agonies that ought to yell,  
 But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands  
 So like a man of sin,

Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad  
 To feel the Worm within—  
 For all that gesture, so intense  
 It makes no sort of din !

An universal silence reigns  
 In rugged bark or peel,  
 Except that very trunk which rings  
 Beneath the biting steel—  
 Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe  
 With unrelenting zeal !

No rustic song is on his tongue,  
 No whistle on his lips ;  
 But with a quiet thoughtfulness  
 His trusty tool he grips,  
 And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out  
 The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint  
 He spreads the fatal gash ;  
 Till, lo ! the remnant fibres rend,  
 With harsh and sudden crash,  
 And on the dull resounding turf  
 The jarring branches lash !

Oh ! now the Forest Trees may sigh,  
 The Ash, the Poplar tall,  
 The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,  
 The Aspens—one and all,  
 With solemn groan  
 And hollow moan  
 Lament a comrade's fall !

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,  
 That, thrice the human span—  
 While on their variegated course  
 The constant Seasons ran—  
 Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,  
 Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,  
 Struck down by hand of God,  
 Or heathen Idol tumbled prone  
 Beneath th' Eternal's nod,  
 In all its giant bulk and length  
 It lies along the sod !—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve  
 And make a common moan  
 Around that patriarchal trunk  
 So newly overthrown ;  
 And with a murmur recognise  
 A doom to be their own !

The Echo sleeps : the idle axe,  
 A disregarded tool,  
 Lies crushing with its passive weight  
 The toad's reputed stool—  
 The Woodman wipes his dewy brow  
 Within the shadows cool.

No Zephyr stirs : the ear may catch  
 The smallest insect-hum ;  
 But on the disappointed sense  
 No mystic whispers come ;  
 No tone of sylvan sympathy,  
 The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, no inward voice,  
 No sad and solemn sou  
 That sometimes murmurs overhead,  
 And sometimes underground ;  
 As in that shady Avenue,  
 Where lofty Elms abound !

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 PART III.

THE deed is done : the Tree is low  
 That stood so long and firm ;  
 The Woodman and his axe are gone,



His toil has found its term ;  
 And where he wrought the speckled Thrush  
 Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank  
 Has run a rapid race,  
 Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,  
 To seek the open space ;  
 And on its haunches sits erect  
 To clean its furry face.

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,  
 The Hind is browsing near,—  
 And on the Larch's lowest bough  
 The Ousel whistles clear ;  
     But checks the note  
     Within its throat,  
 As choked with sudden fear !

With sudden fear her wormy quest  
 The Thrush abruptly quits—  
 Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern  
 The startled Cony flits ;  
 And on the Larch's lowest bough  
 No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear  
 The dappled Deer  
 Effect a swift escape ;  
 But well might bolder creature start,  
 And fly, or stand agape,  
 With rising hair, and curdled blood,  
 To see so grim a Shape !

The very sky turns pale above ;  
 The earth grows dark beneath ;  
 The human Terror thrills with cold  
 And draws a shorter breath—  
 An universal panic owns  
 The dread approach of DEATH !

## THE ELM TREE.

With silent pace, as shadows come,  
 And dark as shadows be,  
 The grisly Phantom takes his stand  
 Beside the fallen Tree,  
 And scans it with his gloomy eyes,  
 And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,  
 Where mirth is void and null,  
 As hollow as its echo sounds  
 Within the hollow skull—  
 “Whoever laid this tree along,  
 His hatchet was not dull !

“The human arm and human tool  
 Have done their duty well !  
 But after sound of ringing axe  
 Must sound the ringing knell ;  
     When Elm and Oak  
     Have felt the stroke,  
 My turn it is to fell !

“No passive unregarded tree,  
 A senseless thing of wood,  
 Wherein the sluggish sap ascends  
 To swell the vernal bud—  
 But conscious, moving, breathing trunks  
 That throb with living blood !

“No forest Monarch yearly clad  
 In mantle green or brown ;  
 That unrecorded lives, and falls  
 By hand of rustic clown—  
 But Kings who don the purple robe,  
 And wear the jewell'd crown.

“Ah ! little recks the Royal mind,  
 Within his Banquet Hall,  
 While tapers shine and Music breathes  
 And Beauty leads the Ball,—  
 He little recks the oaken plank  
 Shall be his palace wall !

“ Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,  
The while his falcon flies—  
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf  
The antler'd quarry dies—  
That in his own ancestral Park  
The narrow dwelling lies !

“ But haughty Peer and mighty King  
One doom shall overwhelm !  
The oaken cell  
Shall lodge him well  
Whose sceptre ruled a realm—  
While he, who never knew a home,  
Shall find it in the Elm !

“ The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,  
Who begs from door to door,  
And dies within the cressy ditch,  
Or on the barren moor,  
The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe  
That houseless man and poor !

“ Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,  
That lies so long and prone,  
With many a fallen acorn-cup,  
And mast, a firry cone—  
This rugged trunk shall hold its share  
Of mortal flesh and bone !

“ A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,  
But pale with ague-fears—  
A Wife lamenting love's decay,  
With secret cruel tears,  
Distilling bitter, bitter drops  
From sweets of former years—

“ A man within whose gloomy mind  
Offence had deeply sunk,  
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup  
Hath madly, darkly drunk—  
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep  
Within this very trunk !

## THE ELM TREE.

‘ This massy trunk that lies along,  
 And many more must fall—  
     For the very knave  
     Who digs the grave,  
 The man who spreads the pall,  
 And he who tolls the funeral bell,  
 The Elm shall have them all !

“ The tall abounding Elm that grows  
 In hedgerows up and down ;  
 In field and forest, copse and park,  
 And in the peopled town,  
 With colonies of noisy rooks  
 That nestle on its crown.

“ And well th’ abounding Elm may grow  
 In hedge and field so rife,  
 In forest, copse, and wooded park,  
 And ’mid the city’s strife,  
 For, every hour that passes by  
 Shall end a human life !”

The phantom ends : the shade is gone ;  
 The sky is clear and bright ;  
 On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,  
 There glows a ruddy light ;  
 And bounding through the golden fern  
 The rabbit comes to bite.

The Thrush’s mate beside her sits  
 And pipes a merry lay ;  
 The Dove is in the evergreens ;  
 And on the Larch’s spray  
 The Fly-bird flutters up and down,  
 To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn  
 Are coming up the glade ;  
 Each harmless furr’d and feather’d  
 Is glad, and not afraid—  
 But on my sadden’d spirit still  
 The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,  
 As though by certain mark  
 I knew the fore-appointed Tree,  
 Within whose rugged bark  
 This warm and living frame shall find  
 Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me  
 A sad and solemn sound,  
 That sometimes murmur'd overhead,  
 And sometimes underground ;  
 Within that shady Avenue  
 Where lofty Elms abound.

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THE LAY OF THE LABOURER.

A SPADE ! a rake ! a hoe !  
 A pickaxe, or a bill !  
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
 A flail, or what ye will—  
 And here's a ready hand  
 To ply the needful tool,  
 And skill'd enough, by lessons rough,  
 In Labour's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,  
 To lop or fell the tree,  
 To lay the swarth on the sultry field,  
 Or plough the stubborn lea ;  
 The harvest stack to bind,  
 The wheaten rick to thatch,  
 And never fear in my pouch to find  
 The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm  
 My fancies never roam ;  
 The fire I yearn to kindle and burn  
 Is on the hearth of Home ;  
 Where children huddle and crouch

Through dark long wintry days,  
 Where starving children huddle and crouch,  
 To see the cheerful rays,  
 A-glowing on the haggard cheek,  
 And not in the haggard's blaze !

To Him who sends a drought  
 To parch the fields forlorn,  
 The rain to flood the meadows with mud,  
 The blight to blast the corn,  
 To Him I leave to guide  
 The bolt in its crooked path.  
 To strike the miser's rick, and show  
 The skies blood-red with wrath.

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !  
 A pickaxe, or a bill !  
 A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
 A flail, or what ye will—  
 The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,  
 The market-team to drive,  
 Or mend the fence by the cover side,  
 And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,  
 And then you need not fear  
 That I shall snare his Worship's hare,  
 Or kill his Grace's deer ;  
 Break into his lordship's house,  
 To steal the plate so rich ;  
 Or leave the yeoman that had a purse  
 To welter in a ditch.

Wherever Nature needs  
 Wherever Labour calls,  
 No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,  
 To shun the workhouse walls ;  
 Where savage laws begrudge  
 The pauper babe its breath,  
 And doom a wife to a widow's life,  
 Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,  
With labour stiff and stark,  
By lawful turn, my living to earn,  
Between the light and dark ;  
My daily bread, and nightly bed,  
My bacon, and drop of beer—  
But all from the hand that holds the land,  
And none from the overseer !

No parish money, or loaf,  
No pauper badges for me,  
A son of the soil, by right of toil  
Entitled to my fee.  
No alms I ask, give me my task :  
Here are the arm, the leg,  
The strength, the sinews of a Man,  
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,  
Though doom'd by chance of birth  
To dress so mean, and to eat the lean  
Instead of the fat of the earth ;  
To make such humble meals  
As honest labour can,  
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,  
And little thanks to man !

A spade ! a rake ! a hoe !  
A pickaxe, or a bill !  
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,  
A flail, or what ye will—  
Whatever the tool to ply,  
Here is a willing drudge,  
With muscle and limb, and woe to him  
Who does their pay begrudge !

Who every weekly score  
Docks labour's little mite,  
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,  
But robb'd them over night.

The very shilling he hoped to save,  
 As health and morals fail,  
 Shall visit me in the New Bastile,  
 The Spital, or the Gaol !

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REPLY TO A PASTORAL POET.

TELL us not of bygone days !  
 Tell us not of forward times !  
 What's the future—what's the past—  
 Save to fashion rhymes ?  
 Show us that the corn doth thrive !  
 Show us there's no wintry weather !  
 Show us we may laugh and live—  
 (Those who love—together.)

Senses have we for sweet blossoms—  
 Eyes, which could admire the sun—  
 Passions blazing in our bosoms—  
 Hearts, that may be won !  
 But Labour doth for ever press us,  
 And Famine grins upon our board ;  
 And none will help us, none will bless us,  
 With one gentle word !

None, none ! our birthright or our fate,  
 Is hunger and inclement air—  
 Perpetual toil—the rich man's hate—  
 Want, scorn—the pauper's fare :  
 We fain would gaze upon the sky,  
 Lie pensive by the running springs ;  
 But if we stay to gaze or sigh,  
 We starve—though the cuckoo sings !

The moon casts cold on us below ;  
 The sun is not our own ;  
 The very winds which fragrance blow,  
 But blanch us to the bone ;



The rose for us ne'er shows its bloom,  
 The violet its blue eye ;  
 From cradle murmuring to the tomb,  
 We feel no beauty, no perfume,  
 But only toil—and die !

PAUPER.

## ANSWER TO PAUPER.

DON'T tell *me* of buds and blossoms,  
 Or with rose and vi'let wheedle—  
 Nosegays grow for other bosoms,  
 Churchwarden and Beadle.  
 What have you to do with streams ?  
 What with sunny skies, or garish  
 Cuckoo songs, or pensive dreams ?  
 Nature's not your parish !

What right have such as you to dun  
 For sun or moonbeams, warm or bright ?  
 Before you talk about the sun,  
 Pay for window-light !  
 Talk of passions—amorous fancies ;  
 While your betters' flames miscarry,  
 If *you* love your Dolls and Nancys,  
 Don't we make you marry ?

Talk of wintry chill and storm,  
 Fragrant winds that blanch your bones  
 You poor can always keep you warm ;—  
 Ain't there breaking stones ?  
 Suppose you don't enjoy the spring,  
 Roses fair and vi'lets meek,  
 You can't look for everything  
 On eighteen pence a week !

With seasons what have you to do ?  
 If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed !  
 What's weather to the cropless ? You  
 Don't farm—but you are farmed !

## A DROP OF GIN.

Why everlasting murmurs hurled,  
 With hárdship for the text?  
 If such as you don't like this world,  
 We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

## A DROP OF GIN.

GIN ! Gin ! a drop of Gin !  
 What magnified monsters circle therein !  
     Ragged, and stained with filth and mud,  
     Some plague spotted, and some with blood !  
 Shapes of misery, shame, and sin !  
     Figures that make us loathe and tremble,  
     Creatures scarce human that more resemble  
 Broods of diabolical kin,  
 Ghost and vampyre, demon and Jin !

Gin ! Gin ! a drop of Gin !  
 The dram of Satan ! the liquor of Sin !—  
     Distilled from the fell  
     Alembics of hell,  
 By Guilt, and Death,—his own brother and twin !—  
     That man might fall  
     Still lower than all  
 The meanest creatures with scale and fin.  
 But, hold ;—we are neither Barebones nor Prynne,  
     Who lashed with such rage  
     The sins of the age ;  
 Then, instead of making too much of a din,  
     Let Anger be mute,  
     And sweet Mercy dilute,  
 With a drop of pity, the drop of Gin !

Gin ! Gin ! a drop of Gin !  
 When, darkly, Adversity's days set in,  
     And the friends and peers  
     Of earlier years  
 Prove warm without, but cold within,

And cannot retrace  
 A familiar face  
 That's steeped in poverty up to the chin ,  
 But snub, neglect, cold-shoulder, and cut  
 The ragged pauper, misfortune's butt ;  
 Hardly acknowledged by kith and kin,  
     Because, poor rat !  
     He has no cravat,  
 A seedy coat, and a hole in that !—  
 No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat ;  
 Nor a change of linen—except his skin ;  
     No gloves, no vest,  
     Either second or best ;  
 And, what is worse than all the rest,  
 No light heart, though his trousers are thin—  
     While time elopes  
     With all golden hopes,  
 And even with those of pewter and tin ;  
     The brightest dreams,  
     And the best of schemes,  
 All knocked down, like a wicket by Mynn.  
     Each castle in air  
     Seized by giant Despair,  
 No prospect in life worth a minnikin pin ;  
     No credit, no cash,  
     No cold mutton to hash,  
     No bread—not even potatoes to mash ;  
 No coal in the cellar, no wine in the binn—  
     Smashed, broken to bits,  
     With judgments and writs,  
 Bonds, bills, and cognovits distracting the wits,  
 In the webs that the spiders of Chancery spin—  
     Till, weary of life, its worry and strife,  
     Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife ;  
 Of poison—a rope—“louping over a linn.”

Gin ! Gin ! a drop of Gin !  
 Oh ! then its tremendous temptations begin,  
     To take, alas !  
     To the fatal glass ;—  
 And happy the wretch that does not win

To change the black hue  
 Of his ruin to "blue"—  
 While angels sorrow, and demons grin—  
 And lose the rheumatic  
 Chill of his attic  
 By plunging into the Palace of Gin!

---

 THE PAUPER'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FULL of drink and full of meat,  
 On our SAVIOUR'S natal day,  
 CHARITY'S perennial treat ;  
 Thus I heard a Pauper say :—  
 "Ought not I to dance and sing  
 Thus supplied with famous cheer !  
     Heigho !  
     I hardly know—  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

"After labour's long turmoil,  
 Sorry fare and frequent fast,  
 Two-and-fifty weeks of toil,  
 Pudding-time is come at last !  
 But are raisins high or low,  
 Flour and suet cheap or dear ?  
     Heigho !  
     I hardly know—  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

"Fed upon the coarsest fare  
 Three hundred days and sixty-four  
 But for *one* on viands rare,  
 Just as if I wasn't poor !  
 Ought not I to bless my stars,  
 Warden, clerk, and overseer ?  
     Heigho !  
     I hardly know—  
 Christmas comes but once a year.

“Treated like a welcome guest,  
One of Nature's social chain,  
Seated, tended on, and press'd—  
But when shall I be press'd again,  
Twice to pudding, thrice to beef,  
A dozen times to ale and beer?

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year.

“Come to-morrow how it will;  
Diet scant and usage rough,  
Hunger once has had its fill,  
Thirst for once has had enough,  
But shall I ever dine again?  
Or see another feast appear?

Heigho!

I only know—

Christmas comes but once a year!

“Frozen cares begin to melt,  
Hopes revive and spirits flow—  
Feeling as I have not felt  
Since a dozen months ago—  
Glad enough to sing a song—  
To-morrow shall I volunteer?

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year.

“Bright and blessed is the time,  
Sorrows end and joys begin,  
While the bells with merry chime  
Ring the Day of Plenty in!  
But the happy tide to hail,  
With a sigh or with a tear,

Heigho!

I hardly know—

Christmas comes but once a year!”

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## THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

## AN ALLEGORY.

THERE'S a murmur in the air,  
 And noise in every street—  
 The murmur of many tongues,  
 The noise of numerous feet—  
 While round the Workhouse door  
 The Labouring Classes flock,  
 For why? the Overseer of the Poor  
 Is setting the Workhouse Clock.

Who does not hear the tramp  
 Of thousands speeding along  
 Of either sex and various stamp,  
 Sickly, crippled, or strong,  
 Walking, limping, creeping  
 From court, and alley, and lane,  
 But all in one direction sweeping  
 Like rivers that seek the main?

Who does not see them sally  
 From mill, and garret, and room,  
 In lane, and court, and alley,  
 From homes in poverty's lowest valley,  
 Furnished with shuttle and loom—  
 Poor slaves of Civilization's galley—  
 And in the road and footways rally,  
 As if for the Day of Doom?  
 Some, of hardly human form,  
 Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;  
 Dingy with smoke and dust and oil,  
 And smirch'd besides with vicious soil,  
 Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.  
 Father, mother, and careful child,  
 Looking as if it had never smiled—  
 The Sempstress, lean, and weary, and wan,  
 With only the ghosts of garments on—  
 The Weaver, her sallow neighbour,  
 The grim and sooty Artisan;  
 Every soul—child, woman, or man,  
 Who lives—or dies—by labour.

Stir'd by an overwhelming zeal,  
 And social impulse, a terrible throng!  
 Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,  
 Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,  
 Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—  
 Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—  
 Gushing, rushing, crushing along,  
 A very torrent of Man!  
 Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,  
 Grown at last to a hurricane strong,  
 Stop its course who can!  
 Stop who can its onward course  
 And irresistible moral force;  
 O! vain and idle dream!  
 For surely as men are all akin,  
 Whether of fair or sable skin,  
 According to Nature's scheme,  
 That Human Movement contains within  
 A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,  
 They swarm—and westward still—  
 Masses born to drink and eat,  
 But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,  
 And famishing down Cornhill!  
 Through the Poultry—but still unfed—  
 Christian Charity, hang your head!  
 Hungry—passing the Street of Bread;  
 Thirsty—the street of Milk;  
 Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,  
 So gorgeous, through Mechanic-Art,  
 With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door  
 That bears so many a knock  
 Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor,  
 Like sheep they huddle and flock—  
 And would that all the Good and Wise  
 Could see the Million of hollow eyes,  
 With a gleam derived from Hope and the skies,  
 Upturn'd to the Workhouse Clock!

Oh ! that the Parish Powers,  
 Who regulate Labour's hours,  
 The daily amount of human trial,  
 Weariness, pain, and self-denial  
 Would turn from the artificial dial  
 That striketh ten or eleven,  
 And go, for once, by that older one  
 That stands in the light of Nature's sun  
 And takes its time from Heaven !

A TALE OF TEMPER.

OF all cross breeds of human sinners,  
 The crabbedest are those who dress our dinners ;  
 Whether the ardent fires at which they roast  
 And broil and bake themselves like Smithfield  
 martyrs,  
 Arc apt to make them crusty, like a toast,  
 Or drams, encouraged by so hot a post ; -  
 However, cooks are generally Tartars ;  
 And altogether might be safely cluster'd  
 In scientific catalogues  
 Under two names, like Dinmont's dogs  
 Pepper and Mustard.

The case thus being very common,  
 It followed, quite of course, when Mr. Jervis  
 Engaged a clever culinary woman,  
 He took a mere Xantippe in his service—  
 In fact—her metal not to burnish,  
 As vile a shrew as Shrewsbury could furnish—  
 One who in temper, language, manners, looks,  
 In every respect  
 Might just have come direct  
 From him, who is supposed to send us cooks.

The very day she came into her place  
 She slapp'd the scullion's face ;  
 The next, the housemaid being rather pert,  
 Snatching the broom, she "treated her like dirt"—  
 'The third, a quarrel with the groom she hit on—  
 Cyrus, the page, had half-a-dozen knocks ;



And John, the coachman, got a box  
He couldn't sit on.

Meanwhile, her strength to rally,  
Brandy, and rum, and shrub she drank by stealth,  
Besides the Cream of some mysterious Valley  
That may, or may not, be the Vale of Health :  
At least while credit lasted, or her wealth—  
For finding that her blows came only thicker,  
Invectives and foul names but flew the quicker,  
The more she drank, the more inclined to bicker,  
The other servants one and all,  
Took Bible oaths whatever might befall,  
Neither to lend her cash, nor fetch her liquor !

This caused, of course, a dreadful schism,  
And what was worse, in spite of all endeavour,  
After a fortnight of Tea-totalism,  
The Plague broke out more virulent than ever !  
The life she led her fellows down the stairs !  
The life she led her betters in the parlour !  
No parrot ever gave herself such airs,  
No pug-dog cynical was such a snarler !  
At woman, man, and child, she flew and snapp'd,  
No rattlesnake on earth so fierce and rancorous—  
No household cat that ever lapp'd  
To swear and spit was half so apt—  
No bear, sore-headed, could be more cantankerous—  
No fretful porcupine more sharp and crabbed—  
No wolverine  
More full of spleen—  
In short, the woman was completely rabid !

The least offence of look or phrase,  
The slightest verbal joke, the merest frolic,  
Like a snap-dragon set her in a blaze,  
Her spirit was so alcoholic !  
And woe to him who felt her tongue !  
It burnt like caustic—like a nettle stung,  
Her speech was scalding—scorching—vitriolic !  
And larded, not with bacon fat,  
Or anything so mild as that,

But curses so intensely diabolic,  
 So broiling hot, that he, at whom she levell'd,  
 Felt in his very gizzard he was devill'd !

Often and often Mr. Jervis  
 Long'd, and yet feared, to turn her from his service ;  
 For why ? Of all his philosophic loads  
 Of reptiles loathsome, spiteful, and pernicious,  
 Stuff'd Lizards, bottled Snakes, and pickled Toads,  
 Potted Tarantulas, and Asps malicious,  
 And Scorpions cured by scientific modes,  
 He had not any creature half so vicious !

At last one morning  
 The coachman had already given warning,  
 And little Cyrus  
 Was gravely thinking of a new cockade,  
 For open War's rough sanguinary trade,  
 Or any other service, quite desirous,  
 Instead of quarrelling with such a jade—  
 When accident explain'd the coil she made,  
 And whence her Temper had derived the virus !

Struck with the fever, called the scarlet,  
 The Termagant was lying sick in bed—  
 And little Cyrus, that precocious varlet,  
 Was just declaring her "as good as dead,"  
 When down the attic stairs the housemaid, Charlotte,  
 Came running from the chamber overhead,  
 Like one demented ;  
 Flapping her hands, and casting up her eyes,  
 And giving gasps of horror and surprise,  
 Which thus she vented—  
 "O Lord ! I wonder that she didn't bite us !  
 Or sting us like a Tantalizer,<sup>1</sup>  
 (The note will make the reader wiser,)  
 And set us all a dancing like St. Witus !

"Temper ! No wonder that the creature had  
 A temper so uncommon bad !

<sup>1</sup> Tarantula.

She's just confessed to Doctor Griper  
That being out of Rum, and like denials,  
Which always was prodigious trials,—  
Because she couldn't pay the piper,  
She went one day, she did, to Master's wials,  
And drunk the spirit as preserved the Wiper !”

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THE CAPTAIN'S COW.

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

“Water, water everywhere,  
But not a drop to drink.”—COLERIDGE.

IT is a jolly Mariner  
As ever knew the billows' stir,  
Or battled with the gale ;  
His face is brown, his hair is black,  
And down his broad gigantic back  
There hangs a platted tail.

In clusters, as he rolls along,  
His tarry mates around him throng,  
Who know his budget well ;  
Betwixt Canton and Trinidad  
No Sea-Romancer ever had  
Such wondrous tales to tell !

Against the mast he leans a-slope,  
And thence upon a coil of rope  
Slides down his pitchy “starn ;”  
Heaves up a lusty hem or two,  
And then at once without ado  
Begins to spin his yarn :—

“As from Jamaica we did come,  
Laden with sugar, fruit and rum,  
It blew a heavy gale :  
A storm that scar'd the oldest men  
For three long days and nights, and then  
The wind began to fail.

“Still less and less, till on the mast  
The sails began to flap at last,

*THE CAPTAIN'S COW.*

The breezes blew so soft ;  
 Just only now and then a puff,  
 Till soon there was not wind enough  
 To stir the vane aloft.

“ No, not a cat’s paw anywhere :  
 Hold up your finger in the air  
 You couldn’t feel a breath ;  
 For why, in yonder storm that burst,  
 The wind that blew so hard at first  
 Had blown itself to death.

“ No cloud aloft to throw a shade ;  
 No distant breezy ripple made  
 The ocean dark below.  
 No cheering sign of any kind ;  
 The more we whistled for the wind  
 The more it did not blow.

“ The hands were idle, one and all ;  
 No sail to reef against a squall ;  
 No wheel, no steering now !  
 Nothing to do for man or mate,  
 But chew their cud and ruminate,  
 Just like the Captain’s Cow.

“ Day after day, day after day,  
 Becalm’d the Jolly Planter lay,  
 As if she had been moor’d :  
 The sea below, the sky a-top  
 Fierce blazing down, and not a drop  
 Of water left aboard !

“ Day after day, day after day,  
 Becalm’d the Jolly Planter lay,  
 As still as any log ;  
 The Parching seamen stood about,  
 Each with his tongue a-lolling out,  
 And panting like a dog—

“ A dog half mad with summer heat  
 And running up and down the street,

By thirst quite overcome ;  
And not a drop in all the ship  
To moisten cracking tongue and lip,  
Except Jamaica rum !

“ The very poultry in the coop  
Began to pine away and droop—  
The cock was first to go ;  
And glad we were on all our part  
He used to damp our very hearts  
With such a ropy crow.

“ But wors' it was, we did allow,  
To look upon the Captain's Cow,  
That daily seemed to shrink :  
Deprived of water hard or soft,  
For, though we tried her oft and oft,  
The brine she wouldn't drink :

“ But only turn'd her bloodshot eye,  
And muzzle up towards the sky,  
And gave a moan of pain,  
A sort of hollow moan and sad,  
As if some brutish thought she had  
To pray to heav'n for rain ;

“ And sometimes with a steadfast stare  
Kept looking at the empty air,  
As if she saw beyond,  
Some meadow in her native land,  
Where formerly she used to stand  
A-cooling in the pond.

“ If I had only had a drink  
Of water then, I almost think  
She would have had the half :  
But as for John the Carpenter,  
He couldn't more have pitied her  
If he had been her calf.

“ So soft of heart he was and kind  
To any creature lame, or blind,

*THE CAPTAIN'S COW.*

Unfortunate, or dumb :  
 Whereby he made a sort of vow,  
 In sympathising with the Cow,  
 To give her half his rum ;—

“ An oath from which he never swerved,  
 For surely as the rum was serv'd  
     He shared the cheering dram ;  
 And kindly gave one half at least,  
 Or more, to the complaining beast,  
     Who took it like a lamb.

At last with overclouding skies  
 A breeze again began to rise,  
     That stiffen'd to a gale :  
 Steady, steady, and strong it blew ;  
 And were not we a joyous crew,  
 As on the Jolly Planter flew  
     Beneath a press of sail !

“ Swiftly the Jolly Planter flew,  
 And were not we a joyous crew,  
     At last to sight the land !  
 A glee there was on every brow,  
 That like a Christian soul the Cow  
     Appear'd to understand.

“ And was not she a mad-like thing  
 To land again and taste the spring,  
     Instead of fiery glass :  
 About the verdant meads to scour,  
 And snuff the honey'd cowslip flower,  
     And crop the juicy grass !

“ Whereby she grew as plump and hale  
 As any beast that wears a tail,  
     Her skin as sleek as silk ;  
 And through all parts of England now  
 Is grown a very famous Cow,  
 By giving Rum-and-Milk !”

THE FORGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE.

"Who's here, beside foul weather?"—KING LEAR.

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,  
Should have stood that night against my fire."—CORDELIA.

PART I.

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,  
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,  
And the wind is rising squally and loud  
With many a stormy token,—  
Playing a wild funereal air,  
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,  
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—  
In short, if the truth were spoken,  
It's an ugly night for anywhere,  
But an awful one for the Brocken!

For oh! to stop  
On that mountain top,  
After the dews of evening drop  
Is always a dreary frolic -  
Then what must it be when nature groans,  
And the very mountain murmurs and moans  
As if it writhed with the cholice—  
With other strange supernatural tones,  
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,  
Not to forget unburied bones—  
In a region so diabolic!

A place where he whom we call old Scratch,  
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—  
Gives midnight concerts and sermons,  
In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,  
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,  
And well adapted, he knows, to catch  
The musical, mystical Germans!

However it's quite  
As wild a night  
As ever was known on that sinister height  
Since the Demon-Dance was morriced—

The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,  
 And the blast through the pines is howling and growling  
 As if a thousand wolves were prowling  
 About in the old BLACK FOREST !

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves  
 Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,  
 And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,  
     Like the billows that roar  
     On a gusty shore  
 Mourning over the mariners' graves—  
 Nay, more like a frantic lamentation  
     From a howling set  
     Of demons met  
 To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly  
 Over the dark distracted sky,  
     At a pace that no pen can paint !  
 Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,  
 Scudding over the moon that seems,  
 Shorn of half her usual beams,  
     As pale as if she would faint !

    The lightning flashes,  
     The thunder crashes,  
 The trees encounter with horrible clashes,  
 While rolling up from marsh and bog,  
     Rank and rich,  
     As from Stygian ditch,  
 Rises a foul sulphureous fog,  
 Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—  
     But leaving at once this heroical pitch,  
     The night is a very bad night in which  
 You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,  
     And whenever by chance  
     The moon gets a glance,  
 She spies the Traveller's lonely form,  
     Walking, leaping, striding along,  
     As none can do but the super-strong ;  
 And flapping his arms to keep him warm,



For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,  
 And to tell the truth,  
 More keen, in sooth,  
 And cutting than any German carver !

However, no time it is to lag,  
 And on he scrambles from crag to crag,  
 Like one determined never to flag—

Now weathers a block  
 Of jutting rock,

With hardly room for a toe to wag ;  
 But holding on by a timber snag,  
 That looks like the arm of a friendly hag ;

Then stooping under a drooping bough,  
 Or leaping over some horrid chasm,  
 Enough to give any heart a spasm !  
 And sinking down a precipice now,

Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,  
 In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,  
 Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,  
 Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if  
 He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff !

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,  
 Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,  
 Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,

And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,  
 Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,  
 Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,

Or blanch any other visage than his,  
 Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,  
 The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,

And the horrid abyss,  
 If his foot should miss,

Instead of tending at all to pale,  
 Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—  
 Remains—the very reverse of white !

His heart is granite—his iron nerve

Feels no convulsive twitches ;

And as to his foot, it does not swerve,  
 Though the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that serve  
 For parrots to Brocken Witches !

Nay, full in his very path he spies  
The gleam of the Were Wolf's horrid eyes ;

But if his members quiver—

It is not for *that*—no, it is not for *that*—

Nor rat,

Nor cat,

As black as your hat,

Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,

Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,

Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat,

No anserine skin would rise thereat,

It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver !

So down, still down, through gully and glen,

Never trodden by foot of men,

Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,

Never caring a jot how steep

Or how narrow the track he has to keep,

Or how wide and deep

An abyss to leap,

Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,

Down he hurries through darkness and storm,

Flapping his arms to keep him warm—

Till threading many a pass abhorrent,

At last he reaches the mountain gorge,

And takes a path along by a torrent—

The very identical path, by St. George !

Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,

With a message meant for his own death-warrant !

Young Fridolin ; young Fridolin !

So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,

The best of pages

Whatever their ages,

Since first that singular fashion came in—

Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons

With little jackets, so smart and spruce,

Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—

A little gold lace you may introduce—

Very showy, but as for use,

Not worth so many buttons !

Young Fridolin ; young Fridolin !  
 Of his duty so true a fulfiller—  
 But here we need no farther go  
 For whoever desires the Tale to know,  
 May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds,  
 Whither his guiding beacon leads,  
 For by yonder glare  
 In the murky air,  
 He knows that the Eisen Huttee is there !  
 With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim,  
 Hosts, a guest had better forbear,  
 Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—  
 But stiff with cold in every limb,  
 The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him* !  
 Faster and faster still he goes,  
 Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,  
 And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky  
 Get crimson fringes in flitting by.  
 Till lo ! amid the lurid light,  
 The darkest object intensely dark,  
 Just where the bright is intensely bright,  
 The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,  
 Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,  
 With volleying smoke, and many a spark,  
 Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white !

Restless, quivering tongues of flame !  
 Heavenward striving still to go,  
 While others, reversed in the stream below,  
 Seem seeking a place we will not name,  
 But well that Traveller knows the same,  
 Who stops and stands,  
 So rubbing his hands,  
 And snuffing the rare  
 Perfumes in the air,  
 For old familiar odours are there,  
 And then direct by the shortest cut,  
 Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,  
 Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,  
 Makes his way to the blazing Hut !

## PART II.

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,  
     The men of the stithy  
     Are in their smithy,  
 Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,  
 Beings Humanity scarcely claims,  
 But hybrids rather of demon race,  
 Unblessed by the holy rite of grace,  
 Who never had gone by Christian names,  
 Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—  
 Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,  
 From touch of natural shame exempt,  
 Things of which Delirium has dreamt—  
 But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,  
     When traced with frightful truth and vigour,  
     Costume, attitude, face, and figure,  
 Retsch has drawn the very wretches !

    However, there they lounge about,  
 The grim, gigantic fellows,  
     Hardly hearing the storm without,  
     That makes so very dreadful a rout,  
     For the constant roar  
     From the furnace door,  
 And the blast of the monstrous bellows !

    Oh, what a scene  
     That Forge had been  
     For Salvator Rosa's study !  
 With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,  
 And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,  
 Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,  
     Illumed by a light so ruddy  
 The Hut, and whatever there is therein,  
     Looks either red-hot or bloody !

And, oh ! to hear the frequent burst  
     Of strange, extravagant laughter,  
     Harsh and hoarse,  
     And resounding perforce  
     From echoing roof and rafter !

Though curses, the worst  
That ever were curst,  
And threats that Cain invented the first,  
Come growling the instant after !

But again the livelier peal is rung,  
For the Smith, hight Salamander,  
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,  
Elsewhere never said or sung,  
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung  
Some cumbrous sort  
Of sledge-hammer retort

At Red Beard, the crew's commander.  
Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,  
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,  
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,  
From flapping ear to ear it went,  
And showed such tusks whenever it smiled—  
The very mouth to devour a child !

But fair or foul the jest gives birth  
To another bellow of demon mirth,  
That far outroars the weather,  
As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth  
Had clubbed their laughs together !  
And lo ! in the middle of all the din,  
Not seeming to care a single pin,  
For a prospect so volcanic,  
A Stranger steps abruptly in,  
Of an aspect rather Satanic :  
And he looks with a grin, at those Cyclops grim,  
Who stare and grin again at him  
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger goes,  
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,  
And warm his frozen fingers and toes—

While each succeeding minute,  
Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows,  
And seems to declare,  
By a fiercer glare,  
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,  
It knows the Devil is in it !

Still not a word  
 Is utter'd or heard,  
 But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,  
 Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,  
 And makes a shift  
 To impart his drift  
 To a smoky brother, who joining the links,  
 Hints to a third the thing he thinks ;  
 And whatever it be,  
 They all agree  
 In smiling with faces full of glee,  
 As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play  
 By way of diversion, who can say,  
 Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,  
 Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke  
 Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,  
 Except as a capital practical joke !  
 Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,  
 Or any gentle emotion felt ;  
 But hard as the iron they had to melt,  
 Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder.

Meanwhile the Stranger—  
 The Brocken Ranger,  
 Besides another and hotter post,  
 That renders him not averse to a roast,—  
 Creeping into the Furnace almost,  
 Has made himself as warm as a toast—  
 When, unsuspecting of any danger,  
 And least of all of any such maggot,  
 As treating his body like a faggot,  
 All at once he is seized and shoven  
 In pastime cruel,  
 Like so much fuel,  
 Headlong into the blazing oven !

In he goes ! with a frightful shout  
 Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,  
 As round the Furnace mouth they stand,  
 Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,  
 To hinder their Butt from crawling out,

Who making one fierce attempt, but vain  
 Receives such a blow  
 From Red-Beard's crow  
 As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,  
 And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,  
 With merely an interjectional "oh!"  
 Back he rolls in the flames again.

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" That second fall  
 Seems the very best joke of all,  
 To judge by the roar  
 Twice as loud as before,  
 That fills the Hut, from the roof to the floor,  
 And flies a league or two out of the door,  
 Up the mountain and over the moor—  
 But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake  
 Have well begun  
 To take up the fun,  
 Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,  
 And begin to feel that the deed they have done,  
 Instead of being a pleasant one,  
 Was a very great error—and no mistake.

For why?—in lieu  
 Of its former hue,  
 So natural, warm, and florid,  
 The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,  
 And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,  
 With a cooler reflection,—justly due  
 Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,  
 Livid, ghastly, and horrid!

But vainly they close their guilty eyes  
 Against prophetic fears;  
 Or with hard and horny palms devise  
 To dam their enormous ears—  
 There are sounds in the air,  
 Not here or there,  
 Irresistible voices everywhere,  
 No bulwarks can ever rebut,  
 And to match the screams,  
 Tremendous gleams,  
 Of Horrors that like the Phantoms of dreams

They see with their eyelids shut !  
 For awful coveys of terrible things,  
 With forked tongues and venomous stings,  
 On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,  
 Are hovering round the Hut !

Shapes, that within the focus bright  
 Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots ;  
 But farther off, in the shades of night,  
 Clothed with their own phosphoric light,  
 Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds! that fill the air with noises,  
 Strange and indescribable voices,  
 From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—  
 Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter  
 Scraps of cabalistical matter—

Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—  
 Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—

All the domestic tribes of Hell,  
 Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,  
 Bones to shatter,  
 And limbs to scatter,

And who it is that must furnish the latter  
 Those blue-looking Men know well !  
 Those blue-looking men that huddle together,  
 For all their sturdy limbs and thews,  
 Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,  
 And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,  
 Huddled all in a heap together,  
 Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,  
 And as females say,  
 In a similar way,  
 Fit for knocking down with a feather !

In and out, in and out,  
 The gathering Goblins hover about,  
 Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout ;  
 For like a spell  
 The unearthly smell  
 That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,  
 Draws them in—an infernal Legion—



From East, and West, and North, and South,  
 Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,  
     Till not a yard square  
     Of the sickening air  
 But has a Demon or two for its share,  
 Breathing fury, woe, and despair,  
 Never, never was such a sight !  
 It beats the very Walpurgis Night,  
 Display'd in the story of Doctor Faustus,  
     For the scene to describe  
     Of the awful tribe,  
 If we were *two* Göthe's, would quite exhaust us !

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,  
 There musters each foul repulsive form  
 That ever a fancy overwarm  
     Begot in its worst delirium ;  
 Besides some others of monstrous size,  
 Never before reveal'd to eyes,  
     Of the genus Megatherium !

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,  
 Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,  
 Are not contented to jibber and howl  
     As a dirge for their late commander ;  
 But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,  
 Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,  
     Springs on the grisly Salamander,  
 Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,  
 And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,  
     No paltry strife,  
     But for life, dear life,  
 But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,  
     Till far beyond a surgical case,  
     With starting eyes, and black in the face,  
 Down he tumbles as dead as bricks !

A pretty sight for his mates to view !  
 Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,  
     And for him above all,  
     Red-bearded and tall,  
 With whom, at that very particular nick,

There is such an unlucky crow to pick,  
 As the one of iron that did the trick  
     In a recent bloody affair—  
 No wonder feeling a little sick,  
 With pulses beating uncommonly quick,  
 And breath he never found so thick,  
     He longs for the open air !

    Three paces, or four,  
     And he gains the door ;  
 But ere he accomplishes one,  
 The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,  
 And clasping his fingers round his skull—  
     However the deed was done,  
     That gave him that florid  
     Red gash on the forehead—  
 With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,  
     There's a tremulous quiver,  
     The last death-shiver,  
 And Red-Beard's course is run !

    Halloo ! Halloo !  
     They have done for two !  
 But a heavyish job remains to do !  
     For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,  
 Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,  
     A couple of Cyclops make a stand,  
 And fiercely hammering here and there,  
 Keep at bay the Powers of Air—  
 But desperation is all in vain !—  
     They faint—they choke,  
     For the sulphurous smoke  
 Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,  
 They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,  
 One for a moment survives his brother,  
 Then rolls a corpse across the other !

    Hullo ! Hullo !  
     And Hullabaloo !  
 There is only one more thing to do—  
 And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,  
 Bony hand, and hairy paw,

Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,  
 The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shoven  
 Each after each in the roaring oven !

. . . . .  
 . . . . .  
 That Eisen Hutte is standing still,  
 Go to the Hartz whenever you will,  
 And there it is beside a hill,  
 And a rapid stream that turns many a mill ;  
 The self-same Forge,—you'll know it at sight—  
 Casting upward, day and night,  
 Flames of red, and yellow, and white !

Ay, halt a mile from the mountain gorge,  
 There it is, the famous Forge,  
 With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—  
 Hugely fed with fuel and ore ;  
 But ever since that tremendous Revel,  
     Whatever Iron is melted therein,—  
     As Travellers know who have been to Berlin,—  
 Is all *as black as the Devil!*

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 THE KEY.

## A MOORISH ROMANCE.

“ On the east coast, towards Tunis, the Moors still preserve the keys of their ancestors' houses in Spain ; to which country they still express the hopes of one day returning, and again planting the crescent on the ancient walls of the Alhambra.”—SCOTT'S *Travels in Morocco and Algiers*.

“ Is Spain cloven in such a manner as to require closing ? ”

SANCIO PANZA.

THE Moor leans on his cushion,  
 With the pipe between his lips ;  
 And still at frequent intervals  
 The sweet sherbét he sips ;  
 But, spite of lulling vapour  
 And the sober cooling cup,  
 The spirit of the swarthy Moor  
 Is fiercely kindling up !

One hand is on his pistol,  
 On its ornamented stock,

While his finger feels the trigger  
 And is busy with the lock—  
 The other seeks his ataghan,  
 And clasps its jewell'd hilt—  
 Oh ! much of gore in days of yore  
 That crooked blade has spilt !

His brows are knit, his eyes of jet  
 In vivid blackness roll,  
 And gleam with fatal flashes  
 Like the fire-damp of the coal ;  
 His jaws are set, and through his teeth  
 He draws a savage breath,  
 As if about to raise the shout  
 Of Victory or Death !

For why ? the last Zebeck that came  
 And moor'd within the Mole,  
 Such tidings unto Tunis brought  
 As stir his very soul—  
 The cruel jar of civil war,  
 The sad and stormy reign,  
 That blackens like a thunder cloud  
 The sunny land of Spain !

No strife of glorious Chivalry,  
 For honour's gain or loss,  
 Nor yet that ancient rivalry,  
 The Crescent with the Cross.  
 No charge of gallant Paladins  
 On Moslems stern and stanch ;  
 But Christians shedding Christian blood  
 Beneath the olive's branch !

A war of horrid parricide,  
 And brother killing brother ;  
 Yea, like to "dogs and sons of dogs,"  
 That worry one another.  
 But let them bite and tear and fight,  
 The more the Kaffers slay,  
 The sooner Hagar's swarming sons  
 Shall make the land a prey !

The sooner shall the Moor behold  
 Th' Alhambra's pile again ;  
 And those who pined in Barbary  
 Shall shout for joy in Spain—  
 The sooner shall the Crescent wave  
 On dear Granada's walls :  
 And proud Mohammed Ali sit  
 Within his father's halls !

“Alla-il-alla !” tiger-like  
 Up springs the swarthy Moor,  
 And, with a wide and hasty stride,  
 Steps o'er the marble floor ;  
 Across the hall, till from the wall,  
 Where such quaint patterns be,  
 With eager hand he snatches down  
 An old and massive Key !

A massive Key of curious shape,  
 And dark with dirt and rust,  
 And well three weary centuries  
 The metal might encrust !  
 For since the King Boabdil fell  
 Before the native stock,  
 That ancient Key, so quaint to see,  
 Hath never been in lock.

Brought over by the Saracens  
 Who fled across the main,  
 A token of the secret hope  
 Of going back again ;  
 From race to race, from hand to hand,  
 From house to house it pass'd ;  
 O will it ever, ever ope  
 The Palace gate at last ?

Three hundred years and fifty-two  
 On post and wall it hung—  
 Three hundred years and fifty-two  
 A dream to old and young ;

But now a brighter destiny  
 The Prophet's will accords :  
 The time is come to scour the rust,  
 And lubricate the wards.

For should the Moor with sword and lance  
 At Algesiras land,  
 Where is the bold Bernardo now  
 Their progress to withstand?  
 To Burgos should the Moslem come,  
 Where is the noble Cid  
 Five royal crowns to topple down  
 As noble Diaz did ?

Hath Xeres any Pounder now,  
 When other weapons fail,  
 With club to thrash invaders rash,  
 Like barley with a flail ?  
 Hath Seville any Perez still,  
 To lay his clusters low,  
 And ride with seven turbans green  
 Around his saddle-bow ?

No ! never more shall Europe see  
 Such Heroes brave and bold,  
 Such Valour, Faith, and Loyalty,  
 As used to shine of old !  
 No longer to one battle cry  
 United Spaniards run,  
 And with their thronging spears uphold  
 The Virgin and her Son !

From Cadiz Bay to rough Biscay  
 Internal discord dwells,  
 And Barcelona bears the scars  
 Of Spanish shot and shells.  
 The fleets decline, the merchants  
 For want of foreign trade ;  
 And gold is scant ; and Alicante  
 Is seal'd by strict blockade !

The loyal fly, and Valour falls,  
 Opposed by court intrigue ;

But treachery and traitors thrive,  
 Upheld by foreign league ;  
 While factions seeking private ends  
 By turns usurping reign—  
 Well may the dreaming, scheming Moor  
 Exulting point to Spain !

Well may he cleanse the rusty Key  
 With Afric sand and oil,  
 And hope an Andalusian home  
 Shall recompense the toil !  
 Well may he swear the Moorish spear  
 Through wild Castile shall sweep,  
 And where the Catalonian sowed  
 The Saracen shall reap !

Well may he vow to spurn the Cross  
 Beneath the Arab hoof,  
 And plant the Crescent yet again  
 Above th' Alhambra's roof—  
 When those from whom St. Jago's name  
 In chorus once arose,  
 Are shouting Faction's battle-cries,  
 And Spain forgets to "Close !"

Well may he swear his ataghan  
 Shall rout the traitor swarm,  
 And carve them into Arabesques  
 That show no human form—  
 The blame be theirs whose bloody feuds  
 Invite the savage Moor,  
 And tempt him with the ancient Key  
 To seek the ancient door !

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 THE DOVES AND THE CROWS.

COME all ye sable little girls and boys,  
 Ye coal-black Brothers—Sooty Sisters, come !  
 With kitty-katties make a joyful noise ;  
 With snaky-snekies, and the Eboe drum !  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
 Play, Sambo, play,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Ye vocal Blackbirds, bring your native pipes,  
 Your own *Moor's* Melodies, ye niggers, bring ;  
 To celebrate the fall of chains and stripes,  
 Sing " Possum up a gum-tree,"—roar and sing  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
*Chaunt*, Sambo, chaunt,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Bring all your woolly pickaninnies dear—  
 Bring John Canoe and all his jolly gang :  
 Stretch ev'ry blubber-mouth from ear to ear,  
 And let the driver in his whip go hang !  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
*Grin*, Sambo, grin,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Your working garb indignantly renounce ;  
 Discard your slops in honour of the day—  
 Come all in frill, and furbelow, and flounce,  
 Come all as fine as Chimney Sweeps in May—  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
*Dress*, Sambo, dress,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Come, join together in the dewy dance,  
 With melting maids in steamy mazes go ;  
 Humanity delights to see you prance,  
 Up with your sooty legs and jump Jim Crow—  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
*Skip*, Sambo, skip,—and, Obadiah, groan !

Kiss dark Diana on her pouting lips,  
 And take black Phœbe by her ample waist—  
 Tell them to-day is Slavery's eclipse,  
 And Love and Liberty must be embraced—  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
*Kiss*, Sambo, kiss,—and, Obadiah, groan !

With bowls of sangaree and toddy come !  
 Bring lemons, sugar, old Madeira, limes,  
 Whole tanks and water-barrels full of rum,  
 To toast the whitest date of modern times—  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own :  
*Drink*, Sambo, drink,—and, Obadiah, groan !



Talk, all together, talk! both old and young,  
 Pour out the fulness of the negro heart;  
 Let loose the now emancipated tongue,  
 And all your new-born sentiments impart—  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own:  
*Spout*, Sambo, spout,—and, Obadiah, groan!

Huzza! for equal rights and equal laws;  
 The British parliament has doff'd your chain—  
 Join, join in gratitude your jetty paws,  
 And swear you never will be slaves again—  
 From this day forth your freedom is your own:  
*Swear*, Sambo, swear,—and, Obadiah, groan!

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A TALE OF A TRUMPET.

“Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?  
 Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing.”  
*Old Ballad.*

OF all old women hard of hearing,  
 The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!  
 On her head, it is true,  
 Two flaps there grew,  
 That served for a pair of gold rings to go through,  
 But for any purpose of ears in a parley,  
 They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.  
 You saw in her face that the woman was deaf:  
 From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,  
 Each queer feature ask'd a query;  
 A look that said in a silent way,  
 “Who? and What? and How? and Eh?”  
 I'd give my ears to know what you say!”

And well she might! for each auricular  
 Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular  
 That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,  
 And never hears a word of a row!  
 Ears that might serve her now and then  
 As extempore racks for an idle pen;

Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops  
 With coral, ruby, or garnet drops ;  
 Or, provided the owner so inclined,  
 Ears to stick a blister behind ;  
 But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,  
 Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,  
 Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,  
 Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,  
 Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,  
 They might as well, for any such wish,  
 Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish !

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—  
 And as deaf as twenty similes more,  
 Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,  
 Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks  
 Of language would call as deaf as bricks—  
     For her all human kind were dumb,  
     Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,  
     That none could get a sound to come,  
 Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks !  
 She was deaf as a stone—say, one of the stones  
 Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones ;  
 And surely deafness no further could reach  
 Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech !

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,  
 Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—  
 As deaf, alas ! as the dead and forgotten—  
 (Gray has noticed the waste of breath,  
 In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),  
 Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—  
 Or Charles the First *in statue quo* ;  
 Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,  
 With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,  
 That only stare whatever you "ax,"  
 For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,

And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—  
 As deaf as any Frenchman appears,  
 When he puts his shoulders into his ears :  
 And—whatever the citizen tells his son—  
 As deaf as Gog and Magog at one !  
 Or, still to be a simile-seeker,  
 As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker !  
 She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,  
 Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy ;  
 Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,  
 Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer  
 A meaning into, for all your clamour—  
 There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer !  
     So formed to worry  
         Both Lindley and Murray,  
 By having no ear for Music or Grammar !

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,  
 Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,  
 Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,  
 Deaf to even the definite article—  
 No verbal message was worth a pin,  
 Though you hired an earwig to carry it in !

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,  
 Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's work,  
 Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,  
     Boring, blasting, and pioneering,  
     To give the dummy organ and clearing,  
 Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,  
 For one of her sex—whatever her station—  
 And none the less that the Dame had a turn  
 For making all families one concern,  
 And learning whatever there was to learn  
 In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—  
 As who wore silk ? and who wore gingham ?  
 And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em ?  
 How the Smiths contrived to live ? and whether

The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together?  
 The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,  
 And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners?  
 What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,  
 Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?  
 And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady  
 Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady?  
 Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?  
 Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?  
 What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?  
 And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?  
 If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope?  
 And how the Grubbs were off for soap?  
 If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,  
 And how they managed for tables and chairs,  
 Beds, and other household affairs,  
 Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares?

And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows?  
 In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies  
 Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,  
 By courtesy call'd Statistical Fellows—  
 A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,  
 Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,  
 Jotting the Labouring Class's riches;  
 And after poking in pot and pan,  
 And routing garments in want of stitches,  
 Have ascertain'd that a working man  
 Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

But this alas! from her loss of hearing,  
 Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing;  
 And often her tears would rise to their founts—  
 Supposing a little scandal at play  
 'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—  
 That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.  
 'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,  
 And ate her muffins just the same,  
 And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,  
 And never swallow'd a thimble the less  
 Of something the Reader is left to guess,  
 For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,

Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,  
 But to *see* and not share in the social flow,  
 She might as well have lived, you know,  
 In one of the houses in Owen's Row,  
 Near the New River Head, with its water cut off !

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,  
 And fifty infallible things beside,  
 Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,  
 Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in :  
 But all remedies fail'd ; and though some it was clear  
     Like the brandy and salt  
     (We now exalt)  
 Had made a noise in the public ear,  
 She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear !

At last—one very fine day in June—  
     Suppose her sitting,  
     Busily knitting,  
 And humming she didn't quite know what tune ;  
     For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,  
 Which, unless the sound of the circulation,  
 Or of thoughts in the process of fabrication  
 By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,  
     It's hard to say what buzzing it is.  
 However, except that ghost of a sound  
 She sat in a silence most profound—  
 The cat was purring about the mat,  
 But her Mistress heard no more of that  
 Than if it had been a boatswain's cat ;  
 And as for the clock the moments nicking,  
 The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.  
 The bark of her dog she did not catch ;  
 Nor yet the click of the lifted latch ;  
 Nor yet the creak of the opening door ;  
 Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—  
 But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown  
 And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo ! a man ! a Pedlar ! ay, marry,  
 With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,

Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,  
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,  
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings ;  
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,  
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,  
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader  
By him we dub the "regular trader,"  
Who—luring the passengers in as they pass  
By lamps, gay panels, and mouldings of brass,  
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,  
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman, —  
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least he's a Showman !

However, in the stranger came,  
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,  
Threw her as knowing a nod as though  
He had known her fifty long years ago ;  
And presto ! before she could utter "Jack"—  
Much less "Robinson"—open'd his pack—

And then from amongst his portable gear,  
With even more than a Pedlar's tact,—  
(Slick himself might have envied the act)--  
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—  
Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

"There, Ma'am ! try it !

You needn't buy it—

The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it  
For affording the Deaf, at a little expense,  
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense !  
A Real Blessing—and no mistake,  
Invented for poor Humanity's sake ;  
For what can be a greater privation  
Than playing Dummy to all creation,  
And only looking at conversation—  
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,  
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,  
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes !  
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,  
Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,  
Who get you to answer quite by guess  
Yes for No, and No for Yes."

("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again ! No harm in trying—  
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,  
A little practice—that is all—  
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,  
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—  
Every syllable clear as day,  
And even what people are going to say—

I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,

But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't ;  
And as for Scott he promises fine,  
But can he warrant his horns like mine  
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—  
Only a guinea—and can't take less."  
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear !—Oh dear, to call it dear !

Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear ;  
Only think, and you'll find on reflection  
You're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of Affection ;  
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,  
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth :  
Not to mention the striking of clocks—  
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—  
Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—  
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—  
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—  
Every sound that Echo mocks—  
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—  
And zounds ! to call such a concert dear !  
But I mustn't 'swear with my horn in your ear.'  
Why in buying that Trumpet you buy all those  
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows  
At the Queen's Levees or the Lord Mayor's Shows,  
At least as far as the music goes,  
Including the wonderful lively sound,  
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round :  
Come—suppose we call it a pound !

"Come," said the talkative Man of the Pack,  
"Before I put my box on my back,  
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,

Come—suppose we call it a pound !  
 Only a pound ! it's only the price  
 Of hearing a Concert once or twice,  
     It's only the fee  
     You might give Mr. C.  
 And after all not hear his advice,  
 But common prudence would bid you stump it ;  
     For, not to enlarge,  
     It's the regular charge  
 At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.  
 Lord ! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing !"  
 ("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

"Try it again ! no harm in trying !  
 A pound's a pound there's no denying ;  
 But think what thousands and thousands of pounds  
 We pay for nothing but hearing sounds :  
 Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,  
 Parliamentary jabber and jaw,  
 Pious cant and moral saw,  
 Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,  
 And empty sounds not worth a straw ;  
 Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,  
 To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner !  
 One pound one thrown into the puddle,  
 To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle !  
 Not to forget the sounds we buy  
 From those who sell their sounds so high,  
 That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,  
 To get a Signora to warble a song,  
 You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong !

"It's not the thing for me—I know it,  
 To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it ;  
 But it is the best, and time will show it.

    There was Mrs. F.

    So very deaf,

That she might have worn a percussion-cap,  
 And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap,  
 Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day  
 She heard from her husband at Botany Bay !



Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,  
 You'll save the money as shillings go,  
 And I never knew so bad a lot,  
 By hearing whether they ring or not !

“ Eighteen shillings ! it's worth the price,  
 Supposing you're delicate-minded and nice,  
 To have the medical man of your choice,  
 Instead of the one with the strongest voice—  
 Who comes and asks you, how's your liver,  
 And where you ache, and whether you shiver,  
 And as to your nerves, so apt to quiver,  
 As if he was hailing a boat on the river !  
 And then, with a shout, like Pat in a riot,  
 Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet !

“ Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—  
 Short and crusty about his bill,  
 Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,  
 And because you're deaf and unable to pay,  
 Shouts whatever he has to say,  
 In a vulgar voice, that goes over the way,  
 Down the street and round the corner !  
 Come—speak your mind—it's ' No or Yes.' ”  
 (“ I've half a mind,” said Dame Eleanor S.)

“ Try it again—no harm in trying,  
 Of course you hear me, as easy as lying ;  
 No pain at all, like a surgical trick,  
 To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,  
     Like Juno, or Rose,  
     Whose ear undergoes  
 Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,  
 For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle !

“ You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,  
 Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,  
 Or cut your tonsils right away,  
 As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day ;  
 And after all a matter of doubt,  
 Whether you ever would hear the shout

Of the little blackguards that dawd about,  
 'There you go with your t'onsils out !'

Why I knew a deaf Welshman, who came from Glamor-  
 gan

On purpose to try a surgical spell,  
 And paid a guinea, and might as well

Have call'd a monkey into his organ !

For the Aurist only took a mug,  
 And pour'd in his ear some acoustical drug,  
 That, instead of curing, deafen'd him rather,  
 As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father !  
 That's the way with your surgical gentry !

And happy your luck

If you don't get stuck

Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,  
 Because you never answer'd the sentry !

"Try it again, dear Madam, try it !  
 Many would sell their beds to buy it.  
 I warrant you often wake up in the night,  
 Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,  
 And up you must get to strike a light,  
 And down you go, in you know what,  
 Whether the weather is chilly or hot,—  
 That's the way a cold is got,—  
 To see if you heard a noise or not !

"Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours  
 Is hardly safe to step out of doors !  
 Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,  
 But as quiet as if he was 'shod with felt,'  
 Till he rushes against you with all his force,  
 And then I needn't describe the course,  
 While he kicks you about without remorse,  
 How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse !  
 Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,  
 And you never dream that the brute is near,  
 Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,  
 Whether you like the thing or lump it,—  
 And all for want of buying a trumpet !

"I'm not a female to fret and vex,

But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,  
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,  
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.

Lord ! only think of chucking a copper  
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,  
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,

Instead of a song that's very improper !  
Or just suppose in a public place  
You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,  
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—  
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—  
The lower orders are up to such games—  
If he's calling ' Green Peas,' or calling her names ? ”  
 (“ They're tenpence a peck ! ” said the deafest of Dames.)

“ 'Tis strange what very strong advising,  
By word of mouth, or advertising,  
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,  
With fifty other different plans,  
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,  
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing !  
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,  
A Safety Hat or a Safety Stirrup,—  
Infallible Pills for the human frame,  
Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name) !  
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits  
That it beats all others into *fits* ;  
A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,  
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn !

“ Try it again, Ma'am, only try ! ”  
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry ;  
“ It's a great privation, there's no dispute,  
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,  
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,  
And how Society's going on,  
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,  
And all for want of this *sine qua non* ;

Whereas, with a horn that never offends,  
You may join the genteelest party that is,  
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,

And be certain to hear of your absent friends ;--  
 Not that elegant ladies, in fact,  
 In genteel society ever detract,  
 Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,—  
 At least as a mere malicious act,—  
 But only talk scandal for fear some fool  
 Should think they were bred at *charity* school.

Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,  
 Which even the most Don Juanish rake  
 Would surely object to undertake  
 At the same high pitch as an altercation.

It's not for me, of course, to judge  
 How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge ;  
 But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—  
 Letting alone more rational patter—  
 Only to hear a parrot chatter :  
 Not to mention that feather'd wit,  
 The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit ;  
 The Pies and Jays that utter words,  
 And other Dicky Gossips of birds,  
 That talk with as much good sense and decorum,  
 As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

“Try it—buy it—say ten and six,  
 The lowest price a miser could fix :  
 I don't pretend with horns of mine,  
 Like some in the advertising line,  
 To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales  
 That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's ;  
 But popular rumours, right or wrong,—  
 Charity sermons, short or long,—  
 Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,  
 All noises and voices, feeble or strong,  
 From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,  
 This tube will deliver distinct and clear ;

Or, supposing by chance

You wish to dance,

Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear !

Try it—buy it !

Buy it—try it !

The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,

For guiding sounds to their proper tunnel :  
 Only try till the end of June,  
 And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune  
 I'll turn it gratis into a funnel !”

In short, the pedlar so beset her,—  
 Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—  
 With flatteries plump and indirect,  
 And plied his tongue with such effect,—  
 A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—  
 The deaf old woman bought the Trumpet.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

The pedlar was gone. With the horn's assistance,  
 She heard his steps die away in the distance ;  
 And then she heard the tick of the clock,  
 The purring of puss and the snoring of Shock ;  
 And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,  
 And heard it fall as plain as a skittle !

'Twas a wonderful horn, to be but just !  
 Nor meant to gather dust, must and rust ;  
 So in half a jiffy, or less than that,  
 In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,  
 Like old Dame Trot, but without her cat,  
 The gossip was hunting all Tringham through,  
 As if she meant to canvass the borough,  
 Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity ;—  
 And, sure, had the horn been one of those  
 The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,  
 It couldn't have ripp'd up more depravity !

Depravity ! mercy shield her ears !  
 'Twas plain enough that her village peers  
 In the ways of vice were no raw beginners ;  
 For whenever she raised the tube to her drum  
 Such sounds were transmitted as only come  
 From the very Brass Band of human sinners !  
 Ribald jest and blasphemous curse  
 (Bunyan never vented worse),

With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech  
 Which the Seven Dialecticians teach ;  
 Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,  
 And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,  
 With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,  
 Chiefly active in rows and mobs,  
 Picking possessive Pronouns' fobs,  
 And Interjections as bad as a blight,  
 Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight  
 Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,  
 And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,  
 Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—  
 A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,  
 To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,  
 So fit for the brute with the human shape,  
 Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,  
 From their ugly mouths it will certainly come  
 Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb !

Alas ! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,  
 And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth !  
 The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,  
 Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,  
 Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang ;  
     While the charity chap,  
     With his muffin cap,  
     His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,  
 Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,  
 Cursed his eyes, limbs, body and soul,  
     As if they didn't belong to the Parish !

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,  
 The wicked words of the popular song ;  
     Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—  
 At a door ajar, or a window agape,  
 To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,  
     Those sounds belong'd to Depravity still !  
 The dark allusion, or bolder brag  
 Of the dexterous “dodge,” and the lots of “swag,”  
 The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—  
 The blazing rick, or the darker crime,

That quench'd the spark before its time—  
 The wanton speech of the wife immoral—  
 The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,  
 With savage menace, which threaten'd the life,  
 Till the heart seem'd merely a strop "for the knife;"  
 The human liver, no better than that,  
 Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;  
 And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,  
 To be punch'd into holes, like "a shocking bad hat,"  
 That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding!

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,  
 To the highly bred, or the lowly born,  
 The working man, who look'd over the hedge,  
 Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,  
 The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,  
 Or the Governess pacing the village through,  
 With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,  
 Looking, as such young ladies do,  
 Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals—  
 Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,  
     Nob or Snob,  
     The Squire on his cob,  
 Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,  
 To the "Saint" who expounded at "Little Zion"—  
 Or the "Sinner" who kept "the Golden Lion"—  
 The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—  
 The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—  
 Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker—  
 She gather'd such meanings, double or single,  
     That like the bell,  
     With muffins to sell,  
 Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

But this was nought to the tales of shame,  
 The constant runnings of evil fame,  
 Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,  
 That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,  
 Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink:  
 While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,  
 With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,

And not a little of feline spleen  
 Lapp'd up in "Catty packages," too,  
 To give a zest to the sipping and sipping ;  
 For still by some invisible tether,  
 Scandal and Tea are link'd together,  
 As surely as Scarification and Cupping ;  
 Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea—  
 Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,  
 For some grocerly thieves  
 Turn over new leaves,  
 Without much amending their lives or their tea—  
 No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd  
 Were such wild and horrible anecdotes heard,  
 As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,  
 Especially that, which is called the Tender,  
 But, instead of the softness we fancy therewith,  
 Was harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women ! the wretches ! had soil'd and marr'd  
 Whatever to womanly nature belongs ;  
 For the marriage tie they had no regard,  
 Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,  
 (Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches  
 Kept cutting off her L by inches)—  
 And as for drinking, they drank so hard  
 That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs !

The men—they fought and gambled at fairs ;  
 And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—  
 Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses ;  
 And broke in houses as well as horses ;  
 Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,—  
 And would their own mothers and wives for a button ;  
 But not to repeat the deeds they did,  
 Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,  
 If all were true that fell from the tongue,  
 There was not a villager, old or young,  
 But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd, or hung,  
 Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries,  
 To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Murray's.



Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,  
 Transmitted each vile diabolical story ;  
 And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,  
 As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,  
 Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,  
 Is famous for making the most of a hint.

Not a murmur of shame,

Or buzz of blame,

Not a flying report that flew at a name,  
 Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,  
 Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat,  
 Of a beam in the eye, or diminutive note,  
 But vortex-like that tube of tin  
 Suck'd the censorious particle in ,

And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ  
 As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,  
 Nor took the viperous sound amiss,

On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon !

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "shocking !"  
 And give her head a sorrowful rocking,  
 And make a clucking with palate and tongue,  
 Like the call of Partlett to gather her young,  
 A sound, when human, that always proclaims  
 At least a thousand pities and shames ;

But still the darker the tale of sin,

Like certain folks, when calamities burst,  
 Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"

The farther she poked the Trumpet in.

Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread

East and West, and North and South,

Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,

Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder between the Horn and the Dame,  
 Such mischief was made wherever they came,  
 That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame !

For although it required such loud discharges,  
 Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,  
 To turn the smallest of table-beer,  
 A little whisper breathed into the ear

Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."  
 In fact such very ill blood there grew,  
 From this private circulation of stories,  
 That the nearest neighbours the village through,  
 Look'd at each other as yellow and blue,  
 As any electioneering crew  
 Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,  
 That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"—  
 Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,  
 Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,  
 And rack dear Love with internal fuel,  
 Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,  
 Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,—  
 At least such torments began to ring 'em  
     From the very morn  
     When that mischievous Horn  
 Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs,  
 And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,  
 While feuds arose and family quarrels,  
 That discomposed the mechanics of morals,  
 For screws were loose between brother and brother,  
 While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other ;  
 Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,  
 And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff  
 As ever upset a friendship—or skiff!  
 The plighted lovers, who used to walk,  
 Refused to meet, and declined to talk ;  
 And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,  
 That they mightn't look together on one ;  
 While wedded affection ran so low,  
 That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo—  
 And instead of the toddle adown the hill,  
     Hand in hand,  
     As the song has plann'd,  
 Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will !

In short, to describe what came to pass

In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,  
 Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!  
 The piece they perform'd was "The Devil to Pay!"

However, as secrets are brought to light,  
 And mischief comes home like chickens at night;  
 And rivers are track'd throughout their course,  
 And forgeries traced to their proper source;—  
     And the sow that ought  
     By the ear is caught,—  
 And the sin to the sinful door is brought;  
 And the cat at last escapes from the bag—  
 And the saddle is placed on the proper nag—  
 And the fog blows off, and the key is found—  
 And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—  
 And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground—  
 And the matter gets wind to waft it about;  
 And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—  
 And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—  
 So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown!*

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'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—  
 But the Tringham people are all agog;  
     Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—  
     With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,—  
 As if in pursuit of a rabid dog;  
 But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—  
 Declare that the game is "a Witch!—a Witch!"

Over the Green, and along by The George—  
 Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,  
 And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,  
 Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,  
 And there at the door they muster and cluster,  
 And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—  
 Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster!  
 A noise, indeed, so loud and long,  
 And mix'd with expressions so very strong,  
 That supposing, according to popular fame,  
 "Wise Woman" and Witch to be the same,

No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,<sup>1</sup>  
 But up and away through the chimney-top ;  
 Whereas, the moment they burst the door,  
 Planted fast on her sanded floor,  
 With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,  
 Lo and behold ! Dame Eleanor Spearing !

Oh ! then arises the fearful shout—  
 Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—  
 "Seize her !—Drag the old Jezebel out !"  
 While the Beadle—the foremost of all the band,  
 Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand—  
 And after a pause of doubt and fear,  
 Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

"Now silence—silence—one and all !"  
 For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul !  
     But before he rehearses  
     A couple of verses,  
 The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall :  
 For instead of the words so pious and humble,  
 He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough ! and more than enough ;—  
 Twenty impatient hands and rough,  
 By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,  
 Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—  
 Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—  
 Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,  
 With the spite of Woman and fury of Man ;  
 And then—but first they kill her cat,  
 And murder her dog on the very mat—  
 And crush the infernal Trumpet flat ;—  
 And then they hurry her through the door  
 She never, never will enter more !

Away ! away ! down the dusty lane  
 They pull her, and haul her, with might and main ;  
 And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,  
 Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,  
 Who happens to get "a leg to carry !"

And nappy the foot that can give her a kick,  
 And happy the hand that can find a brick—  
 And happy the fingers that hold a stick—  
 Knife to cut, or pin to prick—  
 And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick ;—  
 Nay, happy the urchin—Charity-bred,—  
 Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head !

Alas ! to think how people's creeds  
 Are contradicted by people's deeds !

But though the wishes that Witches utter  
 Can play the most diabolical rigs—  
 Send styes in the eye—and measles the pigs—  
 Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter ;  
 Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk—  
 And turn new milk to water and chalk,—  
 Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—  
 And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—  
 And waste the body—and addle the eggs—  
 And give a baby bandy legs ;  
 Though in common belief a Witch's curse  
 Involves all these horrible things, and worse—  
 As ignorant bumpkins all profess,  
 No bumpkin makes a poke the less  
 At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S. !

As if she were only a sack of barley !  
 Or gives her credit for greater might  
 Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night  
 On that other old woman, the parish Charley !

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call  
 On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—  
 Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,  
 (As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)  
 Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,  
 Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,  
 Vinegar Tom, and the rest of the pack—  
 Ay, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry  
 To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,  
 And drive her focs from their savage job  
 As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob :—

But no such matter is down in the bond ;  
 And spite of her cries that never cease,  
 But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,  
 The Dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond !

And now they come to the water's brim—  
 And in they bundle her—sink or swim ;  
 Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,  
 With twenty sticks to hold her down ;  
 Including the help to the self-same end,  
 Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.  
 A Pedlar !—Yes !—The same !—the same !  
 Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame !  
 And now is foremost amid the stir,  
 With a token only reveal'd to her ;  
 A token that makes her shudder and shriek,  
 And point with her finger, and strive to speak—  
 But before she can utter the name of the Devil,  
 Her head is under the water level !

## MORAL.

There are folks about town—to name no names—  
 Who much resemble that deafest of Dames !  
 And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,  
 Circulate many a scandalous word,  
 And whisper tales they could only have heard  
 Through some such Diabolical Trumpets !

## THE ROMANCE OF COLOGNE.

'Tis even—on the pleasant banks of Rhine  
 The thrush is singing, and the dove is cooing,  
 A youth and maiden on the turf recline  
 Alone—And he is wooing.

Yet woos in vain, for to the voice of love  
 No kindly sympathy the Maid discovers,  
 Though round them both, and in the air above,  
 The tender Spirit hovers !

Untouch'd by lovely Nature and her laws,

The more he pleads, more coyly she represses ;—  
Her lips denies, and now her hand withdraws,  
Rejecting his caresses.

Fair is she as the dreams young poets weave,  
Fright eyes, and dainty lips, and tresses curly ;  
In outward loveliness a child of Eve,  
But cold as Nymph of Lurley !

The more Love tries her pity to engross,  
The more she chills him with a strange behaviour ;  
Now tells her beads, now gazes on the Cross  
And Image of the Saviour.

•Forth goes the Lover with a farewell moan,  
As from the presence of a thing inhuman ;—  
Oh ! what unholy spell hath turn'd to stone  
The young warm heart of Woman !

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'Tis midnight—and the moonbeam, cold and wan,  
On bower and river quietly is sleeping,  
And o'er the corpse of a self-murder'd man  
The Maiden fair is weeping.

In vain she looks into his glassy eyes,  
No pressure answers to her hand so pressing ;  
In her fond arms impassively he lies,  
Clay-cold to her caressing.

Despairing, stunn'd by her eternal loss,  
She flies to succour that may best beseem her ;  
But, lo ! a frowning Figure veils the Cross,  
And hides the blest Redeemer !

With stern right hand it stretches forth a scroll,  
Wherein she reads in melancholy letters,  
The cruel fatal pact that placed her soul  
And her young heart in fetters.

“ Wretch ! Sinner ! Renegade ! to truth and God,

Thy holy faith for human love to barter !”  
 No more she hears, but on the bloody sod  
 Sinks, Bigotry's last Martyr !

And side by side the hapless Lovers lie :  
 Tell me, harsh priest ! by yonder tragic token,  
 What part hath God in such a Bond, whereby  
 Or hearts or vows are broken ?

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THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

IN the famous old times,  
 (Famed for chivalrous crimes)  
 As the legends of Rhineland deliver,  
 Once there flourish'd a Knight,  
 Who Sir Otto was hight,  
 On the banks of the rapid green river !

On the Drachenfels' crest  
 He had built a stone nest,  
 From which he pounced down like a vulture,  
 And with talons of steel  
 Out of every man's meal  
 Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame  
 With a nobleman's name,  
 As “Your High-and-well-born” address'd daily—  
 Though Judge Park in his wig  
 Would have deem'd him a prig,  
 Or a cracksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange !  
 How opinions will change !—  
 How antiquity blazons and hallows  
 Both the man, and the crime,  
 That a less lapse of time  
 Would commend to the hulks or the gallows i

Thus enthrall'd by Romance,  
 In a mystified trance,



E'en a young mild, and merciful woman  
Will recall with delight  
The wild keep, and its Knight,  
Who was quite as much tiger as human !

Now it chanced on a day,  
In the sweet month of May,  
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,  
With his sword in the sheath,  
At that prospect beneath,  
Which our tourists declare so amazing :

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,  
And its banks, so divine ;  
Yet with no admiration or wonder,  
But the *golt* of a thief,  
As a more modern chief  
Looked on London, and cried “What a plunder !”

From that river so fast,  
From that champaign so vast,  
He collected rare tribute and presents ;  
Water-rates from ships' loads,  
Highway-rates on the roads,  
And hard poor-rates from all the poor peasants !

When behold ! round the base  
Of his strong dwelling-place,  
Only gain'd by most toilsome progression,  
He perceived a full score  
Of the rustics, or more,  
Winding up in-a sort of procession !

“Keep them out !” the Knight cried,  
To the warders outside—  
But the hound at his feet gave a grumble !  
And in scrambled the knaves,  
Like feudality's slaves,  
With all forms that are servile and humble.

“Now for boorish complaints !  
Grant me patience, ye Saints !”

Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet ;  
 When the baldest old man  
 Thus his story began,  
 With a guttural croak in his gullet !

“Lord supreme of our lives,  
 Of our daughters, our wives,  
 Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,  
 Of our sisters and aunts,  
 Of the babies God grants,  
 Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses !

“Mighty master of all  
 We possess, great or small,  
 Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows ;  
 Of our mares and their colts,  
 Of our crofts, and our holts,  
 Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows !

“Noble Lord of the soil,  
 Of its corn and its oil,  
 Of its wine, only fit for such gentles !  
 Of our cream and sour-kraut,  
 Of our carp and our trout,  
 Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils !

“Sovran Lord of our cheese,  
 And whatever you please—  
 Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,  
 Of our backs and our polls,  
 Of our bodies and souls—  
 O give ear to the woes that we utter !

“We are truly perplex’d,  
 We are frighted and vex’d,  
 Till the strings of our hearts are all twisted ;  
 We are ruin’d and curst  
 By the fiercest and worst  
 Of all robbers that ever existed !”

“Now by Heav’n and this light !”  
 In a rage cried the Knight,

“For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen !  
What ! by Peasants miscall’d !”  
Quoth the man that was bald,  
“Not your honour we mean, but a Griffin.

“For our herds and our flocks  
He lays weight in the rocks,  
And jumps forth without giving us warning ;  
Two poor wethers, right fat,  
And four lambs after that,  
Did he swallow this very May morning !”

Then the High-and-well-born  
Gave a laugh as in scorn,  
“Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton ?  
Let him eat up the rams,  
And the lambs, and their dams—  
If I hate any meat, it is mutton !”

“Nay, your Worship,” said then  
The most bald of old men,  
“For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil,  
If the merciless Beast  
Did not oftentimes feast  
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel.”

“Feast on what,” cried the Knight,  
Whilst his eye glisten’d bright  
With the most diabolical flashes—  
“Does the Beast dare to prey  
On the road and highway ?  
With our proper diversion that clashes !”

“Yea, ’tis so, and far worse,”  
Said the Clown, “to our curse ;  
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,  
Every week in the year  
Sure as Sundays appear,  
A young virgin is thrown to the Griffin !”

“Ha ! Saint Peter ! Saint Mark !”  
Roar’d the Knight, frowning dark,

With an oath that was awful and bitter :  
 "A young maid to his dish !  
 Why, what more could he wish,  
 If the Beast were High-born, and a Ritter !

"Now, by this our good brand,  
 And by this our right hand,  
 By the badge that is borne on our banners,  
 If we can but once meet  
 With the monster's retreat,  
 We will teach him to poach on our manors !"

Quite content with this vow,  
 With a scrape and a bow,  
 The glad peasants went home to their flagons,  
 Where they tiddled so deep,  
 That each clown in his sleep  
 Dreamt of killing a legion of dragons !

Thus engaged, the bold Knight  
 Soon prepared for the fight  
 With the wily and scaly marauder ;  
 But, ere battle began,  
 Like a good Christian man,  
 First he put all his household in order.

"Double bolted and barr'd  
 Let each gate have a guard"—  
 (Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)  
 "And be sure, without fault,  
 No one enters the vault  
 Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark oubliette  
 Let yon merchant forget  
 That he e'er had a bark richly laden—  
 And that desperate youth,  
 Our own rival forsooth !  
 Just indulge with a kiss of the Maiden !

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew  
 With the vice and the screw,

Till he tells where he buried his treasure ;  
And deliver our word  
To yon sullen caged bird,  
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure !”

Thereupon, *cap-à-pie*,  
As a champion should be,  
With the bald-headed peasant to guide him,  
On his war-horse he bounds,  
And then, whistling his hounds,  
Prances off to what fate may betide him !

Nor too long do they seek,  
Ere a horrible reek,  
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,  
Set the dogs on the snuff,  
For they scent well enough  
The foul monster coil'd up in his cavern !

Then alighting with speed  
From his terrified steed,  
Which he ties to a tree for the present,  
With his sword ready drawn,  
Strides the Ritter High-born,  
And along with him drags the scared peasant !

“O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight !  
I am near enough quite—  
I have shown you the beast and his grotto :”  
But before he can reach  
Any farther in speech,  
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto !

Who withdrawing himself  
To a high rocky shelf,  
Sees the monster his tail disentangle  
From each tortuous coil,  
With a sudden turmoil,  
And rush forth the dead peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,  
And his horrible jaws.

He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly ;  
 Which he quickly sucks in  
 To his own wicked skin  
 And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes  
 On the tips of his toes  
 To the greedy and slumbering savage,  
 And with one hearty stroke  
 Of his sword, and a poke,  
 Kills the beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,  
 Without motion or strength,  
 That gorged serpent they call the constrictor,  
 After dinner, while deep  
 In lethargical sleep,  
 Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

“’Twas too easy by half !”  
 Said the Knight with a laugh ;  
 “ But as nobody witness’d the slaughter,  
 I will swear, knock and knock,  
 By Saint Winifred’s clock,  
 We were at it three hours and a quarter !”

Then he chopped off the head  
 Of the monster so dread,  
 Which he tied to his horse as a trophy ;  
 And, with hounds, by the same  
 Ragged path that he came,  
 Home he jogg’d proud as Sultan or Sophi !

Blessed Saints ! what a rout  
 When the news flew about,  
 And the carcase was fetch’d in a waggon ;  
 What an outcry rose wild  
 From man, woman, and child—  
 “ Live Sir Otto, who vanquish’d the Dragon !”

All that night the thick walls  
 Of the Knight’s feudal halls

Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon ;  
Whilst the vassals stood by,  
And repeated the cry—  
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

The next night, and the next,  
Still the fight was the text,  
'Twas a theme for the minstrels to brag on !  
And the vassals' hoarse throats  
Still re-echoed the notes—  
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

There was never such work  
Since the days of King Stork,  
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters ;  
Not to name the invites  
That were sent down of nights,  
To the villagers' wives and their daughters !

It was feast upon feast,  
For good cheer never ceased,  
And a foray replenish'd the flagon ;  
And the vassals stood by,  
But more weak was the cry—  
“Live Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

Down again sank the sun,  
Nor were revels yet done—  
But as if ev'ry mouth had a gag on,  
Though the vassals stood round,  
Deuce a word or a sound  
Of “Sir Otto, who vanquish'd the Dragon !”

There was feasting aloft,  
But through pillage so oft  
Down below there was wailing and hunger ;  
And affection ran cold,  
And the food of the old,  
It was wolfishly snatch'd by the younger !

Mad with troubles so vast,  
Where's the wonder at last

If the peasants quite alter'd their motto !  
 And with one loud accord  
 Cried out "Would to the Lord,  
 That the Dragon had vanquish'd Sir Otto !"

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 AN OPEN QUESTION.

' It is the king's highway, that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions.'—BUNYAN.

What ! shut the gardens ! lock the latticed gate !  
 Refuse the shilling and the fellow's ticket !  
 And hang a wooden notice up to state,  
 "On Sundays no admittance at this wicket !"  
 The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race  
 Denied to friends and visitors till Monday !  
 Now, really, this appears the common case  
 Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub  
 Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—  
 Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—  
 Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses ?  
 No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head,—  
 Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—  
 The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,  
 And does not send out porter of a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?

The bear denied ! the leopard under locks !  
 As if his spots would give contagious fevers ;  
 The beaver close as hat within its box ;  
 So different from other Sunday beavers !  
 The birds invisible—the gnaw-way rats—  
 The seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—  
 The monkey tribe—the family of cats,—  
 We visit other families on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy ?



What is the brute profanity that shocks  
 The super-sensitively serious feeling?  
 The kangaroo—is he not orthodox  
 To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?  
 Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat,  
 Struck all a heap to see a *Coati Mundi*?  
 Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note  
 The pelicans presenting bills on Sunday?—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What feature has repulsed the serious set?  
 What error in the bestial birth or breeding,  
 To put their tender fancies on the fret?  
 One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding!  
 Some stiffish people think that smoking joints  
 Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—  
 But then the beasts are pious on these points,  
 For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,  
 As if transmuted by some spell organic?  
 Turns fell hyæna of the ghoulish race?  
 The snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic?  
 Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows  
 That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday)—  
 Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows  
 Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There are some moody fellows, not a few,  
 Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,  
 Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,  
 And think when they are dismal they are pious:  
 Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun  
 Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—  
 Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,  
 Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What dire offence have serious fellows found  
 To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney?

Were charitable boxes handed round,  
 And would not guinea pigs subscribe their guinea?  
 Perchance the Demoiselle refused to moult  
 The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;  
 Or did the elephant unseemly, bolt  
 A tract presented to be read on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?  
 Who mourns through monkey tricks his damaged clothing?  
 Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian goose?  
 On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?  
 Some Smithfield saint did jealous feelings tell  
 To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,  
 Because he played extempore as well  
 As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

To me it seems that in the oddest way  
 (Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)  
 Our would-be keepers of the Sabbath-day  
 Are like the keepers of the brutes ferocious—  
 As soon the tiger might expect to stalk  
 About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,  
 As any harmless man to take a walk,  
 If saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,  
 As surely as I am a Christian scion,  
 I cannot think it is a mortal sin—  
 (Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion.  
 I really think that one may go, perchance,  
 To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—  
 (That is, provided that he did not dance)  
 Bruin's no worse than baking on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,  
 I cannot think the day a bit diviner,  
 Because no children, with forestalling smiles,  
 Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor—

It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,  
 That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,  
 The wondrous History of bird and beast,  
 Can be unnatural because it's Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work?  
 The dove, the wing'd Columbus of man's haven?  
 The tender love-bird—or the filial stork?  
 The punctual crane—the providential raven?  
 The pelican whose bosom feeds her young?  
 Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday  
 That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,  
 Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The busy beaver—that sagacious beast!  
 The sheep that owned an Oriental Shepherd—  
 That desert-ship the camel of the East,  
 The horn'd rhinoceros—the spotted leopard—  
 The creatures of the Great Creator's hand  
 Are surely sights for better days than Monday—  
 The elephant, although he wears no band,  
 Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,  
 Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,  
 Seek once a week their spirits to assoil,  
 And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature?"  
 Better it were if, in his best of suits,  
 The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,  
 Should spend a leisure hour amongst the brutes,  
 Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss  
 (Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)  
 But that the Papists, like some fellows, thus  
 Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their theology?  
 Is Brahma's bull—a Hindoo god at home—

A papal bull to be tied up till Monday—  
 Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,  
 That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough  
 To make religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,  
 But saints zoological must cant their stuff,  
 As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish!  
 Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,  
 Shut Nero<sup>1</sup> up from Saturday till Monday,  
 And sure as fate they will deny us next  
 To see the dandelions on a Sunday—  
 But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

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NOTE.—There is an anecdote of a Scotch Professor who happened during a Sunday walk to be hammering at a geological specimen which he had picked up, when a peasant gravely accosted him, and said, very seriously, "Eh! Sir, you think you are only breaking a stone, but you are breaking the Sabbath."

In a similar spirit, some of our over-righteous sectarians are fond of attributing all breakage to the same cause—from the smashing of a parish lamp, up to the fracture of a human skull;—the "breaking into the bloody house of life," or the breaking into a brick-built dwelling. They all originate in the breaking of the Sabbath. It is the source of every crime in the country—the parent of every illegitimate child in the parish. The picking of a pocket is ascribed to the picking of a daisy—the robbery on the highway to a stroll in the fields—the incendiary fire to a hot dinner—on Sunday. All other causes—the want of education—the want of moral culture—the want of bread itself, are totally repudiated. The criminal himself is made to confess at the gallows that he owes his appearance on the scaffold to a walk with "Sally in our alley" on the "day that comes between a Saturday and Monday."

Supposing this theory to be correct, and made like the law "for every degree," the wonder of Captain Macheath that we haven't "better company at Tyburn tree" (now the New Drop) must be fully shared by everybody who has visited the Ring in Hyde Park on the day in question. But how much greater must be the wonder of any person who has happened to reside, like myself, for a year or two in a continental city, inhabited, according to the strict construction of our Mawworms, by some fifteen or twenty thousand of habitual Sabbath-breakers, and yet, without hearing of murder and robbery as often as of blood-sausages and dollars! A city

<sup>1</sup> The name of a well-known lion at that time in the Zoological Gardens.

where the Burgomaster himself must have come to a bad end, if a dance upon Sunday led so inevitably to a dance upon nothing!

The "saints" having set up this absolute dependence of crime on Sabbath-breaking, their relative proportions become a fair statistical question; and, as such, the inquiry is seriously recommended to the rigid legislator, who acknowledges, indeed, that the Sabbath was "made for man," but, by a singular interpretation, conceives that the man for whom it was made is himself!

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LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

WELL hast thou cried, departed Burke,  
All chivalrous romantic work  
    Is ended now and past!—  
That iron age—which some have thought  
Of metal rather overwrought—  
    Is now all overcast!

Ay! where are those heroic knights  
Of old—those armadillo wights  
    Who wore the plated vest?—  
Great Charlemagne and all his peers  
Are cold—enjoying with their spears  
    An everlasting rest!

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;  
So sleep his knights who gave that Round  
    Old Table such éclât!  
O, Time has pluck'd the plumy brow!  
And none engage at tourneys now  
    But those that go to law!

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,  
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,  
    Orlando lies forlorn!—  
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,  
Those "early champions"—what are they  
    But knights without a morn?

No Percy branch now perseveres,  
Like those of old, in breaking spears—  
    The name is now a lie!—

Surgeons, alone, by any chance,  
 Are all that ever couch a lance  
     To couch a body's eye !

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,  
 That cut the Moslems to the quick,  
     His weapon lies in peace :  
 O, it would warm them in a trice,  
 If they could only have a spice  
     Of his old mace in Greece

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,  
 And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,  
     That scaled the holy wall !  
 No Saracen meets Paladin,  
 We hear of no great *Saladin*,  
     But only grow the small !

Our *Cressys*, too, have dwindled since  
 To penny things—at our Black Prince  
     Historic pens would scoff :  
 The only one we moderns had  
 Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,  
     And measles took him off !

Where are those old and feudal clans,  
 Their pikes, and bills, and partizans,  
     Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs ?  
 A battle was a battle then,  
 A breathing piece of work ; but men  
     Fight now—with powder puffs.

The curtal axe is out of date ;  
 The good old crossbow bends—to Fate ;  
     'Tis gone, the archer's craft !  
 No tough arm bends the springing yew,  
 And jolly draymen ride, in lieu  
     Of Death, upon the shaft !

The spear the gallant tilter's pride,  
 The rusty spear, is laid aside,—  
     O, spits now domineer !

The coat of mail is left alone,—  
 And where is all chain armour gone?  
     Go ask a Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,  
 Bestowing handcuffs with our fists,  
     A low and vulgar art!  
 No mounted man is overthrown:  
 A tilt! it is a thing unknown—  
     Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,  
 Clad like his chief in steely garb,  
     For warding steel's appliance!  
 Methinks I hear the trumpet stir,  
 'Tis but the guard to Exeter,  
     That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils when will cavaliers  
 Set ringing helmets by the ears,  
     And scatter plumes about?  
 Or blood—if they are in the vein?  
 That tap will never run again—  
     Alas! the *Casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored  
 By dint of battle-axe or sword,  
     To find a vital place—  
 Though certain doctors still pretend,  
 Awhile, before they kill a friend,  
     To labour through his case!

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!  
 Crusader, errant squire, and knight!  
     Our coats and custom soften;  
 To rise would only make you weep—  
 Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,  
     As in a safety coffin!

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## THE TURTLES.

## A FABLE.

"The rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle."—BYRON.

ONE day, it was before a civic dinner,  
 Two London Aldermen, no matter which,  
 Cordwainer, Girdler, Patten-maker, Skinner—  
 But both were florid, corpulent, and rich,  
 And both right fond of festive demolition,  
 Set forth upon a secret expedition.  
 Yet not, as might be fancied from the token,  
 To Pudding Lane, Pie Corner, or the Street  
 Of Bread, or Grub, or anything to eat,  
 Or drink, as Milk, or Vintry, or Portsoken,  
 But eastward to that more aquatic quarter,  
 Where folks take water,  
 Or bound on voyages, secure a berth  
 For Antwerp or Ostend, Dundee or Perth,  
 Calais, Boulogne, or any Port on earth !  
 Jostled and jostling, through the mud,  
 Peculiar to the Town of Lud,  
 Down narrow streets and crooked lanes they dived,  
 Past many a gusty avenue, through which  
 Came yellow fog, and smell of pitch,  
 From barge, and boat, and dusky wharf derived ;  
 With darker fumes, brought eddying by the draught,  
 From loco-smoko-motive craft ;  
 Mingling with scents of butter, cheese, and gammons,  
 Tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, rosin, wax,  
 Hides, tallow, Russia-matting, hemp and flax,  
 Salt-cod, red-herrings, sprats, and kipper'd salmons,  
 Nuts, oranges, and lemons,  
 Each pungent spice, and aromatic gum,  
 Gas, pepper, soaplees, brandy, gin, and rum ;  
 Alamode-beef and greens—the London soil—  
 Glue, coal, tobacco, turpentine and oil,  
 Bark, assafoetida, squills, vitriol, hops,  
 In short, all whiffs, and sniffs, and puffs and snuffs,  
 From metals, minerals, and dyewood stuffs,  
 Fruits, victual, drink, solidities, or slops—



In flasks, casks, bales, trucks, waggons, taverns, shops,  
Boats, lighters, cellars, wharfs, and warehouse-tops,  
That, as we walk upon the river's ridge,  
Assault the nose—below the bridge.

A walk, however, as tradition tells,  
That once a poor blind Tobit used to choose,  
Because, incapable of other views,  
He met with "such a sight of smells."

But on, and on, and on,  
In spite of all unsavoury shocks,  
Progress the stout Sir Peter and Sir John,  
Steadily steering ship-like for the docks—  
And now they reach a place the Muse, unwilling,  
Recalls for female slang and vulgar doing,  
The famous Gate of Billing,  
That does not lead to cooing—  
And now they pass that House that is so ugly  
A Customer to people looking "smuggley"—  
And now along that fatal Hill they pass  
Where centuries ago an Oxford bled,  
And proved—too late to save his life, alas!—  
That *he* was "off his head."

At last before a lofty brick-built pile  
Sir Peter stopp'd, and with mysterious smile  
Tingled a bell that served to bring  
The wire-drawn genius of the ring,  
A species of commercial Samuel Weller—  
To whom Sir Peter—tipping him a wink,  
And something else to drink—  
"Show us the cellar."

Obsequious bow'd the man, and led the way  
Down sundry flights of stairs, where windows small,  
Dappled with mud, let in a dingy ray—  
A dirty tax, if they were tax'd at all.

At length they came into a cellar damp,  
With venerable cobwebs fringed around,

A cellar oī that stamp  
 Which often harbours vintages renown'd,  
 The feudal Hock, or Burgundy the courtly,  
     With sherry, brown or golden,  
     Or port, so olden,  
 Bereft of body 'tis no longer portly—  
 But old or otherwise—to be veracious—  
 That cobwebb'd cellar, damp, and dim, and spacious,  
     Held nothing crusty—but crustaceous.

Prone, on the chilly floor,  
 Five splendid Turtles—such a five !  
 Natives of some West Indian shore,  
     Were flapping all alive,  
 Late landed from the Jolly Planter's yawl—  
 A sight whereon the dignitaries fix'd  
 Their eager eyes, with ecstasy unmix'd,  
 Like fathers that behold their infants crawl,  
     Enjoying every little kick and sprawl.  
 Nay—far from fatherly the thoughts they bred.  
 Poor loggerheads from far Ascension ferried !  
 The Aldermen too plainly wish'd them dead  
     And Aldermanbury'd !

“ There ! ” cried Sir Peter, with an air  
 Triumphant as an ancient victor's,  
 And pointing to the creatures rich and rare,  
     “ There's picters ! ”

“ Talk of Olympic Games ! They're not worth mention ;  
 The real prize for wrestling is when Jack,  
     In Providence or Ascension,  
 Can throw a lively turtle on its back ! ”

“ Aye ! ” cried Sir John, and with a score of nods,  
 Thoughtful of classical symposium,  
     “ There's food for Gods !  
 There's nectar ! there's ambrosium !  
 There's food for Roman Emperors to eat—  
     Oh, there had been a treat

(Those ancient names will sometimes hobble us)  
For Helio-gobble-us !”

“There were a feast for Alexander’s Feast !  
The real sort—none of your mock or spurious !”  
And then he mention’d Aldermen deceased,  
And “Epicurius,”  
And how Tertullian had enjoy’d such foison ;  
And speculated on that *verdigrease*  
That isn’t poison.

“Talk of your Spring, and verdure, and all that !  
Give *me* green fat !  
As for your Poets with their groves of myrtles  
And billing turtles,  
Give me, for poetry, them Turtles there,  
A-billing in a bill of fare !”

“Of all the things I ever swallow—  
Food, well-dressed turtle beats them hollow—  
It almost makes me wish, I vow,  
To have *two* stomachs, like a cow !”  
And lo ! as with the cud, an inward thrill  
Upheaved his waistcoat and disturb’d his frill,  
His mouth was oozing and he work’d his jaw—  
“I almost think that I could eat one raw !”

And thus, as “inward love breeds outward talk,”  
The portly pair continued to discourse ;  
And then—as Gray describes of life’s divorce—  
With “longing lingering look” prepared to walk,—  
Having thro’ one delighted sense, at least,  
Enjoy’d a sort of Barmecidal feast,  
And with prophetic gestures, strange to see,  
Forestall’d the civic Banquet yet to be,  
Its callipash and callipee !

A pleasant prospect—but alack !  
Scarcely each Alderman had turn’d his back,  
When seizing on the moment so propitious,  
And having learn’d that they were so delicious

To bite and sup,  
 From praises so high flown and injudicious,—  
 And nothing could be more pernicious !  
 The turtles fell to work, and ate each other up !

## MORAL.

Never, from folly or urbanity,  
 Praise people thus profusely to their faces,  
 Till quite in love with their own graces,  
 They're eaten up by vanity !

## THE MARY.

## A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

LOV'ST thou not, Alice, with the early tide  
 To see the hardy Fisher hoist his mast,  
 And stretch his sail towards the ocean wide,—  
 Like God's own beadsman going forth to cast  
 His net into the deep, which doth provide  
 Enormous bounties, hidden in its vast  
 Bosom like Charity's, for all who seek  
 And take its gracious boon thankful and meek ?

The sea is bright with morning,—but the dark  
 Seems still to linger on his broad black sail,  
 For it is early hoisted, like a mark  
 For the low sun to shoot at with his pale  
 And level beams : All round the shadowy bark  
 The green wave glimmers, and the gentle gale  
 Swells in her canvas, till the waters show  
 The keel's new speed, and whiten at the bow.

Then look abaft—(for thou canst understand  
 That phrase)—and there he sitteth at the stern,  
 Grasping the tiller in his broad brown hand,  
 The hardy Fisherman. Thou may'st discern  
 Ten fathoms off the wrinkles in the tann'd  
 And honest countenance that he will turn  
 To look upon us, with a quiet gaze—  
 As we are passing on our several ways.

So, some ten days ago, on such a morn,  
 The Mary, like a seamew, sought her spoil  
 Amongst the finny race : 'twas when the corn  
 Woo'd the sharp sickle, and the golden toil  
 Summon'd all rustic hands to fill the horn  
 Of Ceres to the brim, that brave turmoil  
 Was at the prime, and Woodgate went to reap  
 His harvest too, upon the broad blue deep.

His mast was up, his anchor heaved aboard,  
 His mainsail stretching in the first gray gleams  
 Of morning, for the wind. Ben's eye was stored  
 With fishes—fishes swam in all his dreams,  
 And all the goodly east seem'd but a hoard  
 Of silvery fishes, that in shoals and streams  
 Groped into the deep dusk that fill'd the sky,  
 For him to catch in meshes of his eye.

For Ben had the true sailor's sanguine heart,  
 And saw the future with a boy's brave thought,  
 No doubts, nor faint misgivings had a part  
 In his bright visions—ay, before he caught  
 His fish, he sold them in the scaly mart,  
 And summ'd the net proceeds. This should have brought  
 Despair upon him when his hopes were foil'd,  
 But though one crop was marr'd, again he toil'd

And sow'd his seed afresh.—Many foul blights  
 Perish'd his hardwon gains—yet he had plann'd  
 No schemes of too extravagant delights—  
 No goodly houses on the Goodwin sand—  
 But a small humble home, and loving nights,  
 Such as his honest heart and earnest hand  
 Might fairly purchase. Were these hopes too airy?  
 Such as they were, they rested on thee, Mary.

She was the prize of many a toilsome year,  
 And hardwon wages, on the perilous sea—  
 Of savings ever since the shipboy's tear  
 Was shed for home, that lay beyond the lee ; —  
 She was purveyor for his other dear

Mary, and for the infant yet to be  
 Fruit of their married loves. These made him dote  
 Upon the homely beauties of his boat,

Whose pitch black hull roll'd darkly on the wave,  
 No gayer than one single stripe of blue  
 Could make her swarthy sides. She seem'd a slave,  
 A negro among boats—that only knew  
 Hardship and rugged toil—no pennons brave  
 Flaunted upon the mast—but oft a few  
 Dark dripping jackets flutter'd to the air,  
 Ensigns of hardihood and toilsome care.

And when she ventured for the deep, she spread  
 A tawny sail against the sunbright sky,  
 Dark as a cloud that journeys overhead—  
 But then those tawny wings were stretch'd to fly  
 Across the wide sea desert for the bread  
 Of babes and mothers—many an anxious eye  
 Dwelt on her course, and many a fervent pray'r  
 Invoked the Heavens to protect and spare.

Where is she now? The secrets of the deep  
 Are dark and hidden from the human ken ;  
 Only the sea-bird saw the surges sweep  
 Over the bark of the devoted Ben,—  
 Meanwhile a widow sobs and orphans weep,  
 And sighs are heard from weatherbeaten men,  
 Dark sunburnt men, uncouth and rude and hairy,  
 While loungers idly ask, “Where is the Mary?”

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FAIR INES.

O SAW ye not fair Ines ?  
 She's gone into the West,  
 To dazzle when the sun is down,  
 And rob the world of rest :  
 She took our daylight with her,  
 The smiles that we love best,  
 With morning blushes on her cheek,  
 And pearls upon her breast.

O turn again, fair Ines,  
 Before the fall of night,  
 For fear the moon should shine alone,  
 And stars unrivall'd bright ;  
 And blessed will the lover be  
 That walks beneath their light,  
 And breathes the love against thy cheek  
 I dare not even write !

Would I had been, fair Ines,  
 That gallant cavalier,  
 Who rode so gaily by thy side,  
 And whisper'd thee so near !  
 Were there no bonny dames at home,  
 Or no true lovers here,  
 That he should cross the seas to win  
 The dearest of the dear ?

I saw thee, lovely Ines,  
 Descend along the shore,  
 With bands of noble gentlemen,  
 And banners waved before ;  
 And gentle youth and maidens gay,  
 And snowy plumes they wore ;  
 It would have been a beauteous dream,  
 —If it had been no more !

Alas, alas, fair Ines,  
 She went away with song,  
 With Music waiting on her steps,  
 And shoutings of the throng ;  
 But some were sad and felt no mirth,  
 But only Music's wrong,  
 In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell,  
 To her you've loved so long.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines,  
 That vessel never bore  
 So fair a lady on its deck,  
 Nor danced so light before,—  
 Alas, for pleasure on the sea,

And sorrow on the shore !  
 The smile that blest one lover's heart  
 Has broken many more !

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 THE DESERT-BORN.

“ Fly to the desert, fly with me.”—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

'Twas in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—  
 To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills !—  
 My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,  
 I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,  
 The plummy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and proud,—  
 When lo ! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,  
 And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,—  
 Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen !

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow ;  
 A purple bandalette pass'd o'er the lofty brow below,  
 And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewell'd ear ;  
 In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachemere ;  
 Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe of silk  
 Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk ;  
 Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath  
 A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a broider'd wreath,  
 Compell'd by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to meet—  
 And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet !

Of course I bow'd my lowest bow—of all the things on earth,  
 The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,  
 To power, to wealth, to genius, or to anything uncommon,  
 A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman* !  
 Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague and  
 undefined,  
 Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul and mind ;  
 There was a something in her air that drew the spirit nigh,  
 Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye !  
 With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,  
 I bow'd my forehead to the earth, and kiss'd the arid sand ;  
 And then I touch'd her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,  
 Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.



Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,  
 She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race ;  
 " Welcome !" she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet ;  
 " It was ordain'd that you and I should in this desert meet !  
 Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars, ;  
 This interview was promised in the language of the stars !"  
 Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all commanding hands,  
 A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,  
 Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face  
 They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

" Fear nought," exclaim'd the radiant one, as I sprang off aloof,  
 " Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's hoof !  
 Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,  
 And Fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth."  
 Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,  
 She cried, " Go bring the BEAUTIFUL—for lo! the MAN is here!"

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Arab steeds could flee,  
 But Fancy fond out-raced them all, with bridle loose and free,  
 And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian  
 bride,

Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for Sultan's side ;  
 Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,  
 Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,  
 A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist  
 Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.  
 Methought—but here, alas ! alas ! the airy dream to blight,  
 Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white !  
 To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,  
 The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse :  
 Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,  
 Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,  
 I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds  
 Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds ;—  
 As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one *is* a hero,  
 Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.  
 With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes of legs,  
 Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs !  
 His fiery nostrils sent forth clouds of smoke instead of breath—  
 Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of Death ?

Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine  
 To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign  
 To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied :  
 "Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian bride !"  
 Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with which I spoke,  
 Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,  
 So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal stroke.

"Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be born,  
 Or any of its *Ridings*, this would be a blessed morn :  
 But, hapless one I cannot ride—there's something in a horse  
 That I can always honour, but I never could endorse.  
 To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite  
 Averse to running long, and apt to be paid-off at sight :  
 In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,  
 I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will ;  
 Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle  
 On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle.  
 In short,' and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my head full low,  
 "I'm one of those whose infant years have heard the chimes of  
 Bow !"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish skies,  
 And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes ;  
 "Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest, dearest friend,  
 There's something in your eyes, your air, and that high instep's  
 bend,  
 That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth,  
 Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your birth,  
 The East it is your country ! Like an infant changed at nurse  
 By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse ;  
 But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars waving wild,  
 All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child—  
 The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or late, no doubt,  
 The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out !  
 I read the starry characters--and lo ! 'tis written there,  
 Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this Mare,  
 A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal mould,  
 Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was  
 foal d !"

And truly—I devoutly wish'd a blast of the simoom  
 Had stifled her!—the Mare herself appear'd to mock my doom;  
 With many a bound she caper'd round and round me like a dance,  
 I fear'd indeed some wild caress would end the fearful prance,  
 And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was horrid!—  
 Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead!  
 On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands upraised in  
 prayer,

I begg'd the turban'd Sultaness the issue to forbear;  
 I painted weeping orphan babes around a widow'd wife,  
 And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life.  
 “Behold,” I said, “a simple man for such high feats unfit,  
 Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from the bit,  
 Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian skill,  
 Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the will.”  
 Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,  
 The quadruped could not have been more cold to my appeal!

“Fear nothing,” said the smiling Fate, “when human help is vain,  
 Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the rein;  
 Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,  
 And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark!  
 As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the wild  
 But for a mare of such descent would barter wife and child.”

“Nay then,” cried I—(heav'n shrive the lie!) “to tell the secret  
 truth,

'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!  
 A playful child,—so full of life!—a little fair-hair'd boy,  
 His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's darling joy!  
 Ah me! the frantic shriek she gave! I hear it ringing now!  
 That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;  
 A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse,  
 That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living  
 horse!”

Good heaven! to see the angry glance that flash'd upon me now!  
 A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were on my brow!  
 I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,  
 And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the sultry air.  
 How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tail;

While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale !  
 How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,  
 As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly !  
 While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before she gave  
 My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave !

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play,  
 Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden neigh—  
 Whose foot within a stable-door had never stood an inch—  
 Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful flinch,—  
 I that had never thrown a leg across a pony small  
 To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall !  
 For oh ! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast  
 Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I saw them last !

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congeal'd by fears,  
 My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my ears ;  
 I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with despair,  
 Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers through my hair.  
 I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not even see—  
 A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—  
 I tried to pray, but found no words—tho' ready ripe to weep,  
 No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon began to creep,—  
 When lo ! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,  
 Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,  
 And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,  
 I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born !

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight  
 Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight ;  
 Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve ajar,—  
 "Off with the bridle—quick !—and leave his guidance to his star !"

"Allah ! il Allah !" rose the shout,—and starting with a bound,  
 The dreadful Creature clear'd at once a dozen yards of ground ;  
 And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands,  
 Away we flew—away ! away ! across the shifting sands !  
 My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,  
 But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,  
 For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force  
 Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—

One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,  
 The next it only murmur'd like the humming of a bee !  
 And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,  
 Oh, ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense !  
 What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon twain,  
 A palm of forty cubits high, we pass'd it on the plain !  
 What tongue could tell,—what pencil paint,—what pen describe  
 the ride ?

Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung from side to  
 side !

I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe, her with its tone—  
 My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan—  
 My joints were rack'd—my back was strain'd, so firmly I had  
 clung—

My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten through my  
 tongue—

When lo !—farewell all hope of life !—she turn'd and faced the  
 rocks,

None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite blocks !  
 So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride and fire,  
 Derived from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted sire ;  
 Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone,  
 Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd each massive  
 stone ;—

Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge grey rock at length  
 Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of strength—  
 My time was come ! that granite heap my monument of death !  
 She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller breath ;  
 Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd me of her spring,  
 I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—  
 But oh ! the crash !—the hideous shock !—the million sparks  
 around !

Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious mound !  
 Wild shriek'd the headlong Desert-Born—or else 'twas demon's  
 mirth,

One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd breathless on the  
 earth !

\* \* \* \* \*

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,  
 And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense ;

For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,  
 The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, of its own.  
 My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway 'twixt life and  
 death,

With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of a breath,  
 Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh.  
 Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let me die.  
 Oh, slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till morn,  
 Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across that waste forlorn !  
 I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of strife—  
 A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—  
 But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his labouring breast ?  
 Why any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE on his chest.

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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

AN ODE.

O ! WELL may poets make a fuss  
 In summer time, and sigh "*O rus !*"  
 Of London pleasures sick :  
 My heart is all at pant to rest  
 In greenwood shades—my eyes detest  
 This endless meal of brick !

What joy have I in June's return ?  
 My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,  
 I scent no flowery gust :  
 But faint the flagging zephyr springs,  
 With dry Macadam on its wings,  
 And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews  
 Due east, but with no Eastern dews ;  
 The path is dry and hot !  
 His setting shows more tamely still,  
 He sinks behind no purple hill,  
 But down a chimney's pot !

O ! but to hear the milkmaid blithe,  
 Or early mower wet his scythe

The dewy meads among !—  
 My grass is of that sort, alas !  
 That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass  
 By folks of vulgar tongue !

O ! but to smell the woodbines sweet !  
 I think of cowslip cups—but meet  
 With very vile rebuffs !  
 For meadow-buds I get a whiff  
 Of Cheshire cheese,—or only sniff  
 The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau revicwed  
 His periwinkles !—mine are stewed !  
 My rose blooms on a gown !—  
 I hunt in vain for eglantine,  
 And find my blue-bell on the sign  
 That marks the Bell and Crown :

Where are ye, birds ! that blithely wing  
 From tree to tree, and gaily sing  
 Or mourn in thickets deep ?  
 My cuckoo has some ware to sell,  
 The watchman is my Philomel,  
 My blackbird is a sweep !

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush !  
 That perch on leafy bough and bush,  
 And tune the various song ?  
 Two hurdigurdists, and a poor  
 Street-Handel grinding at my door,  
 Are all my “tuneful throng.”

Where are ye, early-purling streams,  
 Whose waves reflect the morning beams,  
 And colours of the skies ?  
 My rills are only puddle-drains  
 From shambles, or reflect the stains  
 Of calimanco-dyes !

Sweet are the little brooks that run  
 O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,

Singing in soothing tones :—  
 Not thus the city streamlets flow ;  
 They make no music as they go,  
 Though never “ off the stones.”

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,  
 That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap  
 Beside your woolly dams ?  
 Alas ! instead of harmless crooks,  
 My Corydons use iron hooks,  
 And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,  
 The Arcadian herdsman used to play  
 Sweetly, here soundeth not ;  
 But merely breathes unwholesome fumes,  
 Meanwhile the city boor consumes  
 The rank weed—“ piping hot.”

All rural things are vilely mock'd,  
 On every hand the sense is shock'd,  
 With objects hard to bear :  
 Shades—vernal shades !—where wine is sold !  
 And, for a turfy bank, behold  
 An Ingram's rustic chair !

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,  
 And gardens redolent of flowers  
 Wherein the zephyr wons ?  
 Alas ! Moor Fields are fields no more.  
 Sec Hatton's Gardens bricked all o'er,  
 And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace ;  
 I hold no Leasowes in my lease,  
 No cot set round with trees :  
 No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks ;  
 And Omnium furnishes my banks  
 With brokers—not with bees.

O ! well may poets make a fuss  
 In summer time, and sigh “ *O rus !*”



Of city pleasures sick :  
 My heart is all at pant to rest  
 In greenwood shades—my eyes detest  
 That endless meal of brick !

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A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

FORGET me not ! It is the cry of clay,  
 From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten ;  
 For who, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey,"  
 Would be forgotten ?

Hark the poor infant, in the age of pap,  
 A little Laplander on nurse's lap,  
 Some strange, neglectful, gossiping old Trot,  
 Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,  
 In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth—  
 What ?

"Forget me not !"

The schoolboy writes unto the self-same tune,  
 The yearly letter, guiltless of a blot,  
 "We break up on the twenty-third of June ;  
 And then, with comps. from Dr. Polyglot,  
 "P.S. Forget me not !"

When last my elder brother sailed for Quito,  
 My chalky foot had in a hobble got—  
 Why did he plant his timber toe on *my* toe,  
 To stamp on memory's most tender spot  
 "Forget me not !"

The dying nabob, on whose shrivelled skin  
 The Indian "mulliga" has left its "tawny,"  
 Leaving life's pilgrimage so rough and thorny,  
 Bindeth his kin  
 Two tons of sculptured marble to allot—  
 A small "Forget me not !"

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,  
 Sharing among them all that he has got,

Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,  
 And says to seventeen—"If I am shot,  
 Forget me not."

Why, all the mob of authors that now trouble  
 The world with cold-pressed volumes and with hot ;  
 They all are seeking reputation's bubble,  
 Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,  
 To tie in fame's own handkerchief a double  
 Forget-me-not !

A past past tense,  
 In fact, is sought for by all human kind,  
 And hence  
 Our common Irish wish—to leave ourselves behind.

Forget me not ! It is the common chorus  
 Swell'd by all those behind and before us ;  
 Each fifth of each November  
 Calls but "Remember !"  
 And even a poor man of straw will try  
 To live by dint of powder and of plot.  
 In short, it is the cry of every Guy—  
 "Forget me not !"

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 NO I

No sun—no moon !  
 No morn—no noon—  
 No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
 No sky—no earthly view—  
 No distance looking blue—  
 No road—no street—no "t'other side the way"—  
 No end to any Row—  
 No indications where the Crescents go—  
 No top to any steeple—  
 No recognitions of familiar people—  
 No courtesies for showing 'em—  
 No knowing 'em !—  
 -No travelling at all—no locomotion,

No inkling of the way—no notion—  
 “No go”—by land or ocean—  
 No mail—no post—  
 No news from any foreign coast—  
 No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—  
 No company—no nobility—  
 No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
 No comfortable feel in any member—  
 No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
 No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,——  
 November !

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 THE LOST HEIR.

“Oh, where, and oh where  
 Is my bonny laddie gone?”—OLD SONG.

ONE day, as I was going by  
 That part of Holborn christened High,  
 I heard a loud and sudden cry  
 That chill'd my very blood ;  
 And lo ! from out a dirty alley,  
 Where pigs and Irish went to rally,  
 I saw a crazy woman sally,  
 Bedaub'd with grease and mud.  
 She turn'd her East, she turn'd her West,  
 Staring like Pythoness possest,  
 With streaming hair and heaving breast  
 As one stark mad with grief.  
 This way and that she wildly ran,  
 Jostling with woman and with man—  
 Her right hand held a frying pan,  
 The left a lump of beef.  
 At last her frenzy seem'd to reach  
 A point just capable of speech,  
 And with a tone almost a screech,  
 As wild as ocean birds,  
 Or female Ranter mov'd to preach,  
 She gave her “sorrow words.”

“ Oh Lord ! oh dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark  
 staring wild !

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

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

A child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;

And his trousers considering not very much patch'd, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.

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

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

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

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

Except being so well dress'd my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,

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

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

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

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

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

Oh my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kiddy-napp'd with them Italians,

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

Billy—where are you, Billy ?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow !

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

Oh Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,

If I'm to see other folks' darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley.

And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair

As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there an't no Billy there !

I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only know'd where to run,

Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny bun,—

The Lord forbid of any child of mine ! I think it would kill me raily To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.

For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and miles

And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.

And if I call'd him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a Mother  
ought to speak ;  
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it hasn't been  
wash'd for a week ;  
As for hair, tho' it's red, it's the most nicest hair when I've time to  
just show it the comb ;  
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only brin  
him safe and sound home.  
He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a little cast  
he's certainly got ;  
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke, by his  
falling on a pewter pint pot ;  
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large  
teeth for his age ;  
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the  
Drury Lane Stage.  
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but oh I never  
never shall see him no more !  
O dear ! to think of losing him just after nursing him back from  
death's door !  
Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at  
twenty a penny !  
And the threepence he'd got by-grottoing was spent in plums, and  
sixty for a child is too many.  
And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd us all and, drat him,  
made a seize of our hog.  
It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he's such a blunderin'  
drunken old dog ;  
The last time he was fetch'd to find a lost child, he was guzzling  
with his bell at the Crown,  
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother  
and Father about Town.  
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home, to  
your best of Mothers !  
I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they'd  
run over their own Sisters and Brothers.  
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick  
fast in narrow flues and what not,  
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot  
has ketch'd, and the chimbly's red hot.

Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap  
 my two longin' eyes on his face.  
 For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you'll  
 see me drop stone dead on the place.  
 I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and  
 wouldn't I hug him and kiss him !  
 Lauk ! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't  
 not feel like a child till you miss him.  
 Why there he is ! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it's  
 that Billy as sartin as sin !  
 But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm  
 blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin !"

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AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

A PASTORAL REPORT.

ONE Sunday morning—service done—  
 'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,  
 A knot of bumpkins stood to chat  
 Of that and this, and this and that ;  
 What people said of Polly Hatch—  
 Which side had won the cricket match ;  
 And who was cotch'd, and who was bowl'd ;—  
 How barley, beans, and 'taters sold—  
 What men could swallow at a meal—  
 When Bumpstead Youths would ring a peal—  
 And who was taken off to jail—  
 And where they brew'd the strongest ale—  
 At last this question they address,  
 " What's Agricultural Distress ?"

HODGE.

" For my peart, it's a thought o' mine,  
 It be the fancy farming line,  
 Like yonder gemman,—him I mean,  
 As took the Willa nigh the Green,—  
 And turn'd his cattle in the wheat ;  
 And gave his porkers hay to eat ;  
 And sent his footman up to town,

To ax the Lonnon gentry down,  
 To be so kind as make his hay  
 Exactly on St. Swithin's day ;—  
 With consequences you may guess—  
 That's Hagricultural Distress."

## DICKON.

"Last Monday morning, Master Blogg  
 Com'd for to stick our bacon-hog ;  
 But th' hog he cock'd a knowing eye,  
 As if he twigg'd the reason why,  
 And dodged and dodged 'un such a dance,  
 He didn't give the noose a chance ;  
 So Master Blogg at last lays off,  
 And shams a rattle at the trough,  
 When swish ! in bolts our bacon-hog  
 Atwixt the legs of Master Blogg,  
 And flops him down in all the muck,  
 As hadn't been swept up by luck—  
 Now that, accordin' to my guess,  
 Be Hagricultural Distress."

## GILES.

"No, that arn't it, I tell 'ee flat ;  
 I'ze bring a worser case nor that !  
 Last Friday week, I takes a start  
 To Reading, with our horse and cart ;  
 Well, when I'ze set the 'taters down,  
 I meets a crony at the Crown ;  
 And what betwixt the ale and Tom,  
 It's dark afore I starts for home ;  
 So whipping hard, by long and late,  
 At last we reaches nigh the gate,  
 And, sure enough, there Master stand,  
 A lantern flaring in his hand,—  
 ' Why, Giles,' says he, ' what's that 'un thear ?  
 Yond' chestnut horse bean't my bay mear !  
 He bean't not worth a leg o' Bess !'  
 There's Hagricultural Distress !"



HOB.

"That's nothin' yet, to Tom's mishap !  
 A-gooing through the yard, poor chap,  
 Only to fetch his milking-pails,  
 When up he shies like head or tails ;  
 Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,  
 Till he had toss'd the best o' three ;—  
 And there lies Tom with broken bones,  
 A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones ;  
 Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,  
 'There's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw,—  
 Eat well,' says he, 'stuff out your case,  
 For that will keep the ribs in place ;'  
 But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,  
 Seeing as how he'd broke his jaw ?  
 That's summut to the pint—yes, yes,  
 That's Hagricultural Distress !"

SIMON.

"Well, turn and turn about is fair :  
 Tom's bad enough, and so's the mare ;  
 But nothing to my load of hay.  
 You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,  
 And cash was wanted for the rent ;  
 So up to Lonnon I was sent,  
 To sell as prime a load of hay  
 As ever dried on summer's day.  
 Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,  
 A chap comes up to buy my load,  
 And looks, and looks about the cart,  
 Pretending to be 'cute and smart ;  
 But no great judge, as people say,  
 'Cause why ? he never smelt the hay.  
 Thinks I, as he's a simple chap,  
 He'll give a simple price mayhap,  
 Such buyers comes but now and then,  
 So slap I axes nine pun' ten.  
 'That's dear,' says he, and pretty quick  
 He taps his leathers with his stick.  
 'Suppose,' says he, 'we wet our clay.

Just while we bargain 'bout the hay.'  
 So in we goes, my chap and me ;  
 He drinks to I, and I to he ;  
 At last, says I, a little gay,  
 'Its time to talk about that hay.'  
 'Nine pund,' says he, 'and I'm your man,  
 Live, and let live—for that's my plan.'  
 'That's true,' says I, 'but still I say,  
 It's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.'  
 And so we chaffers for a bit,  
 At long and last the odds we split ;  
 And off he sets to show the way,  
 Where up a yard I leaves the hay.  
 Then, from the pocket of his coat,  
 He pulls a book, and picks a note.  
 'That's Ten,' says he—'I hope to pay  
 Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'  
 'With all my heart, and soon,' says I,  
 And feeling for the change thereby ;  
 But all my shillings com'd to five—  
 Says he, 'no matter man alive !  
 There's something in your honest phiz  
 I'd trust, if twice the sum it is ;—  
 You'll pay next time you come to town.'  
 'As sure,' says I, 'as corn is brown.'  
 'All right,' says he.—Thinks I 'huzza !  
 He's got no bargain of the hay !'

"Well, home I goes, with empty cart,  
 Whipping the horses pretty smart,  
 And whistling every yard o' way,  
 To think how well I'd sold the hay—  
 And just cotch'd Master at his greens  
 And bacon, or it might be beans,  
 Which didn't taste the worse sure<sup>ly</sup>,  
 To hear his hay had gone so high.  
 But lord ! when I laid down the note,  
 It stuck the victuals in his throat,  
 And choked him till his face all grew  
 Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue ;  
 With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails !

They seem'd a-coming out like snails' !  
 'A note,' says he, half mad with passion,  
 'Why, thou dom'd fool ! thou'st took a flash 'un !'  
 Now, wasn't that a pretty mess ?  
 That's Hagricultural Distress."

COLIN.

"Phoo ! phoo ! You're nothing near the thing !  
 You only argy in a ring ;  
 'Cause why ? You never cares to look,  
 Like me, in any larned book ;  
 But schollards know the wrong and right  
 Of every thing in black and white.

"Well, Farming, that's its common name,  
 And Agriculture be the same :  
 So put your Farming first, and next  
 Distress, and there you have your text.  
 But here the question comes to press,  
 What farming be, and what's distress ?  
 Why, farming is to plough and sow,  
 Weed, harrow, harvest, reap and mow,  
 Thrash, winnow, sell,—and buy and breed  
 The proper stock to fat and feed.  
 Distress is want, and pain, and grief,  
 And sickness,—things as wants relief ;  
 Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe ;  
 In short, ax any overseer,—  
 Well, now, the logic for to chop,  
 Where's the distress about a crop ?  
 There's no distress in keeping sheep,  
 I likes to see 'em frisk and leap ;  
 There's no distress in seeing swine  
 Grow up to pork and bacon fine ;  
 There's no distress in growing wheat  
 And grass for men or beasts to eat ;  
 And making of lean cattle fat,  
 There's no distress, of course, in that.  
 Then what remains ?—But one thing more,  
 And that's the *Farming of the Poor* !"

*SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.*

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, AND SIMON.

“Yea!—aye!—surely!—for sartin!—yes!—  
*That's* Hagricultural Distress!”

## SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

CABLES entangling her,  
 Shipspars for mangling her,  
 Ropes, sure of strangling her ;  
 Blocks over-dangling her ;  
 Tiller to batter her,  
 Topmast to shatter her,  
 Tobacco to spatter her ;  
 Boreas blustering,  
 Boatswain quite flustering,  
 Thunder clouds mustering  
 To blast her with sulphur—  
 If the deep don't engulf her ;  
 Sometimes fear's scrutiny  
 Pries out a mutiny,  
 Sniffs conflagration,  
 Or hints at starvation :—  
 All the sea-dangers,  
 Buccaneers, rangers,  
 Pirates, and Sallee-men,  
 Algerine galley-men,  
 Tornadoes and typhons,  
 And horrible syphons,  
 And submarine travels  
 Thro' roaring sea-navels ;  
 Every thing wrong enough,  
 Long boat not long enough,  
 Vessel not strong enough ;  
 Fitch marring frippery,  
 The deck very slippery,  
 And the cabin—built sloping,  
 The Captain a-toping,  
 And the Mate a blasphemer,  
 That names his Redeemer,—

With inward uneasiness ;  
The cook, known by greasiness,  
The victuals beslubber'd,  
Her bed—in a cupboard ;  
Things of strange christening,  
Snatch'd in her listening,  
Blue lights and red lights  
And mention of dead lights,  
And shrouds made a theme of,  
Things horrid to dream of,—  
And *buoys* in the water  
To fear all exhort her ;  
Her friend no Leander,  
Herself no sea gander,  
And ne'er a cork jacket  
On board of the packet ;  
The breeze still a stiffening,  
The trumpet quite deafening ;  
Thoughts of repentance,  
And doomsday and sentence ;  
Everything sinister,  
Not a church minister,—  
Pilot a blunderer,  
Coral reefs under her,  
Ready to sunder her ;  
Trunks tipsy-topsy,  
The ship in a dropsy ;  
Waves oversurging her,  
Syrens a-dirgeing her ;  
Sharks all expecting her,  
Sword-fish dissecting her,  
Crabs with their hand-vices :  
Punishing land vices :  
Sea-dogs and unicorns,  
Things with no puny horns,  
Mermen carnivorous—  
“ Good Lord deliver us ! ”

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## ANACREONTIC

BY A FOOTMAN.

It's wery well to talk in praise  
 Of Tea and Water-drinking ways,  
 In proper time and place ;  
 Of sober draughts, so clear and cool,  
 Dipp'd out of a transparent pool  
 Reflecting heaven's face.

Of babbling brooks, and purling rills,  
 And streams as gushes from the hills,  
 It's wery well to talk ;—  
 But what becomes of all sich schemes,  
 With ponds of ice, and running streams,  
 As doesn't even walk ?

When Winter comes with piercing cold,  
 And all the rivers, new or old,  
 Is frozen far and wide ;  
 And limpid springs is solid stuff,  
 And crystal pools is hard enough  
 To skate upon and slide ;—

What then are thirsty men to do,  
 But drink of ale, and porter too,  
 Champagne as makes a fizz ;  
 Port, sherry, or the Rhenish sort,  
 And p'rhaps a drop of summut short—  
 'The water-pipes is friz !

## THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, FROM SYDNEY.

"VELL ! Here I am—no Matter how it suits,  
 A-keeping Company with them dumb Brutes,  
 Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig !  
 Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig !

“ The like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales  
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails  
And walk in Herbage as delights the Flock,  
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock !

“ To go to set this solitary Job  
To Von whose Vork vos alway in a Mob !  
It's out of all our Lines, for sure I am  
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb !

“ I arn't ashamed to say I sit and weep  
To think of Seven Years of keepin Sheep,  
The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,  
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks !

“ If I'd fore-seed how Transports vood turn out  
To only Baa ! and Botanize about,  
I'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pool,  
And come to Cotton as to all this Vool !

“ Von only happy moment I have had  
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,  
And then I cotch'd a vild Beast in a Snooze,  
And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos !

“ Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill ?  
Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till ;  
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,  
I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye !

“ If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,  
And find a fence to turn it into Swag,  
I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,  
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand !

“ But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,  
To my old crib to meet with Jack, and Sal,  
I've been so gallows honest in this Place,  
I shan't not like to show my sheepish Face.

“It's wery hard for nothing but a Box  
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks,  
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,  
They've nayther got a Poker nor a Pus.

“But Folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick  
To dumb brute Beasts, — and so I'll cut my Stick !  
And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe  
Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe ?”





## LAMIA ;

A ROMANCE.

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Originally published in 1852, in the Appendix to the first volume of the "Autobiography of William Jerdan."

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

APOLLONIUS, *a philosopher, a sophist, tutor to LYCIUS.*

LYCIUS, *a young man of noble birth, pupil to APOLLONIUS.*

MERCUTIUS,

CURIO,

GALLO, and others,

JULIUS, *brother to LYCIUS.*

DOMUS (*pro tempore*), *butler to LAMIA.*

PICUS (*pro tempore*), *steward to LAMIA.*

LAMIA, *an Enchantress, by nature a Serpent, but now under the disguise of a beautiful woman.*

THE SCENE IS IN OR NEAR CORINTH.

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### SCENE I.

*A mossy Bank with Trees, on the high Road near Corinth.*

*Enter LAMIA.*

LAMIA.

HERE I'll sit down and watch ; till his dear foot  
Pronounce him to my ear. That eager hope  
Hath won me from the brook before I viewed  
My unacquainted self.—But yet it seemed  
A most rare change—and still methinks the change  
Has left the old fascination in my eyes.

Look, here's a shadow of the shape I am—

A dainty shadow !

[*She sits down on the bank.*]

How fair the world seems now myself am fair!  
 These dewy daffodils! these sweet green trees!  
 I've coiled about their roots—but now I pluck  
 Their drooping branches with this perfect hand!  
 Sure those were Dryades  
 That with such glancing looks peeped through the green  
 To gaze upon my beauty.

[LYCIUS enters and passes on without noting her.]

Lycius! sweet Lycius!—what, so cruel still!  
 What have I done thou ne'er wilt deign a look,  
 But pass me like a worm?

LYCIUS.

Ha! who art thou? [*Looking back.*]

O goddess, (for there is no mortal tint,  
 No line about thee lower than divine,)  
 What may that music mean, thy tuneful tongue  
 Hath sent in chase of me?—I slight! I scorn thee!  
 By all the light of day, till this kind hour  
 I never saw that face!—nor one as fair.

LAMIA.

O fie, fie, fie!—what, have you never met  
 That face at Corinth?—turned too oft towards you,  
 Like the poor maiden's that adored Apollo:—  
 You must have marked it!—

LYCIUS.

Nay, then hear me swear!

By all Olympus and its starry thrones—  
 My eyes have never chanced so sweet a sight  
 Not in my summer dreams!—

LAMIA.

Enough, enough!—why then I've watched in vain—  
 Tracked all your ways, and followed like your shadow;  
 Hung you with blessings—haunted you with love—  
 And waited on your aspect—all in vain!—  
 I might as well have spent my loving looks,  
 Like Ariadne, on the sullen sea,  
 And hoped for a reflection. Youth, farewell.

LYCIUS.

O not yet—not yet farewell !  
 Let such an unmatched vision still shine on,  
 Till I have set an impress in my heart  
 To cope with life's decay !

LAMIA.

You say but well.  
 I must soon hie me to my elements ;  
 But take your pleasure at my looks till then.

LYCIUS.

You are not of this earth, then? [*Sadly*]

LAMIA.

Of this earth?  
 Why not? And of this same and pleasant isle.  
 My world is yours, and I would have no other.  
 One earth, one sea, one sky, in one horizon,  
 Our room is wide enough, unless you hate me.

LYCIUS

Hate you !

LAMIA.

Then you may wish to set the stars between us  
 The dim and utter lamps of east and west.  
 So far you'd have me from you.

LYCIUS.

Cruel Syren !  
 To set your music to such killing speech.  
 Look if my eyes turn from you—if my brows,  
 Or any hinting feature, show dislike.  
 Nay, hear my lips—

LAMIA.

If they will promise love  
 Or talk of it ; but chide, and you will kill me

LYCIUS.

Then, love, speak forth a promise for thyself,  
And all heaven's witnesses be by to hear thee.—

LAMIA.

Hold, hold ! I'm satisfied. You'll love me, then ?

LYCIUS.

With boundless, endless love.

LAMIA.

Ay, give me much on't—for you owe me much,  
If you knew all.  
I've licked the very dust whereon you tread—

LYCIUS.

It is not true !

LAMIA.

I'll swear it, if you will. Jove heard the words,  
And knows they are sadly true.

LYCIUS.

And this for me ?

LAMIA.

Ay, sweet, and more. A poor, fond wretch, I filled  
The flowers with my tears ; and lay supine  
In coverts wild and rank—fens, horrid, desolate !  
'Twould shock your very soul if you could see  
How this poor figure once was marred and villified,  
How grovelled and debased ; contemned and hated  
By my own self, because, with all its charms,  
It then could hope no favour in your eyes ;  
And so I hid it,  
With toads and newts, and hideous shiny things,  
Under old ruins, in vile solitudes,  
Making their haunts my own.

LYCIUS.

'Tis strange and piteous.—Why, then, you maddened ?

LAMIA.

I was not quite myself—(not what I am)—  
Yet something of the woman stayed within me,  
To weep she was not dead.

LYCIUS.

Is this no fable ?

LAMIA.

O most distrustful Lycius ! Hear me call  
On heaven, anew, for vouchers to these facts. [*It thunders.*  
There ! Could'st thou question that ? Sweet skies I thank ye !  
Now, Lycius, doubt me if you may or can ;  
And leave me if you will. I can but turn  
The wretched creature that I was, again,  
Crushed by our equal hate. Once more, farewell.

LYCIUS.

Farewell, but not till death. O gentlest, dearest,  
Forgive my doubts. I have but paused till now  
To ask if so much bliss could be no dream.  
Now I am sure——  
Thus I embrace it with my whole glad heart  
For ever and for ever ; I could weep.  
Thy tale hath shown me such a matchless love,  
It makes the elder chronicles grow dim.

I always thought

I wandered all uncared for on my way,  
Betide me good or ill—nor caused more tears  
Than hung upon my sword. Yet I was hung  
With dews, rich pearly dews—shed from such spheres  
As sprinkle them in amber. Thanks, bounteous stars.  
Henceforth you shall but rain your beams upon me  
To bless my brightened days.

LAMIA.

O sweet ! sweet ! sweet !

To hear you parley thus and gaze upon you !  
Lycius, dear Lycius !  
But tell me, dearest, will you never—never

Think lightly of myself, nor scorn a love  
 Too frankly set before you ! because 'twas given  
 Unasked, though you should never give again :  
 Because it was a gift and not a purchase—  
 A boon, and not a debt ; not love for love,  
 Where one half's due for gratitude.

LYCIUS.

Thrice gracious seems thy gift !

LAMIA.

Oh, no ! Oh, no !  
 I should have made you wait, and beg, and kneel,  
 And swear as though I could but half believe you ;  
 I have not even stayed to prove your patience  
 By crosses and feigned slights—given you no time  
 For any bribing gifts or costly shows.  
 I know you will despise me.

LYCIUS.

Never, never,  
 So long as I have sight within these balls,  
 Which only now I've learned to thank the gods for.

LAMIA.

'Tis prettily sworn ; and frankly I'll believe you !  
 Now shall we on our way ? I have a house  
 (Till now no home) within the walls of Corinth :  
 Will you not master it as well as me ?

LYCIUS.

My home is in your heart ; but where you dwell,  
 There is my dwelling-place. But let me bear you, sweet !

LAMIA.

No, I can walk, if you will charm the way  
 With such discourse ; it makes my heart so light,  
 I seem to have wings within ; or, if I tire,  
 I'll lean upon you thus.

LYCIUS.

So lean for ever !

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Market-place at Corinth.*

APOLLONIUS *is discovered discoursing with various young gallants, namely, MERCUTIUS, CURIO, &c.*

APOLLONIUS,

Hush, sirs !  
 You raise a tingling blush about my ears,  
 That drink such ribaldry and wanton jests—  
 For shame !—for shame !—  
 You misapply good gifts the gods have granted !

MERCUTIUS,

The gods have made us tongues—brains, too, I hope—  
 And time will bring us beards. You sages think  
 Minerva's owl dwells only in such bushes.

CURIO.

Ha ! ha !—Why we'll have wigs upon our chins—  
 Long grizzled ones—and snarl about the streets,  
 Hugged up in pride and spleen like any mantle,  
 And be philosophers !

APOLLONIUS.

You will do wisely.

CURIO.

Ay—I hope—why not ?  
 Though age has heaped no winter on our pates.  
 Is wisdom such a frail and spoiling thing  
 It must be packed in ice ?

GALLO.

Or sopped in vinegar ?

APOLLONIUS.

We would you were more gray—

MERCUTIUS.

Why, would you have us gray before our time?  
 Oh, Life's poor capital is too soon spent  
 Without discounting it. Pray do not grudge us  
 Our share ;—a little wine—a little, love—  
 A little youth !—a little, little folly,  
 Since wisdom has the gross. When they are past,  
 We'll preach with you, and call 'em vanities.

APOLLONIUS.

No !—leave that to your mummies. Sure your act  
 Will purchase you an embalming. Let me see !—  
 Here's one hath spent his fortune on a harlot,  
 And—if he kept to one it was a merit !—  
 The next has rid the world of so much wine—  
 Why that's a benefit. And you, Sir Plume,  
 Have turned your Tailor to a Senator ;—  
 You've made no man the worse—(for manner's sake ;  
 My speech exempts yourself). You've all done well ;  
 If not, your dying shall be placed to your credit.

CURIO.

You show us bravely—could you ever praise one?

APOLLONIUS.

One? and no more ! why then I answer, yes—  
 Or rather, no ; for I could never praise him.  
 He's as beyond my praise as your complexion—  
 I wish you'd take a pattern !—

CURIO.

Of whose back, sir? -

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, there you must begin and try to match  
 The very shadow of his virtuous worth,  
 Before you're half a man.

MERCUTIUS.

Who is this model?



An ape—an Afric ape—what he and Plato  
Conspire to call a Man.

APOLLONIUS.

Then you're a man already ; but no model,  
So I must set my own example up ;  
To show you Virtue, Temperance, and Wisdom,  
And in a youth too !—  
Not in a withered graybeard like myself,  
In whom some virtues are mere worn-out vices,  
And wisdom but a due and tardy fruit.  
He, like the orange, bears both fruit and flower  
Upon his odorous bough—the fair and ripe !—

CURIO.

Why, you can praise too !

APOLLONIUS.

As well as I dispraise :—They're both in one,  
Since you're disparaged when I talk of graces.  
For example, when I say that he I spoke of  
Is no wild sin-monger—no sot—no dicer,  
No blasphemmer o' th' gods—no shameless scoffer,  
No ape—no braggart—no foul libertine—  
Oh no—  
He hugs no witching wanton to his heart,  
He keeps no vices he's obliged to muffle ;—  
But pays a filial honour to gray hairs,  
And guides him by that voice, Divine Philosophy.

GALLO.

Well, he's a miracle !—and what's he call'd ?

(ALL.)

Ay, who is he ?—who is he ?

APOLLONIUS.

His name is Lycius.

CURIO.

Then he's coming yonder :—

Lord, how these island fogs delude our eyes !  
I could have sworn to a girl too with him.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, ay—you know these eyes can shoot so far,  
Or else the jest were but a sorry one.

CURIO.

Mercutius sees her too.

MERCUTIUS.

In faith, I do, sir.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, puppies !—nine days hence you will see truer.

CURIO.

Nay, but by all the gods—

GALLO.

We'll take our oath on't.

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, peace ! (*aside*) I see her too—This is some mockery,  
Illusion, damned illusion !—

What, ho ! Lycius !

[LYCIUS (*entering*) wishes to pass aside. LAMIA clings close to him.]

LAMIA.

Hark !—who is that ?—quick, fold me in your mantle ;  
Don't let him see my face !—

LYCIUS.

Nay, fear not, sweet—  
'Tis but old Apollonius, my sage guide.

LAMIA.

Don't speak to him—don't stay him—let him pass !—  
I have a terror of these graybeard men—  
They frown on Love with such cold churlish brows,  
That sometimes he hath flown !—

LYCIUS.

Ay, he will chide me ;  
But do not you fear aught. Why, how you tremble !

LAMIA.

Pray shroud me closer. I am cold—death cold !—  
[*Old APOLLONIUS comes up, followed by the Gallants.*]

APOLLONIUS.

My son, what have you here ?

LYCIUS.

A foolish bird that flew into my bosom :  
You would not drive him hence ?

APOLLONIUS.

Well, let me see it ;  
I have some trifling skill in augury,  
And can divine you from its beak and eyes  
What sort of fowl it is.

LYCIUS.

I have learned that, sir ;—  
'Tis what is called—a dove—sacred to Venus :—  
[*The Youths laugh, and pluck APOLLONIUS by the sleeve.*]

APOLLONIUS.

Fool ! drive it out ! [To LYCIUS.]

LYCIUS.

No, not among these hawks here,

APOLLONIUS.

Let's see it, then.

(ALL.)

Ay, ay, old Graybeard, you say well for once ;  
Let's see it ;—let's see it !—

APOLLONIUS.

And sure it is no snake—to suit the fable—  
You've nestled in your bosom ?

LAMIA (*under the mantle*).

Lost ! lost ! lost !—

MERCUTIUS.

Hark ! the dove speaks—I knew it was a parrot !—

APOLLONIUS.

Dear Lycius—my own son (at least till now),  
Let me forewarn you, boy !—

LYCIUS.

No, peace, I will not.

CURIO.

There spoke a model for you.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius, Lycius !

My eyes are shocked, and half my age is killed,  
To see your noble self so ill accompanied !—

LYCIUS.

And, sir, my eyes are shocked too—Fie ! is this  
A proper retinue—for those gray hairs ?  
A troop of scoffing boys !—Sirs, by your leave  
I must and will pass on. [*To the Gallants.*]

MERCUTIUS.

That as you can, sir—

LYCIUS.

Why then this arm has cleared a dozen such.  
[*They scuffle: in the tumult APOLLONIUS is overturned.*]

APOLLONIUS.

Unhappy boy ! this overthrow's your own !—  
[LYCIUS *frees himself and LAMIA, and calls back.*]

LYCIUS.

Lift—help him—pick him up !—fools—braggarts—apes—  
Step after me who dares !— [*Exit with LAMIA.*]

GALLO.

Whew !—here's a model !—

How fare you, sir (*to APOLLONIUS*)—your head?— I fear  
Your wisdom has suffered by this fall.

APOLLONIUS.

My heart aches more.

O Lycius ! Lycius !—

CURIO.

Hark ! he calls his model !—

'Twas a brave pattern. We shall never match him.  
Such wisdom and such virtues—in a youth too !  
He keeps no muffled vices.

MERCUTIUS.

No ! no ! not he !—

Nor hugs no naughty wantons in his arms—

CURIO.

But pays a filial honour to gray hairs,  
And listens to thy voice—Divine Philosophy !

*[They run off, laughing and mocking.]*

APOLLONIUS.

You have my leave to jest. The gods unravel  
This hellish witchery that hides my scholar !

O Lycius ! Lycius !

*[Exit APOLLONIUS.]*

## SCENE III.

*A rich Chamber, with Pictures and Statues.*

*Enter DOMUS unsteadily, with a flask in his hand.*

DOMUS.

Here's a brave palace !

*[Looking round.]*

Why, when this was spread

Gold was as cheap as sunshine. How it's stuck

All round about the walls. Your health, brave palace !

Ha ! Brother Picus ! Look ! are you engaged too ?

(Enter PICUS.)

Hand us your hand : you see I'm butler here.  
How came you hither ?

PICUS.

How ? Why a strange odd man—  
A sort of foreign slave, I think—addressed me  
I' the market, waiting for my turn,  
Like a beast of burthen, and hired me for this service.

DOMUS.

So I was hired, too.

PICUS.

'Tis a glorious house !  
But come, let's kiss the lips of your bottle.

DOMUS.

Ay, but be modest : wine is apt to blush !

PICUS.

'Tis famous beverage :  
It makes me reel i' the head.

DOMUS.

I believe ye, boy.  
Why, since I sipped it—(mind, I'd only sipped)—  
I've had such glorious pictures in my brains—  
Such rich rare dreams !  
Such blooms, and rosy bowers, and tumbling fountains,  
With a score of moons shining at once upon me—  
I never saw such sparkling ! [Drinks.

PICUS.

Here's a vision !

DOMUS.

The sky was always bright ; or, if it gloomed,  
The very storms came on with scented waters,  
And, if it snowed, 'twas roses ; claps of thunder

Seemed music, only louder ; nay, in the end,  
 Died off in gentle ditties. Then, such birds !  
 And gold and silver chafers bobbed about ;  
 And when there came a little gush of wind,  
 The very flowers took wing and chased the butterflies !

• PICUS.

Egad, 'tis very sweet. I prithee, dearest Domus,  
 Let me have one small sup !

DOMUS.

No ! hear me out.

The hills seemed made of cloud, bridges of rainbows.  
 The earth like trodden smoke.  
 Nothing at all was heavy, gross, or human :  
 Mountains, with climbing cities on their backs,  
 Shifted about like castled elephants ;  
 You might have launched the houses on the sea,  
 And seen them swim like galleys !  
 The stones I pitched i' the ponds would barely sink—  
 I could have lifted them by tons. [Drinks.

PICUS.

Dear Domus, let me paint, too—dear, dear Domus.

DOMUS.

Methought I was all air—Jove ! I was feared,  
 I had not flesh enough to hold me down  
 From mounting up to the moon.  
 At every step—  
 Bounce ! when I only thought to stride a pace,  
 I bounded thirty.

PICUS.

Thirty ! Oh, let me drink !

DOMUS.

And that too when I'd even eat or drank  
 At the rate of two meals to the hour ! [Drinks.

PICUS.

Two meals to the hour—nay Domus—let me drink,  
Dear Domus let me drink—before 'tis empty!—

DOMUS.

But then my fare was all so light and delicate,  
The fruits, the cakes, the meats so dainty frail,  
They would not bear a bite—no, not a munch,  
But melted away like ice. Come, here's the bottle!

PICUS.

Thanks, Domus—Pshaw, it's empty!—Well, who cares—  
There's something thin and washy after all  
In these poor visions. They all end in emptiness,  
Like this. [Turns down the bottle.]

DOMUS.

Then fill again, boy—fill again!  
And be ——. I say, look there!—

PICUS.

It is our Lady!  
[LAMIA enters leaning upon LYCIUS.]

DOMUS.

Our Lady's very welcome : (*bowing*) yours, my lady—  
Sir, your poor butler : (*to LYCIUS*) Picus—man—speak up,  
The very same that swam so in my dreams ;  
I had forgot the goddess!—

LAMIA.

Peace, rude knave !  
You've tasted what belonged to nobler brains,  
And maddened!—My sweet love (*to LYCIUS*) 'twas kept for  
you,  
'Tis nature's choicest vintage.  
(*to DOMUS*) Drink no more, sir !  
Except what I'll provide you.

DOMUS.

O sweet Lady



Lord, and I had a cup I'd thank you in it!—  
 But you've been drunk—sweet lady—you've been drunk!  
 Here's Master Picus knows—for we drunk you.

PICUS.

Not I, in faith.

LYCIUS.

Ha! ha! my gentle love,  
 Methinks your butler should have been your steward.

DOMUS.

Why you are merry, sir—  
 And well you may. Look here's a house we've come to  
 O Jupiter!  
 Look here are pictures, sir, and here's our statutes!  
 That's Bacchus! [*Pointing.*]  
 And there's Apollo—just aiming at the serpent.

LAMIA.

Peace, fool—my dearest Lycius,  
 Pray send him forth.

LYCIUS.

Sirrah, take him off! [*To Steward.*]

PICUS.

Fie, Domus—know your place.

DOMUS.

My place, slave!  
 What, don't I know my place? [*Falls on his back.*]  
 Ain't I the butler?

LYCIUS.

No more—no more—there—pull him out by the heels—  
 [*DOMUS is dragged out.*]  
 (*To LAMIA.*) My most dear love—how fares it with you now?  
 Your cheek is somewhat pale.

LAMIA.

Indeed, I'm weary,  
We'll not stay here—I have some cheer provided  
In a more quiet chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Street in Corinth ; on one side a very noble building, which is the residence of LAMIA. MERCUTIUS, with the other Gallants, come and discourse in front of the house.*

MERCUTIUS.

So, here they're lodged !

In faith a pretty nest !

GALLO.

The first that led us hither for revenge—  
O brave Mercutius !

CURIO.

Now my humour's different,  
For while there's any stone left in the market-place  
That hurt these bones, when that pert chick o'erset us,  
I'd never let him sleep !—

GALLO.

Nor I, by Nemesis !  
I'd pine him to a ghost for want of rest.  
To the utter verge of death.

MERCUTIUS.

And then you'd beat him.  
Is that your noble mind ?

GALLO.

Lo ! here's a turncoat !  
D'ye hear him, gentles ?—he's come here to fool us !

MERCUTIUS.

Not I ; but that I'm turned, I will confess it ;  
 For as we came—in thinking over this—  
 Of Lycius, and the lady whom I glanced  
 Crouching within his mantle—  
 Her most distressful look came so across me—  
 Her death-white cheeks—  
 That I, for one, can find no heart to fret her.

CURIO.

Shall Lycius then go free ?

MERCUTIUS.

Ay, for her sake :—  
 But do your pleasure ; it is none of mine.

[Exit.

GALLO.

Why, a false traitor !

CURIO.

Sirs, I can expound him ;  
 He's smit—he's passion-smit—I heard him talk  
 Of her strange witching eyes—such rare ones  
 That they turned him cold as stone.

GALLO.

Why let him go then—but we'll to our own.

CURIO.

Ay, let's be plotting  
 How we can vent our spites on this Sir Lycius—  
 I own it stirs my spleen, more than my bruises,  
 To see him fare so well—hang him !—a model !—  
 One that was perked too, underneath our noses,  
 For virtue and for temperance.  
 I have a scheme will grieve 'em without end :  
 I planned it by the way.  
 You know this fellow, Lycius, has a father  
 Some fifteen leagues away. We'll send him thither  
 By some most urgent message.

GALLO.

Bravely plotted :  
 His father shall be dying. Ah ! 'tis excellent.  
 I long to attempt the lady ;—nay, we'll set  
 Mercurius, too, upon her ! Pray, let's to it.  
 Look ! here's old Ban-dog.

[APOLLONIUS *appears in the distance.*

CURIO.

Nay, but I will act  
 Some mischief ere I go. There's for thee, Lycius !  
 [*He casts a stone through the window, and they run off.*

*Enter* APOLLONIUS.

APOLLONIUS.

Go to, ye silly fools !—Lo ! here's a palace !  
 I have grown gray in Corinth, but my eyes  
 Never remember it. Who is the master ?  
 Some one is coming forth. Lycius again !

[LYCIUS *comes out disordered, with his face flushed,*  
*and reels up to APOLLONIUS.*

LYCIUS.

Why, how now, Graybeard ? What ! are these your frolics,  
 To sound such rude alarum in our ears ?  
 Go to !

APOLLONIUS.

Son, do you know me ?

LYCIUS.

Know you ? Why !  
 Or how ? You have no likeness in our skies !  
 Gray hairs and such sour looks ! You'd be a wonder !  
 We have nothing but bright faces. Hebes, Venuses ;  
 No age, no frowns !  
 No wrinkle, but our laughter shakes in wine.  
 I wish you'd learn to drink.

APOLLONIUS.

O Lycius ! Lycius !

Would you had never learned to drink, except those springs  
We supped together ! These are mortal draughts ;—  
Your cup is drugged with death !

LYCIUS.

Grave sir, you lie !

I'm a young god. Look ! do you not behold  
The new wings on my shoulders ? You may die ;  
That moss upon your chin proclaims you're mortal,  
And feel decays of age. But I'm renewable  
At every draught I take ! Here, Domus ! Domus !

*Enter DOMUS.*

Bring a full cup of nectar for this churl. [Exit DOMUS.  
'Twill give you back your youth, sir—ay, like magic—  
And lift you o'er the clouds. You'll dream of nothing  
That's meaner than Olympus. Smiling goddesses  
Will haunt you in your sleep. You'll walk on flowers,  
And never crush their heads.

*Enter DOMUS with wine.*

APOLLONIUS.

Peace, madman, peace !

None of your draughts for me—your magic potions,  
That stuff your brains with such pernicious cheats !  
I say, bear off the bowl !

LYCIUS.

What !—will he not ?—

Then cast it over him—'twill do as well ;—  
He shall be a demi-god against his will.  
Cast it, I say !—

[To DOMUS.

DOMUS.

'Tis such a sinful waste !

Why, there, then—there ! [He throws it over APOLLONIUS.  
Look how it falls to the ground !  
Lord, you might soak him in it year by year,  
And never plump him up to a comely youth  
Like you or me, sir !—

LYCIUS.

Let him go. Farewell ! —  
 Look, foolish Graybeard—I am going back  
 To what your wisdom scorned. A minute hence  
 My soul is in Elysium ! [Exit with DOMUS.]

APOLLONIUS.

Fool, farewell !  
 Why, I was sprinkled ; yet I feel no wet.  
 'Tis strange !—this is some magic, against which  
 Philosophy is proof. I must entangle it.  
 Hold !— [He stands in meditation]  
 I have it faintly dawning in my brain.  
 'Tis somewhere in my books (which I'll refer to)—  
 Speaking of Nature's monstrous prodigies,  
 That there be witching snakes—Circean births—  
 Who, by foul spells and forgeries, can take  
 The mask and shape of woman—fair externe,  
 But viperous within. And so they creep  
 Into young hearts, and falsify the brain  
 With juggling mockeries. Alas, poor boy,  
 If this should be thy case ! These are sad tales  
 To send unto thy father.

[MERCUTIUS enters without perceiving APOLLONIUS :  
 going up to LAMIA'S house, he recollects himself.]

MERCUTIUS.

Here again ?  
 What folly led me hither ? I thought I was  
 Proceeding homeward. Why I've walked a circle  
 And end where I began !  
[APOLLONIUS goes up and calls in his car.]

APOLLONIUS.

I'll tell you, dreamer ;  
 It's magic, it's vile magic brought you hither,  
 And made you walk in a fog.  
 There, think of that ;—be wise, and save yourself !  
 I've better men to care for ! [Exit APOLLONIUS.]

MERCUTIUS.†

What did he say ?

The words were drowned in my ear by something sweeter.

*[A strain of wild music within the house.*

Music ! rare music !—It must be her voice ;  
 I ne'er heard one so thrilling ! Is it safe  
 To listen to a song so syren-sweet—so exquisite ?—  
 That I might hold my breath, entranced, and die  
 Of ardent listening ? She is a miracle !

*Enter* DOMUS.

Look, here's a sot will tell me all he knows.

One of her servants—

Is that your lady's voice ? (*to* DOMUS) her pipe's a rare one.

DOMUS.

Ay, marry. If you heard it sound within,  
 Till it makes the glasses chime, and all the bottles,  
 You'd think yourself in heaven.

MERCUTIUS.

I wish she'd sing again.

DOMUS.

And if you saw her eyes, how you would marvel !  
 I have seen my master watch them, and fall back  
 Like a man in his fits. I'm rather dizzy,  
 And drunken-like myself. The vile quandaries  
 Her beauty brings one into— *[Staggered about.*  
 Ay, I'm crazed. But you should see our Picus—  
 Lord, how he stands agape, till he drops his salver,  
 And then goes down on his knees.

MERCUTIUS.

And so should I,

Had I been born to serve her !

*[Sighs.*

DOMUS.

Why you shall, boy ;  
 And have a leather jerkin—marry, shall you !

We need a helper sadly. I'm o'er-burdened  
(You see how I am burdened) ; but I'll teach you  
What manners you may want.

MERCUTIUS.

Well, I'm for you—  
(I will dislike no place that brings me near her)—  
Mind, you have 'listed me.

DOMUS.

And I can promise  
You'll not dislike your fare—'tis excellent, light  
As well as savoury, and will not stuff you ;  
But when you've eat your stretch to the outer button,  
In half an hour you'll hunger. It is all feasting,  
With barely a tithe of fasting. Then such drinking !  
There's such a cellar !  
One hundred paces long (for I have paced it),  
By about two hundred narrow. Come along, boy ! [*Exeunt.*]

---

SCENE V.

*A Chamber in LAMIA'S House. LAMIA and LYCIUS are  
discovered sitting on a couch.*

LAMIA.

Nay, sweet-lipped Silence,  
'Tis now your turn to talk. I'll not be cheated  
Of any of my pleasures ; which I shall be,  
Unless I sometimes listen.

LYCIUS.

Pray talk on,  
A little further on. You have not told me—  
What country bore you, that my heart may set  
Its name in a partial place. Nay, your own name—  
Which ought to be my better word for beauty—  
I know not.

LAMIA.

Wherefore should I talk of such things



I care not to remember? A lover's memory  
Looks back no further than when love began,  
As if the dawn o' the world.

As for my birth—suppose I like to think  
That we were dropped from two strange several stars  
(Being thus meant for one), why should you wish  
A prettier theory, or ask my name,  
As if I did not answer, heart and eyes,  
To those you call me by? In sooth, I will not  
Provide you with a worse.

LYCIUS.

Then I must find it. Now I am but puzzled  
To compound sweet superlatives enough  
In all the world of words.

[DOMUS enters boisterously with a letter.

DOMUS.

An express! an express!  
Faith, I've expressed it. I did not even wait (*aside*)  
To pry between the folds.

[LYCIUS takes the letter, and reads in great agitation.

LAMIA watches him.

LAMIA.

Alas! what news is this? Lycius! dear Lycius!  
Why do you clutch your brow so? What has chanced  
To stab you with such grief? Speak! speak!

LYCIUS.

My father!

LAMIA.

Dead?

LYCIUS.

Dying—dying—if not dead by this,  
I must leave you instantly.

LAMIA.

Alas! I thought  
This fair-eyed day would never see you from me!  
But must you go, indeed?

LYCIUS.

I must ! I must !  
 This is some fierce and fearful malady  
 To fall so sudden on him. Why, I left him,  
 No longer since—ay, even when I met you  
 We had embraced that morn.

LAMIA.

It was but yesterday !  
 How soon our bliss is marred ! And must you leave me ?

LYCIUS.

Oh ! do not ask again with such a look,  
 Or I shall linger here and pledge my soul  
 To everlasting shame and keen remorse !

LAMIA.

The fates are cruel !  
 Yet let me cling to thee and weep awhile :  
 We may not meet again. I cannot feel  
 You are safe but in these arms ! *[She embraces him.]*

LYCIUS.

I'm split asunder  
 By opposite factions of remorse and love ;  
 But all my soul clings here.

DOMUS.

It makes me weep.  
 He will not see his father. *[LYCIUS casts himself on the couch]*

LAMIA (*striking* DOMUS).

Wretch ! take that,  
 For harrowing up his griefs ! Dearest !—my Lycius !  
 Lean not your brow upon that heartless pillow !

DOMUS.

How he groaned then !

LAMIA.

Lycius, you fright me !

You turn me cold !

LYCIUS (*rising up*).

Oh ! in that brief rest,  
 I've had a waking vision of my father !  
 Even as he lay on his face and groaned for me,  
 And shed like bitter tears !  
 Oh, how those groans will count in heaven against me !  
 One for pain's cruelty, but two for mine,  
 That gave a sting to his anguish.  
 His dying breath will mount to the skies and curse me.  
 His angered ghost  
 Will haunt my sight, and when I'd look upon you  
 Step in like a blot between us.

LAMIA.

Go, go ! or you will hate me. Go and leave me !  
 If I now strive by words or tears to stay you  
 For my pleasure's sake or pain's,  
 You'd say there was something brutal in my nature  
 Of cold and fiendish, and unlike woman ;  
 Some taint that devilish—  
 Yet give me one long look before you go—  
 One last long look ! *[She fixes her eyes on his.]*

LYCIUS.

O gods ! my spirit fails me,  
 And I have no strength to go, although I would !

LAMIA.

Perhaps he is dead already !

LYCIUS.

Ha ! Why, then,  
 What can I ? Or, if not, what can I still ?  
 Can I keep him from his urn ? or give him breath ?  
 Or replenish him with blood ?

LAMIA.

Alas ! alas !

Would I had art or skill enough to heal him !

LYCIUS.

Ay, art and skill, indeed, do more than love  
In such extremities. Stay ! here, hard by,  
There dwells a learned and most renowned physician,  
Hath wrought mere miracles.

Him I'll engage, armed with our vows and prayers,  
To spend his utmost study on my father,  
And promptly visit him: A short farewell.

[*Exit.* DOMUS *follows.*]

LAMIA.

Farewell—be not o'er long. It made me tremble  
That he should see his father ! The oldest eyes  
Look through some fogs that young ones cannot fathom,  
And lay bare mysteries. Ah me ! how frail  
Are my foundations ! Dreams, mere summer dreams,  
Which, if a day-beam pierce, return to nothing !  
And let in sadder shows. A foot—so soon !  
Why, then, my wishes hold.

*Enter DOMUS and PICUS.*

DOMUS.

He's gone ! he's gone !

He had not snuffed the air, outside o' the gate,  
When it blew a change in his mind. He bade me tell you,  
A voice from the sky-roof, where the gods look down,  
Commanded him to his father.

LAMIA.

No more ! no more !

(The skies begin, then, to dispute my charms.)  
But did he ne'er turn back ?

DOMUS.

Ay, more than twice  
He turned on his heel, and stood—then turned again,

And tramped still quicker as he got from hence,  
Till at last he ran like a lapwing !

LAMIA.

This is a tale  
Coined by the silly drunkard. You, sir, speak. [To PICUS.

PICUS.

Nay, by our troths—

LAMIA.

Then, sirrah, do not speak.  
If such vile sense be truth, I've had too much on't.  
Hence ! fly ! or I will kill you with a frown.  
You've maddened me !

PICUS.

I saw her eyes strike fire !  
[PICUS and DOMUS run out. LAMIA looks round the chamber.

LAMIA.

Alone ! alone !  
Then, Lamia, weep, and mend your shatter-web,  
And hang your tears, like morning dew, upon it.  
Look how your honey-bee has broken loose  
Through all his meshes, and now wings away,  
Showing the toils were frail. Ay, frail as gossamers  
That stretch from rose to rose. Some adverse power  
Confronts me, or he could not tear them thus.  
Some evil eye has pierced my mystery !  
A blight is in its ken !  
I feel my charms decay—my will's revoked—  
And my keen sight, once a prophetic sense,  
Is blinded with a cloud, horrid and black,  
Like a veil before the face of Misery !

*Another Apartment in LAMIA'S House. Enter JULIUS (LYCIUS'S  
brother) and DOMUS.*

JULIUS.

Rumour has not belied the house i' the least ;

'Tis all magnificent. I pray you, sir,  
How long has your master been gone ?

DOMUS.

About two quarts, sir ;  
That is, as long as one would be a drinking 'em. .  
'Tis a very little while since he set off, sir.

JULIUS.

You keep a strange reckoning.  
Where is your mistress? Will she see me ?

DOMUS.

Ay, marry ;  
That is, if you meet ; for it is good broad daylight.

JULIUS.

This fellow's manners speak but ill for the house. (*Aside*)  
Go, sirrah, to your lady, with my message :  
Tell her her one Julius, Lycius's best friend,  
Desires a little converse. [*Exit* DOMUS.  
Now for this miracle, whose charms have bent  
The straightest stem of youth strangely awry—  
My brother Lycius !  
He was not use to let his inclination  
Thus domineer his reason : the cool, grave shade  
Of Wisdom's porch dwelt ever on his brow  
And governed all his thoughts, keeping his passions  
Severely chastened. Lo ! she comes. How wondrously  
Her feet glide o'er the ground. Ay, she is beautiful !  
So beautiful, my task looks stern beside her,  
And duty faints like doubt.

*Enter* LAMIA.

Oh, thou sweet fraud !  
Thou fair excuse for sin, whose matchless cheek  
Vies blushes with the shame it brings upon thee,  
Thou delicate forgery of love and virtue,  
Why art thou as thou art, not what here seems  
So exquisitely promised ?

LAMIA.

Sir, do you know me ?  
 If not—and my near eyes declare you strange—  
 Mere charity should make you think me better.

JULIUS.

Oh, would my wishful thought could think no worse  
 Than I might learn by gazing.  
 Why are not those sweet looks—those heavenly looks,  
 True laws to judge thee by, and call thee perfect ?  
 'Tis pity, indeed 'tis pity,  
 That anything so fair should be a fraud !

LAMIA.

Sir, I beseech you, wherefore do you hang  
 These elegies on me ? For pity's sake  
 What do you take me for ? No woman, sure,  
 By aiming thus to wound me (*weeping*).

JULIUS.

Ay, call these tears

Into your ready eyes ! I'd have them scald  
 Your cheeks until they fade, and wear your beauty  
 To a safe and ugly ruin. Those fatal charms  
 Can show no sadder wreck than they have brought  
 On many a noble soul, and noble mind.  
 Pray count me :  
 How many men's havocks might forerun the fall  
 Of my lost brother Lycius ?

LAMIA.

Are you his brother ?

Then I'll not say a word to vex you : not a look  
 Shall aim at your offence. You are come to chide me,  
 I know, for winning him to sell his heart  
 At such a worthless rate. Yet I will hear you,  
 Patiently, thankfully, for his dear sake.  
 I will be as mild and humble as a worm  
 Beneath your just rebuke. 'Tis sure no woman  
 Deserved him ; but myself the least of all,  
 Who fall so far short in his value.

JULIUS.

She touches me ! (*Aside.*)

LAMIA.

Look, sir, upon my eyes. Are they not red ?  
 Within an hour, I've rained a flood of tears.  
 To feel, to know  
 I am no better than the thing I am,  
 Having but just now learned to rate my vileness.  
 You cannot charge  
 My unworthy part so bitterly as I do.  
 If there's about me anything that's honest,  
 Of true and womanly, it belongs to Lycius,  
 And all the rest is Grief's.

JULIUS.

Then I'll not grieve you—  
 I came with frowns, but I depart in tears  
 And sorrow for you both ; for what he was,  
 And what you might have been—a pair of wonders,  
 The grace and pride of nature—now disgraced,  
 And fallen beyond redress.

LAMIA.

You wring my heart !

JULIUS.

Ay, if you think how you have made him stain  
 The fair-blown pride of his unblemished youth,  
 His studious years—  
 And for what poor exchange ? these fading charms—  
 I will not say how frail.

LAMIA.

O hold—pray hold !  
 Your words have subtle cruel stings, and pierce  
 More deeply than you aim ! This sad heart knows  
 How little of such wrong and spiteful ill  
 Were in love's contemplation when it clasped him !  
 Lycius and bliss made up my only thought ;



But now, alas !  
 A sudden truth dawns on me, like a light  
 Through the remainder tatters of a dream,  
 And shows my bliss in shreds.

JULIUS.

I pity you !

Nay, doubtless, you will be, some wretched day,  
 A perished cast-off weed when found no flower—  
 Or else even then, his substance being gone,  
 My brother's heart will break at your desertion.

LAMIA.

O never, never ! [*Fervently.*]  
 Never, by holy truth ! while I am woman  
 Be false what may, at least my heart is honest.  
 Look round you, sir ; this wealth, such as it is,  
 Once mine, is now all his ; and when 'tis spent,  
 I'll beg for him, toil for him, steal for him !  
 God knows how gladly I would share his lot  
 This speaking moment in a humble shed,  
 Like any of our peasants !—ay, lay these hands  
 To rude and rugged tasks, expose these cheeks  
 You are pleased to flatter, to the ardent sun ;  
 So we might only live in safe pure love  
 And constant partnership—never to change  
 In each other's hearts and eyes !

JULIUS.

You mend your fault.

This late fragmental virtue much redeems you ;  
 Pray, cherish it. Hark ! what a lawless riot.

[*A loud boisterous shout is heard from below.*]

O hope—Again ! (*the noise renewed*) why then this is a  
 triumph  
 Of your true fame, which I had just mistaken ;  
 Shame on thee, smooth dissembler—shame upon thee !  
 Is this the music of your songs of sorrow,  
 And well-feigned penitence—lo ! here, are these  
 Your decent retinue ———

*Enter the wild Gallants, flushed with wine.*

LAMIA.

LAMIA.

Sir, by Heaven's verity  
I do not know a face! *Indeed I do not*;  
They are strange to me as the future.

CURIO.

Then the future  
Must serve us better, chuck. Here, bully mates,  
These, lady, are my friends, and friends of Lycius!

JULIUS.

Is it so?—then Lycius is fallen indeed!

CURIO.

Ay, he has had his trip—as who has not, sir?  
I'll warrant you've had your stumbles.

JULIUS.

Get out o' the way of my shins. Once—on an ape.  
[*Going.*]

LAMIA.

Sir, dearest sir,  
In pity do not go, for your brother's sake,  
If not for mine—take up my guardianship  
'Gainst these ungentle men. [*She lays hold of* JULIUS.]

JULIUS.

Off, wanton, off!  
Would you have me of your crew, too? [*Exit roughly.*]

GALLO.

Let him go!—  
He has a graft in him of that sour crab,  
The Apollonius—let him go, a churl!

CURIO.

Sweet lady, you look sad—fie, it was ill done of Lycius  
To leave his dove so soon—but he has some swan  
At nest in another place.

GALLO.

I'll bet my mare on't.

LAMIA.

Kind sirs, indeed, I'm sorry  
Your friend's not here. If he were by,  
He would help you to your welcome.

CURIO.

We've no doubt on't; [*Bitterly.*]  
But we'll not grieve, since here we are quite enough  
For any merriment.

GALLO.

And as for a welcome,  
We'll acknowledge it on your cheer.

LAMIA.

Then that's but sorry, sir,  
If you mean what lies in my heart.

GALLO.

No, no, in faith,  
We mean what lies in your cellar—wine, rare wine,  
We will pledge you in floods on't, and when knocked off our  
legs,  
Adore you on our knees.

LAMIA.

Hear me, sweet gentles,  
How you shall win my favour. Set to work and copy—  
Be each a Lycius.

GALLO.

Lycius, forsooth! hang him!  
A model again! the perfect model!

CURIO.

As if we could not match his vices!  
Pray ask your Lycius, when he's new come back

(If ever he come back),  
 What his father ailed, or if he ailed at all,  
 And how it ailed too, that his brother Julius  
 Got no such forged advice.

GALLO.

It had charmed your heart to see how swift he ran  
 (Whether to get from hence or gain elsewhere,  
 I know not), but I never saw such striving,  
 Save at the Olympic games to win the goal.

(ALL.)

Ha ! ha ! ha !

LAMIA.

Laugh on, I pray, laugh on. Ye puny spites !  
 You think to fret me with those ill-coined tales ;  
 But look, I join in your glee, *[She attempts to laugh.*  
 Or if I cannot, 'tis because I'm choked with a curse.

*[She hurries o: t.*

GALLO.

It works ! it wings her ! What shall we next ?  
 Follow her, or carry her off ?

CURIO.

These are too violent,  
 And perilous to ourselves ; but I will fit  
 Our revenge to its other half. Sir Lycius now  
 Must have the green eye set in his head, and then  
 They'll worry each other's hearts without our help.  
 Julius or Apollonius will be our ready organs  
 To draw his ear.

GALLO.

'Tis plausible, and cannot fail to part 'em,  
 And when he has shaken her from off his bough  
 It needs she must fall to us.

CURIO.

I wonder where

That poor sick fool Mercutius is gone?  
He hath a chance now.

GALLO.

Methought I glanced him  
Below, and, forsooth, disguised as a serving-man ;  
But he avoided me.

CURIO.

The subtle fox !  
Let us go beat him up. [*Excunt, hallooing.*

SCENE VI.

*The Street before LAMIA'S House. Enter APOLLONIUS  
with JULIUS.*

APOLLONIUS.

I say she is a snake—

JULIUS.

And so say I ;

APOLLONIUS.

But not in the same sense—

JULIUS.

No, not exactly.

You take that literal, which I interpret  
But as a parable—a figure feigned  
By the elder sages (much inclined to mark  
Their subtle meanings in dark allegories)  
For those poisonous natures—those bewitching sins—  
That armed and guarded with a woman's husk,  
But viperous within, seduce young hearts,  
And sting where they are cherished.

APOLLONIUS.

Your guess is shrewd ;

Nay, excellent enough to have been my own.  
 But, hark you, I have read in elder oracles  
 Than ever you will quote, the fact which backs me.  
 In Greece, in the midst of Greece, it hath been known,  
 And attested upon oath, i' the faith of multitudes,  
 That such true snakes have been—real hissing serpents,  
 Though outwardly like women.  
 With one of such, a youth, a hopeful youth,  
 Sober, discreet, and able to subdue  
 His passions otherwise—even like our Lycius—  
 For a fortnight lived in a luxury of wealth,  
 Till suddenly she vanished, palace and all,  
 Like the shadow of a cloud.

JULIUS.

The dainty fable !  
 But now unto the proof. Methink this sounds  
 Like a real door (*knocking*) ; a cloud scarce wars so,  
 But when Jove strikes it with a thunderbolt.  
 I'll tell you, sir,  
 She is a wanton, and that's quite enough  
 To perish a world of wealth. [Picus comes to the door.  
 Ho, sirrah ! fellow !  
 Is your lady now within ?

PICUS.

No, sir, she's out.  
 Something hath put her out—she will see nobody.  
 She's ill, she's grievous bad—her head won't bear  
 The rout of company. [A loud shout without.

APOLLONIUS.

Why, then, I think  
 The medical conclave might observe more quiet.  
 Look, knave ! are these her grave, her learned physicians ?  
 Well met, sirs.  
 [Another shout, and CURIO, &c., issue forth.

CURIO.

That's as may be. Ha ! old mastiff !  
 Go to your kennel.

JULIUS.

You are just in time, sirs,  
To settle our dispute : we have a gage on't,  
The sophist here and I.  
There is one lives in that house—(*pointing to LAMIA'S*,—  
how would you call her?  
A woman ?

CURIO.

Ay ; and sure a rare one,  
As I have proved upon her lips.  
[LAMIA *opens a window gently and listens.*

GALLO.

Ay, marry, have we !  
She was kind enough, for our poor sakes, to send  
One Lycius, her late suitor, on an errand  
That will make him footsore.

CURIO.

Yes, a sort of summons  
Cunningly forged to bid him haste to his father,  
Who lay in the jaws of death. Lord, how he'll swear  
To find the old cock quite well !

JULIUS.

This is too true. [*To APOLLONIUS.*  
I left our father but this very morn  
The halest of old men. He was then on his way  
Toward this city, on some state affair.  
They'll encounter upon the road !

APOLLONIUS.

Here is some foul and double-damned deception.

[LAMIA, *by signs, assents to this reflection.*

I'll catechise myself. Here, sir—you—you— [*To CURIO.*  
Who have gazed upon this witch, touched her, and talked  
with her,  
How know you she is woman, flesh and blood,  
True clay and mortal lymph, and not a mockery

Made up of infernal elements of magic ?  
 Canst swear she is no cloud—no subtle ether—  
 No fog, bepainted with deluding dyes—  
 No cheating underplot - no covert shape,  
 Making a filthy masquerade of nature ?  
 I say, how know ye this ?

CURIO.

How ? by my senses.  
 If I nipped her cheek till it brought the white and red,  
 I wot she is no fog.

APOLLONIUS.

Fie on the senses !  
 What are the senses but our worst arch-traitors ?  
 What is a madman but a king betrayed  
 By the corrupted treason of his senses ?  
 His robe a blanket, and his sceptre a straw,  
 His crown his bristled hair.  
 Fie on the shallow senses ! What doth swear  
 Such perjuries as the senses ?—what give birth  
 To such false rumours and base verdicts render  
 In the very spite of truth ? Go to : thy senses  
 Are bond-slaves, both to madness and to magic,  
 And all the mind's disease. I say the senses  
 Deceive thee, though they say a stone's a stone.  
 And thou wilt swear by them an oath, forsooth,  
 And say the outer woman is utter woman,  
 And not a whit a snake ! Hark ! there's my answer.

[LAMIA closes the window violently.

That noise shall be my comment.

GALLO.

He talks in riddles,  
 Like a sphinx lapped in a blanket. Gentles—Curio—  
 Let us leave him to his wisdom.

APOLLONIUS.

Ay, I'll promise  
 'Twill dive far deeper than your feather wits  
 Into some mysteries. [Going towards the door.



CURIO.

There's one I know in her house,  
 By name Mercutius, a most savage fellow :  
 I commend ye to his wrath. [*Exeunt* CURIO, GALLO, &c.]

APOLLONIUS.

So, get ye gone,  
 Ye unregarded whelps.

JULIUS.

But will you in,  
 Whether she will or no ?

APOLLONIUS.

Indeed I mean it.  
 Sirrah (*to* PICUS), lead on. I'll charge you with your  
 message. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII.

*A Chamber in LAMIA'S House. Enter MERCUTIUS in a  
 distracted manner.*

MERCUTIUS.

Where is this haunting witch ? Not here ! not here !—  
 Why then for a little rest and unlooked calm—  
 Ay, such a calm  
 As a shipmate curses on the stagnate sea  
 Under the torrid zone, that bakes his deck  
 Till it burns the sole of his foot. My purpose idles,  
 But my passions burn without pause ; O how this hot  
 And scarlet plague runs boiling through my veins  
 Like a molten lava ! I'm all parched up.  
 There's not a shady nook throughout my brain  
 For a quiet thought to lie—no, not a spring  
 Of coolness left in my heart. If I have any name,  
 It is Fever, who is all made up of fire,  
 Of pangs—deliriums—raving ecstasies—

And desperate impulse. Ha! a foot!— I know it!—  
Now then, I'll ambush here, and come upon her  
Like a wild boar from a thicket.

[*He hides himself behind an arras: LAMIA enters, holding  
her forehead betwixt her palms.*]

LAMIA.

This should be a real head, or 'twould not throb so;  
Who ever doubts it?  
I would he had these racking pains within;  
Ay, and those he hath set in my heart, to drive him mad,  
How now, sir!

*Enter PICUS.*

PICUS.

There are two below beseech you  
For a conference. The one's a wrinkled greybeard,  
The other

LAMIA.

You need not name. I will see neither;  
And tell them—look—with a copy of this frown,  
If they congregate again beneath my eaves,  
I have that will hush their twitting. [*Exit PICUS.*  
Why must I reap  
These unearned spites where I have sown no hate?  
Do the jealous gods  
Stir up these cankered spirits to pursue me?  
Another! (*MERCUTIUS comes forward*) What brings thee  
hither?

MERCUTIUS (*gloomily*).

I do not know—

If love or hate—indeed I do not know—  
Or whether a twine of both—they're so entangled.  
Mayhap to clasp thee to my heart, and kiss thee,  
To fondle thee, or tear thee, I do not know:  
Whether I come to die, or work thy death,  
Whether to be thy tyrant or thy slave,  
In truth, I do not know.  
But that some potent yearning draws me to thee,

Something, as if those lips were rich and tempting,  
 And worthy of caressing—fondly endeared—  
 And something as if a tortured devil within me  
 Sought revenge of his pangs : I cannot answer  
 Which of these brings me hither.

LAMIA.

Then prythee hence,  
 Till that be analysed.

MERCUTIUS.

Ha ! ha ! turn back :  
 Why if I am a tiger—here's my prey—  
 Or if the milk-mild dove—here is my choice—  
 Do you think I shall turn back howe'er it be ?  
 Let the embrace prove which. Nay, do not shrink,  
 If an utter devil press into thy arms,  
 Thyself invoked him !

LAMIA.

Ah ! I know by this  
 Your bent is evil !

MERCUTIUS.

Then 'twas evil born !  
 As it works 'twas wrought on—look—say what I am,  
 For I have no recognisance of myself.  
 Am I wild beast or man—civil or savage—  
 Reasoning or brutal—or gone utter mad—  
 So am I as thou turned me—hellish or heavenly,  
 The slavish subject of thy influence—  
 I know not what I am—nor how I am,  
 But by thy own enforcement—come to force thee,  
 Being passion-mad.

LAMIA.

How have I brought thee hither ?  
 I would thou wert away !

MERCUTIUS.

Why dost thou sit, then,  
 I' the middle of a whirlpool drawing me unto thee ?

My brain is dizzy, and my heart is sick,  
 With the circles I have made round thee and round thee !  
 Till I dash into thy arms !

LAMIA.

There shalt thou never !  
 Go ! desperate man ; away !—and fear thy gods,  
 Or else the hot indignation in my eyes  
 Will blast thee. O, beware ! I have within me  
 A dangerous nature, which, if thou provoke,  
 Acts cruelty. Ne'er chafe me ; thou hadst better  
 Ruffle a scorpion than the thing I am !  
 Away !  
 Or I'll bind thy bones till they crack !

MERCUTIUS.

Ha ! ha ! dost threaten ?  
 Why then come ruin, anguish or death,  
 Being goaded onward by my headlong fate  
 I'll clasp thee !—  
 Though there be sugared venom on thy lips  
 I'll drink it to the dregs—though there be plagues  
 In thy contagious touch—or in thy breath  
 Putrid infections—though thou be more cruel  
 Than lean-ribbed tigers—thirsty and open fanged,  
 I will be as fierce a monster for thy sake,  
 And grapple thee.

LAMIA.

Would Lycius were here !

MERCUTIUS.

Ha ! would'st thou have him gashed and torn in strips  
 As I would scatter him ? then so say I  
 "Would Lycius were here !" I have oft clenched  
 My teeth in that very spite.

LAMIA.

Thou ruthless devil !  
 To bear him so bloody a will !—Why then, come hither,  
 We are a fit pair.

[MERCUTIUS embracing her, she stabs him in the back  
 with a small dagger.]

MERCUTIUS (*falling*).

O thou false witch !

Thou hast pricked me to the heart ! Ha ! what a film  
Falls from my eyes !—or have the righteous gods  
Transformed me to a beast for this ! Thou crawling spite,  
Thou hideous—venomous— [Dies.

LAMIA.

Let the word choke thee !

I know what I am. Thou wilful desperate fool,  
To charge upon the spikes !—thy death be upon thee !—  
Why would'st thou have me sting ? Heaven knows I ha'  
spared thee,

But for thy menace of a dearer life.

O ! Lycius ! Lycius !

I have been both woman and serpent for thy sake—  
Perchance to be scorned in each :—I have but gored  
This ill-starred man in vain !—hush, methought he stirred ;  
I'll give him another thrust (*stabs the body*) ; there—lie thou  
quiet.

What a frown he hath upon his face ! May the gods ne'er  
mention it

In their thunders, nor set the red stain of his blood  
For a sign of wrath in the sky !—O thou poor wretch !  
Not thee, dull clod !—but for myself I weep—  
The sport of malicious destinies !

Why was I heiress of these mortal gifts

Perishing all whether I love or hate ?

Nay, come out of sight

[*To the body.*

With thy dismal puckering look— 'twill fright the world  
Out of its happiness.

[*She drags the body aside, and covers it with drapery.*

Would I could throw

A thicker curtain on thee—but I see thee  
All through and through, as though I had  
The eyes of a god within ; alas, I fear  
I am here all human, and have that fierce thing  
They call a conscience !

[*Exit.*

## GUIDO AND MARINA.

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

[Guido, having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology, casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. MARINA, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice.]

*Guido.* Clasp me again ! My soul is very sad ;  
And hold thy lips in readiness near mine,  
Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again !  
'Tis such a gloomy day !

*Mar.* Nay, sweet, it shines.

*Guido.* Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine eyes.  
Clasp me again !—ay, with thy fondest force,  
Give me one last embrace.

*Mar.* Love, I do clasp thee !

*Guido.* Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not ;  
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.  
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

*Mar.* What pain—what time, love ? Art thou ill ? Alas !  
I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.  
Here, rest upon my heart.

*Guido.* Stay, stay, Marina.  
Look !—when I raise my hand against the sun,  
Is it red with blood ?

*Mar.* Alas ! my love, what wilt thou ?  
Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands  
Show thus against the sun.

*Guido.* All living men's,  
Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard  
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,  
And thence goes freezing to the very heart ?

*Mar.* Yea, love, I know it ; but what then ?—the hand  
I hold is glowing.

*Guido.* But my eyes !—my eyes !—  
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.  
I have seen a corpse,  
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seem'd  
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes !  
So dull and dim ! Marina, look in mine !

*Mar.* Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but bright :  
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,  
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.

*Guido.* Marina, Marina—where thy image lies,  
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance  
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.  
Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible !  
My hours are ending.

[*Clock strikes.*

*Mar.* Nay, they shall not ! Hark !  
The hour—four—five—hark !—six !—the very time !  
And, lo ! thou art alive ! My love—dear love—  
Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—  
This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off !  
The hour is come—and *gone* ! What ! not a word !  
What, not a smile, even, that thou livest for me !  
Come, laugh and clap your hands as I do—come.  
Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God  
For this blest passover ! Still sad ! still mute !—  
Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,  
That death forbears thee ? Nay, hath all my love  
Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life ?

*Guido.* Marina, I am no more attach'd to death  
Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,  
That even now forestalls thy little light,  
And steals with cold infringement on my breath :  
Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,  
Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,  
Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont :  
Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—  
Some scanty breath is left me still to spend  
In very bitter sighs.  
But there's a point, true measured by my pulse,  
Beyond or short of which it may not live  
By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.

*Mar.* Oh, God of heaven !

*Guido.* Ay, it is *very* near  
Therefore, cling now to me, and say farewell  
While I can answer it. Marina, speak !  
Why tear thine helpless hair ? it will not save  
Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought  
That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known

This truth too long to look so like Despair?

*Mar.* O, no, no, no!—a hope—a little hope—  
I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.  
Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—  
All my years number'd—all my days, my hours,  
My utmost minutes, all summ'd up with thine!

*Guido.* Marina—

*Mar.* Let me weep—no, let me kneel  
To God—but rather thee—to spare this end  
That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake!  
Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds  
That smother it with death. Oh! turn from death,  
And do not woo it with such dark resolve,  
To make me widow'd.

*Guido.* I have lived my term.

*Mar.* No—not thy term—no! not the natural term  
Of one so young. Oh! thou hast spent thy years  
In sinful waste upon unholy—

*Guido.* Hush!

Marina.

*Mar.* Nay, I must. Oh! cursed lore,  
That hath supplied this spell against thy life.  
Unholy learning—devilish and dark—  
Study! O, God! O, God!--how can thy stars  
Be bright with such black knowledge? Oh, that men  
Should ask more light of them than guides their steps  
At evening to love!

*Guido.* Hush, hush, oh hush!

Thy words have pain'd me in the midst of pain.  
True, if I had not read, I should not die;  
For, if I had not read, I had not been.  
All our acts of life are pre-ordain'd,  
And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,  
By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds  
By their performance. What if mine hath been  
To be a prophet and foreknow my doom?  
If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then  
Had roar'd it in my ears; my own mute brain  
Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.  
Therefore I knew when my full time would fall;  
And now—to save thy widowhood of tears—



To spare the very breaking of thy heart,  
I may not gain even a brief hour's reprieve !  
What seest thou yonder ?

*Mar.*                                 Where ?—a tree—the sun  
Sinking behind a tree.

*Guido.*                               It is no tree,  
Marina, but a shape—the awful shape  
That comes to claim me.   Seest thou not his shade  
Darken before his steps ?   Ah me ! how cold  
It comes against my feet !   Cold, icy cold !  
And blacker than a pall.

*Mar.*                                 My love !

*Guido.*                                 Oh heaven  
And earth, where are ye ?   Marina—                                 [GUIDO *dies*.

*Mar.*   I am here !  
What wilt thou ? dost thou speak ?—Methought I heard thee  
Just whispering.   He is dead ?—O God ! he's dead !

## HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

## A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

TWO swains or clowns—but call them swains—  
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,  
For all that tend on sheep as drovers,  
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,  
Each of the lass he called his dear,  
Began to carol loud and clear.

First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,  
In the way of ancient shepherd men ;  
Who thus alternate hitch'd in song,  
“ All things by turns, and nothing long.”

## HUGGINS.

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

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame,  
 I make the cliffs repeat her name :  
 When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,  
 The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins !

HUGGINS.

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

DUGGINS.

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

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,  
 And all confess she bears the bell,—  
 Where'er she goes swains flock together,  
 Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight,—  
 Those very poplar shapes I hate ;  
 But something twisted like an S,—  
 A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

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

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,  
 To stand about and stare at she ;

But when I look, she turns and shies,  
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes?

HUGGINS.

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

DUGGINS.

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

HUGGINS.

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

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,  
And yet as cold as Christmas day ;  
For when she's asked to change her lot,  
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

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

DUGGINS.

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

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## PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT.

## A SEA ECLOCUE.

"I apprehend you!"—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN.

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

MRS. F.

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

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather out of trim!

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones! they're pretty things to help a boat to swim!

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault!

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

BOATMAN.

Its neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.

Yes, yes,—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!  
Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must go  
down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!  
Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint!* lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!  
I wonder what it is, now, but—I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she's yawing—keep her  
near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we're going further off; the land's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we tacks:  
We shall have to beat about a bit,—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? what with?—an axe I seem to  
spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS. F.

They'll drown me, and take all I have! my life's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand!

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every thing is plann'd!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now Ma'am, just step  
ashore!

MRS. F.

What! an't I going to be kill'd—and welter'd in my gore?  
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a-sailing any more!

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GOG AND MAGOG.

A GUILDHALL DUET.

MAGOG.

WHY, Gog, I say, it's after One,  
And yet no dinner carved;  
Shall we endure this sort of fun,  
And stand here to be starved?

GOG.

I really think our City Lords  
Must be a shabby set;

I've stood here since King Charles's time,  
And had no dinner yet !

MAGOG.

I vow I can no longer stay ;  
I say, are we to dine to-day ?

GOG.

My hunger would provoke a saint,  
I've waited till I'm sick and faint ;  
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both,  
I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth.

MAGOG.

I wish I had a round of beef  
My hungry tooth to charm ;  
I've wind enough in my inside  
To play the Hundredth Psalm.

GOG.

And yet they feast beneath our eyes  
Without the least remorse ;  
This very week I saw the Mayor  
A feeding like a horse !

MAGOG.

Such loads of fish, and flesh, and fowl,  
To think upon it makes me growl !

GOG.

I wonder where the fools were taught,  
That they should keep a giant short !  
They'll stop our growth, they'll stop our growth ;  
They'll starve us both, they'll starve us both !

MAGOG.

They said, a hundred years ago,  
That we should dine at One ;  
Why, Gog, I say, our meat by this  
Is rather over-done.

## THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

GOG.

I do not want it done at all,  
 So hungry is my maw,  
 Give me an Alderman in chains,  
 And I will eat him raw !

MAGOG.

Of starving weavers they discuss,  
 And yet they never think of us.  
 I say, are we to dine to-day ;  
 Are we to dine to-day ?

GOG.

Oh dear, the pang it is to feel  
 So mealy-mouthed without a meal !

MAGOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth !

GOG.

I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both !

BOTH.

They'll stop our growth, they'll starve us both !

## THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the *peep, peep* of a young sparrow."—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

——— "A voice cried Sweep no more !  
 Macbeth hath murdered sweep."—SHAKSPEARE.

ONE morning ere my usual time  
 I rose, about the seventh chime,  
 When little stunted boys that climb  
 Still linger in the street :  
 And as I walked, I saw indeed  
 A sample of the sooty breed,  
 Though he was rather run to seed,



In height about five feet.  
 A mongrel tint he seem'd to take,  
 Poetic simile to make,  
 DAY through his MARTIN 'gan to break,  
     Quite overcoming jet.  
 From side to side he cross'd oblique,  
 Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,  
 And yet no English word can speak,  
     He walk'd upon the fret :  
 And while he sought the dingy job,  
 His lab'ring breast appear'd to throb  
 And half a hiccup half a sob  
     Betray'd internal woe.  
 To cry the cry he had by rote  
 He yearn'd, but law forbade the note,  
 Like Chanticleer with ropy throat,  
     He gaped—but not a crow !  
 I watch'd him, and the glimpse I snatch'd  
 Disclosed his sorry eyelids patch'd  
 With red, as if the soot had catch'd  
     That hung about the lid ;  
 And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,  
 He did not care to brush away ;  
 Thought I the cause he will betray—  
     And thus at last he did.

Well, here's a pretty go ! here's a Gagging Act, if ever there was  
     a gagging !  
 But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty  
     of magging.  
 They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for the  
     Deaf and Dumb,  
 To unlearn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regu-  
     larly mum.  
 But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to  
     peep,  
 Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep  
 As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots that say  
     Cheep !  
 For my own part I find my suppress'd voice very uneasy,  
 And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you  
     are sneezy.

Well, it's all up with us ! tho' I suppose we mustn't cry all up.  
Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either  
bit or sup !

If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's border,  
Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry hear, hear,  
and order, order.

I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathise with  
us

As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own cus.  
God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our call-  
ings ?

I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawl-  
ings.

For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about  
ringing,

And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to  
sleep with singing.

Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the unpar-  
tial job,

If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a  
Dusty Bob.

Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seek-  
ing arter the cinders,

Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily  
under your windows ?

There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling  
out Bank and City ;

Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of Sweep is not  
just as pretty.

I can't see why the Jews should be let go about crying Old Close  
thro' their hooky noses,

And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old  
stone laws of Moses.

Why isn't the mouths of the muffin-men compell'd to be equally  
shut ?

Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat  
no sut.

Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no  
heart to dance,

And Jack in the Green will go in black like mourning for our mis-  
chance ;

If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the hard winter  
and pinching weather,

For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul  
together.

I only wish Mr. Wilberforce or some of them that pities the  
niggers,

Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable  
starving figures,

A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each  
other,

And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking  
Father and Mother.

They haven't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had thread  
and needles,

But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like a swarm of  
common black beadles.

If they'd only inquired before passing the Act and taken a few  
such peeps,

I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face  
against sweeps.

Climbin's an ancient respectable art, and if History's of any vally,  
Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter  
Raleigh,

When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb, if the way I only  
knew,

And she writ beneath, if your heart's afeard, don't venture up the  
flue.

As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are  
higher,

But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't to be a  
Cryer?

There's London milk, that's one of the cries, even on Sunday the  
law allows,

But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off  
than black cows?

Do *we* go calling about, when it's church time, like the noisy Bill-  
ingsgate vermin,

And disturb the parson with "All alive O!" in the middle of a  
funeral sermon?

But the fish won't keep, not the mackarel won't, is the cry of the  
Parliament elves,

Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to keep themselves !

Lord help us ! what's to become of us if we mustn't cry no more ?

We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's door.

And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,

For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations !

And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to serve ladies of quality nimbly,

For when we're drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we couldn't resist the chimney.

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

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

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

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

She then begins to wayle the Ladde  
 With Shrikes that Echo answerde round—  
 O ! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde  
 The Momente that her Care was drown'd !

JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

IN Bunhill Row, some years ago,  
 There lived one Mrs. Cope ;  
 A pious woman she was call'd,  
 As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,  
 But chatt'ring like a bird  
 Of sin and grace—in such a case  
 Mag-piety's the word.

Cries she, "The Reverend Mr. Trigg  
 This day a text will broach,  
 And much I long to hear him preach,  
 So, Betty, call a coach."

A bargain though she wish'd to make,  
 Ere they began to jog—  
 "Now, Coachman, what d'ye take me for?"  
 Says Coachman, "for a hog."

But Jarvis, when he set her down,  
 A second *hog* did lack—  
 Whereas she only offered him  
 One shilling and "a track."

Said he, "There ain't no tracks in Quaife,  
 You and your tracks be both—"  
 And, affidavit-like, he clench'd  
 Her shilling with an oath.

Said she, "I'll have you fined for this,  
 And soon it shall be done,  
 I'll have you up at Worship Street,  
 You wicked one, naught one!"

And sure enough at Worship Street  
 That Friday week they stood ;

## JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

She said *bad* language he had used,  
And thus she "*made it good.*"

"He said two shilling was his fare,  
And wouldn't take no less—  
I said one shilling was enough,—  
And he said C—U—S !

"And when I raised my eyes at that,  
He swore again at them,  
I said he was a wicked man,  
And he said D—A—M."

Now Jarvy's turn was come to speak,  
So he stroked down his hair,  
"All what she says is false—cause why?  
I'll swear I never swear !

"There's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,  
Can tell you what I am ;  
I'm one of seven children, all  
Brought up without a Dam !

"He'll say from two year old and less  
Since ever I were nust,  
If ever I said C—U—S,  
I wish I may be cust !

"At Sion Cottage I takes up,  
And raining all the while,  
To go to New Jerusalem,  
A very long two mile.

"Well, when I axes for my fare,  
She rows me in the street,  
And uses words as is not fit  
For coachmen to repeat !

"Says she,—I know where you will go,  
You sinner ! I know well,—  
Your worship, it's the P—I—T  
Of E and double L ;"

Now here his worship stopp'd the case—  
Said he—I'll fine you both !  
And of the two—why Mrs. Cope's  
I think the biggest oath ?”

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A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

“Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle.”—GOLDSMITH.

“Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones.”—SILVERSMITH.

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

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

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

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

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

Who “of all earthly things” would boast,  
“He hated other's brats the most,”  
And therefore made me feel my post ?  
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,  
And always laid them at my door,  
Till many a bitter bang I bore?

My Cousin.

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

My Stepmother.

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

My Sister.

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

My Brother.

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

My Godfather.

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

My Friend.

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

Myself.

---

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

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

ONE close of day—'twas in the bay  
Of Naples, bay of glory!  
While light was hanging crowns of gold



On mountains high and hoary,  
A gallant bark got under weigh,  
And with her sails my story.

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

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

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

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

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

He ate and quaff'd and joked and laugh'd,  
 And chatted with the seamen,  
 And often task'd their skill and ask'd  
 "What weather is't to be, man?"  
 No demonstration there appear'd  
 That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he  
 Could raise a stormy rumpus,  
 Like Prospero make breezes blow,  
 And rocks and billows thump us,—  
 But little we supposed what he  
 Could with the needle compass!

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

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

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

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,  
 The lamb too broke its tether;  
 Down mustard went—each condiment—  
 Salt—pepper—all together!

Down everything, like craft that seek  
The Downs in stormy weather.

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

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

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

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

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

Sore, sore afraid, each Papist pray'd  
To Saint and Virgin Mary ;

But one there was that stood composed  
 Amid the waves' vagary ;  
 As staunch as rock, a true game cock  
 'Mid chicks of Mother Cary !

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

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

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

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

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

The captain stared aghast at mate,  
The pilot at th' apprentice ;  
No fancy of the German Sea  
Of Fiction the event is :  
But when they at the compass look'd  
It seem'd non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,  
The wavering point was shaken,  
'Twas past the whole philosophy  
Of Newton, or of Bacon ;  
Never by compass, till that hour  
Such latitudes were taken !

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

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

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed  
To see them so white-liver'd :  
And walk'd abaft the binnacle,  
To know at what they shiver'd ;  
But when he stood beside the card,  
St. Josef ! how it quiver'd !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,  
In eye of timid dreamer—  
The nervous finger of a sot  
Ne'er show'd a plainer tremor ;

To every brain it seem'd too plain,  
There stood th' Infernal Schemer !

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

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

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

---

THE LARK AND THE ROOK.

A FABLE.

"Lo! hear the gentle lark!"—SHAKESPEARE.

ONCE on a time—no matter where—  
A lark took such a fancy to the air,  
That though he often gazed beneath,  
Watching the breezy down, or heath,  
Yet very, very seldom he was found  
To perch upon the ground.  
Hour after hour,  
Through ev'ry change of weather hard or soft,  
Through sun and shade, and wind and show'r,

Still fluttering aloft ;  
 In silence now, and now in song,  
 Up, up in cloudland all day long,  
 On weary wing; yet with unceasing flight,  
 Like to those Birds of Paradise, so rare,  
 Fabled to live, and love, and feed in air,  
 But never to alight.

It caused, of course, much speculation  
 Among the feather'd generation ;  
 Who tried to guess the riddle that was in it—  
 The robin puzzled at it, and the wren,  
     The swallows, cock and hen,  
     The wagtail, and the linnet,  
 The yellowhammer, and the finch as well—  
 The sparrow ask'd the tit, who couldn't tell,  
 The jay, the pie—but all were in the dark,  
 Till out of patience with the common doubt,  
 The Rook at last resolved to worm it out,  
 And thus accosted the mysterious Lark :—

“ Friend, prithee, tell me why  
 You keep this constant hovering so high,  
 As if you had some castle in the air,  
 That you are always poisoning there,  
     A speck against the sky—  
 Neglectful of each old familiar feature  
 Of Earth that nursed you in your callow state—  
 You think you're only soaring at heaven's gate,  
 Whereas you're flying in the face of Nature !”

“ Friend,” said the Lark, with melancholy tone,  
 And in each little eye a dewdrop shone,  
 “ No creature of my kind was ever fonder  
     Of that dear spot of earth  
     Which gave it birth—  
 And I was nestled in the furrow yonder !  
 Sweet is the twinkle of the dewy heath,  
 And sweet that thymy down I watch beneath,

## HYMN TO THE SUN.

Saluted often with a living sonnet :  
 But Men, vile Men, have spread so thick a scurf  
 Of dirt and infamy about the Turf,  
 I do not like to settle on it !”

## MORAL.

Alas ! how Nobles of another race  
 Appointed to the bright and lofty way  
 Too willingly descend to haunt a place  
 Polluted by the deeds of Birds of Prey !

## HYMN TO THE SUN.

GIVER of glowing light !  
 Though but a god of other days,  
     The kings and sages  
     Of wiser ages  
 Still live and gladden in thy genial rays !

King of the tuneful lyre,  
 Still poets' hymns to thee belong  
     Though lips are cold  
     Whereon of old  
 Thy beams all turn'd to worshipping and song !

Lord of the dreadful bow,  
 None triumph now for Python's death ;  
     But thou dost save  
     From hungry grave  
 The life that hangs upon a summer breath.

Father of rosy day,  
 No more thy clouds of incense rise ;  
     But waking flow'rs  
     At morning hours,  
 Give out their sweets to meet thee in the skies.



God of the Delphic fane,  
No more thou listenest to hymns sublime ;  
    But they will leave  
    On winds at eve,  
A solemn echo to the end of time.



## A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

---

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

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things,  
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;  
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,  
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
Past drowsy Charley, in deep sleep, creep,  
But frighten'd by Policeman B 3, flee,  
And while they're going, whisper low, "No go!"

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

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise  
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
 Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;—  
 But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,

And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns  
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice:  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

---

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESSES.

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

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

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

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

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

## JOHN DAY.

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

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

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

---

 JOHN DAY.

## A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“A Day after the Fair.”—OLD PROVERB.

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

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

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

The barmaid of the Crown he loved,  
From whom he never ranged,  
For tho’ he changed his horses there,  
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,  
So fondly love prefers;  
And often, among twelve outsides,  
Deemed no outside like hers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Oh, Mary, view my wasted back,  
And see my dwindled calf;  
Tho' I have never had a wife,  
I've lost my better half.

## NUMBER ONE.

Alas, in vain he still assal'd  
 Her heart withstood the dint;  
 Though he had carried sixteen stone  
 He could not move a flint.

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

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

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

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

---

 NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard!—and so it is,  
 To live in such a row,  
 And witness this that every Miss  
 But me, has got a Beau.  
 For Love goes calling up and down,  
 But here he seems to shun;  
 I'm sure he has been asked enough  
 To call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks  
 That come to Number Four!

At Number Three, I often see  
A Lover at the door :  
And one in blue, at Number Two,  
Calls daily like a dun,—  
It's very hard they come so near,  
And not to Number One !

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

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

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

My mother often sits at work  
And talks of props and stays,  
And what a comfort I shall be  
In her declining days.  
The very maids about the house

Have set me down a nun ;  
The sweethearts all belong to them  
That call at Number One !

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

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

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

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



## THE DROWNING DUCKS

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

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

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

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

For when, as native instinct taught her,  
 The mother set her brood afloat,  
 They sank ere long right under water,  
 Like any overloaded boat;  
 They were web-footed too to see,  
 As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humour in a gander  
 Brought havoc on her little folks,—  
 No poaching cook—a frying pander

To appetite,—destroyed their yolks,—  
 Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em !  
 They went like plummets to the bottom.

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

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

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

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

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

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like, drank  
 So deep his furious tongue to cool,

The shallow waters sank and sank,  
 And lo, from out the wasted pool,  
 Too hot to hold them any longer,  
 There crawled some eels as big as conger !

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

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

---

 DIBDIN MODERNIZED.

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

\* \* \* \*

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

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

\* \* \* \* \*

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,  
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;

But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's end* give me ;  
And it an't to a little I'll strike.

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

---

THE STORM

RE-WRITTEN.

HARK, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,  
By shovel, tongs, and poker stand ;  
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,  
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand ;  
Now it freshens,—blow like blazes ;  
Now unto the coal-hole go ;  
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,  
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys,  
See the valve is clear of course ;  
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,  
Though the weather should be worse.  
Fore and aft a proper draft get,  
Oil the engines, see all clear ;  
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,  
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring,  
Peal on peal contending clash ;  
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,  
In our eyes the paddles splash.  
One wide water all around us,  
All above one smoke-black sky :  
Different deaths at once surround us ;  
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry ?

The funnel's gone ! cries ev'ry tongue out,  
The engineer's washed off the deck ;

A leak beneath the coal-hole's sprung out  
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.  
 Quick, some coal, some nubby pieces ;  
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold ;  
 Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,  
 Four feet water getting cold.

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

---

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

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

I.

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

II.

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

## III.

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

## IV.

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

## V.

Oh how they hated politics  
 Thrust on me by papa :  
 But now my chat—they all leave that  
 To entertain mamma.  
 Mamma, who praises her own self,  
 Instead of Jane or Ann,  
 And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—  
 I'm not a single man !

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

Go where I will, I but intrude ;  
I'm left in crowded rooms,  
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,  
Or Hervey at his tombs.  
From head to heel, they make me feel  
Of quite another clan ;  
Compelled to own, though left alone,  
I'm not a single man !

## X.

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

## XI.

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

## XII.

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

## XIII.

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

## XIV.

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

---



SNIFFING A BIRTHDAY.

“Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one.”

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

\* \* \* \* \*

*Musician.* Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.  
*Nurse.* Honest good fellows, ah ! put up, put up !  
 For well you know this is a pitiful case.  
 ROMEO AND JULIET.

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

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

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

Reserve the feast ! The board forsake !  
 Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,

*SNIFFING A BIRTHDAY.*

No toasts or foolish speeches make,  
 At which my reason spurns,  
 Before this happy term you praise,  
 And prate about returns and days,  
 Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,  
 And sum up my returns.

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

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

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

I am of age, to ask Miss Ball,  
 Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,  
 To go to church, hump, squint, and all.  
 And be my own for life.  
 But put such reasons on their shelves,  
 To tell the truth between ourselves,

I'm one of those contented elves  
Who do not want a wife.

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

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

To justify the festive cup  
What horrors here are conjured up!  
What things of bitter bite and sup,  
    Poor wretched Twenty-One's!  
No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,  
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps)  
Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,  
    Death, docketts, debts, and duns!

If you must drink, oh drink "the King,"  
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,  
Drink Aldgate Pump—or anything,  
    Before a toast like this!  
Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,  
And turning o'er this sorry page,  
Was young Nineteen so far from sage?  
    Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—  
No sign of May about the thorn,—

Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?  
 Had Beauty not a shape?  
 Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!  
 Make answer, lads of Trinity!  
 Who sipp'd with me Divinity,  
 And quaff'd the ruby grape!

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

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

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

---

THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

"I'll be your second."—LISTON.

IN Middle Row, some years ago,  
 There lived one Mr. Brown;

And many folks considered him  
The stoutest man in town.

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

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

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

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

One dreary night the angry sprite  
Appeared before her view ;  
It came a little after one,  
But she was after two !

“ Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B. !  
Are these your sorrow's deeds,  
Already getting up a flame,  
To burn your widow's weeds ?

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

“ Yet if my face you still retrace  
I almost have a doubt—

*THE DOUBLE KNOCK.*

I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not,  
With all the leaves torn out !

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

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

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

“And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—  
Of perjured faith convict,  
As ghostly toe can give no blow,  
Consider you are kick'd.

“A hollow voice is all I have,  
But this I tell you plain,  
Marry come up !—you marry, Ma'am,  
And I'll come up again.”

More he had said, but chanticleer  
The spritely shade did shock  
With sudden crow, and off he went,  
Like fowling-piece at cock !

---

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,  
“That hat, I know it !” cried the joyful girl :  
“Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,  
Comers like him are welcome as the day !

Lizzy! go down and open the street-door,  
 Busy I am to any one but *him*.  
 Know him you must—he has been often here;  
 Show him up stairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;  
 Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;  
 "Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—  
 Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—  
 Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul  
 Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—  
 Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce  
 Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—  
 Kelly the natural, to witness whom  
 Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—  
 Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles  
 Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.  
 Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,  
 Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—  
 Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!  
 No card,—thank Heaven—engages me to-night!  
 Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—  
 Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.  
 Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,  
 Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—  
 Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—  
 Stupid! why don't she go and open the door?"  
 Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl  
 Listen'd, low bending o'er the topmost stair.  
 Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,  
 Plainly she hears this question and reply:  
 "Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d'ye want?"  
 "Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

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OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

OUR village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but our  
 village of Bullock Smithy,  
 Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two elders,  
 and a withy;

And in the middle, there's a green of about not exceeding an acre  
 and a half ;  
 It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies, three  
 horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf !  
 Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of com-  
 mon law lease,  
 And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two dead  
 dogs, four drown'd kittens, and twelve geese.  
 Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for bowl-  
 ing when the little village boys play at cricket ;  
 Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass is sure to come  
 and stand right before the wicket.  
 There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops, and  
 pig-sties, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds ;  
 With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man, three  
 Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.  
 The Green Man is reckon'd the best, as the only one that for love  
 or money can raise  
 A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses, and  
 a ramshackled "neat post-chaise."  
 There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may be  
 their ranks in life or their degrees,  
 Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little Methodist  
 chapel of Ease ;  
 And close by the church-yard, there's a stone-mason's yard, that  
 when the time is seasonable  
 Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and cherubims  
 very low and reasonable.  
 There's a cage, comfortable enough ; I've been in it with Old Jack  
 Jeffrey and Tom Pike ;  
 For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or any  
 thing else you like.  
 I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but the up-  
 right post ;  
 But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse, as is  
 always there almost.  
 There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in his  
 way, Old Joe Bradley,  
 Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes horses  
 very badly.



There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by the widow of Mr. Task ;  
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of every thing you ask.  
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask.  
There are six empty houses, and not so well paper'd inside as out,  
For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of sales and election placards all about.  
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the windows is seen ;  
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.  
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and jasmynes, you may go and whistle ;  
But the Tailor's front garden grow two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.  
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—  
With two pear-trees that don't bear ; one plum and an apple, that every year is stripp'd by a thief.  
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby ;  
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby.  
There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange old chimneys that never smokes,  
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks ;  
There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough black-bearded shock-headed churls,  
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls ;  
There's a butcher's and a carpenter's and a plumber's and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,  
But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a sexton that's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker ;  
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops ;  
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.

And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her  
 betters,  
 Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a col-  
 bler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.  
 Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, savg  
 and except one more house,  
 But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's  
 the Village Poor-House!

---

 PAIR'D NOT MATCH'D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

 THE BOY AT THE NORE.

"Alone I did it!—Boy!"—CORIOLANUS.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,  
 Do you come from the small Isle of Man?

## THE BOY AT THE NORE.

Why, your history a mystery must be,—  
 Come tell us as much as you can,  
 Little Boy at the Nore !

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

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

## LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITOR.

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

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

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

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

\* A word caught from some American Trader in passing.

I've seen a good deal of distress,  
 Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette ;  
 They should do as I do—rise o'er all ;  
 Aye, a good floating capital get,  
 Like the Boy at the Nore

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

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

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

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

---

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!”—MERCUTIO.

I.

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

## II.

Said he, "Upon this dainty cod  
 How bravely I shall sup,"—  
 When whiter than the table-cloth,  
 A GHOST came rising up!

## III.

"O, father dear, O, mother dear,  
 Dear Kate, and brother Jim,—  
 You know when some one went to sea,—  
 Don't cry—but I am him!

## IV.

"You hope some day with fond embrace  
 To greet your absent Jack,  
 But oh, I am come here to say  
 I'm never coming back!

## V.

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

## VI.

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

## VII.

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

## VIII.

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

## IX.

“ But oh, my spirit cannot rest,  
 In Davy Jones’s sod,  
 Till I’ve appear’d to you and said,—  
 Don’t sup on that ’ere Cod !

## X.

“ You live on land, and little think  
 What passes in the sea ;  
 Last Sunday week, at 2 P.M.  
 That Cod was picking me !

## XI.

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

## XII.

“ O, do not eat those oysters then,  
 And do not touch the shrimps ;  
 When I was in my briny grave,  
 They suck’d my blood like imps !

## XIII.

“ Don’t eat what brutes would never eat,  
 The brutes I used to pat,  
 They’ll know the smell they used to smell ;  
 Just try the dog and cat !”

## XIV.

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,  
 And cried, Alack, alack !  
 At last up started brother Jim,  
 “ Let’s try if Jack was Jack !”

## XV.

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

## XVI.

Old Tray lick'd all the oysters up,  
 Puss never stood at crimps,  
 But munch'd the Cod—and little Kit  
 Quite feasted on the shrimps !

## XVII.

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

## A STORM AT HASTINGS

## AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

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

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

And lo ! amongst all these appear'd a creature,  
 So small, he almost might a twin have been,  
 With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,  
 Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,  
 His face of marvellously pleasant feature.  
 So short and sweet a man was never seen—



All thought him charming at the first beginning—  
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning !

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

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

And so he climb'd—and rode, and won—and walk'd,  
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm  
That haunted the Parade. Many were balk'd  
Of notoriety by that small form  
Pacing it up and down :—some even talk'd  
Of ducking him—when lo ! a dismal storm  
Stepp'd in—one Friday, at the close of day—  
And every head was turn'd another way—

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

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,  
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on

The stony-hearted beach ;—some bards would have  
 It always rampant, in that idle fashion,—  
 Whereas the waves roll'd in, subdued and grave,  
 Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,  
 Who meekly settle in and take their places,  
 With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

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

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

But watch'd the surly advent of the storm,  
 Much as the brown-cheek'd planters of Barbadoes  
 Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :—  
 Meantime it steer'd, like Odin's old Armadas,  
 Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;—  
 Many proud gaits were quell'd—and all bravadoes  
 Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers  
 Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed. In all their days  
 The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,  
 And they are used to many a pretty blaze,  
 To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing  
 With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays :—  
 And truly one could think without much lashing

The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful  
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

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

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

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

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

As big as bullets :—Lord ! how they did batter  
Our crazy tiles :—And now the lightning flash'd  
Alternate with the dark, until the latter

Was rarest of the two :—the gust too dash'd  
 So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter  
 Some panes,—and so it did—the first it smash'd  
 The very square where I had chose my station  
 To watch the general illumination.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No open boat was open to a fare,  
 Or launch'd that morn on seven-shilling trips ;  
 No bathing woman waded—none would dare  
 A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips ;

No sea-gull ventured on the stormy air,  
 And all the dreary coast was clear of ships ;  
 For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea  
 Are not so perilous as one at sea.

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

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

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

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

## THE BROKEN DISH.

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

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

We gather flowers of every hue,  
 And fish in boats for fishes,  
 Build summer-houses painted blue,—  
 But life's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,  
 Blue bridges and blue rivers,  
 How little thought them two Chinese  
 They'd both be smash'd to shivers.

## LITERARY AND LITERAL.

THE March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,  
 (A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,)  
 In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,  
 Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,

Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,  
 A thing that, only in our proper youth,  
 We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,  
 A *Conversazione* at Hog's Norton !

A place whose native dialect, somehow,  
 Has always by an adage been affronted,  
 And that it is all *gutturals*, is now  
 Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,  
 The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—  
 If you have ever heard such creature dine—  
 And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both !—

O shades of Shakspeare ! Chaucer ! Spenser !  
 Milton ! Pope ! Gray ! Warton !  
 O Colman ! Kenny ! Planche ! Poole ! Peake !  
 Pocock ! Reynolds ! Morton !  
 O Grey ! Peel ! Sadler ! Wilberforce ! Burdett !  
 Hume ! Wilmot Horton !  
 Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in  
 Hog's Norton !—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum  
     Framed her society  
     With some variety  
 From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum ;  
 Not a mere pic-nic, for the mind's repast,  
 But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,  
 It held its sessions in the house that last  
     Had killed a porker.  
     It chanced one Friday,  
 One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,  
 A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,  
 Which made of course a literary high day,—  
 Not that our Farmer was a man to go  
 With literary taste—so far from suiting 'em,  
 When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,  
 Or *Lalla-Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em :  
 In fact in letters he was quite a log,  
     With him great Bacon  
     Was literally taken.  
 And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog !  
 As to all others on the list of Fame,  
 Although they were discuss'd and mention'd daily,  
 He only recognised one classic name,  
 And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie* !

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter  
 Had a great taste for the Castalian water—



A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer,—  
 (Though men that deal in water-colour cakes  
 May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)

She got the *bluer*

The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes*.  
 The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,  
 At future Authorship was apt to hint,  
 Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,  
 Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—  
 Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily  
 Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley ;  
 And Fancy hinting that she had the better  
 Of L.E.L. by one initial letter,  
 She thought the world would quite enraptur'd see

“ LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

A P I G.”

Accordingly, with very great propriety,  
 She joined the H. N. B. and double S.,  
 That is,—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society ;  
 And saving when her Pa his pigs prohibited,  
 Contributed

Her pork and poetry towards the mess.  
 This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,  
 When farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—  
 Screwing his courage to the “sticking place,”  
 Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat ;—  
 A kind of murder that the law's rebuke  
 Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,  
 Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*  
 With *pig-wigs* !

The swine—poor wretch !—with nobody to speak fo. it,  
 And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it ;  
 So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,  
 And, thus, there issued from the farmer's yard  
 A note that notified without a card,  
 An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly,—“ At the close of  
 The day,” as Beattie has it, “ when the ham—”  
 Bacon and pork were ready to dispose of,  
 And pettitoes and chit’lings too, to cram,—  
 Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.’s,  
 All in appropriate and swinish dresses,  
 For lo ! it is a fact, and not a joke,  
 Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,  
 They came—each “ Pig-faced Lady,” in that bonnet  
 We call a *poke*.

The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman  
 At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman* ;—  
 In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,  
 Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,  
 She always named the authoress of “ *Psyche* ”—  
 As Mrs. *Tiggey* !

And now arose a question of some moment,—  
 What author for a lecture was the richer,  
 Bacon or Hogg ? there were no votes for Beaumont,  
 But some for *Fletcher* ;  
 While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,  
 Proposed another work,  
 And thought their pork  
 Would prove more relishing from Thomson’s Season-ing !

But practised in Shakspearian readings daily,—  
 O ! Miss Macaulay ! Shakspeare at Hog’s Norton !—  
 Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley  
 Selected *him* that evening to snort on.  
 In short, to make our story not a big tale,  
 Just fancy her exerting  
 Her talents, and converting  
 The Winter’s Tale to something like a pig-tale !  
 Her sister auditory  
 All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,  
 Were very plauditory,  
 Of course, and clapped her at the proper places.  
 Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,  
 She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.

But Happiness, alas ! has blights of ill,  
 And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode ;—  
 There is no travelling through life but still  
 The heart will meet with breakers on the road !

With that peculiar voice  
 Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,  
 Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice  
 Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,  
 When coming to that line, where Proserpine  
 Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis ;

Imagine this—  
 Uprose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,  
 Grunting this question for the club's digestion,  
 "Do *Dis's Waggon* go from the Ould Bääaley?"

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LITERARY REMINISCENCES.

TIME was, I sat upon a lofty stool,  
 At lofty desk, and with a clerkly pen  
 Began each morning, at the stroke of ten,  
 To write in Bell and Co's commercial school ;  
 In Warnford Court, a shady nook and cool,  
 The favourite retreat of merchant men ;  
 Yet would my quill turn vagrant even then,  
 And take stray dips in the Castalian pool.  
 Now double entry—now a flowery trope—  
 Mingling poetic honey with trade wax—  
 Blogg, Brothers—Milton—Grote and Prescott—Pope—  
 Bristles—and Hogg—Glyn Mills and Halifax—  
 Rogers—and Towgood—Hemp—the Bard of Hope—  
 Barilla—Byron—Tallow—Burns—and Flax !

---

THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,  
 His check was baked and brown,

For he had been in many climes  
With captains of renown,  
And fought with those who fought so well  
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,  
Of red with yellow faced,  
But (merman-like) he look'd marine  
All downward from the waist ;  
His trowsers were so wide and blue,  
And quite in sailor taste !

He put the rummer to his lips,  
And drank a jolly draught ;  
He raised the rummer many times—  
And ever as he quaff'd,  
The more he drank the more the ship  
Seem'd pitching fore and aft !

The ship seem'd pitching fore and aft,  
As in a heavy squall ;  
It gave a lurch and down he went,  
Head-foremost in his fall !  
Three times he did not rise, alas !  
He never rose at all !

But down he went, right down at once  
Like any stone he dived,  
He could not see, or hear, or feel—  
Of senses all deprived !  
At last he gave a look around  
To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,  
Sea-green on every hand !  
And then he tried to sound beneath,  
And all he felt was sand !  
There he was fain to lie, for he  
Could neither sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent  
A strange and staring lass ;

One hand was in her yellow hair,  
 The other held a glass ;  
 A mermaid she must surely be  
 If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was open'd wide,  
 Her eyes were blue and pale,  
 Her dress was of the ocean green,  
 When ruffled by a gale ;  
 Thought he "beneath that petticoat  
 She hides a salmon-tail !"

She look'd as siren ought to look,  
 A sharp and bitter shrew,  
 To sing deceiving lullabies  
 For mariners to rue,—  
 But when he saw her lips apart,  
 It chill'd him through and through !

With either hand he stopp'd his ears  
 Against her evil cry ;  
 Alas, alas, for all his care,  
 His doom it seem'd to die,  
 Her voice went ringing through his head  
 It was so sharp and high !

He thrust his fingers farther in  
 At each unwilling ear,  
 But still in very spite of all,  
 The words were plain and clear ;  
 "I can't stand here the whole day long,  
 To hold your glass of beer !"

With open'd mouth and open'd eyes,  
 Up rose the Sub-marine,  
 And gave a stare to find the sands  
 And deeps where he had been :  
 There was no siren with her glass  
 No waters ocean-green !

The wet deception from his eyes  
 Kept fading more and more,

He only saw the bar-maid stand  
 With pouting lip before—  
 The small green parlour of the Ship,  
 And little sanded floor.

---

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

“ I’D BE A PARODY.”

THOSE Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,  
 How many a tale their music tells,  
 Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,  
 And letters only just in time!—

The Muffin-boy has pass’d away,  
 That Postman gone—and I must pay,  
 For down below Deaf Mary dwells,  
 And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so ’t will be when she is gone,  
 The tuneful peal will still ring on,  
 And other maids with timely yells  
 Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

---

LINES TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

’Tis pleasant, when we’ve absent friends,  
 Sometimes to hob and knob ’em  
 With Memory’s glass—at such a pass  
 Remember me at Cobham!

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,  
 But if you sigh and sob ’em,  
 And cannot eat your home-grown meat,  
 Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock you’ll have a stock,  
 And death will oft unthrob ’em,—  
 A country chick is good to pick—  
 Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard trees of course you'll lease,  
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,  
A friend (you know) before a foe—  
Remember me at Cobham!

You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,  
And friends of course to mob 'em,  
Should you be short of such a sort,  
Remember me at Cobham!

---

THE LAMENT OF TOBY,

THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—POPE.

O HEAVY day! O day of woe!  
To misery a poster,  
Why was I ever farrow'd—why  
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,  
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,  
But must I give the classics up,  
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell  
And read, just like my betters,  
If I must come to this at last,  
To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?  
It baffles my discerning,  
What griskens, fry, and chitterlings  
Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,  
But public fame's unstable,  
So I must turn a pig again,  
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line  
My eyes get red and leaky;

## THE LAMENT OF TORY.

But Giblett doesn't want me *blue*,  
But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate  
My learning like a gard'ner;  
But Giblett only thinks of lard,  
And not of Doctor Lardner!

He does not care about my brain  
The value of two coppers,  
All that he thinks about my head  
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin  
A farewell must be taken,  
Good-bye to the poetic Hogg!  
The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,  
My intellect gets muddy;  
A trough I have, and not a desk,  
A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then  
My progress ends like Bunyan's;  
The seven sages that I loved  
Will be chopp'd up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine  
They'll souse me, like a salmon,  
My mathematics turn to brawn,  
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,  
Now I'm put up to fatten;  
My Greek, it will all go to grease;  
The Dogs will have my Latin!

Farewell to Oxford!—and to Bliss!  
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop,  
I now must be content with chats,  
Instead of learned gossip!



Farewell to "Town!" farewell to "Gown!"  
 I've quite outgrown the latter,—  
 Instead of Trencher-cap my head  
 Will soon be in a platter!

O why did I at Brazen-Nose  
 Rout up the roots of knowledge?  
 A butcher that can't read will kill  
 A pig that's been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself,  
 But conscience is a clasher;  
 A thing that would be rash in man,  
 In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask when I am dead,  
 And past the Stygian ditches—  
 And that is, let my schoolmaster  
 Have one of my two fitches:

'Twas he who taught my letters so  
 I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em,  
 Simply by *ringing* at the nose,  
 According to Bell's system.

---

MY SON AND HEIR.

I.

MY mother bids me bind my heir,  
 But not the trade where I should bind;  
 To place a boy—the how and where—  
 It is the plague of parent-kind!

II.

She does not hint the slightest plan,  
 Nor what indentures to endorse;  
 Whether to bind him to a man,—  
 Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

## III.

What line to choose of likely rise,  
 To something in the Stocks at last,—  
 “Fast bind, fast find,” the proverb cries  
 I find I cannot bind so fast !

## IV.

A Statesman James can never be ;  
 A Tailor ?—there I only learn  
 His chief concern is cloth, and he  
 Is always cutting his concern.

## V.

A Seedsman ?—I’d not have him so ;  
 A Grocer’s plum might disappoint ;  
 A Butcher ?—no, not that—although  
 I hear “the times are out of joint !”

## -VI.

Too many of all trades there be,  
 Like Pedlars, each has such a pack ;  
 A merchant selling coals ?—we see  
 The buyer send to cellar back.

## VII.

A Hardware dealer ?—that might please,  
 But if his trade’s foundation leans  
 On spikes and nails, he won’t have ease  
 When he retires upon his means.

## VIII.

A Soldier ?—there he has not nerves ;  
 A Sailor seldom lays up pelf :  
 A Baker ?—no, a baker serves  
 His customer before himself.

## IX.

Dresser of hair ?—that’s not the sort ;  
 A joiner jars with his desire—  
 A Churchman ?—James is very short,  
 And cannot to a church aspire.

## X.

A Lawyer?—that's a hardish term!  
 A Publisher might give him ease,  
 If he could into Longman's firm  
 Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

## XI.

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,  
 Such brittle Stock I can't advise;  
 A Builder running houses up,  
 Their gains are stories—maybe lies!

## XII.

A Coppersmith I can't endure—  
 Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;  
 A Publican? no father, sure,  
 Would be the author of his being!

## XIII.

A Paper-maker?—come he must  
 To rags before he sells a sheet—  
 A Miller?—all his toil is just  
 To make a meal—he does not eat.

## XIV.

A Currier?—that by favour goes—  
 A Chandler gives me great misgiving—  
 An Undertaker?—one of those  
 That do not hope to get their living!

## XV.

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;  
 An Auctioneer I never did—  
 The victim of a slavish lot,  
 Obligated to do as he is bid!

## XVI.

A Broker watching fall and rise  
 Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stone,—  
 A Printer?—there his toils comprise  
 Another's work beside his own.

## XVII.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jem  
 Have any taste or turn for that,—  
 A fish-retailer?—but with him,  
 One part of trade is always flat.

## XVIII.

A Painter?—long he would not live,—  
 An Artist's a precarious craft—  
 In trade Apothecaries give,  
 But very seldom take, a draught.

## XIX.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!  
 A Crispin he shall not be made—  
 A Grazier may be losing cash,  
 Although he drives a "roaring trade."

## XX.

Well, something must be done! to look  
 On all my little works around—  
 James is too big a boy, like book,  
 To leave upon the shelf unbound.

## XXI.

But what to do?—my temples ache  
 From evening's dew till morning's pearl,  
 What course to take my boy to make—  
 Oh could I make my boy—a girl!

## CLUBS,

TURNED UP BY A FEMALE HAND.

"Clubs! Clubs! part 'em! part 'em! Clubs! Clubs!"—ANCIENT CRIES OF LONDON.

OF all the modern schemes of Man,  
 That time has brought to bear,  
 A plague upon the wicked plan  
 That parts the wedded pair!

My female friends they all agree  
 They hardly know their hubs ;  
 And heart and voice unite with me,  
 " We hate the name of Clubs ! "

One selfish course the Wretches keep ;  
 They come at morning chimes,  
 To snatch a few short hours of sleep—  
 Rise—breakfast—read the Times—  
 Then take their hats, and post away,  
 Like Clerks or City scrubs,  
 And no one sees them all the day,—  
 They live, eat, drink, at Clubs !

On what they say, and what they do,  
 They close the Club-House gates ;  
 But one may guess a speech or two,  
 Though shut from their debates :  
 " The Cook's a *hasher*—nothing more—  
 The Children noisy grubs—  
 A Wife's a quiz, and home's a bore "—  
 Yes,—that's the style at Clubs !

With Rundle, Dr. K., or Glasse,  
 And such Domestic Books,  
 They once put up—but now, alas !  
 It's hey ! for foreign cooks !  
 " When *will* you dine at home, my Dove ? "  
 I say to Mister Stubbs,—  
 " When Cook can make an omelette, love,—  
 An omelette like the Clubs ! "

Time was, their hearts were only placed  
 On snug domestic schemes,  
 The book for two—united *tasté*,—  
 And such connubial dreams,—  
 Friends dropping in at close of day  
 To singles, doubles, rubs,—  
 A little music—then the tray—  
 And not a word of Clubs !

But former comforts they condemn ;  
 French kickshaws they discuss,  
 They take their wine, the wine takes them,  
 And then they favour us :—  
 From some offence they can't digest,  
 As cross as bears with cubs,  
 Or sleepy, dull, and queer, at best—  
 That's how they come from Clubs !

It's very fine to say "Subscribe  
 To Andrews'—can't you read?"  
 When Wives, the poor neglected tribe,  
 Complain how they proceed !  
 They'd better recommend at once  
 Philosophy and tubs,—  
 A woman need not be a dunce  
 To feel the wrong of Clubs.

A set of savage Goths and Picts,  
 Would seek us now and then—  
 They're pretty pattern-Benedicts  
 To guide our single men !  
 Indeed my daughters both declare  
 "Their Beaux shall not be subs.  
 To White's, or Black's, or anywhere, —  
 They've seen enough of Clubs !"

They say, "*without* the marriage ties,  
 They can devote their hours  
 To catechize or botanize—  
 Shells, Sunday Schools, and flow'rs—  
 Or teach a Pretty Poll new words,  
 Tend Covent-Garden shrubs,  
 Nurse dogs and chirp to little birds—  
 As Wives do since the Clubs."

Alas ! for those departed days  
 Of social wedded life,  
 When married folks had married ways,  
 And lived like Man and Wife !  
 Oh ! Wedlock then was pick'd by none—

As safe a lock as Chubb's !  
 But couples, that should be as one,  
 Are now the Two of Clubs !

Of all the modern schemes of man  
 That time has brought to bear,  
 A plague upon the wicked plan  
 That parts the wedded pair !  
 My female friends they all allow  
 They meet with slights, and snubs,  
 And say, " They have no husbands now, —  
 " They're married to their Clubs !"

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THE UNITED FAMILY.

" We stick at nine."—MRS. BATTLE.

" Thrice to thine  
 And thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again,  
 To make up nine."

—*The Weird Sisters in Macbeth.*

How oft in families intrudes  
 The demon of domestic feuds,  
 One liking this, one hating that,  
 Each snapping each, like dog and cat,  
 With divers bents and tastes perverse,  
 One's bliss, in fact, another's curse.  
 How seldom anything we see  
 Like our united family!

Miss Brown of chapels goes in search,  
 Her sister Susan likes the church;  
 One plays at cards, the other don't;  
 One will be gay, the other won't:  
 In pray'r and preaching one persists,  
 The other sneers at Methodists;  
 On Sundays ev'n they can't agree  
 Like our united family.

There's Mr. Bell, a Whig at heart,  
 His lady takes the Tories' part,

## THE UNITED FAMILY.

While William, junior, nothing loth,  
Spouts Radical against them both.  
One likes the News, one takes the Age,  
Another buys the unstamped page;  
They all say *I*, and never *we*,  
Like our united family.

Not so with us;—with equal zeal  
We all support Sir Robert Peel;  
Of Wellington our mouths are full,  
We dote on Sundays on John Bull,  
With Pa and Ma on selfsame side,  
*Our* house has never to divide—  
No opposition members be  
In our united family.

Miss Pope her “Light Guitar” enjoys,  
Her father “cannot bear the noise,”  
Her mother’s charm’d with all her songs,  
Her brother jangles with the tongs.  
Thus discord out of music springs,  
The most unnatural of things,  
Unlike the genuine harmony  
In our united family!

We *all* on vocal music dote;  
To each belongs a tuneful throat,  
And all prefer that Irish boon  
Of melody—“The Young May Moon”—  
By choice we all select the harp,  
Nor is the voice of one too sharp,  
Another flat—all in one key  
Is our united family.

Miss Powell likes to draw and paint,  
But then it would provoke a saint,  
Her brother takes her sheep for pigs,  
And says her trees are periwigs.  
Pa praises all, black, blue, or brown;  
And so does Ma—but upside down!  
They cannot with the same eye see,  
Like our united family.



Miss Patterson has been to France,  
 Her heart's delight is in a dance;  
 The thing her brother cannot bear,  
 So she must practise with a chair.  
 Then at a waltz her mother winks;  
 But Pa says roundly what he thinks,  
 All dos-à-dos, not vis-à-vis,  
 Like our united family.

We none of us that whirling love,  
 Which both our parents disapprove,  
 A hornpipe we delight in more,  
 Or graceful Minuet de la Cour—  
 A special favourite with Mamma,  
 Who used to dance it with Papa,  
 In this we still keep step, you see,  
 In our united family.

Then books—to hear the Cobbs' debates!  
 One worships Scott—another hates,  
 Monk Lewis Ann fights stoutly for,  
 And Jane likes “Bunyan's Holy War.”  
 The father on Macculloch pores,  
 The mother says *all* books are bores;  
 But blue serene as heav'n are we,  
 In our united family.

We never wrangle to exalt  
 Scott, Banim, Bulwer, Hope, or Galt,  
 We care not whetaer Smith or Hook,  
 So that a novel be the book,  
 And in one point we all are fast,  
 Of novels we prefer the last,—  
 In that the very heads agree  
 Of our united family!

To turn to graver matters still,  
 How much we see of sad self-will!  
 Miss Scrope, with brilliant views in life,  
 Would be a poor lieutenant's wife.  
 A lawyer has her Pa's good word,

*THE UNITED FAMILY.*

Her Ma has looked her out a Lord.  
 What would they not all give to be  
 Like our united family!

By one congenial taste allied,  
 Our dreams of bliss all coincide,  
 We're all for solitudes and cots,  
 And love, if we may choose our lots.  
 As partner in the rural plan  
 Each paints the same dear sort of man ;  
 One heart alone there seems to be  
 In our united family.

One heart, one hope, one wish, one mind,—  
 One voice, one choice, all of a kind,—  
 And can there be a greater bliss—  
 A little heav'n on earth—than this?  
 The truth to whisper in your ear,  
 It must be told!—we are not near  
 The happiness that ought to be  
 In our united family!

Alas! 'tis our congenial taste  
 That lays our little pleasures waste—  
 We all delight, no doubt, to sing,  
 We all delight to touch the string,  
 But where's the heart that nine may touch?  
 And nine "May Moons" are eight too much—  
 Just fancy nine, all in one key,  
 Of our united family!

The play—Oh how we love a play,  
 But half the bliss is shorn away ;  
 On winter nights we venture nigh,  
 But think of houses in July !  
 Nine crowded in a private box,  
 Is apt to pick the stiffest locks—  
 Our curls would all fall out, though we  
 Are one united family !

In art the self-same line we walk,  
 We all are fond of heads in chalk,  
 We one and all our talent strain  
 Adelphi prizes to obtain ;  
 Nine turban'd Turks are duly sent,  
 But can the royal Duke present  
 Nine silver palettes—no, not he—  
 To our united family.

Our eating shows the very thing,  
 We all prefer the liver-wing,  
 Asparagus when scarce and thin,  
 And peas directly they come in,  
 The marrow-bone—if there be one—  
 The ears of hare when crisply done,  
 The rabbit's brain—we all agree  
 In our united family.

In dress the same result is seen,  
 We all so doat on apple-green ;  
 But nine in green would seem a school  
 Of charity to quizzing fool—  
 We cannot all indulge our will  
 With "that sweet silk on Ludgate Hill,"  
 No *remnant* can sufficient be  
 For our united family.

In reading hard is still our fate,  
 One cannot read o'erlooked by eight,  
 And nine "Disowned"—nine "Pioneers,"  
 Nine "Chaperons," nine "Buccaneers,"  
 Nine "Maxwells," nine "Tremaines," and such,  
 Would dip into our means too much—  
 Three months are spent o'er volumes three,  
 In our united family.

Unhappy Muses ! if the Nine  
 Above in doom with us combine,—  
 In vain we breathe the tender flame,  
 Our sentiments are all the same,

And nine complaints address'd to Hope  
 Exceed the editorial scope,  
 One in, and eight *put out*, must be  
 Of our united family !

But this is nought—of deadlier kind,  
 A ninefold woe remains behind.  
 O why were we so art and part ?  
 So like in taste, so one in heart ?  
 Nine cottages may be to let,  
 But here's the thought to make us fret,  
 We cannot each add Frederick B.  
 To our united family.

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POETRY, PROSE, AND WORSE.

“Esaad Kiuprili solicited in verse permission to resign the government of Candia. The Grand Vizier, Hafiz Pasha, addressed a *Ghazel* to the Sultan to urge the necessity of greater activity in military preparations ; and Murad, himself a poet, answered likewise in rhyme. Ghazi Gherai clothed in *Ghazels* his official complaint to the Sultan's preceptor. The Grand Vizier, Mustafa Pasha Bahir, made his reports to the Sultan in verse.”—*Vide VON HAMMER on Ottoman Literature in the Athenaeum for Nov. 14, 1835.*

O TURKEY ! how mild are thy manners,  
 Whose greatest and highest of men  
 Are all proud to be rhymers and scanners,  
 And wield the poetical pen !

The Sultan rejects—he refuses—  
 Gives orders to bowstring his man ;  
 But he still will coquet with the Muses,  
 And make it a song if he can.

The victim cut shorter for treason,  
 Though conscious himself of no crime,  
 Must submit and believe there is reason  
 Whose sentence is turned into rhyme !

He bows to the metrical firman,  
 As dulcet as song of the South,  
 And his head, like self-satisfied German,  
 Rolls off with its pipe in its mouth.

A tax would the Lord of the Crescent?  
He levies it still in a lay,  
And is p'rhaps the sole Bard at this present  
Whose Poems are certain to pay.

State edicts unpleasant to swallow  
He soothes with the charms of the Muse,  
And begs rays of his brother Apollo  
To gild bitter pills for the Jews.

When Jealousy sets him in motion  
The fair one on whom he looks black,  
He sews up with a sonnet to Ocean,  
And sends her to drown in her sack.

His gifts, they are posies latent  
With sequins roll'd up in a purse,  
And in making Bashaws, by the patent  
Their tails are all "done into verse."

He sprinkles with lilies and roses  
The path of each politic plan,  
And with eyes of Gazelles discomposes  
The beards of the solemn Divan.

The Czar he defies in a sonnet,  
And then a fit nag to endorse  
With his Pegasus, jingling upon it,  
Reviews all his Mussulman horse.

He sends a short verse, ere he slumbers,  
Express unto Meer Ali Beg,  
Who returns in poetical numbers  
The thousands that die of the plague.

He writes to the Bey of a city  
In tropes of heroical sound,  
And is told in a pastoral ditty  
The place is burnt down to the ground.

He sends a stern summons, but flow'ry,  
To Melex Pasha, for some wrong,

Who describes the dark eyes of his houri,  
And throws off his yoke with a song.

His Vizier presents him a trophy,  
Still, Mars to Calliope weds—  
With an amorous hymn to St. Sophy  
A hundred of pickled Greek heads.

Each skull with a turban upon it  
By royal example is led :  
Even Mesrour the Mute has a Sonnet  
To Silence composed in his head.

Ev'n Hassan while plying his hammer  
To punish short weight to the poor,  
With a stanza attempts to enamour  
The ear that he nails to a door.

O ! would that we copied from Turkey  
In this little Isle of our own,  
Where the times are so muddy and murky,  
We want a poetical tone !

Suppose that the Throne in addresses—  
For verse there is plenty of scope—  
In alluding to native distresses,  
Just quoted the "Pleasures of Hope."

Methinks 'twould enliven and chirp us,  
So dreary and dull is the time,  
Just to keep a State Poet on purpose  
To put the King's speeches in rhyme.

When bringing new measures before us,  
As bills for the Sabbath or poor  
Let both Houses just chaunt them in chorus,  
And p'rhaps they would get an encore.

No stanzas invite to pay taxes  
In notes like the notes of the south,  
But we're dunn'd by a fellow what axes  
With prose and a pen in his mouth.

Suppose—as no payers are eager—  
 Hard times and a struggle to live—  
 That he sung at our doors like a beggar  
 For what one thought p o per to give ?

Our law is of all things the dryest  
 That earth in its compass can show !  
 Of poetical efforts its highest  
 The rhyming its Doe with its Roe.

No documents tender and silky  
 Are writ such as poets would pen,  
 When a beadle is sent after Wilkie,\*  
 Or bailiffs to very shy men.

The warrants that put in distresses  
 When rates have been owing too long,  
 Should appear in poetical dresses,  
 Ere goods be sold off for a song.

Suppose that—Law making its choices  
 Of Bishop, Hawes, Rodwell, or Cooke,—  
 They were all set as glees for four voices,  
 To sing all offenders to book ?

Our crinninals code's as untender,  
 All prose in its legal despatch,  
 And no constables seize an offender  
 While pleasantly singing a *catch*.

They haul him along like a heifer,  
 And tell him “ My covey, you'll swing ! ”  
 Not a hint that the wanton young zephyr  
 Will fan his shoe-soles with her wing.

The trial has nothing that's rosy  
 To soften the prisoner's pap,  
 And Judge Park appears dreadfully prosy  
 Whilst dooming tō death in his cap.

\* Vide the advertisement of “The Parish Beadle after Wilkie,” issued by Moon & Co,

Would culprits go into hystericſ,  
 Their spirits more likely elope,  
 If the jury consulted in lyrics,  
 The judge made a line of the rope ?

When men must be hung for a warning,  
 How sweet if the law would' incline  
 In the place of the "Eight in the morning,"  
 To let them indulge in the nine !

How pleasant if ask'd upon juries  
 By Muses, thus mild as the doves,  
 In the place of the Fates and the Furies  
 That call us from home and our loves !

Our warfare is deadly and horrid,  
 Its bald bulletins are in prose,  
 And with gore made revoltingly florid,  
 Nor tinted with couleur de rose.

How pleasant in army despatches  
 In reading of red battle-plains,  
 To alight on some pastoral snatches,  
 To sweeten the blood and the brains !

How sweet to be drawn for the locals  
 By songs setting valour a-gog !  
 Or be press'd to turn tar by sea-vocals  
 Inviting—with "Nothing like Grog !"

To tenants but shortish at present,  
 When Michaelmas comes with its day,  
 O ! a landlord's effusion were pleasant  
 That talk'd of the flowers in May !

How sweet if the bill that rehearses  
 The debt we've incurr'd in the year,  
 But enrich'd, as a copy of verses,  
 The gem, or a new souvenir !

O ! would that we copied from Turkey  
 In this little Isle of our own !  
 For the times are so moody and murky,  
 We want a poetical tone !



## THE DEAD ROBBERY.

“Here's that will sack a city.”—HENRY THE IV<sup>TH</sup>.

OF all the causes that induce mankind  
 To strike against themselves a mortal docket,  
 Two eminent above the rest we find—  
 To be in love, or to be out of pocket :  
 Both have made many melancholy martyrs,  
 But p'rhaps, of all the felonies de se,  
 By ponds, and pistols, razors, ropes, and garters,  
 Two-thirds have been through want of *£. s. d.!*  
 Thus happen'd it with Peter Bunce ;  
 Both in the *dumps* and out of them at once,  
 From always drawing blanks in Fortune's lottery,  
 At last, impatient of the light of day,  
 He made his mind up to return his clay  
 Back to the pottery.

Feigning a raging tooth that drove him mad,  
 From twenty divers druggists' shops  
 He begg'd enough of laudanum by drops  
 T' effect the fatal purpose that he had ;  
 He drank them, died, and while old Charon ferried him,  
 The Coroner convened a dozen men,  
 Who found his death was *phial*-ent—and then  
 The Parish buried him !  
 Unwatch'd, unwept,  
 As commonly a Pauper sleeps, he slept ;  
 There could not be a better opportunity  
 For bodies to steal a body so ill kept,  
 With all impunity.  
 In fact, when Night o'er human vice and folly  
 Had drawn her very necessary curtains,  
 Down came a fellow with a sack and spade,  
 Accustom'd many years to drive a trade,  
 With that Anatomy more Melancholy  
 Than Burton's !

The Watchman in his box was dozing ;  
 The Sexton drinking at the Cheshire Cheese ;  
 No fear of any creature interposing,

The human Jackal work'd away at ease :  
 He toss'd the mould to left and right,  
 The shabby coffin came in sight,  
 And soon it open'd to his double-knocks,—  
 When lo ! the stiff'un that he thought to meet  
 Starts sudden up, like Jacky-in-a-box,  
 Upon his seat !  
 Awaken'd from his trance,  
 For so the laudanum had wrought by chance,  
 Bunce stares up at the moon, next looking level,  
 He spies a shady Figure, tall and bony,  
 Then shudders out these words "Are—you—the—Devil ?"  
 "The Devil a bit of him," says Mike Mahoney,  
 "I'm only com'd here, hoping no affront,  
 To pick up honestly a little blunt—"  
 "Blunt !" echoes Bunce, with a hoarse croak of laughter,—  
 "Why, man, I turn'd life's candle in the socket,  
 Without a rap in either pocket,  
 For want of that same blunt you're looking after !"  
 "That's true," says Mike, "and many a pretty man  
 Has cut his stick upon your very plan,  
 Not worth a copper, him and all his trumps,  
 And yet he's fetch'd a dacent lot of stuff,  
 Provided he was sound and fresh enough,  
 And dead as dumps."  
 "I take," quoth Bunce, with a hard wink, "the fact is,  
 You mean a subject for a surgeon's practice,—  
 I hope the question is not out of reason,  
 But just suppose a lot of flesh and bone,  
 For instance, like my own,  
 What might it chance to fetch now, at this season ?"  
 "Fetch, is it ?" answers Mike, "why prices differ,—  
 But taking this same small bad job of ours,  
 I reckon, by the pow'rs !  
 I've lost ten pound by your not being stiffer !"  
 "Ten pounds !" Bunce echoes in a sort of flurry,  
 "Odd zounds !  
 Ten pounds,  
 How sweet it sounds,  
 Ten pounds !"

And on his feet upspringing in a hurry—  
 It seem'd the operation of a minute—  
     A little scuffle—then a whack—  
 And then he took the Body Snatcher's sack  
     And poked him in it  
     Such is this life !

A very pantomime for tricks and strife !  
 See Bunce, so lately in Death's passive stock,  
 Invested, now as active as a griffin,  
 Walking—no ghost—in velveteens and smock,  
     To sell a stiff'un !

A flash of red, then one of blue,  
 At last, like lighthouse, came in view ;  
 Bunce rang the nightbell ; wiped his highlows muddy ;  
     His errand told ; the sack produced ;  
 And by a sleepy boy was introduced  
 To Dr. Oddy, writing in his study  
 The bargain did not take long time to settle,

    " Ten pounds,  
     Odd zounds !

    How well it sounds,  
     Ten pounds,"

Chink'd into Bunce's palm in solid metal.

    With joy half-crazed,

It seem'd some trick of sense, some airy gammon,  
     He gazed and gazed,

At last, possess'd with the old lust of Mammon,  
 Thought he, " With what a very little trouble,  
 This little capital I now might double——"

Another scuffle of its usual brevity,—  
 And Doctor Oddy, in his suit of black,  
     Was finishing, within the sack,  
     His " Thoughts upon Longevity !"

The trick was done. Without a doubt,  
 The sleepy boy let Bunce and burthen out ;  
 Who coming to a lone convenient place,  
 The body stripp'd ; hid all the clothes ; and then,  
 Still favoured by the luck of evil men,  
 Found a new customer in Dr. Case

All more minute particulars to smother,  
 Let it suffice,  
 Nine guineas was the price  
 For which one doctor bought the other ;  
 As once I heard a Preacher say in Guinea,  
 " You see how one black sin bring on anudder,  
 Like little nigger pickaninny,  
 A-riding pick-a-back upon him mudder !"  
 " Humph !" said the Doctor, with a smile sarcastic,  
 Seeming to trace  
 Some likeness in the face,  
 " So death at last has taken old Bombastic !"  
 But in the very middle of his joking,—  
 The *subject*, still unconscious of the scoff—  
 Seized all at once with a bad fit of choking,  
 He too was *taken off* !  
 Leaving a fragment " On the Hooping Cough."

Satan still sending luck,  
 Another body found another buyer :  
 For ten pounds ten the bargain next was struck,  
 Dead doctors going higher.  
 " Here," said the purchaser, with smile quite pleasant,  
 Taking a glimpse at his departed brother,  
 " Here's half a guinea in the way of present—  
 Subjects are scarce, and when you get another,  
 Let *me* be first."—Bunce took him at his word,  
 And suddenly his old atrocious trick did,  
 Sacking M.D. the third,  
 Ere he could furnish " Hints to the Afflicted."

Flush'd with success,  
 Beyond all hope or guess,  
 His new dead robbery upon his back,  
 Bunce plotted—such high flights ambition takes,—  
 To treat the Faculty like ducks and drakes,  
 And sell them all ere they could utter " Quack !"  
 But fate opposed. According to the schools,  
 When men become insufferably bad,  
 The gods confer to drive them mad ;  
 March hairs upon the heads of April fools !

Tempted by the old demon avaricious,  
 Bunce traded on too far into the morning ;  
 Till nods, and winks, and looks, and signs suspicious,  
     Ev'n words malicious,  
 Forced on him rather an unpleasant warning.  
 Glad was he to perceive, beside a wicket,  
 A porter, ornamented with a ticket,  
 Who did not seem to be at all too busy—  
     “ Here, my good man,  
     Just show me, if you can,  
 A doctor's—if you want to earn a tizzy ! ”

Away the porter marches,  
 And with grave face, obsequious precedes him,  
 Down crooked lanes, round corners, under arches ;  
 At last, up an old-fashion'd staircase leads him,  
 Almost impervious to the morning ray,  
 Then shows a door—“ There, that's a doctor's reckon'd,  
 A rare Top-Sawyer, let who will come second—  
     Good day.”

“ I'm right,” thought Bunce, “ as any trivet ;  
 Another venture—and then up I give it ! ”  
 He rings—the door, just like a fairy portal,  
 Opens untouch'd by mortal—  
 He gropes his way into a dingy room,  
 And hears a voice come growling through the gloom,  
 “ Well—eh?—Who? What?—Speak out at once ! ”

“ I will,” says Bunce.

“ I've got a sort of article to sell ;  
 Medical gemmen knows me very well—”  
 But think Imagination how it shock'd her  
 To hear the voice roar out, “ Death ! Devil ! d—n ! ”

Confound the vagabond, he thinks I am

A rhubarb-and-magnesia Doctor ! ”

“ No Doctor ! ” exclaim'd Bunce, and dropp'd his jaw,  
 But louder still the voice began to bellow,  
 “ Yes,—yes,—odd zounds !—I *am* a Doctor, fellow,  
     At law ! ”

The word sufficed.—Of things Bunce feared the most  
 (Next to a ghost)

Was law,—or any of the legal corps,—  
 He dropp'd at once his load of flesh and bone,  
 And, caring for no body, save his own,  
 Bolted,—and lived securely till fourscore,  
 From never troubling Doctors any more !

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 HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS.

## I.

O KATE ! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife  
 When I look back at Hymen's dear day,  
 Not a lovelier bride ever changed to a wife,  
 Though you're now so old, wizen'd, and gray !

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate !  
 But as liquid as stars in a pool ;  
 Though now they're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,  
 Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool !

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair ;  
 Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,  
 As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,  
 Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough !

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,  
 When a Venus demanded their skill ;  
 Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,  
 But a sort of Poll-Parrotty bill !

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,  
 Such a nectar there hung on each lip ;  
 Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,  
 Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip !

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts  
 From its dimple he could not get loose ;  
 Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,  
 Or a singe, like the breast of a goose !

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,  
 With their ringlets of auburn so deep !  
 Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,  
 By a bramble torn off from a sheep !

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,  
 While in whiteness it vied with your arms ;  
 Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,  
 To conceal the scrag-end of your charms !

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,  
 Though it now has two twists from upright—  
 But bless you ! still bless you ! my Partner ! my Kate !  
 Though you be such a perfect old fright !

## II.

The sun was slumbering in the West,  
 My daily labours past ;  
 On Anna's soft and gentle breast  
 My head reclined at last ;—  
 The darkness closed around so dear  
 To fond congenial souls,  
 And thus she murmur'd at my ear,  
 " My love, we're out of coals !"—

" That Mister Bond has call'd again,  
 Insisting on his rent ;  
 And all the Todds are coming up  
 To see us out of Kent ;—  
 I quite forgot to tell you John  
 Has had a tipsy fall ;—  
 I'm sure there's something going on  
 With that vile Mary Hall !"

" Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,  
 And I have bought the rest—  
 Of course, if we go out of town,  
 Southend will be the best,—  
 I really think the Jones's house  
 Would be the thing for us ;—

I think I told you, Mrs. Pope  
Has parted with her *mus*——”

“Cook, by the way, came up to-day  
To bid me suit myself—  
And what d’ye think? the rats have gnawed  
The victuals on the shelf.—

And Lord! there’s such a letter come,  
Inviting you to fight!  
Of course you don’t intend to go—  
God bless you, dear, good-night!”

---

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND  
FIVE MONTHS.

THOU happy, happy elf!  
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—  
Thou tiny image of myself!  
(My love, he’s poking peas into his ear!)  
Thou merry, laughing sprite!  
With spirits feather-light,  
Untouch’d by sorrow, and unsoil’d by sin—  
(Good heavn’s! the child is swallowing a pin!)  
Thou little tricky Puck!  
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,  
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—  
(The door! the door! he’ll tumble down the stair!)  
Thou darling of thy sire!  
(Why, Jane! he’ll set his pinafore a-fire!)  
Thou imp of mirth and joy!  
In Love’s dear chain so strong and bright a link,  
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!  
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;  
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,  
In harmless sport and mirth,  
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)



Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey  
 From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,  
 Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,  
 (Another tumble !—that's his precious nose !)

Thy father's pride and hope !  
 (He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope !)  
 With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—  
 (Where *did* he learn that squint ?)

Thou young domestic dove !  
 (He'll have that jug off, with another shove !)  
 Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest !  
 (Are those torn clothes his best ?)  
 Little epitome of man !

(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan !)  
 Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life—  
 (He's got a knife !)

Thou enviable being !  
 No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,  
 Play on, play on,  
 My elfin John !  
 Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—  
 (I knew so many cakes would make him sick !)  
 With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,  
 Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,  
 With many a lamb-like frisk,  
 (He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown !)

Thou pretty opening rose !  
 (Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose !)  
 Balmy and breathing music like the South,  
 (He really brings my heart into my mouth !)  
 Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—  
 (I wish that window had an iron bar !)  
 Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,  
 (I tell you what, my love,  
 I cannot write unless he's sent above !)

## A SERENADE.

“LULLABY, oh, lullaby !”  
 Thus I heard a father cry,  
 “Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 The brat will never shut an eye ;  
 Hither come, some power divine !  
 Close his lids or open mine !”

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !”  
 What the devil makes him cry ?  
 “Lullaby, oh, lullaby !”  
 Still he stares—I wonder why ?  
 Why are not the sons of earth  
 Blind, like puppies, from the birth ?

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !”  
 Thus I heard the father cry ;  
 “Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 Mary, you must come and try !—  
 Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—  
 The more I sing, the more you wake !

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 Fie, you little creature, fie ;  
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 Is no poppy-syrup nigh ?  
 Give him some, or give him all,  
 I am nodding to his fall !”

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 Two such nights, and I shall die !  
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—  
 How can I from bedposts keep,  
 When I'm walking in my sleep ?”

“Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 Sleep his very looks deny—  
 Lullaby, oh, lullaby !  
 Nature soon will stupify—  
 My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—  
 Who's that fallen—me or him ?”

## AN INCENDIARY SONG.

COME, all conflagrating fellows,  
 Let us have a glorious rig :  
 Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows !  
 Burn me, but I'll burn my wig !

Christmas time is all before us :  
 Burn all puddings, north and south.  
 Burn the Turkey—Burn the Devil !  
 Burn snap-dragon ! burn your mouth !

Burn the coals ! they're up at sixty !  
 Burn Burn's Justice—burn Old Coke.  
 Burn the chestnuts ! Burn the shovel !  
 Burn a fire, and burn the smoke !

Burn burnt almonds. Burn burnt brandy.  
 Let all burnings have a turn.  
 Burn Chabert, the Salamander,—  
 Burn the man that wouldn't burn

Burn the old year out, don't ring it ;  
 Burn the one that must begin.  
 Burn Lang Syne ; and, whilst you're burning,  
 Burn the burn he paidled in.

Burn the boxing ! Burn the Beadle !  
 Burn the baker ! Burn his man !  
 Burn the butcher—Burn the dustman,  
 Burn the sweeper, if you can !

Burn the Postman ! burn the postage,  
 Burn the knocker—burn the bell !  
 Burn the folks that come for money !  
 Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.

Burn the Parish ! Burn the rating !  
 Burn all taxes in a mass.  
 Burn the Paving ! Burn the lightning !  
 Burn the burners ! Burn the gas !

Burn all candles, white or yellow—  
 Burn for war, and not for peace ;  
 Burn the Czar of all the Tallow !  
 Burn the King of all the Greece !

Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield.  
 Burn Tea-Total hum and bug.  
 Burn his kettle, burn his water,  
 Burn his muffin, burn his mug !

Burn the breeks of meddling vicars,  
 Picking holes in Anna's Urns !  
 Burn all Steers's Opodeldoc,  
 Just for being good for burns.

Burn all Swindlers ! Burn Asphaltum !  
 Burn the money-lenders down—  
 Burn all schemes that burn one's fingers !  
 Burn the Cheapest House in town !

Burn all bores and boring topics ;  
 Burn Brunel--aye, in his hole !  
 Burn all *subjects* that are Irish !  
 Burn the niggers black as coal !

Burn all Boz's imitators !  
 Burn all tales without a head !  
 Burn a candle near the curtain !  
 Burn your Burns, and burn your bed !

Burn all wrongs that won't be righted,  
 Poor poor Soup, and Spanish claims—  
 Burn that Bell, and burn his Vixen !  
 Burn all sorts of burning shames !

Burn the Whigs ! and burn the Tories !  
 Burn all parties, great and small !  
 Burn that everlasting Poynder—  
 Burn his Suttees once for all !

Burn the fop that burns tobacco.  
 Burn a Critic that condemns.—

Burn Lucifer and all his matches !  
 Burn the fool that burns the Thames !

Burn all burning agitators—  
 Burn all torch-parading elves !  
 And oh ! burn Parson Stephen's speeches,  
 If they haven't burnt themselves.

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 COPY.

## A NEW SPECIES OF POETRY.

IF I were used to writing verse,  
 And had a Muse not so perverse,  
 But prompt at Fancy's call to spring  
 And Carol like a bird in Spring ;  
 Or like a Bee, in summer time,  
 That hums about a bed of thyme,  
 And gathers honey and delights  
 From ev'ry blossom where it 'lights ;  
 If I, alas ! had such a Muse,  
 To touch the Reader or amuse,  
 And breathe the true poetic vein,  
 This page should not be fill'd in vain !  
 But ah ! the power was never mine  
 To dig for gems in Fancy's mine :  
 Or wander over land and main  
 To seek the Fairies' old domain—  
 To watch Apollo while he climbs  
 His throne in oriental climes ;  
 Or mark the "gradual dusky veil"  
 Drawn over Tempé's tuneful vale,  
 In classic lays remembered long—  
 Such flights to bolder wings belong ;  
 To Bards who on that glorious height,  
 Of sun and song, Parnassus hight,  
 Partake the fire divine that burns,  
 In Milton, Pope, and Scottish Burns, }  
 Who sang his native braes and burns. }

For me a novice strange and new,

Who ne'er such inspiration knew,  
 But weave a verse with travail sore,  
 Ordain'd to creep and not to soar,  
 A few poor lines alone I write,  
 Fulfilling thus a friendly rite,  
 Not meant to meet the Critic's eye,  
 For oh ! to hope from such as I,  
 For anything that's fit to read,  
 Were trusting to a broken reed !

1st of April, 1840.

E. M. G.

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SKIPPING. A MYSTERY.

LITTLE Children skip,  
 The rope so gaily gripping,  
 Tom and Harry,  
 Jane and Mary,  
 Kate, Diana,  
 Susan, Anna,  
 All are fond of skipping !

The Grasshoppers all skip,  
 The early dew-drop sipping,  
 Under, over,  
 Bent and clover,  
 Daisy, sorrel,  
 Without quarrel,  
 All are fond of skipping !

The tiny Fairies skip,  
 At midnight softly tripping ;  
 Puck and Peri,  
 Never weary,  
 With an antic,  
 Quite romantic,  
 All are fond of skipping !

The little Boats they skip,  
 Beside the heavy Shipping,  
 While the squalling

Winds are calling,  
Falling, rising,  
Rising, falling,  
All are fond of skipping !

The pale Diana skips,  
The silver billows tipping,  
With a dancing  
Lustre glancing  
To the motion  
Of the ocean—  
All are fond of skipping !

The little Flounders skip,  
When they feel the dripping ;  
Scorching, frying,  
Jumping, trying  
If there is not  
Any shying,  
All are fond of skipping !

The very Dogs they skip,  
While threatened with a whipping,  
Wheeling, prancing,  
Learning dancing,  
To a measure,  
What a pleasure !  
All are fond of skipping !

The little Fleas they skip,  
And nightly come a nipping,  
Lord and Lady,  
Jude and Thady,  
In the night  
So dark and shady—  
All are fond of skipping !

The Autumn Leaves they skip ;  
When blasts the trees are stripping ;  
Bounding, whirling,  
Sweeping, twirling,

## A BUTCHER.

And in wanton  
Mazes curling,  
All are fond of skipping !

The Apparitions skip,  
Some mortal grievance ripping,  
Thorough many  
A crack and cranny,  
And the keyhole  
Good as any—  
Are all fond of skipping !

But oh ! how Readers skip,  
In heavy volumes dipping !  
\* \* \* \* \* and \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* and \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* and \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
All are fond of skipping !

## A BUTCHER.

WHOE'ER has gone thro' London Street,  
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,  
And how he keeps  
Gloating upon a sheep's  
Or bullock's personals, as if his own ;  
How he admires his halves,  
And quarters—and his calves,  
As if in truth upon his own legs grown ;—  
*His fat ! his suet !*  
*His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it !*  
*His thick flank !*  
And *his thin !*  
*His shank !*  
*His shin !*  
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone !

With what an air  
He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare



Gazing—and will not let a body by,  
 Tho' buy ! buy ! buy ! be constantly his cry ;  
 Meanwhile his arms a-kimbo, and a pair  
 Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare  
 At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,  
     Howbeit without a *Co.*  
 The dotage of self-love was never fonder  
 Than he of his brute bodies all a-row.

Narcissus in the wave did never ponder,  
     With love so strong,  
     On his "portrait charmant,"  
 As our vain butcher on his carcass yonder.  
     Look at his sleek round skull !  
 How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is !  
     His visage seems to be  
     Ripe for beef-tea ;  
 Of brutal juices the whole man is full—  
 In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,  
 The Butcher is already half a Bull.

---

SUGGESTED BY A BUNCH OF ENGLISH GRAPES.

WE did not wear a leafy crown,  
 And darkly glance to darker glance,  
 Under the green leaf and the brown,  
 Wooing the eyes of maids of France,  
 With very bloomy down :  
 We stain'd not hands with purple blood  
 In golden Arno's pleasant vale,  
 Where the proud Brothers quench'd the stain,  
 And saw two murderers in the flood  
 With faces guilty-pale :  
 Nor on the sunny hills of Spain  
 We used to drink the sun and twine  
 Long amorous tendrils to entrap  
 The careless finger of maid to linger  
 And pluck us from the trembling vine  
 To brim her dimpled lap.

## THE WATER LADY.

ALAS, the moon should ever beam  
 To show what man should never see!—  
 I saw a maiden on a stream,  
 And fair was she!

I staid awhile, to see her throw  
 Her tresses back, that all beset  
 The fair horizon of her brow  
 With clouds of jet.

I staid a little while to view  
 Her cheek, that wore in place of red  
 The bloom of water, tender blue,<sup>1</sup>  
 Daintily spread.

I staid to watch, a little space,  
 Her parted lips if she would sing;  
 The waters closed above her face  
 With many a ring.

And still I staid a little more,  
 Alas! she never comes again!  
 I throw my flowers from the shore,  
 And watch in vain.

I know my life will fade away,  
 I know that I must vainly pine,  
 For I am made of mortal clay,  
 But she's divine!

---

 AUTUMN.

THE Autumn skies are flushed with gold,  
 And fair and bright the rivers run;  
 These are but streams of winter cold,  
 And painted mists that quench the sun.

<sup>1</sup> In a little water-colour sketch by Severn, given to Mrs. Hood by Keats, the nymph's complexion was of a pale blue.

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,  
 In secret boughs no bird can shroud ;  
 These are but leaves that take to wing,  
 And wintry winds that pipe so loud.

'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms  
 That on the cheerless valleys fall,  
 The flowers are in their grassy tombs,  
 And tears of dew are on them all.

---

 THE EXILE.

THE swallow with summer  
 Will wing o'er the seas,  
 The wind that I sigh to  
 Will visit thy trees.  
 The ship that it hastens  
 Thy ports will contain,  
 But me !—I must never  
 See England again !

There's many that weep there,  
 But one weeps alone,  
 For the tears that are falling  
 So far from her own ;  
 So far from thy own, love,  
 We know not our pain ;  
 If death is between us,  
 Or only the main.

When the white cloud reclines  
 On the verge of the sea,  
 I fancy the white cliffs,  
 And dream upon thee ;  
 But the cloud spreads its wings  
 To the blue heaven and flies.  
 We never shall meet, love,  
 Except in the skies !

## A PUBLIC DINNER.

"Sit down and fall to, said the Barmecide."—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

AT seven you just nick it,  
 Give card—get wine ticket ;  
 Walk round through the Babel,  
 From table to table,  
 To find—a hard matter—  
 Your name in a platter ;  
 Your wish was to sit by  
 Your friend Mr. Whitby,  
 But Steward's assistance  
 Has placed you at distance,  
 And, thanks to arrangers,  
 You sit among strangers ;  
 But too late for mending ;  
 Twelve sticks come attending  
 A stick of a Chairman,  
 A little dark spare man,  
 With bald shining nob,  
 'Mid Committee swell-mob ;  
 In short, a short figure,  
 You thought the Duke bigger ;  
 Then silence is wanted,  
*Non Nobis* is chanted ;  
 Then Chairman reads letter,  
 The Duke's a regretter,  
 A promise to break it,  
 But chair he can't take it ;  
 Is grieved to be from us,  
 But sends friend Sir Thomas,  
 And what is far better,  
 A cheque in the letter.  
 Hear ! hear ! and a clatter,  
 And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,  
 And C—— brings a dish in ;  
 Then rages the battle,  
 Knives clatter, forks rattle,

Steel forks with black handles,  
Under fifty wax candles ;  
Your soup-plate is soon full,  
You sip just a spoonful.  
Mr. Roe will be grateful  
To send him a plateful ;  
And then comes the waiter,  
“ Must trouble for tater ;”  
And then you drink wine off  
With somebody—nine off ;  
Bucellas made handy,  
With Cape and bad Brandy,  
Or East India Sherry,  
That’s very hot—very.  
You help Mr. Myrtle,  
Then find your mock-turtle  
Went off, while you lingered,  
With waiter light-fingered.  
To make up for gammon,  
You order some salmon,  
Which comes to your fauces  
With boats without sauces.  
You then make a cut on  
Some Lamb big as Mutton ;  
And ask for some grass too,  
But that you must pass too ;  
It served the first twenty,  
But toast there is plenty.  
Then, while lamb gets coldish,  
A goose that is oldish—  
At carving not clever—  
You’re begged to dissever,  
And when you thus treat it,  
Find no one will eat it.  
So, hungry as glutton,  
You turn to your mntton,  
But—no sight for laughter—  
The soup it’s gone after.  
Mr. Green then is very  
Disposed to take Sherry,  
And then Mr. Nappy

Will feel very happy ;  
 And then Mr. Conner  
 Requests the same honour ;  
 Mr. Ciarke, when at leisure,  
 Will really feel pleasure ;  
 Then waiter leans over  
 To take off a cover  
 From fowls which all beg of,  
 A wing or a leg of ;  
 And while they all peck bone,  
 You take to a neck bone,  
 But even your hunger  
 Declares for a younger.  
 A fresh plate you call for,  
 But vainly you bawl for :  
 Now taste disapproves it,  
 No waiter removes it.  
 Still hope, newly budding,  
 Relies on a pudding ;  
 But critics each minute  
 Set fancy agin it—  
 “That’s queer Vermicelli.”  
 “I say, Vizetelly,  
 There’s glue in that jelly.”  
 “Tarts bad altogether ;  
 That crust’s made of leather.”  
 “Some custard, friend Vesey?”  
 “No—batter made easy.”  
 “Some cheese, Mr. Foster?”  
 “—Don’t like single Glo’ster.”  
 Meanwhile, to top table,  
 Like fox in the fable,  
 You see silver dishes,  
 With those little fishes,  
 The whitebait delicious  
 Borne past you officious ;  
 And hear rather plainish  
 A sound that’s champaignish,  
 And glimpse certain bottles  
 Made long in the throttles :  
 And sniff—very pleasant !

Grouse, partridge, and pheasant,  
 And see mounds of ices  
 For patrons and vices,  
 Pine-apple, and bunches  
 Of grapes for sweet munches,  
 And fruits of all virtue  
 That really *desert* you.  
 You've nuts, but not crack ones,  
 Half empty, and black ones ;  
 With oranges fallow—  
 They can't be called yellow—  
 Some pippins well wrinkled,  
 And plums almond sprinkled,  
 Some rout cakes, and so on,  
 Then with business to go on ;  
 Long speeches are stutter'd,  
 And toasts are well buttered,  
 While dames in the gallery,  
 All dressed in fallallery,  
 Look on at the mummery :  
 And listen to flummery.  
 Hip, hip ! and huzzaing,  
 And singing and saying,  
 Glee, catches, orations,  
 And lists of donations.  
 Hush ! a song, Mr. Tinney—  
 " Mr. Benbow, one guinea ;  
 Mr. Frederick Manual,  
 One guinea—and annual."  
 Song—Jockey and Jenny—  
 " Mr. Markham one guinea."  
 " Have you all filled your glasses?"  
 Here's a health to good lasses.  
 The subscription still! skinny—  
 " Mr. Franklin—one guinea."  
 Franklin looks like a ninny ;  
 " Mr. Boreham, one guinea—  
 Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,  
 Mr. Tempest—one guinea,  
 Mr. Merrington—twenty,"  
 Rough music, in plenty.

Away toddles Chairman,  
 The little dark spare man,  
 Not sorry at ending,  
 With white sticks attending,  
 And some vain Tomnoddy  
 Votes in his own body  
 To fill the void seat up,  
 And get on his feet up,  
 To say, with voice squeaking,  
 "Unaccustomed to speaking,"  
 Which sends you off seeking  
 Your hat, number thirty—  
 No coach—very dirty.  
 So, hungry and fevered,  
 Wet-footed, spoil beavered,  
 Eyes aching in socket,  
 Ten pounds out of pocket,  
 To Brook-street the Upper  
 You haste home to supper.

---

A CHARITY SERMON.

"I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit; but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay; so let me have the money immediately." Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, "Thou dost not intend to rob me?"

\* \* \* \* \*

'I would have thee know, friend,' addressing himself to Adams, 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.'—JOSEPH ANDREWS.

I'M an extremely charitable man—no collar and long hair, though  
 a little carrotty;  
 Demure, half-inclined to the unknown tongues, but I never gain'd  
 anything by Charity.  
 I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother  
 was traced and baited,  
 And the overseers found *her* out—and she found *me* out—and the  
 child was affiliated.  
 Oh, Charity will come home to roost—  
 Like curses and chickens is Charity.



I once, near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danced over  
 the whole of it,  
 Put a bad five-shilling-piece into a beggar's hat, but the old hat  
 had got a hole in it ;  
 And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye  
 seem'd to care for it,  
 As my bad crown piece went through *his* bad crown piece, and  
 they took me up to Queen's Square for it.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

I let my very old (condemn'd) old house to a man, at a rent that  
 was shockingly low,  
 So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and  
 fatherless now ;  
 For the plaguy one-sided party wall fell in, so did the roof, on son  
 and daughter,  
 And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and brought in a very  
 personal verdict of Manslaughter.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

I pick'd up a young well-dress'd gentleman, who had fallen in a fit  
 in St. Martin's Court,  
 And charitably offer'd to see him home—for charity always seem'd  
 to be my forte,  
 And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home, but this  
 was a very unlucky job—  
 Do you know, he got my watch—my purse—and my handkerchief  
 —for it was one of the swell mob.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

Being four miles from Town, I stopt a horse that had run away  
 with a man, when it seem'd that they must be dash'd to  
 pieces,  
 Though several kind people were following him with all their  
 might—but such following a horse his speed increases ;  
 I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength ; and I meant  
 to ride it home, of course ;  
 But the crowd came up and took me up—for it turn'd out the man  
 had run away with the horse.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

I watch'd last month all the drovers and drivers about the suburbs,  
 for it's a positive fact,  
 That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforced against  
 everybody under Mr. Martin's act ;  
 But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the shins, or  
 on the ears, or over the head ;  
 And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got five  
 weeks of ten swell'd fingers in bed.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I used so to preach  
 about its finest fount ;  
 Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but *I* can't turn it  
 to any account—  
 It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chirrup it up with a  
 dust of piety ;  
 That henceforth let it be understood, I take my name entirely out  
 of the List of Subscribers to the Humane Society.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

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 THE CHINA MENDER.

GOOD morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call ! Well ! here's another pretty  
 job !  
 Lord help my Lady !—what a smash !—if you had only heard her  
 sob !  
 It was all through Mr. Lambert : but for certain he was winey,  
 To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiney.  
 “Deuce take your stupid head !” says my Lady to his very face ;  
 But politeness, you know, is nothing, when there's Chiney in the  
 case ;  
 And if ever a woman was fond of Chiney to a passion  
 It's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or old fashion.  
 Her brother's a sea-captain, and brings her home shiploads—  
 Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty, squatting things like  
 toads ;  
 And great nidnoddin' mandarins, with palsies in the head :  
 I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in my  
 bed.

But the frightfuller they are—lawk ! she loves them all the  
better

She'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiney if they'd let her.

Lawk-a-mercy ! break her Chiney, and it's breaking her very  
heart ;

If I touch'd it, she would very soon say, "Mary, we must part."

To be sure she *is* unlucky : only Friday comes Master Randall,

And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup handle :

He's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger and touch,

And that's why my Lady doesn't take to children much.

Well ! there's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two great coat flaps,

Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesses' laps,

As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in the room ;

I couldn't have made a greater sweep with the handle of the  
broom.

Mercy on us ! how my mistress began to rave and tear !

Well ! after all, there's nothing like good ironstone ware for  
wear.

If ever I marry, that's flat, I'm sure it won't be John Dockery,—

I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.

I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat and tidy,

And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday and  
Friday.

I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch ;

The breaking the Chiney will be the breaking-off of his own  
match.

Missis wouldn't have an angel, if he was careless about Chiney ;

She never forgives a chip, if it's ever so small and tiny.

Lawk ! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking ;

I could find in my heart to pity him for all his mischief-making.

To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany ;

But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old Chaney !

If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's and Mr  
Spode's,

He couldn't make amends for the crack'd mandarins and smash'd  
toads.

Well ! every one has their tastes, but, for my part, my own self,

I'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grandmother's old shelf :

A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with brown ears of  
corns,

And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two gilt horns,

And such a Jimmy Jessamy in top boots and sky-blue vest,  
 And a frill and flower'd waistcoat, with a fine bowpot at the  
 breast.

God help her, poor old soul ! I shall come into 'em at her death,  
 Though she's a hearty woman for her years, except her shortness  
 of breath.

Well ! you think the things will mend—if they won't, Lord mend  
 us all !

My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to call :  
 I'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,  
 He won't sit down again on Chiney the longest day he has to  
 live.

Poor soul ! I only hope it won't forbid his bans of marriage,  
 Or he'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's  
 carriage.

But you'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr. Lambert's  
 friend ;

I'll look in twice a day, just to sec, like, how they mend.

To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs and cats ;  
 Here's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its cocked  
 hats :

Be particular with the pagoda : and then here's this pretty bowl—  
 The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of this  
 hole ;

And here's another Chinese man, with a face just like a doll—

Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.

But I needn't tell you what to do ; only do it out of hand,

And charge whatever you like to charge—my Lady won't make a  
 stand.

Well ! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call ; for it's time our gossip  
 ended :

And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the  
 Chiney's mended.

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ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.

WHY, Lover, why

Such a water rover ?

Would she love thee more

For coming *half seas over* ?

Why, Lady, why  
 So in love with dipping?  
 Must a lad of *Greece*  
 Come all over *dripping*?

Why, Cupid, why  
 Make the passage brighter?  
 Were not any boat  
 Better than a *lighter*?

Why, Madam, why  
 So intrusive standing?  
 Must thou be on the stair  
 When he's on the *landing*?

---

MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

Not "the posie of a ring."  
 SHAKESPEARE (all but the *not*).

I CAME to town a happy man :  
 I need not now dissemble  
 Why I return so sad at heart—  
 It's all through Fanny Kemble :  
 Oh ! when she threw her flowers away,  
 What urged the tragic slut on  
 To weave in such a wreath as that,  
 Ah me ! a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard, none fought so well,  
 As I to gain some token—  
 When all the pit rose up in arms,  
 And heads and hearts were broken ;  
 "Huzza !" said I, "I'll have a flower  
 As sure as my name's Dutton ;"—  
 I made a snatch—I got a catch—  
 By Jove ! a bachelor's button !

I've lost my watch—my hat is smashed—  
 My clothes declare the racket ;

I went there in a full dress coat,  
 And came home in a jacket.  
 My nose is swell'd—my eye is black—  
 My lip I've got a cut on !  
 Odds buds !—and what a bud to get—  
 The deuce ! a bachelor's button !

My chest's in pain ; I really fear  
 I've somewhat hurt my bellows,  
 By pokes and punches in the ribs  
 From those *herb-strewing fellows*.  
 I miss two teeth in my front row ;  
 My corn has had a *fit* on ;  
 And all this pain I've had to gain  
 This cursed bachelor's button.

Had I but won a rose—a bud—  
 A pansy—or a daisy—  
 A periwinkle— anything—  
 But this—it drives me crazy !  
 My very sherry tastes like squills,  
 I can't enjoy my mutton ;  
 And when I sleep I dream of it—  
 Still—still——a bachelor's button !

My place is book'd per coach to-night,  
 But oh, my spirit trembles  
 To think how country friends will ask  
 Of Knowleses and of Kembles.  
 It they should breathe about the wreath,  
 When I go back to Sutton,  
 I shall not dare to show my share,  
 That all !—a bachelor's button !

My luck in life was never good,  
 But this my fate will burden :  
 I ne'er shall like my farming more,—  
 I know I shan't the Garden.  
 The turnips all may have the fly,  
 The wheat may have the smut on,  
 I care not,—I've a blight at heart,—  
 Ah me !—a bachelor's button !

## THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

"It must be. So Plato?—Thou reasonest?—Well."  
—*School Cato.*

It's very hard ! oh, Dick, my boy,  
It's very hard one can't enjoy  
    A little private spouting ;  
But sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,  
Up comes our master, bounce ! and gives  
    The tragic muse a routing !

Ay, there he comes again ! be quick !  
And hide the book—a playbook, Dick,  
    He must not set his eyes on !  
It's very hard, the churlish elf  
Will never let one stab one's self  
    Or take a bowl of p'ison!

It's very hard, but when I want  
To die—as Cato did—I can't,  
    Or go *non compos mentis*—  
But up he comes, all fire and flame ;—  
No doubt he'd do the very same  
    With Kemble for a 'prentice!

Oh, Dick ! Oh, Dick ! it was not so  
Some half a dozen years ago !  
    Melpomene was no sneaker,  
When, under Reverend Mister Poole,  
Each little boy at Enfield School  
    Became an Enfield speaker !

No cruel master-tailor's cane  
Then thwarted the theatric vein ;  
    The tragic soil had tillage.  
O dear dramatic days gone by !  
You, Dick, were Richard then—and I  
    Play'd Hamlet to the village,

*THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.*

Or, as Macbeth, the dagger clutch'd,  
Till all the servant-maids were touch'd—  
Macbeth, I think, my pet is ;  
Lord, how we spouted Shakespeare's works—  
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,  
And fifty Master Betties !

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,  
And Norval, Sandy Philip,—one  
Of Elocution's champions—  
Genteelly taught by his mamma  
To say, not father, but papa,  
Kept sheep upon the Grampians !

Coriolanus Crumpe—and Fig  
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,  
And Huggins great in Cato ;  
Only he broke so often off,  
To have a fit of whooping-cough,  
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zangra too,—but I shall weep,  
If longer on this theme I keep,  
And let remembrance loose, Dick ;  
Now forced to act—it's very hard—  
“Measure for Measure” with a yard—  
You Richard, with a goose, Dick !

Zounds ! Dick, it's very odd our dads  
Should send us there when we were lads  
To learn to talk like Tullies ;  
And now, if one should just break out,  
Perchance, into a little spout,  
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part  
Of schooling for the tailor's art ?  
Alas ! dramatic notes, Dick,  
So well record the sad mistake  
Of him who tried at once to make  
Both *Romeo* and *Coates*, Dick !



## YE TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS.

YE Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,  
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,  
First listen to one little whisper of mine--  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,  
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,  
But if you speak English, or look it, why then—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds,  
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,  
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll see old Cologne,—not the sweetest of towns,—  
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it ;  
And you'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,  
I hear legends veracious as any by Crockett ;  
But oh ! to the tone of romance what a check,—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Old Castles you'll see on the vine-covered hill,—  
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—  
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti, and still—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll stop at Coblenz, with its beautiful views,  
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,  
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !—

A Fortress you'll see, which, as people report,  
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—  
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that's not their *forte*,—  
Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll see an old man who'll let off an old gun,  
 And Lunley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it ;  
 But think that the words of the echo thus run,—  
 Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

You'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!  
 Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—  
 P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—  
 Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—  
 Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it ;  
 But still mind the warning, wherever your paths—  
 Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

And Friendships you'll swear, most eternal of pacts,  
 Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket ;  
 But still, in the most sentimental of acts—  
 Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,  
 Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,  
 And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,—  
 Take care of your pocket !—take care of your pocket !

---

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENZ.

WHOE'ER has crossed the Mósél Bridge,  
 And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,  
 Has seen, perchance,  
 Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,  
 A little open chapel to the right,  
 Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright ;  
 So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,  
 At least among the female population,  
 By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,  
 A very Missal for *illumination* !

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by  
 All other Chapels, standing in the fields,  
 Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields  
 Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,  
 And lo ! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,  
 Without the glimmer of a farthing rush !

But on Saint Peter's Hill  
 The lights are burning, burning, burning still.  
 In fact, it is a pretty retail trade  
 To furnish forth the candles ready made ;  
 And close beside the chapel and the way,  
 A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,  
 And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers  
 Smarten'd with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,  
 Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer  
 To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,  
 Are said to get a husband "in a twinkling :"  
 Just as she-glowworms, if it be not scandal,  
 Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven—  
 Where none in marriage, we are told, are given—  
 To interfere below in making matches,  
 And help old maidens to connubial catches !  
 The truth is, that instead of looking smugly  
 (At least, so whisper wags satirical)  
 The votaries are all so old and ugly,  
 No man could fall in love but by a miracle.

However, that such waxen gifts and vows  
 Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious,  
 In helping to a spouse,  
 Is vouch'd for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,  
 Yet doom'd to lonely life,  
 Her truant husband having been away  
 Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day,—

Without remembrances by words or deeds,—  
 Began to think she had sufficient handle  
 To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds—  
 Of course with a wax-candle.  
 Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,  
 Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapours,  
 Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,  
     Full-handed with *two* tapers—  
 And pray'd as she had never pray'd before,  
 To be a *bonâ fide* wife once more.  
 "Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!  
 And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,  
 Accept the vows and offerings I make—  
 Others set up one light, but here's a *pair*!"

Her prayer, it seem'd, was heard;  
 For in three little weeks, exactly reckon'd,  
     As blithe as any bird,  
 She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—  
 A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,  
 To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,  
 She sent two waxen candles superfine,  
 Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—  
     What sausages were there!  
 Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:  
 With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer  
 Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,  
 And wine so *sharp* that ev'ry one was *cut*.  
 Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality  
 Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast,—  
 When just in all the middle of their jollity—  
 With bumpers fill'd to hostess and to host,  
 And all the unborn branches of their house,  
 Unwelcome and unasked, like Banquo's Ghost,  
     In walk'd the long-lost Spouse!

What pen could ever paint  
 The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!  
 The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;

The bridesmen stared—some whistled and some grunted :  
 Fierce Hans the First look'd like a boar that's hunted ;  
 Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf :  
 Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,  
 The two-fold bride sobb'd out, with tears hysterical,  
 "Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half!*"

MORAL.

Ye Cöblenz maids, take warning by the rhyme,  
 And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy  
     For fear of bigamy,  
 Only light up *one* taper at a time.

---

THE BEADLE'S ANNUAL ADDRESS.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way—  
 And this is Christmas Eve, and here I be !

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 Save Queen Victoria, who the sceptre holds !

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain—  
 Save all the ministers that be in power,  
 Save all the Royal Sovereigns that reign !

\* \* \* \* \*

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
 The Parish Beadle calling at the door !

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
 They kept the apple-woman's stalls away !

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh ;  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 He never lets the children play thereby.

\* \* \* \* \*

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
 To meet the Reverend Vicar all in lawn !

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;  
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor at the Magpie and the Stump was he !

The next with hat and staff, and new array,  
 Along all sorts of streets we saw him borne ;  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay  
 He always brings upon a Christmas morn !

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send  
 He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,  
 And never failed on Sundays to attend !

No further seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;  
 Where they alike in trembling hope repose,  
 John Bugsby, Number Thirteen, Tibbald's Road.

---

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,  
 My curtains drawn and all is snug ;  
 Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,  
 And Tray is sitting on the rug.  
 Last night I had a curious dream ;  
 Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well;  
 I could but woo and she was won,  
 Myself in blue, the bride in white,  
 The ring was placed, the deed was done !  
 Away we went in chaise-and-four,  
 As fast as grinning boys could flog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come !  
 But tête-à-têtes must still defer !  
 When Susan came to live with *me*,  
 Her mother came to live with *her* !  
 With sister Belle she couldn't part,  
 But all *my* ties had leave to jog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The mother brought a pretty Poll—  
 A monkey too,—what work he made !  
 The sister introduced a Beau—  
 My Susan brought a favourite maid.  
 She had a tabby of her own,—  
 A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,  
 All day the sister strumm'd and sung ;  
 The petted maid was such a scold !  
 My Susan learn'd to use her tongue :  
 Her mother had such wretched health,  
 She sate and croak'd like any frog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat ?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog ?

No longer "Deary," "Duck," and "Love,"  
 I soon came down to simple "M !"  
 The very servants cross'd my wish,  
 My Susan let me down to them.  
 The poker hardly seem'd my own,

*THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.*

I might as well have been a log—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!  
 Such coats and hats she never met!  
 My ways they were the oddest ways!  
 My friends were such a vulgar set!  
 Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—  
 She could not bear that Mister Blogg—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

At times we had a spar, and then  
 Mamma must mingle in the song—  
 The sister took a sister's part—  
 The Maid declared her Master wrong—  
 The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"  
 My life was like a London fog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,  
 As proved by bills that had no end—  
 I never had a decent coat—  
 I never had a coin to spend!  
 She forced me to resign my Club,  
 Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout  
 To fops and flirts, a pretty list;  
 And when I tried to steal away,  
 I found my study full of whist!  
 Then, first to come and last to go,  
 There always was a Captain Hogg—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream  
 For one who single is and snug—



With Pussy in the elbow-chair  
 And Tray reposing on the rug?—  
 If I must totter down the hill,  
 'Tis safest done without a clog—  
 What d'ye think of that, my Cat?  
 What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

---

 RURAL FELICITY.

WELL, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that ;  
 country born,  
 And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass an l  
 our corn.  
 It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and invite me  
 down.  
 Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes me more  
 partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of rural  
 bliss,  
 For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its poultry,  
 looks not much amiss ;  
 There's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds of  
 live stock,  
 That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam, and his innocent  
 flock ;  
 But somehow the good old Elysium fields have not been wel'  
 handed down,  
 And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear Leicester Fields  
 up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and so I should  
 like for miles,  
 If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpenters that put up such crooked  
 stiles ;  
 For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till you're almost  
 broken in two,  
 If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and you stick if you  
 try to creep through.

Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb without constant  
tumbles-down,  
But still as to walking so stylishly, it's pleasanter done about  
town.

There's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and that's by a walk in  
a lane,

And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never dared go again ;  
For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that wouldn't be  
kept in the pound,

A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking his horns in  
the ground ?

And that, by-the-bye, is another thing, that pulls rural pleasures  
down,

Ev'ry day in the country is cattle-day, and there's only two up in  
town.

Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the first early  
pearly dew,

And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I always got  
wetted through ;

My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a nice  
draggie-tail to my gown,

That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our pearls, up  
in town !

As for picking flowers, I have tried at a hedge, sweet eglantine  
roses to snatch,

But, mercy on us ! how nettles will sting, and how the long  
brambles do scratch ;

Beside hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the bows  
from the crown,

One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or losing  
one's bows about town.

But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that it blows  
up for rain,

And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swithin's Lane ;  
And while you're running all duck'd and drown'd, and pelted with  
sixpenny drops,

"Fine weather," you hear the farmers say ; "a nice growing  
shower for the crops !"

But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow me another new  
gown ?

For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough as you do with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go with them gathering nuts,

And we always set out by the longest way and return by the shortest cuts.

Short cuts, indeed! But it's nuts to them, to get a poor lustyish aunt

To scramble through gaps, or jump over a ditch, when they're morally certain she can't,—

For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and it's almost daily the case,

Tho' they don't laugh out, the mischievous brats, I see the "hooray!" in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is short, and I saw what was green beyond,

And thought it was all terry firmer and grass, till I walked in the duckweed pond:

Or perhaps when I've pully-hauled up a bank they see me come launching down,

As none but a stout London female can do as is come a first time out of town.

Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a verdurous seat to find,

But for my part I always found it a joy that brought a repentance behind;

For the juicy grass with its nasty green has stained a whole breadth of my gown—

And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it's much better done up in town.

As for country fare, the first morning I came I heard such a shrill piece of work!

And ever since—and it's ten days ago—we've lived upon nothing but pork;

One Sunday except, and then I turn'd sick, a plague take all countrified cooks!

Why didn't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they made pigeon pies of the rooks?

Then the gooseberry wine, tho' it's pleasant when up, it doesn't agree when it's down,

But it served me right, like a goosberry, fool to look for champagne out of town?  
To be sure cousin G. meant it all for the best when he started this pastoral plan,  
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul and she teaches me all that she can,  
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but I'm sure that I never shall learn,  
And I've fetch'd more back-ache than butter as yet by chumping away at the churn;  
But in making hay, tho' it's tanning work, I found it more easy to make,  
But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're tired to sit down on the rake.  
I'd a country dance, too, at harvest home, with a regular country clown,  
But, Lord! they don't hug one round the waist and give one such smacks in town:  
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,  
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I can't even please the pigs.  
The very hens pick holes in my hand when I grope for the new-laid eggs,  
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on purpose to flap at my legs.  
I've been bump'd in a ditch by the cow without horns, and the old sow trampled me down,  
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but they're kept in cages in town!  
Another thing is the nasty dogs—thro' the village I hardly can stir  
Since giving a bumpkin a pint of beer just to call off a barking cur;  
And now you would swear all the dogs in the place were set on to hunt me down,  
But neither the brutes nor the people I think are as civilly bred as in town.  
Last night about twelve I was scared broad awake, and all in a tremble of fright,  
But instead of a family murder it proved an owl, that flies screeching at night.

Then there's plenty of ricks and stalks all about, and I can't help  
dreaming of Swing—  
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the most happiest thing;  
For, besides all the troubles I've mentioned before, as endured for  
rurality's sake,  
I've been stung by the bees, and I've set among ants, and once—  
ugh! I trod on a snake!  
And as to mosquitoes, they tortured me so, for I've got a particular  
skin,  
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the ponds, that drives the  
poor suicides in!  
And after all an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon Holborn  
Hill?  
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles, and fresh butter wherever  
you will?  
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread quite rustical-like  
and brown?  
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the town.  
Howsomever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure cousin  
Giles will be vexed,  
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday  
next,  
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the Old Bell  
and Crown,  
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is  
all burnt down.

---

THE DOCTOR.

## A SKETCH.

"Whatever is, is right."—POPE.

THERE once was a Doctor,  
(No foe to the proctor,)  
A physic concocter,  
Whose dose was so pat,  
However it acted,  
One speech it extracted,—  
" Yes, yes," said the doctor,  
"I meant it for that!"

## THE DOCTOR.

And first, all "unaisy,"  
 Like woman that's crazy,  
 In flies Mistress Casey,  
 "Do come to poor Pat  
 The blood's running faster !  
 He's torn off the plaster—"  
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,  
 "I meant it for that !"

Anon, with an antic,  
 Quite strange and romantic,  
 A woman comes frantic—  
 "What could you be at ?  
 My darling dear Aleck,  
 You've sent him oxalic !"  
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,  
 "I meant it for that !"

Then in comes another,  
 Dispatch'd by his mother,  
 A blubbering brother,  
 Who gives a rat-tat—  
 "Oh, poor little sister  
 Has lick'd off a blister !"  
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,  
 "I meant it for that !"

Now home comes the flunkey,  
 His own powder-monkey,  
 But dull as a donkey—  
 With basket and that—  
 "The draught for the Squire, Sir,  
 He chuck'd in the fire, Sir—"  
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,  
 I meant it for that !"

The next is the pompous  
 Head Beadle, old Bumpus—  
 "Lord ! here is a rumpus :  
 That pauper, Old Nat,  
 In some drunken notion

Has drunk up his lotion—"  
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,  
 I meant it for that!"

At last comes a servant,  
 In grief very fervent :  
 "Alas ! Doctor Derwent.  
 Poor Master is flat !  
 He's drawn his last breath, Sir—  
 That dose was his death, Sir."  
 "Yes, yes," said the Doctor,  
 "I meant it for that !"

---

 THE VISION.

"Plague on't ! the last was ill enough,  
 This cannot but make better proof."—COTTON.

As I sate the other night,  
 Burning of a single light,  
 All at once a change there came  
 In the colour of the flame.

Strange it was the blaze to view,  
 Blue as summer sky is blue :  
 One ! two ! three ! four ! five ! six ! seven !  
 Eight ! nine ! ten ! it struck eleven !

Pale as sheet, with stiffen'd hair,  
 Motionless in elbow chair—  
 Blood congealing—dead almost—  
 "Now," thought I, "to see a ghost !"

Strange misgiving, true as strange !  
 In the air there came a change,  
 And as plain as mortals be,  
 Lo ! a shape confronted me !

Lines and features I could trace  
 Like an old familiar face,  
 Thin and pallid like my own,  
 In the morning mirror shown.

“Now,” he said, and near the grate  
 Drew a chair for *tête-à-tête*,  
 Quite at odds, with all decorum,—  
 “Now, my boys, let’s have a jorum !”

“Come,” he cried, “old fellow, come,  
 Where’s the brandy, where’s the rum?  
 Where’s the kettle—is it hot?  
 Shall we have some punch, or what?”

“Feast of reason—flow of soul!  
 Where’s the sugar, where’s the bowl?  
 Lemons I will help to squeeze—  
 Flip, Egg-hot or what you please !”

“Sir,” said I, with hectic cough,  
 Shock of nerves to carry off—  
 Looking at him very hard,  
 “Pray oblige me with a card.”

“Card,” said he—“Phoo—nonsense—stuff!  
 We’re acquainted well enough—  
 Still, my name if you desire,  
 Eighteen Thirty-Eight, Esquire.

“Ring for supper! where’s the tray?  
 No great time I have to stay,  
 One short hour, and like a May’r,  
 I must quit the yearly Chair !”

Scarce could I contain my rage—  
 O’er the retrospective page,  
 Looking back from date to date,  
 What I owed to Thirty-Eight.

Sickness here and sickness there,  
 Pain and sorrow, constant care;  
 Fifty-two long weeks to fall,  
 Nor a trump among them all!

“Zounds!” I cried, in quite a huff,  
 “Go—I’ve known you long enough.  
 Seek for supper where you please,  
 Here you have not bread and cheese.”



“Nay,” cried he, “were things so ill?  
Let me have your pardon still—  
What I’ve done to give you pain  
I will never do again.”

“As from others, so from you,  
Let me have my honours due ;  
Soon the parish bells about  
Will begin to ring me out.”

“Ring you out?—With all my heart !”  
From my chair I made a start,  
Pull’d the bell and gave a shout—  
“Peter, show the Old Year out !”

---

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

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

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

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

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

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear  
Besprinkled by the rosy-finger’d girl ;  
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer  
To early pearl?

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

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

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

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

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

---

 SPRING.

## A NEW VERSION.

"*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly—it is very cold.  
*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air."—HAMLET.

"COME, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness* come!"  
 Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,  
 How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?  
 There's no such season.

The Spring! I shrink and shudder at her name!  
 For why, I find her breath a bitter blighter!  
 And suffer from her *blows* as if they came  
 From Spring the Fighter.

Her praises, then, let hardy poets sing,  
 And be her tuneful laureates and upholders,  
 Who do not feel as if they had a *Spring*  
 Pour'd down their shoulders !

Let others eulogise her floral shows,  
 From me they cannot win a single stanza,  
 I know her blooms are in full blow—and so's  
 The Influenza.

Her cowslips, stocks, and lilies of the vale,  
 Her honey-blossoms that you hear the bees at,  
 Her pansies, daffodils, and primrose pale,  
 Are things I sneeze at !

Fair is the vernal quarter of the year !  
 And fair its early buddings and its blowings—  
 But just suppose Consumption's seeds appear  
 With other sowings !

For me, I find, when eastern wings are high,  
 A frigid, not a genial in-spiration ;  
 Nor can, like Iron-Chested Chubb, defy  
 An inflammation.

Smitten by breezes from the land of plague,  
 To me all vernal luxuries are fables,  
 Oh ! where's the *Spring* in a rheumatic leg,  
 Stiff as a table's ?

I limp in agony,—I wheeze and cough ;  
 And quake with Ague, that great Agitator ;  
 Nor dream, before July, of leaving off  
 My respirator.

What wonder if in May itself I lack  
 A peg for laudatory verse to hang on ?—  
 Spring mild and gentle !—yes, as Spring-heeled Jack  
 To those he sprang on.

In short, whatever panegyrics lie  
 In fulsome odes too many to be cited,  
 The tenderness of Spring is all my eye,  
 And that is blighted !

## THE SEASON.

SUMMER's gone and over !  
 Fogs are falling down ;  
 And with russet tinges  
 Autumn's doing brown.

Boughs are daily rifled  
 By the gusty thieves,  
 And the Book of Nature  
 Getteth short of leaves.

Round the tops of houses,  
 Swallows, as they flit,  
 Give, like yearly tenants,  
 Notices to quit.

Skies, of fickle temper,  
 Weep by turns, and laugh—  
 Night and Day together  
 Taking half-and-half.

So September endeth—  
 Cold, and most perverse—  
 But the month that follows,  
 Sure will pinch us worse !

## LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

—“ I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark.”  
 MERCHANT OF VENICE.

“ If thou wert born a Dog, remain so ; but if thou wert born a Man, resume thy former shape.”—ARABIAN NIGHTS.

A POODLE, Judge-like, with emphatic paw,  
 Dogmatically laying down the law,—  
 A batch of canine Counsel round the table,  
 Keen-eyed, and sharp of nose, and long of jaw,  
 At sight, at scent, at giving tongue, right able:  
 O, Edwin Landseer, Esquire, and R.A.,  
 Thou great Pictorial Æsop, say,  
 What is the moral of this painted fable ?

O, say, accomplished artist !  
 Was it thy purpose, by a scene so quizzical,  
 To read a wholesome lesson to the Chartist,  
 So over partial to the means called Physical,  
 Sticks, staves, and swords, and guns, the tools of treason?  
 To show, illustrating the better course,  
 The very Brutes abandoning Brute Force,  
     The worry and the fight,  
     The bark and bite,  
 In which, says Doctor Watts, the dogs delight,  
     And lending shaggy ears to Law and Reason,  
 As uttered in that Court of high antiquity  
 Where sits the Chancellor, supreme as Pope,  
 But works—so let us hope—  
 In equity, not iniquity?

Or was it but a speculation  
 On transmigration,  
 How certain of our most distinguished Daniels,  
 Interpreters of Law's bewildering book,  
     Would look  
 Transformed to mastiffs, setters, hounds, and spaniels  
 (As Brahmins in their Hindoo code advance)  
 With that great lawyer of the Upper House  
 Who rules all suits by equitable *nous*,  
     Become—like vile Armina's spouse—  
     A Dog, called Chance?<sup>1</sup>  
 Methinks, indeed, I recognise  
 In those deep-set and meditative eyes  
     Engaged in mental puzzle,  
     And that portentous muzzle,  
 A celebrated judge, too prone to tarry  
 To hesitate on devious ins and outs,  
 And, on preceding doubts, to build *re-doubts*  
     That regiments could not carry—  
     Prolonging even Law's delays, and still  
     Putting a skid upon the wheel up-hill,  
 Meanwhile the weary and desponding client  
 Seem'd—in the agonies of indecision—

<sup>1</sup> See the story of Sidi Nonman, in the "Arabian Nights."

In Doubting Castle, with that dreadful Giant  
Described in Bunyan's Vision !

So slow, indeed, was justice in its ways,  
Beset by more than customary clogs,  
Going to law in those expensive days  
Was much the same as going to the Dogs  
But possibly I err,  
And that sagacious and judicial creature,  
So Chancellor-like in feature,  
With ears so wig-like, and a cap of fur,  
Looking as grave, responsible, and sage,  
As if he had the guardianship, in fact,  
Of all poor dogs, or crackt,  
And puppies under age—  
It may be that the Creature was not meant  
Any especial Lord to represent,  
Eldon or Erskine, Cottenham or Thurlow,  
Or Brougham (more like him whose potent jaw  
Is holding forth the letter of the law),  
Or Lyndhurst, after the vacation's furlough,  
Presently sitting in the House of Peers,  
On wool he sometimes wishes in his ears,  
When touching Corn Laws, Taxes, or Tithe-piggery,  
He hears a fierce attack,  
And, sitting on his sack,  
Listens in his great wig to greater Whiggery !

So, possibly, those others,  
In coats so various, or sleek, or rough,  
Aim not at any of the legal brothers,  
Who wear the silken robe, or gown of stuff.  
Yet who that ever heard or saw  
The Counsel sitting in that solemn Court,  
Who, having passed the Bar, are safe in port,  
Or those great Sergeants, learned in the Law,—  
Who but must trace a feature now and then  
Of those forensic men,  
As good at finding heirs as any harrier,  
Renown'd like greyhounds for long tales—indeed,  
At worrying the ear as apt as terriers,—

Good at conveyance as the hairy carriers  
 That bear our gloves, umbrellas, hats, and sticks,  
 Books, baskets, bones, or bricks,  
 In Deeds of Trust as sure as Tray the trusty,—  
 Acute at sniffing flaws on legal grounds,—  
 And lastly—well the catalogue it closes !—  
 Still following their predecessors' noses,  
 Through ways however dull or dusty,  
 As fond of hunting precedents, as hounds  
 Of running after foxes more than musty.

          However slow or fast,  
           Full of urbanity, or supercilious,  
           In temper wild, serene, or atrabilious,  
           Fluent of tongue, or prone to legal saw,  
 The Dogs have got a Chancellor, at last,  
           For Laying down the Law !

And never may the canine race regret it,  
 With whinings and repinings loud or deep,—  
 Ragged in coat, and shortened in their keep,  
 Worried by day, and troubled in their sleep,  
 With cares that prey upon the heart and fret it—  
 As human suitors have had cause to weep—  
 For what is Law, unless poor Dogs can get it  
           Dog-cheap ?

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A BLACK JOB.

“No doubt the pleasure is as great,  
 Of being cheated as to cheat.”—HUDIBRAS.

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

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams !  
 A rage that time seems only to redouble—  
 The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,  
 For rolling in Pactolian streams,

That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.  
 No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,  
 To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,  
 To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,  
 Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—  
 Only propose to blow a bubble,  
 And Lord ! what hundreds will subscribe for soap !

Soap !—it reminds me of a little tale,  
 Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,  
 When rustic games and merriment prevail—  
 But here's my story :

Once on a time—no matter when—  
 A knot of very charitable men  
 Set up a Philanthropical Society,  
 Professing on a certain plan,  
 To benefit the race of man,  
 And in particular that dark variety,  
 Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin,  
 The sable is to ermine,  
 As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,  
 As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,  
 As blacking, or as ink to “milk below,”  
 Or yet a better simile, to show,  
 As ragman's dolls to images in plaster !

However, as is usual in our city,  
 They had a sort of managing Committee,  
 A board of grave responsible Directors—  
 A Secretary, good at pen and ink—  
 A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,  
 And quite an army of collectors !  
 Not merely male, but female duns,  
 Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—  
 With many of those persevering ones,  
 Who mite by mite would beg a cheese !

And what might be their aim ?  
 To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—  
 To save their bodies from the burning shame  
 Of branding with hot letters—



Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,  
 Their necks from iron yokes?  
 To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,  
 The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?  
 To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,  
 To polish up and brighten 'em,  
 And make them worthy of eternal bliss?  
 Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—  
 Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—  
 To wash and whiten 'em!

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides :  
 So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot  
 Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,  
 However the poor elves  
 Might wash themselves,  
 Nobody knew if they were clean or not—  
 On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!  
 Not to forget more serious complaints  
 That even while they join'd in pious hymn,  
 So black they were and grim,  
 In face and limb,  
 They look'd like Devils, though they sang like Saints!

The thing was undeniable!  
 They wanted washing! not that slight ablution  
 To which the skin of the White Man is liable,  
 Merely removing transient pollution—  
 But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing  
 And scrubbing,  
 Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head  
 With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,  
 And pails of water—hottish rather,  
 But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!

So spoke the philanthropic man  
 Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—  
 And oh! to view its glorious consummation!  
 The brooms and mops,  
 The tubs and slops,  
 The baths and brushes in full operation!

To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,  
Go in a raven and come out a swan!

While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,  
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,  
And all the little Niggerlings emerge  
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!

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

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff!

But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,  
Whose means enable them to give enough  
To blanch an African from head to heel!  
How blessed—yea, thrice blessed—to subscribe  
Enough to scour a tribe!

While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,  
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know  
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,  
Or little one!

Moved by this logic (or appall'd)

To persons of a certain turn so proper,  
The money came when call'd,<sup>1</sup>  
In silver, gold, and copper,  
Presents from "Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,  
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widow's mites,"  
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,  
With other gifts  
And charitable lifts,  
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.  
As thus—Ehsha Brettel,

An iron kettle,  
The Dowager Lady Scannel,  
A piece of flannel,  
Rebecca Pope,  
A bar of soap,  
The Misses Howels,  
Half-a-dozen towels,  
The Master Rush's,  
Two scrubbing-brushes,  
Mr. T. Groom,  
A stable broom,  
And Mrs. Grubb,  
A tub.

Great were the sums collected !  
And great results in consequence expected.  
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,  
According to reports  
At yearly courts,  
The blacks, confound them ! were as black as ever !

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

In fact in his perennial speech,  
The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,  
As he had hoped,  
From being washed and soaped,  
A circumstance he named with grief and pity ;  
But still he had the happiness to say,  
For self and the Committee,  
By persevering in the present way  
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,  
Although he could not promise perfect white,  
From certain symptoms that had come to light,  
He hoped in time to get them gray !

Lull'd by this vague assurance,  
 The friends and patrons of the sable tribe  
 Continued to subscribe,  
 And waited, waited on with much endurance—  
 Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—  
 Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—  
 With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,  
 Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,  
 Only to hear as ev'ry year came round,  
 That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound ;  
 And as she loved her sable brother,  
 That Mr. Treasurer must have another !

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

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

However, in long hundreds there they were,  
 Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,  
 To hear once more addresses from the Chair,  
 And regular Report.

Alas ! concluding in the usual strain,  
 That what with everlasting wear and tear,  
 The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—  
 The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—  
 The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,  
 The towels worn to threads,  
 The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended—  
 And what was added with a deal of pain,  
 But as accounts correctly would explain,  
 Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—  
 The Blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain !

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

“ Why ! ” said the Chairman, with an accent bland,  
 And gentle waving of his dexter hand,  
 “ Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,  
 More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—  
 The why, sir, very easily is-told,  
 Because Humanity declares we must !  
 We've scrubb'd the negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,  
 And finding that we cannot wash them white,  
 But still their nigritude offends the sight,  
*We mean to gild 'em ! ”*

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A DISCOVERY IN ASTRONOMY.

ONE day—I had it from a hasty mouth,  
 Accustom'd to make many blunders daily,

And therefore will not name, precisely, South,  
   Herschell, or Baily—  
 But one of those great men who watch the skies,  
 With all their rolling, winking eyes,  
 Was looking at that Orb whose ancient God  
 Was patron of the Ode, and Song, and Sonnet,  
 When thus he musing cried—"It's very odd  
 That no Astronomer of all the squad  
 Can tell the nature of those spots upon it !

"Lord, master !" muttered John, a liveried elf,  
 "To wonder so at spots upon the sun !  
       I'll tell you what he's done—  
   *Freckled himself !*"

---

 MAGNETIC MUSINGS.

PASSING my brow, and passing my eyes,  
 And passing lower with devious range,  
   Passing my chest,  
   And passing the rest,  
 I feel a something passing strange !

Over my soul there seems to pass  
 A middle state of life or death,  
 And I almost seem to feel, alas !  
 That I am drawing my passing breath !  
 And, methinks I hear the passing-bell ;  
 But, Mr. Passmore, that reverend elf,  
 Gives me a pass that I know well,  
 A sort of passport to Heaven itself !

Passing my brow, and passing my eye,  
 And passing lower, with devious range,  
   Passing my chest,  
   And passing the rest,  
 I feel a something passing strange !

Oh, Mr. Eyre, Lieutenant dear !  
 Oh ! Lady Sale, thou gallant lass !

I know for certain that ye are near,  
 For I feel, I feel, the Khyber Pass!  
 But no—'tis Brockedon passes my brow,  
 And I'm in the Alpine Passes now,  
 With icy valleys, and snowy crests,  
 Whereon the passing vapour rests;  
 And guide and English traveller pass,  
 Each on a very passable ass!

Passing my ear and passing my eye!  
 O joy! what pastoral meads I spy,  
 Full of lambs that frisk and feed  
 While the Pastor plays on his rustic reed—  
 To the very best of his humble ability,  
 Piping ever shrill and loud,  
 But oh! what new magnetic cloud  
 Passes over my passability!

Over my soul there seems to pass  
 A middle state of life or death,  
 And I almost seem to feel, alas!  
 That I am drawing my passing breath.  
 No more prospects bright and sunny,  
 No more chance of pleasant cheer,  
 No more hope of passing money—  
 I feel the pass of the Overseer!

---

 THE SAUSAGE MAKER'S GHOST.

## A LONDON LEGEND.

SOMEWHERE in Leather Lane—

I wonder that it was not Mincing,  
 And for this reason most convincing,  
 That Mr. Brain

Dealt in those well-minced cartridges of meat  
 Some people like to eat—

However, all such quibbles overstepping,  
 In Leather Lane he lived; and drove a trade  
 In porcine sausages, though London made,  
 Call'd "Epping."

Right brisk was the demand,  
 Seldom his goods stay'd long on hand,  
 For out of all adjacent courts and lanes,  
 Young Irish ladies and their swains—  
 Such soups of girls and broths of boys !—  
 Sought his delicious chains,  
 Preferr'd to all polonies, saveloys,  
 And other foreign toys—  
 The mere chance passengers  
 Who saw his "sassadors,"  
 Of sweetness undeniable,  
 So sleek, so mottled, and so "friable,"  
 Stepp'd in, forgetting ev'ry other thought,  
 And bought.

Meanwhile a constant thumping  
 Was heard, a sort of subterranean chumping—  
 Incessant was the noise  
 But though he had a foreman and assistant,  
 With all the tools consistent,  
 (Besides a wife and two fine chopping boys)  
 His means were not yet vast enough  
 For chopping fast enough  
 To meet the call from streets, and lanes, and passages,  
 For first-chop "sassadors."

However, Mr. Brain  
 Was none of those dull men and slow,  
 Who, flying bird-like by a railway train,  
 Sigh for the heavy mails of long ago ;  
 He did not set his face 'gainst innovations  
 For rapid operations,  
 And therefore in a kind of waking dream  
 Listen'd to some hot-water sprite that hinted  
 To have his meat chopp'd, as the Times was printed,  
 By steam !

Accordingly in happy hour,  
 A bran-new Engine went to work  
 Chopping up pounds on pounds of pork  
 With all the energy of Two-Horse-Power,  
 And wonderful celerity—



When lo ! when ev'rything to hope responded,  
 Whether his head was turn'd by his prosperity,  
 Whether he had some sly intrigue, in verity,  
 The man absconded !

His anxious Wife in vain  
 Placarded Leather Lane,  
 And all the suburbs with descriptive bills,  
 Such as are issued when from homes and tills  
 Clerks, dogs, cats, lunatics, and children roam ;  
 Besides advertisements in all the journals,  
 Or weeklies or diurnals,  
 Beginning "LEFT HIS HOME"—  
 The sausage-maker, spite of white and black,  
 Never came back.

Never, alive !—But on the seventh night,  
 Just when the yawning grave its dead releases,  
 Filling his bedded wife with sore affright  
 In walk'd his grisly Sprite,  
 In fifty thousand pieces !  
 "O Mary !" so it seem'd  
 In hollow melancholy tone to say,  
 Whilst thro' its airy shape the moonlight gleam'd  
 With scarcely dimmer ray—  
 "O Mary ! let your hopes no longer flatter  
 Prepare at once to drink of sorrow's cup—  
 It ain't no use to mince the matter—  
 The Engine's chopp'd me up !"

---

 A DREAM.

'Twas night—the Globe was folded up,  
 (The paper, not the earth,)  
 And to its proper shelf restored  
 The fairest "Maid of Perth :"  
 But still with strange intricacy  
 The things that I had read—  
 The Irish News, the Scottish Tale—  
 Kept running in my head ;

While over all a sort of mist  
 Began to slowly creep,  
 The twilight haze of Thought, before  
 It darkens into Sleep ;  
 A foggy land where shady shapes  
 Kept stirring in the gloom,  
 Till with a hint of brighter tint  
 One spot began to bloom,  
 And on the blank, by dreamy prank,  
 I saw a figure tall,  
 As vivid as from painted glass,  
 Projected on a wall !

The face as well as I could trace,  
 Two sparkling eyes were there,  
 Black as the beard, and trim moustache,  
 And curling head of hair ;  
 The nose was straight, the mouth was large,  
 The lips disclosed beneath  
 A set, full white and regular,  
 Of strong and handsome teeth—  
 The whiter, that his brow and cheek,  
 And thick uncovered gorge,  
 Were ruddy as if baked by heat  
 Of sun or glowing forge.

His dress was buff, or some such stuff,  
 And belted at the waist ;  
 A curious dirk, for stabbing work,  
 Was in the girdle placed,  
 Beside a sort of pouch or purse  
 Of some wild creature's skin,  
 To safely hold his store of gold  
 Or silver coin therein ;—  
 But—suddenly his doublet changed  
 To one of brighter hue,  
 A jerkin fair and superfine,  
 Of cloth of azure blue,  
 Slash'd front and back with satin black,  
 Embroider'd o'er and laced  
 With sable silk, as used to suit

The ancient time and taste ;  
 His hose were of the Flemish cut,  
 His boots of Cordovan ;  
 A velvet bonnet on his head,  
 Like that of Scottish man,—  
 Nay, not a velvet one,—for why,  
 As dreams are apt to deal,  
 With sudden change, as swift as strange,  
 It shone a cap of steel !

His coat of buff, or azure stuff,  
 Became a hauberk bright,  
 No longer gay in his array,  
 But harness'd for the Fight !  
 Huge was his frame, and muscular,  
 Indicative of strength :  
 His bosom broad, his brawny arms  
 Of more than common length ;  
 And well the sturdy limbs might be  
 So sinewy, stark, and strong,  
 That had to wield in battle-field  
 A sword so broad and long !  
 Few men there were of mortal mould,  
 Although of warlike trade,  
 But had been rash to stand the crash  
 Of that tremendous blade ;  
 And yet aloft he swung it oft,  
 As if of feather weight,  
 And cut amid the empty air  
 A monstrous figure eight ;  
 Whilst ever, as it cleft the wind,  
 A whisper came therewith,  
 That low and clear, said in my ear,  
 “ Behold the Fighting Smith ! ” \*

And lo ! another “ change came o'er  
 The spirit of my dream : ”  
 The hauberk bright no longer shone  
 With that metallic gleam—

\* *Vide* Scott's “ Fair Maid of Perth.”

No ruddy visage furnace-scorch'd,  
 With glowing eyes, was there,  
 No sable beard, no trim moustache,  
 Nor head of raven hair ;  
 No steely cap, with plume mayhap,  
 No bonnet small or big ;  
 Upon his brow there settled now  
 A curly powder'd Wig !  
 Beneath the chin two cambric bands  
 Demurely drooped adown ;  
 And from his brawny shoulders hung  
 A black forensic gown.  
 No mail beneath, to guard from death,  
 Or wounds in battle dealt,  
 Nor ready dirk for stabbing work,  
 Dependent at his belt—  
 His right hand bore no broad claymore,  
 But with a flourish, soon  
 He waved a Pistol huge enough  
 For any horse-dragon,  
 And whilst he pointed to and fro,  
 As if to aim therewith,  
 Still in my ear, the voice was clear,  
 "Behold the Fighting Smith !" \*

---

 VAUXHALL.

COME, come, I am very  
 Disposed to be merry—  
 So hey ! for a wherry  
 I beckon and bawl !  
 'Tis dry, not a damp night,  
 And pleasure will tramp light  
 To music and lamp light  
 At shining Vauxhall !

Ay, here's the dark portal—  
 The check-taking mortal

\* *Vide* "The State Trials in Ireland."

I pass, and turn short all  
 At once on the blaze—  
 Names famous in story,  
 Lit up *con amore*,  
 All flaming in glory,  
 Distracting the gaze !

Oh *my* name lies fallow—  
 Fame never will hallow  
 In red light and yellow  
 Poetical toil—  
 I've long tried to write up  
 My name, and take flight up ;  
 But ink will not light up  
 Like cotton and oil !

But sad thoughts, keep under !—  
 The painted Rotunder  
 Invites me. I wonder  
 Who's singing so clear ?  
 'Tis Sinclair, high-flying,  
 Scotch ditties supplying ;  
 But some hearts are sighing  
 For Dignum, I fear !

How bright is the lustre,  
 How thick the folks muster,  
 And eagerly cluster,  
 On bench and in box,—  
 Whilst Povey is waking  
 Sweet sounds, or the taking  
 Kate Stephens is shaking  
 Her voice and her locks !

What clapping attends her !—  
 The white doe befriends her—  
 How Braham attends her  
 Away by the hand,  
 For Love to succeed her ;  
 The Signor doth heed her,  
 And sigheth to lead her  
 Instead of the band !

Then out we all sally—  
 Time's ripe for the Ballet,  
 Like bees they all rally  
     Before the machine !—  
 But I am for tracing  
 The bright walks and facing  
 The groups that are pacing  
     To see and be seen.

How motely they mingle—  
 What men might one single,  
 And names that would tingle  
     Or tickle the ear—  
 Fresh Chinese contrivers  
 Of letters—survivors  
 Of pawnbrokers—divers  
     Beau Tibbses appear !

Such little and great men,  
 And civic and state men—  
 Collectors and rate-men—  
     How pleasant to nod  
 To friends—to note fashions,  
 To make speculations  
 On people and passions—  
     To laugh at the odd !

To sup on true slices  
 Of ham—with fair prices  
 For foul—while cool ices  
     And liquors abound—  
 To see Blackmore wander,  
 A small salamander,  
 Adown the rope yonder,  
     And light on the ground !

Oh, the fireworks are splendid ;  
 But darkness is blended—  
 Bright things are soon ended,  
     Fade quickly and fall !  
 There goes the last rocket !—  
 Some cash out of pocket,  
 By stars in the socket,  
     I go from Vauxhall !



## ODES AND ADDRESSES.

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TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.

“ I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.”

OH, Mr. Hume, thy name  
Is travelling post upon the road to fame,  
With four fast horses and two sharp postilions ;  
Thy reputation  
Has friends by numeration,  
Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands, Millions.  
Whenever public men together dine,  
They drink to thee  
With three times three—  
That's nine.

And oft a votary proposes then  
To add unto the cheering one cheer more—  
Nine and One are Ten ;  
Or somebody, for thy honour still more keen,  
Insists on four times four—  
Sixteen!

In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,  
And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure ;  
Equally art thou eloquent and able,  
Whether in showing how to serve the nation  
Or laying its petitions on the Table  
Of Multiplication.

In motion thou art second unto none,  
Though fortune on thy motions seems to frown,  
For though you set a number down  
You seldom carry one.

Great at speech thou art, though some folks cough,  
But thou art greatest at a *paring* off.

But never blench,  
Although in stirring up corruption's worms  
You make some factions  
Vulgar as certain fractions,  
Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.  
Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench ;  
Go on, for ridicule not caring ;  
Sift on from one to nine with all their noughts,  
And make state cyphers eat up their own orts,  
And only in thy saving be unsparing ;  
At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,  
Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.  
Allow the tin mines no tin tax,  
Cut off the Great Seal's wax!

Dock all the dock-yards, lower masts and sails,  
Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,  
Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,  
And crop their horses' tails.  
Look well to Woolwich' and each Money-vote,  
Examine all the cannons' charges well,  
And those who found th' Artillery compel  
To forge twelve-pounders for a five-pound note.  
Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets—  
Those Military pets.

Take army—no, take Leggy Tailors  
Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum  
Out of our nation's narrow income  
Would furnish such wide trousers to the Sailors.  
Next take, to wonder him,  
The Master of the Horse's horse from under him ;  
Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills  
Wherewith to gild their pills.  
And tell the Stag-hound's Master he must keep  
The deer, &c., cheap.  
Close as new brooms  
Scrub the Bed Chamber Grooms ;  
Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies



Of his very monies ;  
 In short, at every salary have a pull,  
 And when folks come for pay  
 On quarter-day,  
 Stop half and make them give receipts in full.

Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,  
 Or eat, or sleep, a wink,  
 Till you have argued over each reduction :  
 Let it be food to you, repose and suction ;  
 Though you should make more motions by one half  
 Than any telegraph,  
 Item by item all these things enforce,  
 Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse ;  
 Have lozenges—mind, Dawson's—in your pocket,  
 And swing your arms till aching in their socket ;  
 Or if awake you cannot keep,  
 Talk of retrenchment in your sleep ;  
 Expose each Peachum, and show up each Lockit—  
 Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,  
 And while they're sitting blow them up,  
 As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his nous ;  
 But now we live in different Novembers,  
 And safely you may walk into the House,  
 First split its ears and then divide its members !

---

 TO ADMIRAL GAMBIER, G.C.B.

“Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country.”—*Temperance Society's Herald*, vol. 1, No 1, p. 8.

“My father, when last I from Guinea  
 Came home with abundance of wealth,  
 Said, ‘Jack, never be such a ninny  
 As to drink—’ says I, ‘Father, your health?’”  
*Nothing like Grog.*

OH! Admiral Gam—I dare not mention *bier*  
 In such a temperate ear—  
 Oh! Admiral Gam—an admiral of the Blue,  
 Of course to read the Navy List aright,  
 For strictly shunning wine of either hue,  
 You can't be Admiral of the Red or White :—

Oh, Admiral Gam ! consider ere you call  
 On merry Englishmen to wash their throattles  
 With water only ; and to break their bottles,  
 To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wall  
 Of Exeter Hall !

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety  
 Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,  
 And then, by tracts, inviting us to come  
 And “*mix* in your society !”  
 In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,  
 Consider Nature’s ends before you league us  
 To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—  
 To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—  
 Or doom—to suit your milk and water view—  
 The Isle of Skye to nothing but sky-blue !

Consider—for appearance’ sake—consider  
 The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,  
 Going on this crusade against the suttlar ;  
 A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler !

Consider—ere you break the ardent spirits  
 Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter ;  
 What are your beverage’s washy merits ?  
 Gin may be low—but I have known low-water !

Consider well, before you thus deliver,  
 With such authority, your sloppy cannon ;  
 Should British tars taste nothing but the *river*,  
 Because the *Chesapeake* once fought the *Shannon* !

Consider, too—before all Eau-de-vie,  
 Schiedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—  
 To bite a bitten dog all curs agree ;  
 But who would cut a man because he’s *cut* ?

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill  
 Their murmuring stomach with the “murmuring rill”—  
 Consider that their streams are not like ours,  
 Reflecting heaven, and margined by sweet flowers ;

On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,  
 By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines ;  
 Consider life's sour taste, that bids them mix  
 Their rum with Acheron, or Gin with Styx ;  
 If you must pour out water to the poor, oh !  
 Let it be *aqua d' oro* !

Consider—ere as furious as a griffin,  
 Against a glass of grog you make such work,  
 A man may like a stiff'un,  
 And yet not be a Burke !

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers  
 Turn water-drinkers,  
 What sort of fluid fills their native rivers ;  
 Their Mudiboos, and Niles, and Guadalquivirs.  
 How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug,  
 The Bog—the Bug—  
 The Maine—the Weser—or that freezer, Neva ?  
 Nay, take the very rill of classic ground—  
 Lord Byron found  
 Even Castaly better for Geneva.

Consider—if, to vote Reform's arrears,  
 His Majesty should please to make you peers,  
 Your titles would be very far from trumps,  
 To figure in a book of blue and red :—  
 The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread !  
 Marquis of Main-pipe ! Earl New-River-Head !  
 And Temperance's chief, the Prince of Pumps !

---

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ., M.P.

OH, Mr. Spencer !  
 I mean no offence, sir—  
 Retrencher of each trencher—man or woman's ;  
 Maker of days of ember,  
 Eloquent Member  
 Of the House of Com—I mean to say short commons—  
 Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, "Hold Fast"—  
 Avast !

Oh, Mr. Perceval ! I'll bet a dollar, a  
 Great growth of Cholera,  
 And new deaths reckon'd,  
 Will mark thy Lenten twenty-first and second.  
 The best of our physicians, when they con it,  
 Depose the malady is in the air :  
 Oh, Mr. Spencer ! if the ill *is* there,  
 Why should you bid the people live upon it ?  
 Why should you make discourses against courses,  
 While doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,  
 Declare, of all resources,  
 The man is safest who gets in the safe ?  
 And yet you bid poor suicidal sinners  
 Discard their dinners,  
 Thoughtless how Heaven above will look upon't,  
 For man to die so wantonly of want !

By way of a variety,  
 Think of the ineffectual piety  
 Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,  
 Lecturing such chamelion insides,  
 Only to find  
 He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do,—or don't,  
 I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and won't,  
 Unless by night your day you let me keep,  
 And *fast* asleep ;  
 My constitution can't obey such censors :  
 I must have meat  
 Three times a-day to eat ;  
 My health's of such a sort,—  
 To say the truth, in short,  
 The *coats* of my stomach are not *Spencers* !

---

 TO MISS KELLY.

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE.

O BETTY—I beg pardon—Fanny K. !  
 (I was just thinking of your Betty Finnikin)—

Permit me this to say,  
 In quite a friendly way—  
 I like your theatre, though but a minnikin ;  
 For though small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,  
 Renounce me if I don't agree with Dowton,  
 The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.  
 For me, I never can  
 Find wisdom in the plan  
 That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes where the audience sit  
 A family circle ; and your little pit ;  
 I like your little stage, where you discuss  
 Your pleasant bill of fare,  
 And show us passengers so rich and rare,  
 Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,  
 Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,  
 The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame !—  
 Lord ! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers !  
 I like your savage, of a one-horse power ;  
 And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin ;  
 And Sally—quite a kitchen-garden flower ;  
 And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin !  
 I like your girl as speechless as a mummy—  
 It shows you can play dummy !—  
 I like your boy, deprived of every gleam  
 Of light for ever—a benighted being !  
 And really think—though Irish it may seem—  
 Your blindness is worth seeing.

I like your Governess ; and there's a striking  
 Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing—  
 But I'm not going  
 All through the bill to tell you of my liking.  
 Suffice it, Fanny Kelly ! with your art  
 So much in love, like others I have grown,  
 I really mean myself to take a part  
 In "Free and Easy"—at my own bespeak—  
 And shall three times a week  
 Drop in and make your pretty house my own !

## TO DOCTOR HAHNEMANN.

## THE HOMŒOPATHIST.

WELL, Doctor,

Great concoctor

Of medicines to help in man's distress ;  
 Diluting down the strong to meek,  
 And making even the weak more weak,  
 "Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—  
 Founder of a new system economic,  
 To druggists anything but comic ;  
 Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret,  
 At profits, like thy doses, very small ;  
 To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,  
 Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place,—  
 And show us old Apothecaries' Hall  
 "To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,  
 Or, well as can expected be, with such  
 A style of practice, liberally giving  
 "A sum of more to that which had too much?"  
 Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?  
 Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?  
 Do fevers yield to anything that's hot?  
 Or hearty dinners neutralise a surfeit?  
 Is't good advice for gastronomic ills,  
 When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,  
 To cry "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,  
 Take a hard dumpling!"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,  
 And tell me honestly without a diddle,  
 Does an attenuated dose of rosin  
 Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle*?  
 Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,  
 Like eels just caught by sniggle,  
 Martyrs to some acidity internal,  
 That gives them pangs infernal,  
 Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges ;

Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,  
 Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,  
 The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges?*"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,  
 A soldier pillowed on a heap of slain,  
 In urgent want both of a priest and proctor ;  
 When lo ! there comes a man in green and red,  
 A featherless cocked-hat adorns his head,  
 In short a Saxon military doctor—  
 Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,  
     To cure a horrid gaping wound,  
     Made by a ball that weighed a pound,  
 If he well peppered it with number six ?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing  
     Within a *rope*,  
     Might friends not hope  
 To cure him with a *string?*  
 Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,  
 The shades of death in a black cloud before him,  
 Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop  
     Restore him ?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,  
     Snapping to left and right,  
 And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,  
     Terrific sounds,  
 The pallid neighbourhood with horror cowing,  
 To hit the proper homœopathic mark ;  
 Now, might not "the last taste in life" of *bark*,  
     Stop his *bow-wow-ing?*  
 Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,  
 Would he not mend, if with all proper care,  
     He took "*a hair*  
*Of the dog that bit him?*"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—  
     In evident emotion,  
 Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,  
     Owning those symptoms queer—

Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,  
 Can anything in life be more pathetic  
 Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—  
     But would it mend his case  
     To be decillionth-dosed  
     With something like the ghost  
     Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darkened room!  
 Look through the dreary gloom,  
 And see that coverlet of wildest form,  
 Tost like the billows in a storm,  
 Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges  
     A ghastly head!  
 While two impatient arms still beat the bed,  
 Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges;  
 There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,  
 With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—  
 What shall support the body in its trial,  
 Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,  
 And tame the raging malady within—  
 A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

Oh! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh,  
     And cry together, half and half,  
 Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,  
 To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,  
 Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear  
 Hath gushed, with my light levity at schism,  
     To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism!  
 Perchance, on thy own system, I have given  
 A pang superfluous to the pains of Sorrow,  
 Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;  
 Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,  
     Sighing to one sad strain,  
     " She will not come again,  
 To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe  
 A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,  
 Inserting a few serious words by stealth;



*Above all price of wealth  
The Body's Jewel,—not for minds profane,  
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—  
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.  
A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!  
To be approached and touched with serious fear,  
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,  
Even as the priesthood of the ONE divine!*

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,  
And, strange to fame,  
With a diploma'd name,  
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,  
With cane, and snuff-box, powdered wig, and block,  
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,  
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism,  
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;  
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,  
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,  
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,  
And finding it too fast, enforced the dial  
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan  
Of fourteen to the dozen?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,  
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep  
Like Prospero's beneath the briny sea,  
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!  
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works,  
To help the interests of quacking Burkes;  
Aid not in murdering even widow's mites,—  
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,  
I had not said so much, but that I feel  
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,  
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

---

ON THE LOSS OF THE PEGASUS.

DELIVERED BY MRS. WARNER AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

HUSH! not a sound! no whisper! no demur!  
No restless motion—no intrusive stir!

But with staid presence and a quiet breath,  
One solemn moment dedicate to Death !

[*A pause.*]

For now no fancied miseries bespeak  
The panting bosom, and the wetted cheek ;  
No fabled Tempest, or dramatic wreck,  
No Royal Sire washed from the mimic deck,  
And dirged by Sea Nymphs to his briny grave !  
Alas ! deep, deep beneath the sullen wave,  
His heart, once warm and throbbing as your own,  
Now cold and senseless as the shingle stone ;  
His lips, so eloquent, choked up with sand ;  
The bright eye glazed,—and the impressive hand,  
Idly entangled with the ocean weed—  
Full fathom five, a FATHER lies indeed !

Yes ! where the foaming billows rave the while  
Around the rocky Ferns and Holy Isle,  
Deaf to their roar, as to the dear applause  
That greets deserving in the Drama's cause,  
Blind to the horrors that appal the bold,  
To all he hoped, or feared, or loved, of old—  
To love—and love's deep agony, a-cold ;  
He, who could move the passions, moved by none,  
Drifts an unconscious corse.—Poor Elton's race is run !

Weep for the dead ! Yet do not merely weep  
For him who slumbers in the oozy deep :  
Mourn for the dead !—yet not alone for him  
O'er whom the cormorant and gannet swim ;  
But, like Grace Darling in her little boat,  
Stretch out a saving hand to those that float—  
The orphan Seven—so prematurely hurled  
Upon the billows of this stormy world,  
And struggling—save your pity take their part—  
With breakers huge enough to break the heart !

---

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.

“Sweeping our flocks and herds.”—DOUGLAS.

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

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

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

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

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

Or fancy this :—  
 Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,  
 Her head with no such thought of danger laden,

When suddenly 'tis "Aries Taurus Virgo!"  
 You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,  
 Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden!  
     Think of some poor old crone  
 Treated, just like a penny, with a toss!  
     At that vile spot now grown  
     So generally known  
 For making a Cow Cross!

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

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

    " Folks that too freely sup  
     Must e'en put up  
 With their own troubles if they can't digest  
     But we must needs regard  
     The case as hard  
 The *others'* victuals should disturb our rest,  
 That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us!  
     We like, ourselves, a steak,  
     But, Sirs, for pity's sake!  
 We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us!*

" If we *do* doze—it really is too bad!  
 We constantly are roar'd awake or rung,  
     Through bullocks mad  
 That run in all the 'Night Thoughts' of our Young!"

Such are the woes of sleepers— now let's take  
 The woes of those that wish to keep a *Wake*.  
 Oh think! when Wombell gives his annual feasts,  
 Think of these "Bulls of Basan," far from mild ones;

Such fierce tame beasts,  
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones !

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

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

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

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

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

---

TO MARY.

AT NO. 1, NEWGATE.

*Favoured by Mr. Wontner.*

O MARY, I believ'd you true,  
And I was blest in so believing ;

But till this hour I never knew—  
That you were taken up for thieving!

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

But then to gaze on that fair face—  
It would have been an unfair feeling,  
To dream that you had pilfered lace—  
And Flints had suffered from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferr'd,  
To bring your coldness to repentance,  
Before I hammer'd out a word,  
How could I dream you'd heard a sentence!

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

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

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

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

You said you pick'd me from the world,  
My vanity it now must shock it—  
And down at once my pride is hurl'd,  
You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket.

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

But when you rob'd your flesh and bones  
 In that pure white that angel garb is,  
 Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,  
 Among the Joans that link with *Darbies* ?

And when the parson came to say,  
 My goods were yours, if I had got any,  
 And you should honour and obey,  
 Who could have thought—“ O Bay of Botany. ”

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

## No. II.

“ Love, with a witness. ”

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

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

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

When he kissed me and bade me adieu with a sigh,  
 By the light of the sweetest of moons,  
 Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye  
 To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons !

## No. III.

"I'd be a Parody."—BAILEY.

WE met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me—  
 I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me ;  
 He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unalter'd,  
 I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs falter'd.  
 I wore my bran new boots—and unrivall'd their brightness,  
 They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness !  
 I call'd, but no one came, and my stride had a tether ;  
 Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather !

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

## TO FANNY.

"Gay being, born to flutter!"—SALE'S GLEE.

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

Last night you smil'd on all, Ma'am,  
 That appear'd in scarlet dress ;  
 And your Regimental Ball, Ma'am,  
 Look'd a little like a *Mess.*

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



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

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

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

Deuce take it ! when the regiment  
 You so praised, I only thought  
 That you lov'd it in abridgement,  
 But I now am better taught !

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

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

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

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

I am, I don't conceal it,  
 But I am a little hurt ;

You're a Fan, and I must feel it,  
Fit for nothing but a *Flirt!*

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

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

---

TO MR. MALTHUS.

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

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree  
In everything I read with thee !  
The world's too full, there is no doubt,  
And wants a deal of thinning out,—  
It's plain—as plain as Harrow Steeple—

And I agree with some thus far,  
 Who say the Queen's too popular,  
 That is,—she has too many people.

There are too many of all trades,  
 Too many bakers,  
 Too many every-thing-makers,  
 But not too many undertakers,—  
 Too many boys,—  
 Too many hobby-de-hoys,—  
 Too many girls, men, widows, wives and maids,—  
 There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,  
 And yet some Wrongheads,  
 With thick not long heads,  
 Poor Metaphysicians !

Sign petitions  
 Capital punishment to abolish ;  
 And in the face of censuses such vast ones  
 New hospitals contrive,  
 For keeping life alive,  
 Laying first stones, the dolts ! instead of last ones !  
 Others, again, in the same contrariety,  
 Deem that of all Humane Society  
 They really deserve thanks,  
 Because the two banks of the Serpentine,  
 By their design,  
 Are Saving Banks.

Oh ! were it given but to me to weed  
 The human breed,  
 And root out here and there some cumbering elf,  
 I think I could go through it,  
 And really do it  
 With profit to the world and to myself,—  
 For instance, the unkind among the Editors,  
 My debtors, those I mean to say  
 Who cannot or who will not pay,  
 And all my creditors.

These, for my own sake, I'd destroy ;  
 But for the world's, and every one's,  
 I'd hoe up Mrs. G—'s two sons,

And Mrs. B—'s big little boy,  
 Call'd only by herself an "only joy."  
 As Mr. Irving's chapel's not too full,  
 Himself alone I'd pull—  
 But for the peace of years that have to run,  
 I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,  
 And put a period to rotation,  
 By rooting up all Aldermen but one,—  
 These are but hints what good might thus be done !  
 But ah ! I fear the public good  
 Is little by the public understood,—  
 For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,  
 Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man  
 Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,  
 No doubt some busy fool would hinder  
 His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.  
 Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,  
 That wine and bun-day,  
 Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats  
 Before they died by bit or sup,  
 Some meddling Marplot would blow up,  
 Just at the moment critical,  
 The economy political  
 Of Saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.  
 Equally 'twould be undone,  
 Suppose the Bishop of London,  
 On that great day  
 In June or May,  
 When all the large small family of charity,  
 Brown, black, or caroty,  
 Walk in their dusty parish shoes,  
 In too, too many two-and-twos,  
 To sing together till they scare the walls  
 Of old St. Paul's,  
 Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,  
 Some say a gratifying sight,  
 Tho' I think sad—but that's a schism—  
 To witness so much pauperism—  
 Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make  
 In this poor overcrowded world more room,

Proposed to shake  
 Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—  
 Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal*-way  
     I fear would come and interfere,  
     Save beadle, brat, and overseer,  
     To walk back in their parish shoes,  
 In too, too many two-and-twos,  
 Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way !

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

---

 TO ST. SWITHIN.

"The rain it raineth every day."

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

The hundred clerks that live along the street,  
 Bondsmen to mercantile and City schemers,  
 With squashing, sloshing and galoching feet,  
 Go paddling, paddling, through the wet, like steamers,

Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—  
 Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,  
 And now and then a crimson one is seen,  
 Like an Umbrella *ripen'd*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

---

LINES TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

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

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—  
 A wine more praised than it deserves to be !

Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,  
And think of me !

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

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,  
Or lies along at full length like a tree,  
Go where the Sutte in her own soot broileth,  
And think of me !

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth  
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,  
And like a woman, all she can revealeth,  
And think of me !

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

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

Go where a cook must always be a currier,  
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,  
Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,  
And think of me !

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

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



## SIR JOHN BOWRING.

To Bowring, man of many tongues,  
 (All over tongues like rumour)  
 This tributary verse belongs  
 To paint his learned humour ;  
 All kinds of gabs he talks, I wis,  
 From Latin down to Scottish ;  
 As fluent as a parrot is,  
 But far more *Polly-glottish* !  
 No grammar too abstruse he meets  
 However dark and verby,—  
 He gossips Greek about the streets,  
 And often *Russ*—in urbe—:  
 Strange tongues whate'er you do them call,  
 In short the man is able  
 To tell you what's *o'clock* in all  
 The *dialects* of Babel.  
 Take him on 'Change ; try Portuguese,  
 The Moorish and the Spanish,  
 Polish, Hungarian, Tyrolese,  
 The Swedish and the Danish ;  
 Try him with these and fifty such,  
 His skill will ne'er diminish,  
 Although you should begin in Dutch  
 And end (like me) in *Finnish*.

## TO MR. M'ADAM.

"Let us take to the road!"—*Beggar's Opera*.

M'ADAM, hail !

Hail, Roadian ! hail, Collossus ! who dost stand  
 Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land !

Oh universal Leveller ! all hail !

To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,

The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going,—

To thee,—how much for thy commodious plan,

Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing !

The Bristol mail

Gliding o'er ways, hitherto deem'd invincible,  
 When carrying Patriots, now shall never fail  
 Those of the most "*unshaken* public principle."

Hail to thee, Scot of Scots !

Thou northern light, amid those heavy men !  
 Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,  
 Thou scatter'st flints and favours far and wide,

From palaces to cots ;—

Dispenser of coagulated good !

Distributor of granite and of food !

Long may thy fame its even path march on,

E'en when thy sons are dead !

Best benefactor ! though thou giv'st a stone

To those who ask for bread !

Thy first great trial in this mighty town

Was, if I rightly recollect, upon

That gentle hill which goeth

Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,

And, like, a river, thanks to thee, now floweth

Past the Old Horticultural Society,—

The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and James,

Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—

A little *Hell* of lace !

And past the Athenæum, made of late,

Severs a sweet variety

Of milliners and booksellers who grace

Waterloo Place,

Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,

'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr Hessey's.

Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac ! and shaved the road

From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode

So well, that pavours threw their rammers by,

Let down their tuck'd shirt sleeves, and with a sigh

Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die !

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou

Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat,—

Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,

Yet kicking up a row,

Upon the stones—ah ! truly watchman-like,

Encouraging thy victims all to strike,

To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily ;—  
 Thou hast smoothed, alas, the path to the Old Bailey !  
 And to the stony bowers  
 Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,  
 By caravan or coach,—  
 Hast strewed the way with flints as soft as flowers.

Who shall dispute thy name !  
 Insculpt in stone in every street,  
 We soon shall greet  
 Thy trodden down, yet all unconquered fame !  
 Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,  
 Nought see we, but mankind in open air,  
 Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare ;—  
 And with a patient care  
 Chipping thy immortality all day  
 Demosthenes, of old,—that rare old man,  
 Prophetically *followed*, Mac ! thy plan :—  
 For he, we know,  
 (History says so,)

Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak

The *smoothest* Greek !

It is "impossible, and cannot be,"

But that thy genius hath,

Besides the turnpike, many another path

Trod, to arrive at popularity.

O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,

Nor ridden a roadster only ;—mighty Mac !

And 'faith I'd swear, when on that wingèd hack,

Thou hast observed the highways in the sky !

Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,

And "hard to climb," as Dr. B. would say ?

Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep

The noiseless *tenor* of their way ? (see Gray.)

What line of road *should* poets take to bring

Themselves unto those waters, loved the first !—

Those waters which can wet a man to sing !

Which, like thy fame, "from *granite* basins burst,

Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst ?"

That thou'rt a proser, even thy birthplace might

Vouchsafe ;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,

I have paid thee many a pound for many a blot,—  
 Cadeil's a wayward wight !  
 Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,  
 And I can throw, I think, a little light  
 Upon some works thou hast written for the town,—  
 And published, like a Lilliput Unknown !  
 "Highways and Byeways" is thy book, no doubt,  
 (One whole edition's out,)  
 And next, for it is fair  
 That Fame,  
 Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em ;—  
 "Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair,"—  
 (Blair is a Scottish name,)  
 What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam ?

O ! indefatigable labourer  
 In the paths of men ! when thou shalt die, 'twill be  
 A mark of thy surpassing industry,  
 That of the monument, which men shall rear  
 Over thy most inestimable bone,  
 Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone !—  
 Of a right ancient line thou comest,—through  
 Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,  
 Until we see thy sire before our eyes,—  
 Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise !  
 But he, our great Mac Parent, erred, and ne'er  
 Have our walks since been fair ?  
 Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,  
 For ever varying, through his varying range,  
 Time maketh all things even !  
 In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven,  
 He hath redeemed the Adams, and contrived,—  
 (How are time's wonders lived !)  
 In pity to mankind, and to befriend 'em,—  
 (Time is above all praise,)  
 That he, who first did make our evil ways,  
 Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em !

## A FRIENDLY EPISTLE TO MRS. FRY, IN NEWGATE.

"Sermons in stones."—*As You Like It.*  
 "Out! out! damned spot!"—*Macbeth.*

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!  
 Its speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing  
 In daily act round Charity's great flame—  
 I like the crisp brown way you have of dressing,  
 Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim  
 You make to Christianity,—professing  
 Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,  
 Beside the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—  
 Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—  
 I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit  
 Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.  
 I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—  
 Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support  
 Of virtue—and I like to see them clad  
 With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colours—not the wet;  
 Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—  
 Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—  
 In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—  
 The others are a chaste, severer set,  
 In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—  
 They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—  
 In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs. Fry!

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—  
 Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—  
 Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;  
 And green is young and gay—not noted for  
 Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,  
 Till it is saddened down to tea-green, or  
 Olive—and purple's given to wine, I guess;  
 And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They're all the devil's liveries, that men  
 And women wear in servitude to sin—

But how will they come off, poor motleys, when  
 Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in  
 The Evil presence? . You and I know, then  
 How all the party colours will begin  
 To part—the *Pittite* hues will sadden there,  
 Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labours one by one!  
*Russet* makes garments for the needy poor—  
*Dove-colour* preaches love to all—and *dun*  
 Calls every day at Charity's street-door—  
*Brown* studies scripture, and bids woman shun  
 All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour  
 Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply  
 Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend  
 The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!  
 When all persuasions in your praises blend—  
 The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!  
 No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,  
 Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never  
 Start at that word!—But I *must* ask you why  
 You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve  
 Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters  
 Commit a petty larceny, and thief—  
 Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters*?"  
 Your classes may increase, but I must grieve  
 Over your pupils at their bread-and-waters!  
 Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high!)  
 Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoiled!  
 Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—  
 And there inform the mind before 'tis soiled!  
 'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!  
 Nay, if you would not have your labours foiled,  
 Take it *inclining* tow'rds a virtuous state,  
 Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!  
 The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain  
 The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—  
 To bring sobriety to life again,  
 Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—  
 To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrained,—  
 To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,  
 Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her ;  
 To tame the wild-fowl-ways of Jenny Diver !

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach  
 Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—  
 To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach  
 She made in manners—to write heaven's own law  
 On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,  
 In cells, that are not memory's—to draw  
 The moral thread, through the immoral eye  
 Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry !

In vain you teach them baby-work within :  
 'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime ;  
 'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—  
 Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—  
 It is too late for scouring to begin  
 When virtue's ravelled out, when all the prime  
 Is worn away, and nothing sound remains ;  
 You'll fret the fabric out before the stains !

I like your chocolate, good Mrs. Fry !  
 I like your cookery in every way ;  
 I like your shrove-tide service and supply ;  
 I like to hear your sweet *Pandæans* play ;  
 I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye ;  
 I like your carriage, and your silken grey,  
 Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching ;  
 But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry ! Repair  
 Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.  
 O, come abroad into the wholesome air,  
 And take your moral place, before Sin seats  
 Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.  
 Suppose some morals raw ! the true receipt's

To dress them in the pan, but do not try  
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry !

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out !  
Good lack ! the ancients did not set up schools  
In jail—but at the *Porch* ! hinting, no doubt,  
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules  
Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,  
Good Mrs. Fry ! and set up forms and stools  
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,  
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat !

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you  
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour ;  
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue  
Ruin of blue, or any other colour ;  
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,  
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar ;  
Teach her that " flooring Charleys " is a game  
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—  
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,  
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours  
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey  
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs  
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,  
To shut them out from any more blue sky :  
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry !

You are not nice—go into their retreats,  
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best  
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats* ;  
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest  
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets  
With so much raggedness.—You may invest  
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,  
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice !

In brief,—Oh teach the child its moral rote,  
Not *in* the way from which 'twill not depart,—



But *out*—out—out ! Oh, bid it walk remote !  
 And if the skies are closed against the smart,  
 Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,  
 For that ensureth singleness of heart.—  
 Do what you will, his every want supply,  
*Keep* him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry !

## TO MR. DYMOKE.

## THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

“—Arma Virumque cano !”—VIRGIL.

MR. DYMOKE ! Sir Knight ! if I may be so bold—  
 (I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)  
 Is your armour put by, like the sheep in a fold ?—  
 Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down ?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mail'd and admired,  
 Now sitting at ease in a library chair ?  
 Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,  
 With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare ?

What's become of the cup ? Great tin-plate worker ! say !  
 Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun !  
 Oh : *three golden balls* haven't lured you to play  
 Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one ?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic !  
 The breastplate—the feathers—the gallant array !  
 So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke !  
 The day of brass breeches ! as Wordsworth would say !

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,  
 And a cow, and a pig, and a barndoor, and all ;—  
 You show to the parish that peace is your lot,  
 And plenty,—though absent from Westminster Hall !

And of course you turn every accoutrement now  
 To its separate use, that your wants may be well-met ;—  
 You toss in your breastplate your pancakes, and grow  
 A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion, less bright  
 Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task ;  
 And you bake your own bread in your tin ; and, Sir Knight,  
 Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque !

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,  
 With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutched,  
 And chat of the blood that had deluged the Picas  
 And drenched the King's Bench,—if the glove had been  
 touched !

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,  
 Had snatched your "best doe,"—he'd have flooded the  
 floor ;—

Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,  
 "Life Preservers," have floated him out of his gore !

Oh, you and your horse ! what a couple was there !  
 The man and his *backer*,—to win a great fight !  
 Though the trumpet was loud,—you'd an undisturbed air !  
 And the nag snuffed the feast and the fray *sans* affright !

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore  
 When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall ;—  
 For though his departure was at the front door,  
 Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went,—and 'twould puzzle historians to say,  
 When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*,—  
 Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,  
 For though he retreated, he never turned tail.

By my life, he's a wonderful charger !—The best !  
 Though not for a Parthian corps !—yet for you !—  
 Distinguished alike at a fray and a feast,  
 What a horse for a grand Retrospective Review !

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool  
 When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof !—  
 What a *tailpiece* for Bewick !—or piebald for Poole,  
 To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof !

Well ! hail to old Cato ! the hero of scenes  
 May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge ;—

Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,  
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep  
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!  
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,  
May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest!"

---

TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit."  
—*Twelfth Night.*

JOSEPH! they say thou'st left the stage,  
To toddle down the hill of life,  
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,  
Apart from pantomimic strife—  
"Retired—[for Young would call it so]—  
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really wash'd at last  
From each white cheek the red half-moon  
And all thy public Clownship cast,  
To play the private Pantaloon?  
All youth—all ages yet to be  
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—  
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—  
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—  
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!  
And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can  
Much "better spare a better man!"

Oh, had it pleas'd the gout to take  
The reverend Croly from the stage,  
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,  
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,  
Or, damme! nanby pamby Poole,—  
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,  
 Go Byeway Highway man ! go ! go !  
 Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,  
 But leave thy partner, painted Joe !  
 I could bear Kirby on the wane,  
 Or Signor Paulo with a sprain !

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made  
 His grey hairs scarce in private peace—  
 Had Waithman sought a rural shade—  
 Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—  
 Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam Hill*—  
 I think I could be cheerful still !

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,  
 Dead-lion-kicking, like—a friend !—  
 Had long, long Irving gone his ways  
 To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—  
 Or Lady Morgan taken leave  
 Of Letters—still I might not grieve !

But, Joseph—everybody's Joe !—  
 Is gone—and grieve I will and must !  
 As Hamlet did for Yorick, so  
 Will I for thee (though not yet dust),  
 And talk as he did when he miss'd  
 The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd !

Ah, where is now thy rolling head !  
 Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,  
 (As old Catullus would have said,)  
 Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—  
 Enormous hunger—monstrous drouth !—  
 Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth !

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd !—  
 Thy funny, flapping, filching hands !—  
 Thy partridge body, always stuff'd  
 With waifs, and strays, and contrabands !—  
 Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Footle*—for why ?  
 'Twas often made to wipe an eye !

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair !  
 For “great wits jump”—and so did they !  
 Lord ! how they leap’d in lamplight air !  
 Caper’d—and bounced—and strode away !—  
 That years should tame the legs—alack !  
 I’ve seen spring through an Almanack !

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks  
 Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes ;  
 And those that frisk’d in silken clocks  
 May look to limp in fleecy hose—  
 One only—(Champion of the ring)  
 Could ever make his Winter—Spring !

And gout, that owns no odds between  
 The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,  
 Will visit—but I did not mean  
 To moralize, though I am grown  
 Thus sad,—Thy going seem’d to beat  
 A muffled drum for Fun’s retreat !

And, may be—’tis no time to smother  
 A sigh, when two prime wags of London  
 Are gone—thou, Joseph, one,—the othc. ;  
 A Joe !—“sic transit gloria *Munden!*”  
 A third departure some insist on,—  
 Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston !—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep  
 With ancient “*Doscy*” to the dregs,—  
 Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,  
 And put a hatchment o’er her eggs !  
 Let Farley weep—for Magic’s man  
 Is gone—his Christmas Caliban !

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,  
 As though they walk’d behind thy bier,—  
 For since thou wilt not play again,  
 What matters,—if in heav’n or here !  
 Or in thy grave, or in thy bed !—  
 There’s *Quick* might just as well be dead !

Oh, how will thy departure cloud  
 The lamplight of the little breast !  
 The Christmas child will grieve aloud  
 To miss his broadest friend and best,—  
 Poor urchin ! what avails to him  
 The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm* ?

For who like thee could ever stride !  
 Some dozen paces to the mile !  
 The motley, medley coach provide—  
 Or like Joe Frankenstein compile  
 The *vegetable man* complete !—  
 A proper *Covent Garden* feat !

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,  
 Or eat,—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke !  
 Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink ?—  
 Thy very yawn was quite a joke !  
 Though Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,  
 “There's no Fool like the old Fool” still !

Joseph, farewell ! dear funny Joe !  
 We met with mirth,—we part in pain !  
 For many a long, long year must go  
 Ere Fun can see thy like again—  
 For Nature does not keep great stores  
 Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors* !

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TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE “GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.”

“Dost thou not suspect my years ?”—*Much Ado about Nothing*.

OH ! Mr. Urban ! never must *thou* lurch  
 A sober age made serious drunk by thee ;  
 Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,  
 And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus ! what a heart is thine !  
 And what a page attends thee ! Long may I

Hang in demure confusion o'er each line  
That asks thy little questions with a sigh !

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,  
Like pensioners that creep about and die ;—  
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,  
Livest in monthly immortality !

How sweet !—as Byron of *his* infant said,—  
“ Knowledge of objects ” in thine eye to trace ;  
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,  
Taking a quiet nap upon thy face !

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,  
And not a name of any name to catch !  
To meet thy Criticism walking home  
Averse from rows, and never calling “ Watch ! ”

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—  
Composing compositions,—lulling men,—  
Faded old posies of unburied rings,—  
Confessions dozing from an opiate pen :—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived,—  
Deaths of good people that have really died,—  
Parishioners,—hatched,—husbanded,—and wived,—  
Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side !

The sacred query,—the remote response,—  
The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—  
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce  
Famous for nothing many years ago !

B, asks of C. if Milton e'er did write  
“ Comus,” obscured beneath some Ludlow lid ;—  
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,  
Informing B. that Mr. Milton did !

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,  
Caught upon Martin Luther years agone ;—  
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,  
Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

There is no end of thee,—there is no end,  
 Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits !  
 Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,  
 And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets.

Go on, Sylvanus !—Bear a wary eye,  
 The churches cannot yet be quite run out !  
 Some parishes must yet have been passed by,—  
 There's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages !  
 Nourish the names of the undoubted dead !  
 So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,  
 Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on ! and thrive ! Demurest of odd fellows !  
 Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn !  
 Still live ! still prose !—continue still to tell us  
 Old truths ! no strangers, though we take them in !

---

TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COOK'S ORACLE," "OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL  
 MUSIC," "THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING  
 LIFE," "PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA-  
 GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER,"  
 AND "THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL."

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—CALEB QUOTEM.

HAIL ! multifarious man !  
 Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton !  
 Born to enlighten  
 The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—  
 Master of the Piano—and the Pan—  
 As busy with the kitchen as the skies !  
 Now looking  
 At some rich stew through Galileo's eyes,—  
 Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—  
 As much at home  
 In spectacles as in mere isinglass—  
 In the art of frying brown—as a digression



On music and poetical expression,—  
 Whereas, how few, of all our cooks, alas !  
 Could tell Calliope from “ Callipee ! ”  
     How few there be  
 Could cleave the lowest for the highest stories,  
     (Observatories,)  
 And turn, like thee, Diana’s calculator,  
 However *cook’s* synonymous with *Kater* ! \*  
     Alas ! still let me say,  
     How few could lay  
 The carving knife beside the tuning fork,  
 Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work !  
  
 Oh, to behold thy features in thy book !  
 Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,  
     How it would look !  
 With one raised eye watching the dial’s date,  
 And one upon the roast, gently cast down—  
     Thy chops—done nicely brown—  
 The garnish’d brow—with “ a few leaves of bay ”—  
     The hair—“ done Wiggy’s way ! ”  
 And still one studious finger near thy brains,  
     As if thou wert just come  
     From editing of some  
 New soup—or hashing Dibdin’s cold remains !  
 Or, Orpheus-like,—fresh from thy dying strains  
 Of music,—Epping luxuries of sound,  
     As Milton says, “ in many a bout  
     Of link’d sweetness long drawn out,”  
 While all thy tame stuff’d leopards listen’d round !  
  
 Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,  
 Standing like Fortune,—on the jack—thy whee’.  
 (Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,  
 Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye !)  
 Scanning our kitchen, and our vocal ranges,  
 As though it were the same to sing or fry—  
 Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton’s throat  
     Makes “ fritters ” of a note !  
 And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born

\* Captain Kater, the moon’s surveyor.

By name and nature) oh ! how night and morn  
 He for the nicest public taste doth dish up  
 The good things from that Pan of music—Bishop !  
 And is not reading near akin to feeding,  
 Or why should Oxford Sausages be fit  
     Receptacles for wit ?  
 Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,  
     Minced brains into a Tart ?  
 Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,  
     Book-treats,  
 Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—  
     Receipts to be devour'd, as well as read,  
     The Culinary Art in gingerbread—  
     The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar !

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—  
 Aye, very pleasant in its chatty vein—  
 So—in a kitchen—would have talk'd Montaign  
 That merry Gascon—humourist, and sage !  
 Let slender minds with single themes engage,  
     Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope,—  
     Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon,—or  
     Hume on—“Twice three make four.”  
 Or Lovelass upon Wills,—Thou goest on  
 Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson !  
     Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,  
 Stuff'd with a brilliant medley of odd bits,  
     And ever shifting on from change to change,  
 Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits !  
     Thy range is wider than a Rumford range !  
 Thy grasp a miracle !—till I recall  
 Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—  
 Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all  
 That spying—frying—singing—mix'd Society  
 Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet  
 Welsh Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street !

Oh, hast thou still those *Conversazioni*,  
 Where learn'd visitors discoursed—and fed ?  
     There came Belzoni,  
 Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—

And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,  
 Of whom thou didst declare—  
 “Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—  
 They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred?*”  
 There famed M'Adam from his manual toil  
 Relax'd—and freely own'd he took thy hints  
 On “making *Broth* with *Flints*”—  
 There Parry came, and show'd thee polar oil!  
 For melted butter—Combe with his medullary  
     Notions about the *Skullery*,  
 And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—  
 There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!  
     Who used to swear thy book  
     Would really look  
     A *Delphic* “Oracle,” if laid on *Delf*—  
 There, once a month, came Campbell and discuss'd  
 His own—and thy own—“*Magazine of Taste*”—  
     There Wilberforce the Just  
 Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced  
     Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,—  
     That “do not break their *yells*,”—  
 Which huff'd him home, in grave disgust and haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore  
 Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with Mocré,  
 Who call'd thee “*Kitchen Addison*”—for why?  
 Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,  
 Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,  
 “*Teaching us how to live and how to die?*”  
 There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—  
 There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on  
     His sine *Quay non*,—  
 There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,  
 Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath  
     'Gainst cattle days and death,—  
 Answer'd by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,  
     Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager  
     For fighting on soup meagre—  
 ‘And yet (as thou wouldst add) the French have seen  
     A Marshal *Tureen?*’

Great was thy Evening Cluster !—ofter graced  
 With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy !  
 'Twas there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste,—  
 There Colburn learn'd the art of making paste  
 For puffs—and Accum analysed a gravy.  
 Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said,  
 Came there,—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,  
 (His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's  
 Crony,—and Graham, lofty on balloons,—  
 There Croly stalked with holy humour heated,  
 (Who wrote a light-horse play, which Yates completed)—

And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,  
 And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons,—  
 Madame Valbrèque thrice honour'd thee, and came  
 With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle,—  
 The Dibdins,—Tom, Charles, Frognall, came with tuns  
 Of poor old books, old puns !

And even Irving spared a night from fame,  
 And talk'd—till thou didst stop him in the middle,

To serve round *Tewah-diddle!* \*

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye !

So let them :—thou thyself art still a *Host!*

Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!

Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec !—Lovell and Weber,  
 Mathews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping Gheber—  
 Thrice-worthy Worthy ! seem by thee engross'd !  
 Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,  
 Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling,—  
 And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion !

Thou art, sans question,

The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*

Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed

Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying

“ Illustrations of *Lying!* ”

Ninety square feet of down from heel to head

It measured, and I dread

Was haunted by a terrible night *Mare,*

A monstrous burthen on the corporation !—

Look at the Bill of Fare for one day's share,

\* The doctor's composition for a *night-cap.*

Sea-turtles by the score—oxen by droves.  
 Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves  
 Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation  
 Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration !

Oh ! worthy Doctor ! surely thou hast driven  
 The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—  
 (His honour seems to rest !—)

And what is thy reward ?—Hath London given  
 Thee public thanks for thy important service ?

Alas ! not even

The tokens it bestow'd on Howe and Jervis !—  
 Yet could I speak as Orators should speak  
 Before the Worshipful the Common Council  
 (Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)  
 Thou shouldst not miss thy Freedom for a week,  
 Richly engross'd on vellum :—Reason urges  
 That he who rules our cookery—that he  
 Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be  
 A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess* !

---

TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough."—  
 CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

OH, very reverend Dean and Chapter,  
 Exhibitors of giant men,  
 Hail to each surplice-back'd adapter  
 Of England's dead, in her stone den !  
 Ye teach us properly to prize  
 Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,  
 And, to throw light upon our eyes,  
 Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,  
 Call in your shillings, two and two ;  
 March with them up the middle aisle,  
 And cloister them from public view.  
 Yours surely are the dusty dead,  
 Gladly ye look from bust to bust,

And set a price on each great head,  
And make it come down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along  
In ample sleeves and ample back,  
A pursy and well-order'd throng,  
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black !  
In vain I strive me to be dumb,—  
You keep each bard like fatted kid,  
Grind bones for bread like Fee-faw-fum !  
And drink from skulls as Byron did !

The profitable Abbey is  
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,  
Not that a speculation 'tis—  
The profit's founded on a rock.  
Death and the Doctors in each nave  
Bony investments have inurn'd,  
And hard 'twould be to find a grave  
From which "no money is returned !"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought  
By reverence for those learn'd bones,  
Shall often come and walk your short  
Two-shilling fare upon the stones—\*  
Ye have that talisman of Wealth  
Which puddling chemists sought of old  
Till ruin'd out of hope and health—  
The Tomb's the stone that turns to gold !

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat  
Your dinners from your own dead race,  
Think Gray, preserved—a "funeral meat,"  
And Dryden, devil'd—after grace,  
A relish ;—and you take your meal  
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,  
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,  
To cut away at Addison !

\* "Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to the English people to know that while butcher's meat is rising tombs are falling."—*Note in Third Edition.*

Oh say, of all this famous age,  
 Whose learn'd bones your hopes expect,  
 Oh have ye number'd Rydal's sage,  
 Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?  
 Lord Byron was not doom'd to make  
 You richer by his final sleep—  
 Why don't ye warn the Great to take  
 Their ashes to no other heap!

Southey's reversion have ye got?  
 With Coleridge, for his body, made  
 A bargain?—has Sir Walter Scott,  
 Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shad:?  
 Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold  
 His features for your marble shows,  
 Or Campbell barter'd ere he's cold,  
 All interest in his "*bone* repose?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!  
 Priestly Politos,—rare, I ween;  
 But should ye not outside the Den  
 Paint up what in it may be seen?  
 A long green Shakspeare, with a deer  
 Grasp'd in the many folds it died in,—  
 A Butler stuff'd from ear to ear,  
 Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dryden

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,  
 A Giant of some inches high;  
 Paint Handel up, that organ chap,  
 With you, as grinders, in his eye;  
 Depict some plaintive antique thing,  
 And say th' original may be seen;—  
 Blind Milton with a dog and string  
 May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near  
 The little door, a platform small  
 Get there a monkey—never fear,  
 You'll catch the gapers, one and all  
 Stand each of ye a Body Guard,  
 A Trumpet under either fin,

## ON AN UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW.

And yell away in Palace Yard  
 "All dead ! All dead ! Walk in ! Walk in !"

(But when the people are inside,  
 Their money paid—I pray you, bid  
 The keepers not to mount and ride  
 A race around each coffin lid.—  
 Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought, last year,  
 That it was hard—the woman clacks—  
 To have so little in her ear—  
 And be so hurried through the Wax !—)

"Walk in ! two shillings only ! come !  
 Be not by country grumblers funk'd !—  
 Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb,  
 The Cheapest House for the defunct !"  
 Write up, 'twill breed some just reflection,  
 And every rude surmise 'twill stop—  
 Write up, that you have no connection  
 (In large)—with any other shop !

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,  
 With samples of your shows in Wax,  
 Set some old Harry near the door  
 To answer queries with his *axe*.—  
 Put up some general begging-trunk—  
 Since the last broke by some mishap,  
 You've all a bit of General Monk,  
 From the respect you bore his Cap !

## ON AN UNFAVOURABLE REVIEW.

"I'll give him dash for dash."

JERDAN, farewell ! farewell to all  
 Who ever praised me, great or small  
 Your poet's course is run !  
 A weekly—no, an every-day  
 Reviewer takes my fame away,  
 And I am all undone !



I cannot live an author long !  
 When I did write, O I did wrong  
     To aim at being great ;  
 A Diamond Poet in a pin  
 May twinkle on in peace, and win  
     No diamond critic's hate !

No small inditer of reviews  
 Will analyse his tiny muse,  
     Or lay his sonnets waste ;  
 Who strives to prove that Richardson,  
 That calls himself a diamond one,  
     Is but a bard of paste ?

The smallest bird that wings the sky  
 May tempt some sparrow shot, and die ;  
     But midges still go free !  
 The peace that shuns my board and bed  
 May settle on a lowlier head,  
 . And dwell, " St. John, with thee !"

I aimed at higher growth ; and now  
 My leaves are withered on the bough,  
     I'm choked by bitter shrubs !  
 O Mr. F. C. W. !  
 What can I christen thy review  
     But one of " Wormwood Scrubs ?"

The very man that sought me once—  
 (Can I so soon be grown a dunce ?)  
     *He* now derides my verse ;  
 But who, save me, will fret to find  
 The editor has changed his mind,—  
     He can't have got a worse.

---

 TO THE MOON.

MOTHER of light ! how fairly dost thou go  
 Over those hoary crests, divinely led !—

## TO THE MOON.

Art thou that huntress of the silver bow,  
 Fabled of old? Or rather dost thou tread  
 Those cloudy summits thence to gaze below,  
 Like the wild Chamois from her Alpine snow,  
 Where hunter never climb'd,—secure from dread?  
 How many antique fancies have I read  
 Of that mild presence! and how many wrought!  
     Wondrous and bright,  
     Upon the silver light,  
 Chasing fair figures with the artist, Thought!

What art thou like?—Sometimes I see thee ride  
 A far-bound galley on its perilous way,  
 Whilst breezy waves toss up their silvery spray;—  
     Sometimes behold thee glide,  
 Cluster'd by all thy family of stars,  
 Like a lone widow, through the welkin wide,  
 Whose pallid cheek the midnight sorrow mars;—  
 Sometimes I watch thee on from steep to steep,  
 Timidly lighted by thy vestal torch,  
 Till in some Latmian cave I see thee creep,  
 To catch the young Endymion asleep,—  
 Leaving thy splendour at the jagged porch!—

Oh, thou art beautiful, howe'er it be!  
 Huntress, or Dian, or whatever named;  
 And he, the veriest Pagan, that first framed  
 A silver idol, and ne'er worshipp'd thee!—  
 It is too late—or thou shouldst have my knee—  
 Too late now for the old Ephesian vows,  
 And not divine the crescent on thy brows!—  
 Yet, call thee nothing but the mere Mild Moon,  
     Behind those chestnut boughs,  
 Casting their dappled shadows at my feet;  
 I will be grateful for that simple boon,  
 In many a thoughtful verse and anthem sweet,  
 And bless thy dainty face whene'er we meet.

In nights far gone,—ay, far away and dead,—  
 Before Care-fretted, with a lidless eye,—  
 I was thy wooer on my little bed,

Letting the early hours of rest go by,  
 To see thee flood the heaven with milky light,  
 And feed thy snow-white swans, before I slept ;  
 For thou wert then purveyor of my dreams,—  
 Thou wert the fairies' armourer, that kept  
 Their burnish'd helms, and crowns, and corslets bright,  
     Their spears, and glittering mails ;  
 And ever thou didst spill in winding streams  
     Sparkles and midnight gleams,  
 For fishes to new gloss their argent scales !—

Why sighs ?—why creeping tears ?—why clasp'd hands ?—  
 Is it to count the boy's expended dow'r ?  
 That fairies since have broke their gifted wands ?  
 That young Delight, like any o'erblown flow'r,  
 Gave, one by one, its sweet leaves to the ground ?—  
 Why thén, fair Moon, for all thou mark'st no hour,  
 Thou art a sadder dial to old Time  
     Than ever I have found  
 On sunny garden-plot, or moss-grown tow'r,  
 Motto'd with stern and melancholy rhyme.

Why should I grieve for this ?—Oh I must yearn  
 Whilst Time, conspirator with Memory,  
 Keeps his cold ashes in an ancient urn,  
 Richly emboss'd with childhood's revelry,  
 With leaves and cluster'd fruits, and flow'rs eterne,—  
 (Eternal to the world, though not to me),  
 Aye there will those brave sports and blossoms be,  
 The deathless wreath, and undecay'd festoon,  
     When I am hearsed within,—  
 Less than the pallid primrose to the Moon,  
 That now she watches through a vapour thin.

So let it be:—Before I lived to sigh,  
 Thou wert in Avon, and a thousand rills,  
 Beautiful Orb ! and so whene'er I lie  
 Trodden, thou wilt be gazing from thy hills.  
 Blest be thy loving light, where'er it spills,  
 And bless'd thy fair face, O Mother mild !  
 Still shine, the soul of rivers as they run,

## TO PEACE.

Still lend thy lonely lamp to lovers fond,  
 And blend their plighted shadows into one:—  
 Still smile at even on the bedded child,  
 And close his eyelids with thy silver wand !

## TO PEACE.

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

Oh Peace ! oh come with me and dwell—  
     But stop, for there's the bell.  
 Oh Peace ! for thee I go and sit in churches,  
     On Wednesday, when there's very few  
     In loft or pew—  
 Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.  
 Oh Peace ! for thee I have avoided marriage—  
     Hush ! there's a carriage.  
 Oh Peace ! thou art the best of earthly goods—  
     The five Miss Woods.  
 Oh Peace ! thou art the Goddess I adore—  
     There come some more.  
 Oh Peace ! thou child of solitude and quiet—  
 That's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.

Oh Peace !  
     Knocks will not cease.  
 Oh Peace ! thou wert for human comfort plann'd—  
     That's Weippert's band.  
 Oh Peace ! now glad I welcome thy approaches—  
     I hear the sound of coaches.  
 Oh Peace ! oh Peace !—another carriage stops—  
     It's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace ! with thee I love to wander,  
 But wait till I have show'd up Lady Squander,  
 And now I've seen her up the stair,  
 Oh Peace !—but here comes Captain Hare.  
 Oh Peace ! thou art the slumber of the mind,  
 Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—  
 If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,

Alderman Gobble won't be far behind;  
 Oh Peace! serene in worldly shyness,—  
 Make way there for his Serene Highness!

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

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

---

FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

O LUD! O Lud! O Lud!  
 I mean of course that venerable town,  
 Mention'd in stories of renown,  
     Built formerly of mud;—  
 O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er  
     Invent the office of a Mayor,  
 An office that no useful purpose crowns,  
 But to set Aldermen against each other,  
 That should be Brother unto Brother,—  
 Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?  
 But still if one must have a Mayor  
     To fill the Civic chair,  
     O Lud, I say,  
     Was there no better day  
 To fix on, than November Ninth so shiv'ry

And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?  
     Dimming, alas!  
     The Brazier's brass,  
 Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,  
     Sopping the Furriers,  
     Draggling the Curriers,  
 And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers :  
 Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,  
     Making the crusty Vintner chiller,  
     And turning the Distiller  
 To cold without instead of warm within ;—  
     Spoiling the bran-new beavers  
     Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,  
     Plastering the Plasterers and spotting Mercers,  
     Hearty November-cursors—  
 And showing Cordwainers and dapper Drapers  
 Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers ;  
 Making the Grocer's company not fit  
     For Company a bit ;  
 Dying the Dyers with a dingy flood,  
     Daubing incorporated Bakers,  
     And leading the Patten-makers,  
 Over their very pattens in the mud,—  
     O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!

“This is a sorry sight,”

To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite  
 To see your Wives and Daughters in their plumes—  
     White plumes not white—  
     Sitting at open windows catching rheums,  
     Not “Angels ever bright and fair,”  
     But angels ever brown and 'sallow,  
 With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,  
     For city clouds of black and yellow—  
 And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,  
     Such sable lilies  
     And grim daffodilies  
 Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud! O Lud!

I may as well, while I'm inclined,  
 Just go through all the faults I find ;

O Lud! then, with a bitter air, say June,  
 Could'st thou not find a better tune  
 To sound with trumpets, and with drums,  
 Than "See the Conquering Hero comes,"

When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood?  
 Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,  
 That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,  
 And yet upon a march you strike

That treats him like—

A little French if I may martyr—

Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter!

O Lud! I say

Do change your day

To some time when your Show can really show;  
 When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.

Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May

Have it when there's a sun to gild the coach,

And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—

Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter;

When grandeur really may be grand—

But if thy Pageant's thus obscured by land—

O Lud! it's ten times worse upon the water!

Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,

I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,

Who's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt

To see what she can see—and what she can't;

Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,

To keep the fog out of a tender lung,

While perch'd in a verandah nicely hung

Over a margin of thy own black mud,

O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,

Look out and see:

Of course about the bridge you view them rally

And sally,

With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;

The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,

The Goldsmiths' glorious galley,—

Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,

With silken banners that the breezes fan,  
 In gold all glowing,  
 And men in scarlet rowing,  
 Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;  
 Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne?  
 "No, I see no such thing!  
 I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,  
 With two coal lighters fasten'd to a ring:  
 And, dim as ghosts,  
 Two little boys are jumping over posts;  
 And something farther off,  
 That's rather like the shadow of a dog,  
 And all beyond is fog.  
 If there be any thing so fine and bright,  
 To see it I must see by second sight.  
 Call this a Show? It is not worth a pin!  
 I see no barges row,  
 No banners blow;  
 The show is merely a gallanty-show,  
 Without a lamp or any candle in."

But sister Anne, my dear,  
 Although you cannot see, you still may hear?  
 Of course you hear, I'm very sure of that,  
 The "Water parted from the Sea" in C,  
 Or "Where the Bee sucks," set in B;  
 Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,  
 Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.

Oh music from the water comes delightful!  
 It sounds as no where else it can:  
 You hear it first,  
 In some rich burst,  
 Then faintly sighing,  
 Tenderly dying  
 Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

"There is no breeze to die on;  
 And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps,  
 Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps  
 Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.  
 I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,



Like a very muffled double drum,  
 And then a something faintly shrill,  
 Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.  
 And now and then hear a pop,  
 As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.

I'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,  
 And, not to mention sneezing,  
 My cough is, more than usual, teasing;  
 I really fear that I have chill'd my blood,  
 O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!"

---

 ON THE CELEBRATION OF PEACE.

BY DORCAS DOVE.

AND is it thus ye welcome Peace,  
 From Mouths of forty-pounding Bores?  
 Oh cease, exploding Cannons, cease!  
 Lest Peace, affrighted, shun our shores!

Not so the quiet Queen should come;  
 But like a Nurse to still our Fears,  
 With Shoes of List, demurely dumb,  
 And Wool or Cotton in her Ears!

She asks for no triumphal Arch;  
 No Steeples for their ropy Tongues;  
 Down, Drumsticks, down, She needs no March,  
 Or blasted Trumps from brazen Lungs.

She wants no Noise of mobbing Throats  
 To tell that She is drawing nigh:  
 Why this Parade of scarlet Coats,  
 When War has closed his bloodshot Eye?

Returning to Domestic Loves,  
 When War has ceased with all its Ills,  
 Captains should come like sucking Doves,  
 With Olive Branches in their Bills.

No need there is of vulgar Shout,  
 Bells, Cannons, Trumpets, Fife, and Drum,  
 And Soldiers marching all about,  
 To let Us know that Peace is come.

Oh mild should be the Signs and meek,  
 Sweet Peace's Advent to proclaim!  
 Silence her noiseless Foot should speak,  
 And Echo should repeat the same.

Lo! where the Soldier walks, alas!  
 With Scars received on Foreign Grounds;  
 Shall we consume in Coloured Glass  
 The Oil that should be pour'd in Wounds?

The bleeding Gaps of War to close,  
 Will whizzing Rocket-Flight avail?  
 Will Squibs enliven Orphans' Woes?  
 Or Crackers cheer the Widow's Tale?

---

TO MR. ISAAK WALTON,

AT MR. MAJOR'S THE BOOKSELLER'S IN FLEET STREET.

MR. WALTON, it's harsh to say it, but as a Parent I can't help  
 wishing  
 You'd been hung before you publish'd your book, to set all the  
 young people a fishing!  
 There's my Robert, the trouble I've had with him it surpasses a  
 mortal's bearing,  
 And all thro' those devilish angling works—the Lord forgive me  
 for swearing!  
 I thought he were took with the Morbus one day, I did with his  
 nasty angle!  
 For "oh dear," says he, and burst out in a cry, "oh my gut is all  
 got of a tangle!"  
 It's a shame to teach a young boy such words—whose blood  
 wouldn't chill in their veins  
 To hear him, as I overheard him one day, a-talking of blowing  
 out brains?

And didn't I quarrel with Sally the cook, and a precious scolding  
I give her,

"How dare you," says I, "for to stench the whole house by keep-  
ing that stinking liver?"

'Twas enough to breed a fever, it was! they smelt it next door at  
the Bagots',—

But it wasn't breeding no fever—not it! 'twas my son a breeding  
of maggots!

I declare that I couldn't touch meat for a week, for it all seemed  
tainting and going,

And after turning my stomach so, they turned to blueflies, all  
buzzing and blowing;

Boys are nasty enough, goodness knows, of themselves, without  
putting live things in their craniums;

Well, what next? but he pots a whole cargo of worms along with  
my choice geraniums.

And another fine trick, tho' it wasn't found out, till the house-  
maid had given us warning,

He fished at the golden fish in the bowl, before we were up and  
down in the morning.

I'm sure it was lucky for Ellen, poor thing, that she'd got so at-  
tentive a lover,

As bring her fresh fish when the others deceas'd, which they did a  
dozen times over!

Then a whole new loaf was short! for I know, of course, when  
our bread goes faster,—

And I made a stir with the bill in my hand, and the man was sent  
off by his master;

But, oh dear, I thought I should sink thro' the earth, with the  
weight of my own reproaches,

For my own pretty son had made away with the loaf, to make  
pastry to feed the roaches!

I vow I've suffered a martyrdom—with all sorts of frights and  
terrors surrounded!

For I never saw him go out of the doors but I thought he'd come  
home to be drowned.

And, sure enough, I set out one fine Monday to visit my married  
daughter,

And there he was standing at Sadler's Wells, a-performing with  
real water,

It's well he was off on the further side, for I'd have brain'd him  
else with my patten,  
For I thought he was safe at school, the young wretch! a studying  
Greek and Latin,  
And my ridicule basket he had got on his back, to carry his fishes  
and gentles;  
With a belt I knew he'd made from the belt of his father's regi-  
mentals—  
Well, I poked his rods and lines in the fire, and his father gave  
him a birching,  
But he'd gone too far to be easy cured of his love for chubbing and  
perching.  
One night he never came home to tea, and altho' it was dark and  
dripping,  
His father set off to Wapping, poor man! for the boy had a turn  
for shipping;  
As for me I set up, and I sobbed and I cried for all the world  
like a babby,  
Till at twelve o'clock he rewards my fears with two gudging from  
Waltham Abbey!  
And a pretty sore throat and fever he caught, that brought me a  
fortnight's hard nussing,  
Till I thought I should go to my grey-hair'd grave, worn out with  
the fretting and fussing;  
But at last he was cur'd, and we did have hopes that the fishing  
was cured as well,  
But no such luck! not a week went by before we'd have another  
such spell.  
Tho' he never had got a penny to spend, for such was our strict  
intentions,  
Yet he was soon set up in tackle agin, for all boys have such quick  
inventions:  
And I lost my Lady's Own Pocket Book, in spite of all my hunt-  
ing and poking,  
Till I found it chuck full of tackles and hooks, and besides it had  
got a good soaking.  
Then one Friday morning, I gets a summoning note from a sort of  
a law attorney,  
For the boy had been trespassing people's grounds while his father  
was gone a journey,

And I had to go and hush it all up by myself, in an office at Hatton  
 Garden ;  
 And to pay for the damage he'd done, to boot, and to beg some  
 strange gentleman's pardon.  
 And wasn't he once fished out himself, and a man had to dive to  
 find him,  
 And I saw him brought home with my motherly eyes and a mob  
 of people behind him ?  
 Yes, it took a full hour to rub him to life—whilst I was a-scream-  
 ing and raving,  
 And a couple of guineas it cost us besides, to reward the humane  
 man for his saving,  
 And didn't Miss Crump leave us out of her will, all along of her  
 taking dudgeon ?  
 At her favourite cat being chok'd, poor Puss, with a hook sow'd  
 up in a gudgeon ?  
 And old Brown complain'd that he pluck'd his live fowls, and not  
 without show of reason,  
 For the cocks looked naked about necks and tails, and it wasn't  
 their moulting season ;  
 And sure and surely, when we came to enquire, there was cause  
 for their screeching and cackles,  
 For the mischief confess'd he had picked them a bit, for I think he  
 called them the hackles.  
 A pretty tussle we had about that ! but as if it warn't picking  
 enough,  
 When the winter comes on, to the muff-box I goes, just to shake  
 out my sable muff—  
 "O mercy!" thinks I, "there's the moth in the house!" for the  
 fur was all gone in patches ;  
 And then at Ellen's chinchilly I look, and its state of destruction  
 just matches—  
 But it wasn't no moth, Mr. Walton, but flies—sham flies to go  
 trolling and trouting,  
 For his father's great coat was all safe and sound, and that first set  
 me a-doubting.  
 A plague, say I, on all rods and lines, and on young or old watery  
 danglers !  
 And after all that you'll talk of such stuff as no harm in the world  
 about anglers !

And when all is done, all our worry and fuss, why, we've never  
 had nothing worth dishing;  
 So you see, Mister Walton, no good comes at last of your famous  
 book about fishing.  
 As for Robert's, I burnt it a twelvemonth ago; but it turned up  
 too late to be lucky,  
 For he'd got it by heart, as I found to the cost of

Your servant,  
 JANE ELIZABETH STUCKEY.

---

 TO JANE.

(HIS WIFE, ON HER BIRTHDAY, THE SIXTH OF NOVEMBER.)

WELCOME, dear Heart, and a most kind good-morrow;  
 The day is gloomy, but our looks shall shine :—  
 Flowers I have none to give thee, but I borrow  
 Their sweetness in a verse to speak for thine.

Here are red Roses, gathered at thy cheeks,  
 The white were all too happy to look white :  
 For love the Rose, for faith the Lily speaks ;  
 It withers in false hands, but here 'tis bright !

Dost love sweet Hyacinth? Its scented leaf  
 Curls manifold,—all love's delights blow double :  
 'Tis said this flow'ret is inscribed with grief,—  
 But let that hint of a forgotten trouble.

I plucked the Primrose at night's dewy noon ;  
 Like Hope, it showed its blossoms in the night ;—  
 'Twas, like Endymion, watching for the Moon !  
 And here are Sun-flowers, amorous of light !

These golden Buttercups are April's seal,—  
 The Daisy-stars her constellations be :  
 These grew so lowly, I was forced to kneel,  
 Therefore I pluck no daisies but for thee !

Here's Daisies for the morn, Primrose for gloom,  
 Pansies and Roses for the noontide hours :—

A wight once made a dial of their bloom,—  
So may thy life be measured out by flowers !

---

TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

LOVE thy mother, little one!  
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—  
Hereafter she may have a son  
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.  
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee,—  
Hereafter thou mayst shudder sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes !

Press her lips the while they glow  
With love that they have often told,—  
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.  
Press her lips the while they glow!

Oh, revere her raven hair!  
Although it be not silver-grey;  
Too early Death, led on by Care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away.  
Oh! revere her raven hair!

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That Heaven may long the stroke defer,—  
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn  
When thou wilt ask to die with her.  
Pray for her at eve and morn!

---

## TO HIS WIFE.

TO HIS WIFE.

COMPOSED AT ROTTERDAM.

I GAZE upon a city,—  
 A city new and strange,—  
 Down many a watery vista  
 My fancy takes a range;  
 From side to side I saunter,  
 And wonder where I am;  
 And can *you* be in England,  
 And *I* at Rotterdam!

Before me like dark waters  
 In broad canals and deep,  
 Whereon the silver moonbeams  
 Sleep, restless in their sleep;  
 A sort of vulgar Venice  
 Reminds me where I am;  
 Yes, yes, you are in England,  
 And I'm at Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,  
 Where frequent windows shine,  
 And quays that lead to bridges,  
 And trees in formal line,  
 And masts of spicy vessels  
 From western Surinam,  
 All tell me you're in England,  
 And I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish  
 The face and form of each!  
 They deal in foreign gestures,  
 And use a foreign speech;  
 A tongue not learned near Isis,  
 Or studied by the Cam,  
 Declares that you're in England,  
 And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market  
 My doubtful way I trace,



Where stands a solemn statue,  
 The Genius of the place;  
 And to the great Erasmus  
 I offer my salaam;  
 Who tells me you're in England  
 But I'm at Rotterdam.

The coffee-room is open—  
 I mingle in its crowd,—  
 The dominos are noisy—  
 The hookahs raise a cloud;  
 The flavour, none of Fearon's,  
 That mingles with my dram,  
 Reminds me you're in England,  
 And I'm at Rotterdam.

Then here it goes, a bumper—  
 The toast it shall be mine,  
 In schiedam, or in sherry,  
 Tokay, or hock of Rhine;  
 It well deserves the brightest,  
 Where sunbeam ever swam—  
 "The Girl I love in England"  
 I drink at Rotterdam!

---

 TO EMILY.

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

THE old Catholic City was still,  
 In the Minster the vespers were sung,  
 And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,  
 The last call of the trumpet had rung ;  
 While, across the broad stream of the Rhine,  
 The full Moon cast a silvery zone ;  
 And, methought, as I gazed-on its shine,  
 "Surely that is the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired not the place of its source,  
 If it ran to the east or the west ;

## TO MY DAUGHTER.

But my heart took a note of its course,  
 That it flow'd towards Her I love best—  
 That it flow'd towards Her I love best,  
 Like those wandering thoughts of my own,  
 And the fancy such sweetness possess'd,  
 That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne !

## TO MY DAUGHTER.

## ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

DEAR Fanny ! nine long years ago,  
 While yet the morning sun was low,  
 And rosy with the Eastern glow  
 The landscape smiled—  
 Whilst lowed the newly-waken'd herds—  
 Sweet as the early song of birds,  
 I heard those first, delightful words,  
 "Thou hast a Child !"

Along with that uprising dew  
 Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,  
 To hail a dawning quite as new  
 To me, as Time :  
 It was not sorrow—not annoy—  
 But like a happy maid, though coy,  
 With grief-like welcome even Joy  
 Forestalls its prime.

So mayst thou live, dear ! many years,  
 In all the bliss that life endears,  
 Not without smiles, nor yet from tears  
 Too strictly kept :  
 When first thy infant littleness  
 I folded in my fond caress,  
 The greatest proof of happiness  
 Was this—I wept.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID.

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

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

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

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

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

Let Susan flourish her fair arms  
And at your old legs sneer and scoff,  
But let her laugh, for you have charms  
That nobody knows nothing of.

---

TO A BAD RIDER.

I.

WHY, Mr. Rider, why  
Your nag so ill indorse, man?  
To make observers cry,  
You're mounted, but no horseman?

II.

With elbows out so far,  
This thought you can't debar me—  
Though no Dragoon—Hussar—  
You're surely of the army!

## TO A COLD BEAUTY.

## III.

I hope to turn M.P.  
 You have not any notion,  
 So awkward you would be  
 At "seconding a motion!"

---

## TO A CRITIC.

O CRUEL One! How littel dost thou knowe  
 How manye poetes with Unhappynesse  
 Thou mayest have slaine ere they beganne to blowe  
 Like to yonge Buddes in theyre firste sappyennesse!  
 Even as Pinkes from littel Pipinges growe  
 Great Poetes yet maye come of singinges smalle,  
 Which, if an hungrede Worme doth gnawe belowe,  
 Fold up theyre stryppèd leaves, and dye withalle.  
 Alake, that pleasaunt Flowre must fayde and falle  
 Because a Grubbe hath ete into yts Hede,—  
 That els had growne soe fayre and eke soe talle  
 To-wardes the Heaven, and opened forthe and sprede  
 Its blossomes to the Sunne for Menne to rede  
 In soe brighte hues of Lovelinessse indeede!

---

## TO A COLD BEAUTY.

LADY, wouldst thou heiress be  
 To Winter's cold and cruel part?  
 When he sets the rivers free,  
 Thou dost still lock up thy heart;—  
 Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,  
 But in the whiteness of thy brow.

Scorn and cold neglect are made  
 For winter gloom and winter wind,  
 But thou wilt wrong the summer air,  
 Breathing it to words unkind,—  
 Breath which only should belong  
 To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,  
 Red, and white, and pied, and blue,  
 And that virgin flow'r, the rose,  
 Opes her heart to hold the dew,  
 Wilt thou lock thy bosom up  
 With no jewel in its cup ?

Let not cold December sit  
 Thus in Love's peculiar throne :  
 Brooklets are not prison'd now,  
 But crystal frosts are all agone,  
 And that which hangs upon the spray,  
 It is no snow, but flow'r of May !

---

 LINES

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN THE  
 SAME CHAMBER.

AND has the earth lost its so spacious round,  
 The sky its blue circumference above,  
 That in this little chamber there is found  
 Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!  
 All that my God can give me, or remove,  
 Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.  
 Sweet that in this small compass I behove  
 To live their living and to breathe their breath !  
 Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,  
 We might resign all mundane care and strife,  
 And seek together that transcendent sky,  
 Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,  
 Together pant in everlasting life!

COBLENZ, Nov. 1835.

---

 THE LAY OF THE LARK.

WITH dew upon its breast  
 And sunshine on its wing,  
 The lark uprose from its happy nest  
 And thus it seemed to sing :—

## FRAGMENT.

“ Sweet, sweet ! from the middle of the wheat  
 To meet the morning gray,  
 To leave the corn on a merry morn,  
 Nor have to curse the day.”

\* \* \* \* \*

With the dew upon their breast,  
 And the sunlight on their wing,  
 Towards the skies from the furrows rise  
 The larks, and thus they sing :—  
 “ If you would know the cause  
 That makes us sing so gay,  
 It is because we hail and bless,  
 And never curse the day.

Sweet, sweet ! from the middle of the wheat  
*(Where lurk our callow brood)*  
 Where we were hatch'd, and fed  
 Amidst the corn on a very merry morn  
*(We never starve for food.)*  
 We never starve for bread !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Those flowers so very blue  
 Those poppies flaming red,

\* \* \* \* \*

His heavy eye was glazed and dull,  
 He only murmur'd “ bread !”

## FRAGMENT.

I HAD a dream—the summer beam  
 Play'd on the wings of merry hours—  
*(Made long long smiles of merry hours) ;*  
 But Life 'gan throw a warp of woe,  
 Across its tapestry of flowers,  
 Fear's darker shade took form and made—  
 Like shadows darkling in light most sparkling.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fragrant tombs amid the blooms  
 Of April in a garden ground

Show'd many a name that none could claim  
 Half-read between the roses round.  
 Unbanish'd clouds like coffin-shrouds  
 Neighbour'd the sun amid the blue,  
 And tearful streams mix'd with his beams,  
 Yet made no promise as they flew.

\* \* \* \*

Young Hope indeed began to read  
 The prophecies with cheerful look,  
 But dark Despair look'd over there,  
 And wept black blots upon her book.  
 And scarce the form all bright and warm  
 Of Joy was woven into birth  
 When, like her shade, black Grief was laid  
 Prone at her feet along the earth.

\* \* \* \*

Then do not chide—the sunny side  
 Of monuments for Joy is made,  
 But Sorrow still must weep her fill  
 On those that lie beneath the shade.

---

 FRAGMENT.

To note the symptoms of the times,  
 Its cruel and cold-blooded crimes,  
 One sure result we win.  
 Tho' rude and rougher modes, no doubt,  
 Of murder are not going out,  
 That poison's coming in.

\* \* \* \*

The powder that the doom'd devour  
 And drink,—for sugar,—meal,—or flower—  
 Narcotics for the young—  
 And worst of all, that subtle juice  
 That can a sudden death produce,  
 Whilst yet upon the tongue.

So swift in its destructive pace,  
 Easy to give, and hard to trace,

So potable—so clear!  
 So small the needful dose—to slip  
 Between the fatal cup and lip,  
 In Epsom salts or beer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Arrest the plague with cannabis—  
 And \* \* \* publish this,  
 To quench the felon's hope :—  
 Twelve drops of prussic acid, still  
 Are not more prompt and sure to kill  
 Than one good Drop of Rope.

---

FRAGMENT.

PROBABLY WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

I'm sick of gruel, and the dietetics,  
 I'm sick of pills, and sicker of emetics,  
 I'm sick of pulses' tardiness or quickness,  
 I'm sick of blood, its thinness or its thickness,  
 In short, within a word, I'm sick of sickness.

---

STANZAS.

HOOD'S LAST POEM.

FAREWELL, Life! My senses swim;  
 And the world is growing dim;  
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
 Like the advent of the night,—  
 Colder, colder, colder still  
 Upward steals a vapour chill—  
 Strong the earthy odour grows—  
 I smell the Mould above the Rose!

Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!  
 Strength returns, and hope revives;



Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly like shadows at the morn,—  
O'er the earth there comes a bloom—  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapour cold—  
I smell the Rose above the Mould!





## SONNETS.

---

ON MRS. NICELY,\*

A PATTERN FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING MRS. DAVENPORT IN HER CHARACTER  
AT COVENT GARDEN.

SHE was a woman peerless in her station,  
With household virtues wedded to her name;  
Spotless in linen, grass-bleached in her fame,  
And pure and clear-starched in her reputation;—  
Thence in my Castle of Imagination  
She dwells for evermore, the dainty dame,  
To keep all airy draperies from shame,  
And all dream-furniture in preservation;  
There walketh she with keys quite silver-bright,  
In perfect hose, and shoes of seemly black,  
Apron and stomacher of lily-white,  
And decent order follows in her track :  
The burnished plate grows lustrous in her sight,  
And polished floors and tables shine her back.

---

LOVE'S CHAMPION.

By ev'ry sweet tradition of true hearts,  
Graven by Time, in love with his own lore;  
By all old martyrdoms and antique smarts,  
Wherein Love died to be alive the more;  
Yea, by the sad impression on the shore,

\* In "The School of Reform," by T. Morton.

Left by the drown'd Leander, to endear  
 That coast for ever, where the billow's roar  
 Moaneth for pity in the Poet's ear;  
 By Hero's faith, and the foreboding tear  
 That quench'd her brand's last twinkle in its fall;  
 By Sappho's leap, and the low rustling fear  
 That sigh'd around her flight; I swear by all,  
 The world shall find such pattern in my act,  
 As if Love's great examples still were lack'd.

---

TO MY WIFE.

THE curse of Adam, the old curse of all,  
 Though I inherit in this feverish life  
 Of worldly toil, vain wishes, and hard strife,  
 And fruitless thought, in Care's eternal thrall,  
 Yet more sweet honey than of bitter gall  
 I taste, through thee, my Eva, my sweet wife.  
 Then what was Man's lost Paradise!—how rife  
 Of bliss, since love is with him in his fall!  
 Such as our own pure passion still might frame,  
 Of this fair earth, and its delightful bow'rs,  
 If no fell sorrow, like the serpent, came  
 To trail its venom o'er the sweetest flow'rs;—  
 But oh! as many and such tears are ours,  
 As only should be shed for guilt and shame!

---

ON RECEIVING A GIFT.

LOOK how the golden ocean shines above  
 Its pebbly stones, and magnifies their girth;  
 So does the bright and blessed light of Love  
 Its own things glorify, and raise their worth.  
 As weeds seem flowers beneath the flattering brine,  
 And stones like gems, and gems as gems indeed,  
 Ev'n so our tokens shine; nay, they outshine  
 Pebbles and pearls, and gems and coral weed;

For where be ocean waves but half so clear,  
 So calmly constant, and so kindly warm,  
 As Love's most mild and glowing atmosphere,  
 That hath no dregs to be upturn'd by storm?  
 Thus, sweet, thy gracious gifts are gifts of price,  
 And more than gold to doting Avarice.

---

UNDYING LOVE

LOVE, dearest Lady, such as I would speak,  
 Lives not within the humour of the eye;—  
 Not being but an outward phantasy,  
 That skims the surface of a tinted cheek,—  
 Else it would wane with beauty, and grow weak,  
 As if the rose made summer,—and so lie  
 Amongst the perishable things that die,  
 Unlike the love which I would give and seek:  
 Whose health is of no hue—to feel decay  
 With cheeks' decay, that have a rosy prime.  
 Love is its own great loveliness always,  
 And takes new lustre from the touch of time;  
 Its bough owns no December and no May,  
 But bears its blossom into Winter's clime.

---

SONNET

FOR THE 14TH OF FEBRUARY.

No popular respect will I omit  
 To do thee honour on this happy day,  
 When every loyal lover tasks his wit  
 His simple truth in studious rhymes to pay,  
 And to his mistress dear his hopes convey.  
 Rather thou knowest I would still outrun  
 All calendars with Love's,—whose date always  
 Thy bright eyes govern better than the Sun,—  
 For with thy favour was my life begun;  
 And still I reckon on from smiles to smiles,

And not by summers, for I thrive on none  
 But those thy cheerful countenance compiles  
 Oh ! if it be to choose and call thee mine,  
 Love, thou art every day my Valentine.

---

 THE SWEETS OF YOUTH.

“Sweets to the sweet—farewell.”—HAMLET.

TIME was I liked a cheesecake well enough—  
 All human children have a sweetish taste ;  
 I used to revel in a pie, or puff,  
 Or tart—we all were *Tartars* in our youth ;  
 To meet with jam or jelly was good luck,  
 All candies most complacently I crumped,  
 A stick of liquorice was good to suck,  
 And sugar was as often liked as lumped !  
 On treacle’s “linkèd sweetness long drawn out,”  
 Or honey I could feast like any fly ;  
 I thrilled when lollipops were hawked about ;  
 How pleased to compass hard-bake or bull’s-eye ;  
 How charmed if Fortune in my power cast  
 Elecampane—but that campaign is past.

---

 TO OCEAN.

SHALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,  
 That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,  
 Thou dar’st menace my unit of a life,  
 Sending my clay below, my soul above,  
 Whilst roar’d thy waves, like lions when they rove  
 By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth ?  
 Yet didst thou ne’er restore my fainting health ?—  
 Didst thou ne’er murmur gently like the dove ?  
 Nay, dost thou not against my own dear shore  
 Full break, last link between my land and me ?—  
 My absent friends talk in thy very roar,  
 In thy waves’ beat their kindly pulse I see,  
 And, if I must not see my England more,  
 Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee !

## TO A SONNET.

## LOVE AND TIME.

My heart is sick with longing, tho' I feed  
 On hope ; Time goes with such a heavy pace  
 That neither brings nor takes from thy embrace,  
 As if he slept—forgetting his old speed :  
 For, as in sunshine only we can read  
 The march of minutes on the dial's face,  
 So in the shadows of this lonely place  
 There is no love, and Time is dead indeed.  
 But when, dear lady, I am near thy heart,  
 Thy smile is time, and then so swift it flies,  
 It seems we only meet to tear apart,  
 With aching hands and lingering of eyes.  
 Alas, alas ! that we must learn hours' flight  
 By the same light of love that makes them bright !

## LEAR.

A POOR old king, with sorrow for my crown,  
 Throned upon straw, and mantled with the wind—  
 For pity, my own tears have made me blind  
 That I might never see my children's frown ;  
 And, may be, Madness, like a friend, has thrown  
 A folded fillet over my dark mind,  
 So that unkindly speech may sound for kind—  
 Albeit I know not.—I am childish grown—  
 And have not gold to purchase wit withal—  
 I that have once maintain'd most royal state—  
 A very bankrupt now that may not call  
 My child my child—all beggar'd save in tears,  
 Wherewith I daily weep an old man's fate,  
 Foolish—and blind—and overcome with years !

## TO A SONNET.

Particularly commended, with the Fifth of Sir Philip Sidney's, and the pages of Froissart, to the perusal of certain Journalists across the Channel ; and generally to their *Young* countrymen, who would do well to affect, with the beards and moustaches of the olden time, the gallant courtesy of the ancient manners.

RARE Composition of a Poet-Knight,  
 Most chivalrous amongst chivalric men,

Distinguish'd for a polish'd lance and pen  
 In tuneful contest, and the tourney-fight ;  
 Lustrous in scholarship, in honour bright,  
 Accomplish'd in all graces current then,  
 Humane as any in historic ken,  
 Brave, handsome, noble, affable, polite,  
 Most courteous to that race become of late  
 So fiercely scornful of all kind advance,  
 Rude, bitter, coarse, implacable in hate  
 To Albion, plotting ever her mischance,—  
 Alas ! fair Verse, how false and out of date  
 Thy phrase "*sweet enemy*" applied to France !

---

 TO HENRIETTA,<sup>1</sup>

## ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS.

WHEN little people go abroad, wherever they may roam,  
 They will not just be treated as they used to be at home ;  
 So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,  
 Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France.

Of course you will be Frenchified ; and first, it's my belief,  
 They'll dress you in their foreign style as à-la-mode as beef,  
 With a little row of beehives, as a border to your frock,  
 And a pair of frilly trousers, like a little bantam cock.

But first they'll seize your bundle (if you have one) in a crack,  
 And tie it with a tape by way of bustle on your back ;  
 And make your waist so high or low, your shape will be a riddle,  
 For anyhow you'll never have your middle in the middle.

Your little English sandals for a while will hold together,  
 But woe betide you when the stones have worn away the leather ;  
 For they'll poke your little pettitoes (and there will be a hobble !)   
 In such a pair of shoes as none but carpenters can cobble !

What next?—to fill your head with French to match the native  
 girls  
 In scraps of *Galignani* they'll screw up your little curls ;

<sup>1</sup> The daughter of William Harvey, the artist.

And they'll take their nouns and verbs, and some bits of verse and  
 prose,  
 And pour them in your ears that you may spout them through  
 your nose.

You'll have to learn a *chou* is quite another sort of thing  
 To that you put your foot in ; that a *belle* is not to ring ;  
 That a *corne* is not the nubble that brings trouble to your toes ;  
 Nor *peut-être* a potato, as *some* Irish folks suppose.

No, no, they have no murphies there, for supper or for lunch,  
 But you may get in course of time a *pomme de terre* to munch,  
 With which, as you perforce must do as Calais folks are doing,  
 You'll maybe have to gobble up the frog that went a wooing !

But pray at meals, remember this, the French are so polite,  
 No matter what you eat or drink, " whatever is, is right !"  
 So when you're told at dinner-time that some delicious stew  
 Is cat instead of rabbit, you must answer "*Tant mi—eux!*"

For little folks who go abroad, wherever they may roam,  
 They cannot just be treated as they used to be at home ;  
 So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,  
 Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France!

---

TO MISS KELLY,

OF THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

KELLY, two quiet hours ago,  
 Thy part was o'er, the play was done,  
 The tragic vision fled.  
 My lobster salad is discuss'd,  
 My wine and water mingled just,  
 And thou art in my head !

CLIFFORD is gone—for all the while,  
 And BAKER'S everlasting smile,  
 Is vanish'd from me quite,  
 Like foolish portraits on a wall,  
 Sway'd by a curtain's rise or fall,  
 And not for after sight.



But thou, without or with my will,  
 Thy ringing tones attend me still,  
     And melancholy looks ;  
 Again I see, and echo these  
 Again, like golden passages  
     Gather'd from olden books.

Not apt to lend my faith to cheats,  
 Or look for honey in the sweets  
     Of artificial flowers ;  
 Though critical and curst withal,  
 Though early mingled grief and gall,  
     I recognise thy powers.

Tears thou canst bring, where tears have sprung,  
 Oft, from an aching heart—not wrung  
     By griefs at second hand ;  
 And smiles, to lips that have not curl'd  
 Seldom at humours of a world  
     Most vigilantly scann'd.

And years bring very chilly damps,  
 That dim the splendour of the lamps,  
     And shame the canvas skies ;  
 The brightest scenes, I know not how,  
 Have changed—and Mrs. GROVE is now  
     No fairy in my eyes.

I cannot weep when lovers weep,  
 Nor throne a tyrant in my sleep,  
     Nor quake at tragic screams ;  
 The fond, the fervent faith is flown  
 Of boyhood ; and a play is grown  
     Less real than my dreams.

And yet when I confront thee, still  
 I quite forget that sullen chill  
     So perfect is thy art ;  
 Again the vision cheats my soul,  
 For why? Thou dost present a whole,  
     Where others play a part.

*HINTS TO PAUL PRY.*

The saddest or the shrewdest flights  
 Of tragical or comic wights  
     Are ne'er put out of joint,  
 And things by feebler authors writ,  
 Are better'd by thy better wit,  
     And dullness finds a point.

A kind of verbal novelist,  
 Up and down life, thou dost enlist  
     All humours, high and low ;  
 That, dramatised, inform thy face  
 And voice, with every trick and trace  
     Of human whim and woe !

The stage, it is thy element,  
 Wherein thy mind preserves its bent,  
     Thou dost not seek or scorn,  
 The critic's meed, the public praise,  
 As if ordain'd to live in plays,—  
     Not actress made, but born !

---

*HINTS TO PAUL PRY.*

OH, pleasing, teasing, Mr. Pry,  
 Dear Paul—but not Virginia's Paul,  
 As some might haply deem, to spy  
     The umbrella thou art arm'd withal,  
 Cool hat, and ample pantaloons,  
 Proper for hot and tropic noons ;—

Oh no ! for thou wert never born  
 To watch the barren sea and cloud  
 In any desert isle forlorn—  
     Thy home is always in a crowd  
 Drawn nightly, such is thy stage luck,  
 By Liston—that dramatic Buck.

True as the evening's primrose flower,  
 True as the watchman to his beat,  
 Thou dost attend upon the hour  
     And house, in old Haymarket Street.

Oh, surely thou art much miscall'd,  
Still Paul—yet we are never pall'd !

Friend of the keyhole and the crack,  
That lets thee pry within and pore,  
Thy very nose betrays the knack—  
Upturn'd through kissing with the door ;  
A peeping trick that each dear friend  
Sends thee to Coventry, to mend !

Thy bended body shows thy bent,  
Inclined to news in every place ;  
Thy gossip mouth and eyes intent,  
Stand each a query in thy face ;  
Thy hat a curious hat appears,  
Pricking its brims up like thy ears ;

Thy pace, it is an ambling trot,  
To post thee sooner here and there,  
To every house where thou shouldst not ;  
In gait, in garb, in face, and air,  
The true eavesdropper we perceive,  
Not merely dropping in at eve,—

But morn and noon, through all the span  
Of day,—to disconcert and fret,  
Unwelcome guest to every man,  
A kind of dun, without a debt,  
Well cursed by porter in the hall,  
For calling when there is no call.

Harm-watching, harm thou still dost catch—  
That rule should save thee many a sore ;  
But watch thou wilt, and, like a watch,  
A box attends thee at the door—  
The household menials e'en begin  
To show thee out ere thou art in !

Old Grasp regards thee with a frown,  
Old Hardy marks thee for a shot,  
Young Stanley longs to knock thee down,

And Subtle mourns her ruin'd plot,  
 And bans thy bones—alas! for why!  
 A tender curiosity!

Oh leave the Hardys to themselves—  
 Leave Mrs. Subtle to her dreams—  
 'Tis true that they were laid on shelves—  
 Leave Stanley, junior, to his schemes;  
 More things there are, the public sigh  
 To know the rights of, Mr. Pry!

There's Lady L—— the late Miss P——,  
 Miss P—— and lady both were late,  
 And two in ten can scarce agree,  
 For why the title had to wait;  
 But thou mightst learn from her own lips  
 What wind detain'd the lady-ship?

Or Mr. P.!—the sire that nursed  
 Thy youth, and made thee what thou art,  
 Who form'd thy prying genius first—  
 (Thou wottest his untender part),  
 'Twould be a friendly call and fit,  
 To know "how soon he hopes to sit."

Some people long to know the truth  
 Whether Miss T. does mean to try  
 For Gibbon once again—in sooth,  
 Thou mightst indulge them, Mr. Pry;  
 A verbal extract from the brief  
 Would give some spinsters great relief!

Suppose, dear Pry, thou wert to dodge  
 The porter's glance, and just drop in  
 At Windsor's shy sequester'd lodge,  
 (Thou wilt, if any man can win  
 His way so far)—and kindly bring  
 Poor Cob's petition to the king.

There's Mrs. Coutts—hath she outgrown  
 The compass of a prying eye?

And, ah! there is the Great Unknown,  
 A man that makes the curious sigh;  
 'Twere worthy of your genius quite  
 To bring that lurking man to light.

O, come abroad, with curious hat,  
 And patch'd umbrella, curious too—  
 To poke with this, and pry with that—  
 Search all our scandal through and through,  
 And treat the whole world like a pie  
 Made for thy finger, Mr. Pry!

---

ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-HOSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago  
 Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers  
 And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo  
 The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers  
 But Now by means of Powers of Steam forces  
 A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels  
 The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses  
 And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels  
 Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv  
 When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits  
 No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv  
 May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates  
 And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv  
 Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

---

SCHOOLBOY JOYS AND GRIEFS.

ALONG the Woodford road there comes a noise  
 Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise  
 Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,  
 With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys;  
 Who ever and anon declare their joys,

With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,  
 At going home to spend their Christmas days,  
 And changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.  
 Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,  
 A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,  
 But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray;  
 The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,  
 And little Boys walk in as dull and mum  
 As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

---

 ALLEGORY.

## A MORAL VEHICLE.

I HAD a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,  
 Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,  
 He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure;  
 Although he sometimes kicked, and shied aslant,  
 I had a Chaise, and christened it Enjoyment,  
 With yellow body, and the wheels of red,  
 Because 'twas only used for one employment,  
 Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.  
 I had a wife, her nickname was Delight;  
 A son called Frolic, who was never still:  
 Alas! how often dark succeeds to bright!  
 Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,  
 Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,  
 And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill!*

---

 WRITTEN IN A WORKHOUSE.

OII, blessed ease! no more of heaven I ask:  
 The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—  
 And hemp, unpick'd, may go and hang itself,  
 While I, untask'd, except with Cowper's Task,  
 In blessed literary leisure bask,  
 And lose the workhouse, saving in the works  
 Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;  
 Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;

The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spence,  
 The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair—  
 Unlearned toil, unletter'd labours hence !  
 But, hark ! I hear the master on the stair  
 And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,  
 Must be to me—a castle in the air.

## A SOMNAMBULIST.

“A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.”—BYRON.

METHOUGHT—for Fancy is the strangest gadder  
 When sleep all homely Mundane ties hath riven—  
 Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,  
 With heartfelt hope of getting up to Heaven :  
 Some bell, I knew not whence, was sounding seven  
 When I set foot upon that long one-pair ;  
 And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven,  
 Nor yet of landing-place became aware ;  
 Step after step in endless flight seem'd there ;  
 But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,  
 To gain that blessed haven from all care,  
 Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,  
 When, lo ! I wakened on a sadder stair—  
 Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—upon the Brixton Mill !

## TO VAUXHALL.

“The English Garden.”—MASON.

THE cold transparent ham is on my fork—  
 It hardly rains—and hark the bell !—ding-dingle—  
 Away ! Three thousand feet at gravel work,  
 Mocking a Vauxhall shower !—Married and Single  
 Crush—rush;—Soak'd Silks with wet white Satin mingle.  
 Hengler ! Madame ! round whom all bright sparks lurk,  
 Calls audibly on Mr. and Mrs. Pringle  
 To study the Sublime, &c.—(vide Burke)  
 All Noses are upturn'd !—Whish—ish— ! On high  
 The rocket rushes—trails—just steals in sight—

Then droops and melts in bubbles of blue light—  
 And Darkness reigns—Then balls flare up and die—  
 Wheels whiz—sinack crackers—serpents twist—and then  
 Back to the cold transparent ham again !

---

## TO A SCOTCH GIRL,

WASHING LINEN AFTER HER COUNTRY FASHION.

WELL done and wetly, thou Fair Maid of Perth,  
 Thou mak'st a washing picture well deserving  
 The pen and pencilling of Washington Irving :  
 Like dripping Naiad, pearly from her birth,  
 Dashing about the water of the Firth,  
 To cleanse the calico of Mrs. Skirving,  
 And never from thy dance of duty swerving  
 As there were nothing else than dirt on earth !  
 Yet what is thy reward ? Nay, do not start !  
 I do not mean to give thee a new damper,  
 But while thou fillest this industrious part  
 Of washer, wearer, mangler, presser, stamper,  
 Deserving better character—thou art  
 What Bodkin would but call—"a common tramper."

---

## TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

HAIL ! seventy-four cut down ! Hail, Top and Lop !  
 Unless I'm much mistaken in my notion,  
 Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop  
 Became so fatal to thy locomotion ;—  
 Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,  
 Thou readest still to men a lesson good,  
 To King and Country showing thy devotion,  
 By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood !  
 Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol ;  
 Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg,—  
 Methinks,—thou Naval History in one Vol.—  
 A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,  
 For unlike others that desert their Poll,  
 Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg !"



## TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.

I'M fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,  
 I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks—  
 I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks—  
 And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.  
 I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—  
 I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—  
 I'm fond of capercaillies, in their glory,—  
 Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types :  
 All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,  
 And when you next address your Lordly Babel,  
 Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,  
 With due and fit provision to enable  
 A man that holds all kinds of game so dear  
 To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

## ON AUTUMN.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,  
 With serious eye, the russet Scene to view !  
 No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone  
 The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.  
 The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,  
 Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,  
 Reflected show their slaty Shades anew  
 In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.  
 Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,  
 In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,  
 And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,  
 And chastened Pigments, of our Brother West ;  
 Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,  
 Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.

## WRITTEN IN KEATS' "ENDYMION."

I SAW pale Dian, sitting by the brink  
 Of silver falls, the overflow of fountains  
 From cloudy steps ; and I grew sad to think

## MIDNIGHT.

Endymion's foot was silent on those mountains  
 And he but a hushed name, that Silence keeps  
 In dear remembrance,—lonely and forlorn,  
 Singing it to herself until she weeps  
 Tears, that perchance still glisten in the morn:—  
 And as I mused, in dull imaginings,  
 There came a flash of garments, and I knew  
 The awful Muse by her harmonious wings  
 Charming the air to music as she flew—  
 Anon there rose an echo through the vale  
 Gave back Endymion in a dreamlike tale.

---

 TO AN ENTHUSIAST.

YOUNG ardent soul, graced with fair Nature's truth,  
 Spring warmth of heart, and fervency of mind,  
 And still a large late love of all thy kind,  
 Spite of the world's cold practice and Time's tooth,—  
 For all these gifts, I know not, in fair sooth,  
 Whether to give thee joy, or bid thee blind  
 Thine eyes with tears,—that thou hast not resigned  
 The passionate fire and fierceness of thy youth:  
 For as the current of thy life shall flow,  
 Gilded by shine of sun or shadow-stained,  
 Through flow'ry valley or unwholesome fen,  
 Thrice blessed in thy joy, or in thy woe  
 Thrice cursed of thy race,—thou art ordained.  
 To share beyond the lot of common men.

---

 MIDNIGHT.

UNFATHOMABLE Night ! how dost thou sweep  
 Over the flooded earth, and darkly hide  
 The mighty city under thy full tide ;  
 Making a silent palace for old Sleep,  
 Like his own temple under the hushed deep,  
 Where all the busy day he doth abide,  
 And forth at the late dark, outspreadeth wide

His dusky wings, whence the cold water sweep !  
 How peacefully the living millions lie !  
 Lulled unto death beneath his poppy spells ;  
 There is no breath—no living stir—no cry—  
 No tread of foot—no song—no music-call—  
 Only the sound of melancholy bells—  
 The voice of Time—survivor of them all !

---

 TO A SLEEPING CHILD.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

OH, 'tis a touching thing, to make one weep,—  
 A tender infant with its curtained eye,  
 Breathing as it would neither live nor die  
 With that unchanging countenance of sleep !  
 As if its silent dream, serene and deep,  
 Had lined its slumber with a still blue sky  
 So that the passive cheeks unconscious lie  
 With no more life than roses—just to keep  
 The blushes warm, and the mild, odorous breath.  
 O blossom boy ! so calm is thy repose,  
 So sweet a compromise of life and death,  
 'Tis pity those fair buds should e'er unclose  
 For memory to stain their inward leaf,  
 Tinging thy dreams with unacquainted grief.

## II.

THINE eyelids slept so beautifully, I deemed  
 No eyes could wake so beautiful as they :  
 Thy rosy cheeks in such still slumbers lay,  
 I loved their peacefulness, nor ever dreamed  
 Of dimples,—for those parted lips so seemed,  
 I never thought a smile could sweetlier play,  
 Nor that so graceful life could chase away  
 Thy graceful death,—till those blue eyes upbeamed.

<sup>1</sup> This and the following sonnet were written to the infant son of the late Rev. Edward Rice, Master of Christ's Hospital.

## TO FANCY.

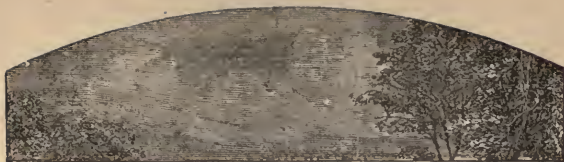
Now slumber lies in dimpled eddies drowned,  
 And roses bloom more rosily for joy,  
 And odorous silence ripens into sound,  
 And fingers move to sound.—All-beauteous boy !  
 How thou dost waken into smiles, and prove,  
 If not more lovely, thou art more like Love !

---

 TO FANCY.

Most delicate Ariel ! submissive thing,  
 Won by the mind's high magic to its hest,—  
 Invisible embassy, or secret guest,—  
 Weighing the light air on a lighter wing ;—  
 Whether into the midnight moon, to bring  
 Illuminate visions to the eye of rest,—  
 Or rich romances from the florid West,—  
 Or to the sea, for mystic whispering,—  
 Still by thy charmed allegiance to the will,  
 The fruitful wishes prosper in the brain,  
 As by the fingering of fairy skill,—  
 Moonlight, and waters, and soft music's strain,  
 Odours, and blooms, and *my* Miranda's smile,  
 Making this dull world an enchanted isle.





## SONGS, BALLADS, VERSES, &c.

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### VERSES IN AN ALBUM.

FAR above the hollow  
Tempest, and its moan,  
Singeth bright Apollo  
In his golden zone,—  
Cloud doth never shade him,  
Nor a storm invade him,  
On his joyous throne.

So when I behold me  
In an orb as bright,  
How thy soul doth fold me  
In its throne of light !  
Sorrow never paineth,  
Nor a care attaineth,  
To that blessed height.

---

### WHAT CAN AN OLD MAN DO BUT DIE ?

SPRING it is cheery,  
Winter is dreary,  
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly ;  
When he's forsaken,  
Withered and shaken,  
What can an old man do but die ?

Love will not clip him,  
Maids will not lip him,

## TO A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

Maud and Marian pass him by ;  
 Youth it is sunny,  
 Age has no honey,—  
 What can an old man do but die ?

June it is jolly,  
 Oh for its folly !  
 A dancing leg and a laughing eye ;  
 Youth may be silly,  
 Wisdom is chilly,—  
 What can an old man do but die ?

## SONG FOR MUSIC.

A LAKE and a fairy boat  
 To sail in the moonlight clear,—  
 And merrily we would float  
 From the dragons that watch us here !

Thy gown should be snow-white silk,  
 And strings of orient pearls,  
 Like gossamers dipt in milk,  
 Should twine with thy raven curls !

Red rubies should deck thy hands,  
 And diamonds should be thy dower—  
 But Fairies have broke their wands  
 And wishing has lost its power.

## TO A LADY OF HIGH DEGREE.

SIGH on, sad heart, for Love's eclipse  
 And Beauty's fairest queen,  
 Though 'tis not for my peasant lips  
 To soil her name between :  
 A king might lay his sceptre down,  
 But I am poor and nought,  
 The brow should wear a golden crown  
 That wears her in its thought.

The diamonds glancing in her hair,  
 Whose sudden beams surprise,  
 Might bid such humble hopes beware  
 The glancing of her eyes ;  
 Yet looking once, I looked too long,  
 And if my love is sin,  
 Death follows on the heels of wrong,  
 And kills the crime within.

Her dress seemed wove of lily leaves,  
 It was so pure and fine,—  
 O lofty wears, and lowly weaves,—  
 But hodden-grey is mine ;  
 And homely hose must step apart,  
 Where gartered princes stand,  
 But may he wear my love at heart  
 That wins her lily hand !

Alas ! there's far from russet frieze  
 To silks and satin gowns,  
 But I doubt if God made like degrees,  
 In courtly hearts and clowns.  
 My father wronged a maiden's mirth,  
 And brought her cheeks to blame,  
 And all that's lordly of my birth  
 Is my reproach and shaine !

'Tis vain to weep,—'tis vain to sigh,  
 'Tis vain, this idle speech,  
 For where her happy pearls do lie,  
 My tears may never reach ;  
 Yet when I'm gone, e'en lofty pride  
 May say, of what has been,  
 His love was nobly born and died,  
 Though all the rest was mean !

My speech is rude,—but speech is weak  
 Such love as mine to tell,  
 Yet had I words, I dare not speak,  
 So, Lady, fare thee well ;  
 I will not wish thy better state

## THE FAREWELL.

Was one of low degree,  
 But I must weep that partial fate  
 Made such a churl of me.

---

## THE FAREWELL.

TO A FRENCH AIR.

FARE thee well,  
 Gabrielle!  
 Whilst I join France,  
 With bright cuirass and lance!  
 Trumpets swell,  
 Gabrielle!  
 War horses prance,  
 And Cavaliers advance!

In the night,  
 Ere the fight,  
 In the night,  
 I'll think of thee!  
 And in pray'r,  
 Lady fair,  
 In *thy* pray'r,  
 Then think of me!

Death may knell,  
 Gabrielle!  
 Where my plumes dance,  
 By arquebuss or lance!  
 Then farewell,  
 Gabrielle!  
 Take my last glance!  
 Fair Miracle of France!

---

## LIEUTENANT LUFF.

A COMIC BALLAD.

ALL you that are too fond of wine,  
 Or any other stuff,



Take warning by the dismal fate  
 Of one Lieutenant Luff.  
 A sober man he might have been,  
 Except in one regard,  
 He did not like *soft* water,  
 So he took to *drinking hard!*

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,  
 And talk in praise of Tea,  
 But I am no *Bohemian*,  
 So do not like *Bohea*.  
 If wine's a poison, so is Tea,  
 Though in another shape;  
 What matter whether one is kill'd  
 By *canister* or *grape!*"

According to this kind of taste  
 Did he indulge his drouth,  
 And being fond of *Port*, he made  
 A *port-hole* of his mouth!  
 A single pint he might have sipp'd  
 And not been out of sorts,  
 In geologic phrase—the rock  
 He split upon was *quarts!*

To "hold the mirror up to vice  
 With him was hard, alas!  
 The worse for wine he often was  
 But not "before a glass."  
 No kind and prudent friend had he  
 To bid him drink no more,—  
 The only *chequers* in his course  
 Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this  
 His frame began to show,  
 For that old enemy the gout  
 Had taken him in *toe!*  
 And join'd with this an evil came  
 Of quite another sort,—  
 For while he drank, himself, his purse  
 Was getting "*something short.*"

For want of cash he soon had pawn'd  
 One half that he possess'd,  
 And drinking show'd him *duplicates*  
 Beforehand of the rest!  
 So now his creditors resolved  
 To seize on his assets;  
 For why,—they found that his *half-pay*  
 Did not *half-pay* his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode  
 His Creditors to chouse;  
 For his own *execution* he  
 Put into his own house!  
 A pistol to the muzzle charged  
 He took devoid of fear;  
 Said he, "This *barrel* is my last,  
 So now for my last *bier!*"

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,  
 And not against his brain,  
 So he blew out his *lights*—and none  
 Could blów them in again!  
 A Jury for a Verdict met  
 And gave it in these terms:—  
 "We find as how as certain *slugs*  
 Has sent him to the *worms!*"

— — —

## SONG

*Air*—"My mother bids me."

MY mother bids me spend my smiles  
 On all who come and call me fair,  
 As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,  
 To all the sparrows of the air.

But I've a darling of my own  
 For whom I hoard my little stock—  
 What if I chirp him all alone,  
 And leave mamma to feed the flock!

LOVE HAS NOT EYES.

OF all the poor old Tobits a-groping in the street,  
 A Lover is the blindest that ever I did meet,  
 For he's blind, he's blind, he's very blind,—  
 He's as blind as any mole!

He thinks his love the fairest that ever yet was clasp'd,  
 Though her clay is overbaked, and it never has been rasp'd.  
 For he's blind, &c.

He thinks her face an angel's, although it's quite a frump's,  
 Like a toad a-taking physic, or a monkey in the mumps.  
 For he's blind, &c.

Upon her graceful figure then how he will insist,  
 Though she's all so much awry, she can only eat a twist!  
 For he's blind, &c.

He'll swear that in her dancing she cuts all others out,  
 Though like a *Gal* that's galvanised, she throws her legs about.  
 For he's blind, &c.

If he should have a letter in answer to his sighs,  
 He'll put it to his lips up, instead of to his eyes.  
 For he's blind, &c.

Then if he has a meeting the question for to put,  
 In suing for her hand he'll be kneeling at her foot.  
 For he's blind, &c.

Oh Love is like a furnace wherein a Lover lies,  
 And like a pig before the fire, he scorches out his eyes.  
 Till he's blind, &c.

---

WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask  
 A Benedictine pen,  
 That cannot quite at freedom write

Like those of other men.  
 No lover's plant my Muse must paint  
 To fill this page's span,  
 But be correct and recollect  
 I'm not a single man.

Pray only think for pen and ink  
 How hard to get along,  
 That may not turn on words that burn  
 Or Love, the life of song!  
 Nine Muses, if I chooses, I  
 May woo all in a clan,  
 But one Miss S---- I daren't address—  
 I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head  
 May eke it out with heart,  
 And in their lays it often plays  
 A rare first-fiddle part.  
 They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,  
 But if I so began,  
 I have my fears about my ears—  
 I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak  
 Nor on your lip be warm,  
 I must be wise about your eyes,  
 And formal with your form,  
 Of all that sort of thing, in short,  
 On T. H. Bayly's plan,  
 I must not twine a single line—  
 I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart  
 To keep you off its *beat*,  
 And I might dare as soon to swear  
 At *you* as at your feet.  
 I can't expire in passion's fire  
 As other poets can—  
 My life (she's by) won't let me die—  
 I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,  
Forbidden bow and dart,  
Without a groan to call my own,  
With neither hand nor heart,  
To Hymen vow'd, and not allowed  
To flirt e'en with your fan,  
Here end, as just a friend, I must—  
I'm not a single inan.

---

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"If the affairs of this world did not make us so sad,  
'Twould be easy enough to be merry.—OLD SONG.

THERE is nothing but plague in this house !  
There's the turbot is stole by the cat,  
The Newfoundland has eat up the grouse,  
And the haunch has been gnawed by a rat !  
It's the day of all days when I wish  
That our friends should enjoy our good cheer ;  
Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dished—  
But I wish you a happy New Year

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he will,  
For his Rates, Church, and Highway, and Poor ;  
And the butcher has brought in his bill—  
Twice as much as the quarter before.  
Little Charles is come home with the mumps,  
And Matilda with measles, I fear ;  
And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your poor brother is in the Gazette,  
And your banker is off to New York ;  
Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,  
And the "Wiggins" has foundered near Cork.  
Mr. Merrington's bill is come back ;  
You are chosen to serve overseer ;  
The new wall is beginning to crack—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

*A HAPPY NEW YEAR.*

The best dinner-set's fallen to the ground ;  
 The militia's called out, and you're drawn ;  
 Not a piece of our plate can be found,  
 And there's marks of men's feet on the lawn :  
 Two anonymous letters have come,  
 That declare you shall die like a Weare ;  
 And it may—or may not—be a hum —  
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

The old law-suit with Levy is lost ;  
 You are fined for not cleansing the street ;  
 And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,  
 And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.  
 Your old tenant at seventy-four  
 Has gone off in the night with his gear,  
 And has taken the key of the door—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's the "Sun" and the "Phoenix" to pay,  
 For the chimney has blazed like Old Nick ;  
 The new gig has been jammed by a dray,  
 And the old horse has taken to kick.  
 We have hardly a bushel of small,  
 And now coal is extravagant dear ;  
 Your great coat is stole out of the hall—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

The whole greenhouse is smashed by the hail,  
 And the plants have all died in the night ;  
 The magnolia's blown down by the gale,  
 And the chimney looks far from upright ;  
 And—the deuce take the man from the shop,  
 That hung up the new glass chandelier !—  
 It has come, in the end, to one drop—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year !

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—  
 It's the same in the country and town ;  
 There's the porter has burned down his lodge,  
 While he went off to smoke at the Crown.  
 The fat butler makes free with your wine,

And the footman has drunk the strong beer,  
And the coachman can't walk in a line—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—  
There are hints of a mistress at Kew,  
And some day he'll abscond, I expect ;  
Mr. Brown has built out your back view ;  
The new housemaid's the greatest of flirts—  
She has men in the house, that is clear ;  
And the laundress has pawned all your shirts—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome"  
Not a critic on earth seems to laud ;  
And old Huggins has lately come home,  
And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude :  
Your election is far from secure,  
Though it's likely to cost very dear ;  
You're come out in a caricature—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

You've been christened an ass in the Times,  
And the Chronicle calls you a fool ;  
And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghymes,  
Has engaged the next house for a school ;  
And the playground will run by the bower  
Which you took so much trouble to rear ;  
We shall never have one quiet hour—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

Little John will not take to his book,  
He's come home black and blue from the cane ;  
There's your uncle is courting his cook,  
And your mother has married again !  
Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,  
And against them you'll have to appear ;  
If they're hung you'll be wretched for life—  
But I wish you a happy New Year !

---

## DRINKING SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, AS SUNG BY  
MR. SPRING AT WATERMAN'S HALL.

COME, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,  
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,  
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—  
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!

Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,  
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!  
Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,  
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let toppers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,  
But let us just whisper a word to the elves,  
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper,  
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,  
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;  
But water's the spring of all civilised dances,  
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps!*

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,  
Or honour old Meux with their thirsty regard—  
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool* measure,  
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,  
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast:  
'Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,  
But may not the animal turn out a beast?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,  
He saved us, by water,—but as for the wine,  
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,  
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.



In wine let a lover remember his jewel  
 And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft ;  
 But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,  
 And toast them in water, the *hard* or the *soft*.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some cross'd in their passion can never o'erlook it,  
 But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam ;  
 Whilst temperate swains are enabled to *brook* it  
 By help of a little meandering stream.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-total,  
 Deranging our wits and our private affairs,  
 Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,  
 There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,  
 Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits ;  
 But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,  
 Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straits*.

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,  
 A few scanty glasses must limit your wish,  
 But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,  
 The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish !"

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

---

A TOAST.

COME! a health! and it's not to be slighted with sips,  
 A cold pulse, or a spirit supine—  
 All the blood in my heart seems to rush to my lips,  
 To commingle its flow with the wine.

Bring a cup of the purest and solidest ware,—  
 But a little antique in its shape ;  
 And the juice,—let it be the most racy and rare,  
 All the bloom, with the age, of the grape!

Even such is the love I would celebrate now,  
 At once young, and mature, and in prime,—  
 Like the tree of the orange, that shows on its bough  
 The bud, blossom and fruit at one time!

Then with three, as is due, let the honours be paid,  
 Whilst I give with my hand, heart, and head,  
 "Here's to her, the fond mother, dear partner, kind maid,  
 Who first taught me to love, woo, and wed!"

---

SEA-SONG.

AFTER DIEDIN.

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

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

## RONDEAU.

EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.

O CURIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er  
Behold a worshipful Lord May'r  
Seated in his great civic chair  
So dear?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,  
It is the ninth November day,  
And in his new-born state survey  
One here!

To rise from little into great  
Is pleasant; but to sink in state  
From high to lowly is a fate  
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,  
Chill'd by the next November blast;  
His blushing honours only last  
One year!

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,  
And moults till not a plume remains—  
The next impending May'r distrains  
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—  
Ah, could his little pleasure live  
Another twelvemonth—he would giv  
One ear!

## SERENADE.

AH, sweet, thou little knowest how  
I wake and passionate watches keep;  
And yet while I address thee now,  
Methinks thou smilest in thy sleep.

## OLD BALLAD.

'Tis sweet enough to make me weep,  
 That tender thought of love and thee,  
 That while the world is hush'd so deep,  
 Thy soul's perhaps awake to me !

Sleep on, sleep on, sweet bride of sleep !  
 With golden visions for thy dower,  
 While I this midnight vigil keep,  
 And bless thee in thy silent bower ;  
 To me 'tis sweeter than the power  
 Of sleep, and fairy dreams unfurl'd,  
 That I alone, at this still hour,  
 In patient love outwatch the world.

---

 OLD BALLAD.

*Air*—"There was a King in the North Countree."

THERE was a Fairy lived in a well,  
 And she pronounced a magical spell ;  
 "Whoever looks in this wave," she said,  
 "Shall see the lady that he's to wed !"

A King came by with his hunting-spear  
 And stoop'd to look in the waters clear ;  
 He laid by the brim his signet of gold,  
 And gave his Brother his crown to hold.

But while he knelt and was looking down,  
 His Brother stood and tried-on the crown ;  
 The pearls were bright, and the rubies brave,  
 So he tumbled his brother into the wave.

"Oh Brother, oh Brother, you've got my ring  
 And the lawful crown that made me king ;  
 But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall quake,  
 And the head that wears my jewels shall ache !"

The murderer stood and look'd from the brink,  
 "The sun is so hot, I should like to drink !"

But lo ! as he stoop'd with a silver cup,  
His head went down, and his heels flew up !

“Oh ! Brother, oh ! Brother,—I've got your crown,  
But the weight of the jewels has pull'd me down,  
You shall be crown'd in the skies again,—  
But I shall be mark'd on the brow like Cain !”

Down he sank in the dismal wave,  
As cold as death, and dark as the grave ;  
But when he came to the stones at last,  
The Fairy caught him, and held him fast.

She took him into her crystal hall  
And there he saw his face in the wall ;  
She look'd rosy, but he look'd white,  
And all the tapers were burning bright.

The King leap'd down from his Fairy throne,  
With eyes that brighter than diamonds shone ;  
His left hand balanced a golden globe,  
But his right hand lifted his purple robe.

“Oh Brother ! oh Brother ! bend down your knee,  
But kneel to Heaven, and not to me,  
For God may frown on your grievous sin  
But I'm too happy you push'd me in.

Come hither, come hither, you're welcome now,  
To my crown of gold that decks your brow ;  
There's smiles worth heav'n on my true-love's face,  
And she has made me King of this place !”



REFLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

YES, yes, it's very true, and very clear !  
By way of compliment and common chat,  
It's very well to wish me a New Year ;  
But wish me a new hat !

Although not spent in luxury and ease,  
 In course a longer life I won't refuse;  
 But while you're wishing, wish me, if you please,  
 A newer pair of shoes !

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,  
 I own to one that I should not rebut—  
 Instead of this old rent, to have a coat  
 With more of the New Cut !

O yes, 'tis very pleasant, though I'm poor,  
 To hear the steeple make that merry din ;  
 Except I wish one bell was at the door,  
 To ring new trousers in.

To be alive is very nice indeed,  
 Although another year at last departs ;  
 Only with twelve new months I rather need  
 A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear,  
 By way of compliment and common chat,  
 It's very well to wish me a New Year,  
 But wish me a new hat !

---

 STANZAS.

Is there a bitter pang for love removed,  
 Oh God ! The dead love doth not cost more tears  
 Than the alive, the loving, the beloved—  
 Not yet, not yet beyond all hopes and fears !  
 Would I were laid  
 Under the shade  
 Of the calm grave, and the long grass of years, —

That love might die with sorrow :—I am sorrow ;  
 And she, that loves me tenderest, doth press  
 Most poison from my cruel lips, and borrow  
 Only new anguish from the old caress ;

Oh, this world's grief,  
 Hath no relief,  
 In being wrung from a great happiness.

Would I had never filled thine eyes with love,  
 For love is only tears : would I had never  
 Breathed such a curse-like blessing as we prove ;  
 Now, if "Farewell" *could* bless thee, I would sever !  
 Would I were laid  
 Under the shade,  
 Of the cold tomb, and the long grass for ever !

## STANZAS.

## BRITAIN AGAINST THE WORLD.

WITH the good of our country before us,  
 Why play the mere partisan's game ?  
 Lo ! the broad flag of England is o'er us,  
 And behold on both sides 'tis the same !

Not for this, not for that, not for any,  
 Not for these, not for those, but for all,—  
 To the last drop of blood,—the last penny—  
 Together let's stand, or let's fall !

Tear down the vile signs of a faction,  
 Be the national banner unfurl'd,—  
 And if we must have any faction,—  
 Be it "Britain against all the world.

## WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS.

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

## FUGITIVE LINES.

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

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

## FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

"Aurum *potabile*:"—God biles the pot.—FREE TRANSLATION.

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

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

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

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

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

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,  
 That rifles my fob with a snatch;



Alas ! I must pick my own pocket,  
And make gravy-soup of my watch !

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,  
To part is a Tic Douloureux !

## A BULL.

But Tempus has his edax rerum,  
And I have my Feeding-Time too !

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

## A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

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

Our lives are built so frail and poor,  
On sand and not on rocks,  
We're hourly standing at Death's door  
There's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,  
Our fates we cannot force ;  
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—  
They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body's turn'd to clay,  
And dear friends hear my knell,  
O let them give a sigh and say—  
I hear the up-stairs bell.

## A BULL.

ONE day, no matter where or when,  
Except 'twas after some Hibernian revel,  
For why ? an Irishman is ready then  
"To play the Devil"—  
A Pat, whose surname has escaped the Bards,  
Agreed to play with Nick a game at cards.

The stake, the same that the old Source of Sin  
 From German Faustus and his German Cousins  
     Had won by dozens ;  
 The only one in fact he cares a pin  
     To win.

By luck or roguery of course Old Nick  
     Won ev'ry trick :  
 The score was full, the last turn-up had done it—  
     “Your soul—I've won it !”

“It's true for you I've lost that same,”  
 Said Pat a little hazy in his wits—  
 “My soul is yours—but come, another game—  
     *Double, or quits !*”





## EPIGRAMS.

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### ON THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

THEY say, God wot !  
She died upon the spot :  
But then in spots she was so rich,—  
I wonder which ?

---

### ON THE REMOVAL OF A MENAGERIE.

LET Exeter Change lament its change,  
Its beasts and other losses—  
Another place thrives by its case,  
Now *Charing* has two *Crosses*.

---

### ON HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO THE CITY, 1844.

WE'VE heard of comets, blazing things,  
With "fear of change" perplexing Kings ;  
But, lo ! a novel sight and strange,  
A Queen who does not fear a 'Change !

---

### ON THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CITY,

BY A CORNHILL TRADESMAN.

SURE the measure is strange  
And all Commerce so stops,  
And, to open a 'Change,  
Make us shut up our shops.

## ON THE STATUES IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

IF Nelson looks down on a couple of Kings,  
 However it pleases the Loyals ;  
 Tis after the fashion of nautical things,  
 A sky-scraper over the Royals.

---

## ON A PICTURE (407) IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, 1843.

SIR, let me just your tasteful eye enveigle  
 To yonder Painting, of the Madman Eagle.<sup>1</sup>  
 Which, *that* by Poole? Excuse me, sir, I beg,  
 I really have no wish to catch "The Plague."

---

## HEART-SPRINGS.

MY heart's wound up just like a watch,  
 As far as springs will take—  
 It wants but one more evil turn,  
 And then the cords will break !

---

## CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

AS human fashions change about,  
 The reign of Fools should now begin,  
 For when the *Wigs* are going out  
 The *Naturals* are coming in.

---

## A PIG IN A POKE.

A LORD bought of late an outlandish estate,  
 At its Wild Boars to Chevy and dig ;  
 So some people purchase a pig in a poke,  
 And others, a poke in a pig.

<sup>1</sup> Solomon Eagle.

## COMPOSED ON READING A DIARY.

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

---

## THE PURSUIT OF LETTERS.

THE Germans for Learning enjoy great repute ;  
 But the English make *Letters* still more a pursuit ;  
 For a Cockney will go from the banks of the Thames  
 To Cologne for an *O*, and to Nassau for *M's*.

---

## A REFLECTION.

WHEN Eve upon the first of Men  
 The apple press'd with specious cant,  
 Oh ! what a thousand pities then  
 That Adam was not Adamant !

---

## LAYING THE DUST.

AFTER such years of dissension and strife,  
 Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife :  
 But his tears on her grave was nothing surprising,—  
 He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.

---

ON LIEUTENANT EYRE'S NARRATIVE OF THE DISASTERS  
 AT CABUL.

A SORRY tale, of sorry plans,  
 Which this conclusion grants,  
 That Affghan clans had all the *K'hans*  
 And we had all the *cant's*.

## THE SUPERIORITY OF MACHINERY.

A MECHANIC his labour will often discard  
 If the rate of his pay he dislikes ;  
 But a clock—and its case is uncommonly hard—  
 Will continue to work, tho' it *strikes* !

---

## PARTY SPIRIT.

"WHY did you not dine," said a Lord to a Wit,  
 "With the Whigs, you political sinner?"  
 "Why really I meant, but had doubts how the *Pit*  
 Of my stomach would bear a Fox Dinner."

---

## LORD B——.

'Tis said of Lord B., none is keener than he  
 To spit a Wild Boar with éclât ;  
 But he never gets near to the Brute with his spear,  
 He gives it so very much *law*.

---

## TRAITORS' AIMS.

THREE traitors, Oxford—Francis—Bean,  
 Have missed their wicked aim ;  
 And may all shots against the Queen,  
 In future do the same :  
 For why, I mean no turn of wit,  
 But seriously insist,  
 That if Her Majesty were *hit*,  
 No one would be so *miss'd*.

---

## ON A CERTAIN LOCALITY.

OF public changes, good or ill,  
 I seldom lead the mooters,  
 But really Constitution Hill  
 Should change its name with Shooter's !

## ON THE ART-UNIONS.

THAT Picture-Raffles will conduce to nourish  
 Design, or cause good colouring to flourish,  
 Admits of logic-chopping and wise sawing,  
 But surely Lotteries encourage Drawing!

---

## A MORNING THOUGHT.

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

With larks appointments one may fix  
 To greet the dawning skies,  
 But hang the getting up at six,  
 For fish that will not *rise!*

---

ON A CERTAIN EQUESTRIAN STATUE AT THE ROYAL  
EXCHANGE.

WHOEVER has looked upon Wellington's breast,  
 Knows well that he's not so full in the chest;  
 But the sculptor, to humour the Londoners partial,  
 Has turn'd the lean Duke to a plump City Marshal.

---

## ON A DAGUERREOTYPE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

YES, there are her features! her brow, and her hair,  
 And her eyes, with a look so seraphic,  
 Her nose, and her mouth, with the smile that is there,  
 Truly caught by the Art Photographic!

Yet why should she borrow such aid of the skies,  
 When by many a bosom's confession,  
 Her own lovely face, and the light of her eyes,  
 Are sufficient to *make an impression?*



## SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

WHEN Woman is in rags and poor,  
 And sorrow, cold, and hunger tease her,  
 If man would only listen more  
 To that small voice that crieth—"Ease her!"

Without the guidance of a friend,  
 Though legal sharks and screws attack her,  
 If man would only more attend  
 To that small voice that crieth—"Back her!"

So oft it would not be his fate  
 To witness some despairing dropper  
 In Thames's tide, and run too late  
 To that small voice that crieth—"Stop her!"

## PUNISHMENT OF SUICIDES.

WHEN would-be Suicides in purpose fail,  
 Who could not find a morsel though they needed—  
 If Peter sends them for attempts to jail,  
 What would he do to them if they succeeded?

## ATHOL BROSE.

CHARM'D with a drink which Highlanders compose,  
 A German traveller exclaim'd with glee,—  
 "Potztausend! sare, if dis is Athol Brose,  
 How goot dere Athol Boetry must be!"

## ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY.

THEY may talk of the plugging and sweating,  
 Of our coinage that's minted of gold,  
 But to me it produces no fretting  
 Of its shortness of weight to be told:

All the sov'reigns I'm able to levy  
 As to lightness can never be wrong,  
 But must surely be some of the heavy,  
*For I never can carry them long.*

---

## ON MRS. PARKES'S PAMPHLET.

SUCH strictures as these  
 Could a learned Chinese  
 Only read on some fine afternoon,  
 He would cry with pale lips,  
 "We shall have an Eclipse,  
 For a Dragon has seized on the Moon!"

---

## AN EXPLANATION

BY ONE OF THE LIVERY.

SAYS Blue-and-Buff, to Drab-and-Pink;  
 "I've heard the hardest word I think,  
 That ever posed me since my teens,  
 I wonder what As-best-os means!"

Says Drab-and-Pink, to Blue-and-Buff,  
 "The word is clear, and plain enough.  
 It means a Nag wot goes the pace,  
 And so *as best os* wins the race."

---

## ON THE NEW HALF-FARTHINGS.

"Too small for any marketable shift,  
 What purpose can there be for coins like these?"  
 Hush, hush, good Sir!—Thus charitable Thrift  
 May give a *Mite* to him who wants a cheese!

---

## THE SURPLICE QUESTION.

BY A BENEDICT.

A VERY pretty public stir  
 Is making, down at Exeter,  
 About the surplice fashion :  
 And many bitter words and rude  
 Have been bestowed upon the feud,  
 And much unchristian passion.

For me, I neither know nor care  
 Whether a Parson ought to wear  
 A black dress or a white dress ;  
 Fill'd with a trouble of my own,—  
 A Wife who preaches in her gown,  
 And lectures in her night-dress !

## YOUTH AND AGE.

IMPATIENT of his childhood,  
 "Ah me!" exclaims young Arthur,  
 Whilst roving in the wild wood,  
 "I wish I were my father!"

Meanwhile, to see his Arthur  
 So skip, and play, and run,  
 "Ah me!" exclaims the father,  
 "I wish I were my son!"





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