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S. Humphreys

Best Love



THE
GENERAL RECITER;
A Unique Selection
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READINGS AND RECITATIONS:
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EXHIBITING
A SPECIMEN OF EXCELLENCE
IN
EVERY POSSIBLE STYLE OF COMPOSITION.



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—
M D C C C X L V.



THE GENERAL RECITER.

THE YORKSHIREMAN AND HIS FAMILY.

SEATED one day inside the Leeds Mail, a Yorkshireman came up and saluted the guard of the coach, with 'I say, Mr. Guard, have you a gentleman for Lunnun in coach?' 'How should I know?' said the guard. 'Well,' said he, 'I am ganging about four miles whoam, and I'll gang inside if you please, and then I can find him out mysen.' On being admitted into the coach, when seated, he addressed himself to the gentleman opposite, and said, 'Pray Sir, arn't you for Lunnun?' 'Yes,' said the gentleman. 'Pray Sir, arn't you summut at singing line?' 'What makes you ask?' said the gentleman. 'I hope no *defence*,' said he, 'only, Sir, you mun know I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I wants to have a sort of a house warming; and, as we are very musical in our parts—I plays the fiddle at church mysen, and my brother plays on a great long thing like a horse's leg painted, with a bit of brass crook stuck in the end, and puffs away like a pig in a fit; and as we have a vast of music meetings in our parts, I should like to open my mill with a *rovy tory*, and wanted to ax you to come and sing at it.'

He then related a family anecdote:—you mun know, Sir, that my feyther died all on a sudden like, and never give any body notice he wur going to die, but he left his family in complete *profusion*; and when I found he wur dead, as I wur the eldest son, I thought I'd a right to all the money. I told neighbour so, but he said, that tho' I wur the eldest son, I had no right to all the brass; but I said I wur not only the eldest, but that I wur the handsomest into the bargain, for you never seed five such ugly, carrotty-headed devils among any litter of pigs, as my five brothers and sisters. So when I found they wanted to diddle me out of my *intarnel* estate, I determined to take the law at the top of the *regicides*.' 'And you applied to council no doubt,' said the gentleman. 'Na, I didn't,' said he 'for I don't know him, I went to one Lawyer Lattitat and paid him six and eight-pence, all in good half-pence, and he wrote me down my *destructions*.' The gentleman read his *destructions*, as he called them, which

were as follows :—' You must go to the Temple, apply to a Civilian, and tell him that your father has died intestate, or without a will, that he has left five children, all infantine, besides yourself; and that you wish to know if you can't be his executor.'—' Well, what did you do?' said the gentleman. ' Why sir,' said he, ' I went to the Temple, and I knock'd at the door, and the gentleman cum'd out himsen;' and I said ' Pray sir, arn't you a *silly villain*? and he ax'd me if I cum'd to insult him; and I said, why yes, I partly cum'd on purpose: I cum'd to *insult* you to know what I am to do, for my feyther died *detested* and against his will, and left five young *infidels* besides mysen, and I am cum'd to know if I can't be his *executioner*.'

THE MONK AND THE JEW; OR THE CATHOLIC CONVERT.

To make new converts truly blas'd
 A recipe—*Probatum est*.
 Stern Winter clad in frost and snow,
 Had now forbade the streams to flow;
 And skated peasants swiftly glide,
 Like swallows o'er the slippery tide;
 When Mordecai—upon whose face,
 The synagogue you plain might trace—
 Fortune, with smiles deceitful, bore
 To a cursed hole but late skimm'd o'er!
 Down plumps the Jew; but in a trice,
 Rising he caught the friendly ice.
 He grasp'd; he yell'd a hideous cry:
 No friendly help, alas! was nigh;
 Save a poor monk—who quickly ran
 To snatch from death the drowning man!
 But when the holy father saw,
 A limb of the Mosaic law,
 His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
 ' For Heaven's sake, help!' exclaimed the Jew,
 ' Turn Christian first; the father cries.
 ' I'm froze to death!' the Jew replies,
 ' Froze!' quoth the monk; ' too soon you'll know,
 There's fire enough for Jews below.
 Renounce your unbelieving crew,
 And help is near.'—' I do, I do!
 ' D—n all your brethren great and small.'
 ' With all my heart—Oh d—n 'em all!
 Now help me out.'—' There's one thing more;
 Salute this cross, and Christ adore.'
 ' There, there! I Christ adore!'—' 'Tis well;
 Thus arm'd defiance bid to hell.

And yet another thing remains,
 To guard against eternal pains :
 Do you our papal father hold
 Heaven's vicar, and believe all told
 By holy church? 'I do by God!
 One moment more I'm food for cod!
 Drag, drag me out, I freeze, I die!
 'Your peace, my friend, is made on high.
 Full absolution here I give;
 Saint Peter will your soul receive.
 Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,
 New converts always go to heav'n,
 No hour for death so fit as this :
 Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss!
 So said—the father, in a trice,
 His convert launch'd beneath the ice!

THE BASHFUL MAN.

(*A Comic Recitation, as delivered by Mr. Mathers.*)

AMONG the various good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am unfortunately that being overstocked with the one called bashfulness: for you must know, I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of 'The Bashful Man.' The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me formerly avoid that social company, I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in: till at length becoming possessed of an ample fortune by the death of an old rich uncle, and vainly supposing that 'money makes the man,' I was now determined to shake off my natural timidity, and join the gay throng: with this view I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly was an intimate acquaintance of my late uncle's, with two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor, who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance.' Having by his means acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a

dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality ; impressed with the idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly ; but unfortunately in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close to my heels, to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress ; and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be : Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him : and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly : but, lo ! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm ; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suit of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand ; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the

table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattering of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface off my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities par-boiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-bellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, 'where fresh disaster overwhelmed me quite.'

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best for drawing out fire: and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel! whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined

his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, and rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a 'goblin damned.' The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps, by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I retire.

PAT AND THE MAGISTRATE;

OR, ALL A MISTAKE.

(A Favourite New Recitation.)

A PATLANDER with a pole as red as the Red Lion, at Brentford, and rendered still more red by a copious discharge of blood, which oozed through a dirty rag tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applied to a magistrate for a warrant, when the following dialogue took place:—

Mag. Well Pat, (for his countenance operated as a sort of finger-post, pointing to the road whence he came) what do you want?

Pat. I'd be wanting a warrant, your worship's glory.

Mag. Against whom?

Pat. Agin Barney O'Leary, please your rivirince.

Mag. For what?

Pat. For murther, your grace.

Mag. Whom did he murder?

Pat. Murther! Och, the devil a crature but myself, your excellency.

Mag. Indeed! has he really been guilty of that?

Pat. By my sowl he has! Bad luck to him! He has made a hole in my napper big enough to bury a cat in.

Mag. He has not killed you outright, I see.

Pat. Och sure, it isn't his fault that he has'nt, for he intindeo it, and nothing surer.

Mag. I suppose an assault warrant will suit you? When did he assault you?

Pat. He 'saulted me last night, about two o'clock this morn'ing, your serene highness!



PAT AND THE MAGISTRATE. P. E.



SECURING THE HEART. P. 104.

Mag. Did he strike you with a stick !

Pat. No, my lord, it was a small taste of a poker.

Mag. A poker ! What a dreadful murderous weapon.

Pat. Arrah ! sure your holiness, it is indeed, indeed.

Mag. Where were you when this happened !

Pat. Where was I ? sure I was in bed.

Mag. Asleep or awake.

Pat. As sound as a roach, your majesty.

Mag. And what provocation had you given him.

Pat. Divil a provocation at all, most noble. How could I when I was dead drunk asleep !

Mag. What ! do you mean to say he came to your bedside, and struck you in this dreadful manner without cause !

Pat. Yes, your mightiness—barring he came to his own bedside instead of mine.

Mag. His own bedside ! were you in his bed !

Pat. Faith, you have just guessed it, your rivirince.

Mag. And what brought you there !

Pat. That's more than I can tell, your honour, barring it was the liquor.

Mag. Was this all you did to provoke his anger !

Pat. Divil a thing else.

Mag. Was there any other person present !

Pat. Not a crature—independent of his wife, dat was in bed with me, your grace.

Mag. His wife ! were you in bed with his wife !

Pat. In course I was, your worship !

Mag. And don't you think you deserved what you got !

Pat. Is it me ! Not I, indeed, it was all a mistake.

Mag. Mistake !

Pat. Yes, I thought it was my own wife in the dark, I went into the room in a mistake !

Mag. Well, I hope you committed no other mistake. You must be careful in future. I cannot grant you a warrant.

Pat. Thank your majesty. If he hits me agin it shall go for something. By my soul, I will give him a crack that will knock him into the middle of next weck. So an illigant good day to your mightiness.

Pulling up his unmentionables, he hopp'd off in a real Irish trot.

It turned out that Paddy went into the bed unconscious of where he was, till Barney gave him a gentle hint with the poker, and fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended finisher. Barney's sleeping beauty was also awake by the shock, who gave her tender assistance in larruping the intruder out of the chamber of her lord and master.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.

(A Favourite Recitation.)

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
 With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
 Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy winged speed,
 I may not mount on thee again, thou art sold, my Arab steed,
 Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not the breezy wind—
 The further that thou fliest now, so far am I behind.
 The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy master hath his gold—
 Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.
 Farewell! these free untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky, which clouds the stranger's home.
 Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare—
 The silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths where we were wont to be.
 Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain,
 Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.
 Yes, thou must go, the wild free breeze, the brilliant sun and sky,
 Thy master's home, from all of these my exiled one must fly.
 Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less fleet,
 And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy master's hand to meet.
 Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright;
 Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
 And when I raise my dreaming arm, to check and cheer thy speed,
 Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold, my Arab steed.
 Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
 Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,
 And the rich blood that is in thee swells in thy indignant pain;
 Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each started vein.
 Will they ill use thee? If I thought—but no it cannot be—
 Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free.
 And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn,
 Can the hand which casts thee from it, now command thee to return.
 Return, alas! my Arab steed, what shall thy master do,
 When thou who wert his all of joy hath vanished from his view:
 When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
 Thy bright form for a moment like the false Mirage appears,
 Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary foot alone,
 Where with fleet step and joyous bound, thou oft has borne me on.
 And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
 It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink.
 When last I saw thee drink? Away! the fevered dream is o'er,
 I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more.
 They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong,
 They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I'd giv'n thee up, who said that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed, I fling them back their gold;
 Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains,
 Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim thee for his pains.

HE VOS A VERY JONTEEL MAN FOR ALL DAT.

(A celebrated French Recitation, as originally given by Mr. Meltrin,
 Mr. Mathews, &c.)

Mais! I am Monsieur Jean Francois Marie Louis Grenoble. In Angletere here, I vas vat you call de emigrant; because in the revolution, ma foi! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and ran away very fast, so dat de guillotine, by gar, can no cut short my walk over de sea—not at all. Here I make de montre, vat you call de vatch. I am de horloger, de clock maker, and get de living by de tick. Mais dans Paris—in my own countree I vas very large man indeed, vas nobleman, vas son altesse de Prince Grenoble, and stood very high indeed (though I am but a little man now) in de grand Armees Royal.

De other day I vas walk in vat you call your High Park, vere dere are no bucks vid de horns, but de bucks dat come from de Londres de city, and leave dere wives to walk here; and no deer, but the pretty little girls, and parbleu, dey are very dear indeed, pretty indeed, very. Vell, I vas walk dere, and see sit on de bench for vast de call to dine vid dey Duke Humphrey, uu pauvre homcæ; he seem very hungry, very cold; he looked very dirty, very ragged, and very poor indeed—but he appear a very jonteel man for all dat.

I go to him, and I say to him—for I see in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman—vas my countreman—mon ami, my friend, my countreman, for vat you sit on dis bench here, to dine vid de Duke Humphrey? vy you no go to de cook-shop de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de mouton, and de salad, and de pomme de terre?

He say to me, 'I am brave Francois—I am jontilehomme—I am one of de first men in all France—but I am sans souis, point d'argent; I have not oue single farthing dans tout le monde; not a halfpenny in all de world, and no credit at all.

Den he shew me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but nothing else; but he appear very jonteel man for all dat; and all at once, immediately, directly, iustamment, in de half second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress in all de silver and de gold lace.—Jontilehomme or noble, I forgot which, but it vas all de same. I look at him again—ma foi! he have no lace but de

rags, and no silver but de grey hair dat grow out of de great hole in de crown of his hat, like you see de pigeon's claw out of de top of de pie—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me; mon Dieu; his knee come out of de pantaloon, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his pump—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

I say to him, my countreman, mon ami, no l'argent, no credit, no dinner; vat for you leave your logement den? vy you no take de refreshment, de sleep in your bed!

He say to me, 'Ah, mon ami! I have no lodgment no bed; I lodge in the open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here; de bench is my matrass, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain, and sometime de sentinal he come and tuck me in vid de butt-end of his bayonet; for de Jean Bull no have de politesse to de autrefois jontilhomme at all! but I am a very jonteel man for all dat.'

Sacre bleu! no logement, no bed; pauvre homme, my heart is all melt with de great big pity for you, my friend, my countreman, I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de dinner and de sleep for de night; for though you have no money, no credit, no dinner, no logement—though your hair grow out of de top of de hat, your knee walk out of de pantaloon, and your great toe peep out of de end of your pump—your shoe, I see you are a very jonteel man for all dat. My landlady she is particulaire, she no like de stranger sleep in her domicile, so ve vill wait and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den you sall pull off you shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know ve are dere.

So he pay de great compliment, give me de grand thanks; for though his beard vas like de great black shoe brush stuck on his chin, and had no been shave for one month, he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve walk under de tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur, vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, and de splendid palace of de great monarque a Versailles, till at last it grow to de dark night—den ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door vid de little key vot I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt—mon ami, my countreman, he rub his shoe on de mat and he leave de sole dere—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Ve have de littel joke on his lose de sole; den I pull off my shoe and dere is my stocking—mon ami, my countreman, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot, he have no stocking at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de little joke because he no have de stocking,

and ve creep up de stair, light as de feather, vidout any body hear; for mon ami, my countreman, pauvre homme, he have no flesh, only de bone, for vant of de something to eat very often—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of de mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of soup maigre, dat I make hot; and I say, now mon ami, my countreman, ve vill have de dinner; but before I commence I say de grace. Parbleu! my friend he commence, and no say de grace at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I got up for de cloth to put under my chin, dat I may no grease my frill vid de soup maigre; begar, ven I came back to help myself, begar, dere is none! mon ami, my countreman, he have swallowed it all up—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke about de soup maigre, sure not to grease de frill den, and I go to take some moutou; begar! dere is only de bones—mon ami, my countreman, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel on de wroug side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone, and I go to make a shift with de crust of de bread, but by gar, dere is no bread at all; mon ami, my countreman he eat all de bread while I eat the soup—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat. Ve not have de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese paring and de bit of salt.

At last it cume time to go to bed—and I say mon ami, my countreman, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap; vell, I pull off my coat, dere is my vaistcoat—mon ami, my countreman pull off his coat, by gar, dere is no vaistcoat at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I pull off my vaistcoat dere is my shirt; mon ami, my countreman, have no vaistcoat to pull off, and, by gar, dere is no shirt at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I say, mon ami, my countreman, dere is de old sack dat de gardener bring vid de pomme de terre, you sall make de shift vid dat. Vell, he lay on de potatoe sack for his shirt, and I go to sleep: in de matin I wake and look for mon ami, my countreman, and by gar, he is no dere! I look for my breeches, and by gar, dey are no dere.

Vell, I say I vill put on my vaistcoat and my coat, and see if he is gone down stair. By gar, dey are no dere; nor more is my hat nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anything; but dere is de chapeau, vid de hole in de top, de pantaloon out of de

knee, de shoe dat have no sole, and very little body, and de dam greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countreman.

Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake ; he have no money, no credit, no logement, his hair grow out de top of his hat, his knee walk out of his pantaloon, his toe look out of his pump, his sole come out of his shoe ; he eat my supper while I turn my head, and no leave me none—he have no vaist-coat, no shirt—he make a shift and sleep in my potatoe sack—he get up while I sleep and run away vid all my clothes, it is all bad, ma foi—but he is very jonteel man for all dat.

So I make de fire vid his old clothes, as dey were too bad for de Jew—wrap myself in de blanket, and I think I will go to my vork again ; ven, by gar, I find all the vatch les montres dat vas left by my customers, because dey would not go, had all go while I vas asleep ; mon ami, my countreman, had taken them while I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and obliged to run away—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

THE FAT ACTOR AND THE RUSTIC.

CARDINAL Wolsey was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare says,
 Meaning, (in metaphor,) for ever puffing,
 To swell beyond his size and span ;
 But had he seen a player in our days
 Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
 He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
 Equaled not that within the bounds
 This actor's belt surrounds,
 Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enabled should
 Of our odd fishes
 To visit every clime between the poles,
 Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken,
 Although his wishes
 Must not, in this proceeding, be mistaken ;
 For he went out professionally,—bent
 To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ
 He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
 And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
 And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
 Out of the town he took a stroll,
 Refreshing in the fields his soul,
 With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
 And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed time flies;
 He counted up his profits, in the skies,
 Until the moon began to shine,
 On which he gazed awhile, and then
 Pulled out his watch, and cried—"Past nine!"
 Why, rounds, they shut the gates at ten."

Backward he turn'd his steps *instantly*,
 Stumping along with might and main;
 And, though 'tis plain
 He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
 (Those who had seen him would confess it) he
 Marched well for one of such obesity.
 Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
 He puffed and blew along the road.

Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
 When in his path he met a clown
 Returning from the town,
 "Tell me," he panted, in a thawing state,
 "Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?"
 "Get in!" replied the hesitating loon,
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
 "Why—yes, Sir,—I should think you might;
 "A load of hay went in this afternoon."

THE BUMPKIN'S COURTSHIP.

WHILE on a visit to a relation in the celebrated city of York, I was acquainted with an honest farmer in the neighbourhood, who having resided there from a youth, was respected, and admitted into the society of most of the country gentlemen. He was a constant visitor at the house of my uncle, and his conversation, teeming with merry stories which serve to delight the ear at the expense of our sides, told in his simple, unadorned manner, could not but render his society agreeable to me.

Honest old farmer Burton, had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; he was in fact, as true a picture of a country bumpkin as ever graced a dung-fork!—One day our discourse happening to turn upon the said Bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he should never have had the good fortune to get married. 'Why,' said the farmer 'It be not the fault o' his face I reckon; for he be as pratty a lad as here and there be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my feekins! and had he been as cute as mysen, he mought ho' had a buxom lass with no little o' money either.' This excited my curiosity, and I requested the farmer to ac-

quaint me with the particulars, which he did as follows. 'You mun know, that my son used to work wi' me in the field; that is he drived plough, sowed and reaped, and all other cultural works loike; and a steady hard working lad he wur too; till all on a sudden he becamed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make on't; if I snubbed 'un 'twur all the same, and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to un about it, calmy loike; an' so I did, and axt 'un what wur the matter wi' un; and so says he,—'Why, I dosen't know disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed Molly Grundy at our village church, feather! I ba' felt all over in sic' conflagrationloike, he, he, he! 'Why ye beant in love, be ye?'—'Why, he, he, he!' I can't say for sartin; haply I mought; but dang my buttons, feather! if I dosen't think Molly bees in love wi' I, he, he, he!—'Be she?' says I, 'Ods dickens! then, you mun mind your P's and Q's lad; for she ha' money. But did she speak to ye? 'E'es to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad; he, he, he!' 'And what answer did you make?' 'Why I, I—la'ft!' Ah' but said I, 'you should ha' made loove to her.' 'But I don't know how, feather; what be I to say?' 'Why I'll tell ye; when you see her again, you thus address her: 'Oh! thou most incomparable of thy sex; thy eyes of diasmund light, have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red,—thy lips like coral,—thy alabaster skin!—thy teeth, good lack!—and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart! deign then to dispense thy passions to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistible and adorable woman.' 'Well,' said I, 'and did he say so,—'Why, no,' said the farmer? 'a sad blunder he made on it, all thro' his being no *scholar*; and lost both his sweet-heart Molly, and her money into the bargain.'

When he got to Molly Grundy's, he dropt on both his knees, scratch'd his head and thus began:

'Oh! Molly Grundy, feather ha' sent I here to *dress ye!* Oh! thou most *unbearable* of my sex! Thy eyes *down'd* light and pierced my heart *sure*;—thy cheeks are *damnation* red!—thy lips like *mackerel!*—thy *plaster* skin, thy *teeth* so *black!* and *hateful* and *mean!* have scorched and burnt up all the *articles* of my heart: *feign* then to *expend* thy passion on me alone, thy *hateful swine*; who is this moment ready to *expose* thee thou *detestable* and *deplorable* 'woman!'

Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech, than she took up a long hair broom, wopped poor Robin out o' the house, and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since.

CARACTACUS.

BROODS proud Rome's imperial throne,
 In mind's unconquered mood,
 As if the triumph were his own,
 The dauntless Captive stood :
 None, to have seen his freeborn air,
 Had fancied him a prisoner there.

Through all the crowded streets of Rome,
 With slow and stately tread,
 Far from his own loved island-home
 That day in triumph led,—
 Unbow'd his head, unbent his knee,
 Undimm'd his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast
 On temple, arch, and tower,
 By which the long procession pass'd
 Of Rome's victorious power ;
 And somewhat of a scornful smile
 Upcurl'd his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood with brow serene,
 Where slaves might prostrate fall ;
 Bearing a Briton's manly mien
 In Cæsar's palace hall ;
 Claiming, with kindling brow and cheek,
 The privilege even there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty Lord withstand
 The claim that look prefer'd ;
 But motion'd, with uplifted hand,
 The suppliant should be heard,—
 If he, indeed, a suppliant were,
 Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,
 From Claudius on his throne,
 Down to the meanest slave that bow'd
 At his imperial tone ;
 Silent his fellow-captives' grief,
 As fearless spoke the Island Chief :

“ Think not, thou eagle Lord of Rome,
 And master of the world,
 Though victory's banner o'er thy dome
 In triumph now is fur'd,
 I would address thee as thy slave.—
 But as the bold should greet the brave.

“I might perchance, could I have deign'd
 To hold a vassal's throne,
 Even now in Briton's isle have reign'd
 A king, in name alone :—
 Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
 A monarch's mimic pageantry.

“Then through Rome's crowded streets this day,
 I might have rode with thee ;
 Not in a captive's base array,
 But fetterless and free ;—
 If freedom he could hope to find
 Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

“But canst thou marvel that,—freeborn,
 With heart and hope unquell'd,
 Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,
 By thy permission held ?
 Or that I should retain my right,
 'Till wrested by a conqueror's might ?

“Rome, with her palaces and towers,
 By us un-wish'd and un-reft,
 Her homely huts, and woodland bowers,
 To Britain might have left ;—
 Worthless to you their wealth must be,
 But dear to us—for they were free !

“I might have bow'd before—but where
 Had been thy triumph now ?
 To my resolve no yoke to bear
 Thou owest thy laurel'd brow ;
 Inglorious victory had been thine,
 And more inglorious bondage mine.

“Now I have spoken,—do thy will ;
 Be life or death my lot,—
 Since Briton's throne no more I fill,
 To me it matters not ;—
 My fame is clear : but on my fate
 Thy glory, or thy shame must wait.”

He ceased. From all around up-sprang
 A murmur of applause ;
 For well had Truth and Freedom's tongue
 Maintain'd their holy cause :
 The conqueror was their captive then ;
 —He bade the slave be free again.

THE GERMAN AND THE WIDOW.

ABOUT the year 1794, a German recently imported into Bristol, happened to hear of Mrs. B., a wealthy widow, and thought it would be a good speculation to offer himself to the lady's notice, as well qualified to succeed the late Mr. B. He accordingly waited on the lady with that intention; but having no great familiarity with English, he provided himself with a copy of a German and English dictionary, and on being announced to the lady, determined to open his proposal, with this introductory sentence—"Madam, having heard that Mr. B., late your husband, is dead;" but coming to the last word, "gestorben" dead, he was at a loss for the English equivalent; so hastily pulling out his dictionary, (a huge octavo), he turned to the word "sterben," to die, and there found——But what he found will be best collected from the dialogue which followed, as reported by the lady:—

German. Madam, haafing heard that Mein Herr B., late your man, is——{these words he kept chiming as if to himself, until he arrived at No. 1 of the interpretation of "sterben," when he roared out in high glee at his discovery} is—dat is, has kicked *de bucket*.

Widow. (With astonishment.) Kicked the bucket, sir. What!

German. Ah, mein Gott! alway Ich make mistake. I vou'd haaf said {beginning again with the same solemnity of tone} since that Mein Herr B., late your man, haaf—*hopped de twig*. Which words he screamed out with delight, certain that he had now hit the nail upon the head.

Widow. Upon my word, sir, I am at a loss to understand you; "kicked the bucket," and "hopped the twig!"

German. (Perspiring with panic.) Ah, madam, von, two, three, ten thousand pardon! Vat sad, wicket dictionary I haaf, dat always bring me in trooble; but now you shall hear, [and then recomposing himself solemnly for the third effort, he began as before] madam, since I did hear, or vas hearing, dat Mein Heer B., late your man, haaf [with a triumphant shout] haaf, I say, *gone to Davy's locker*.

Further he would have gone; but the widow could stand no more.

A PEEP AT A PLAY.

Town—Bartholomew Fair.

Come, come, my boys away,
Let us hasten to the play:

We'll reach the house before
 The opening of the door;
 Ity goes! but this is prime!
 For we are just in time,
 The doors are being opened, I declare, O!
 And the boys begin to bawl,
 And the girls begin to squall,
 "Don't push so, if you please;"
 "Oh, curse you, how you squeeze!"
 "I'm almost press'd to death!"
 "I'm nearly out of breath!"
 "It's enough to make a parson swear, O!"
 Push the door—in pour,
 Sour churls—pretty girls,
 Queer gables—little babies,
 What a rush!—Don't push!
 Come, my dear, pay here,
 Cup, cup, tumble up.
 Don't grumble. Don't tumble.

Spoken.—O dear, O dear! don't push so. I shall be killed. I shall be squeezed to death. I will try to squeeze out again. Come along, you fool, would you be squeezed *inside out*? Oh, faith! that's my own toe you are treading upon. I beg pardon. Och! I wouldn't mind, if you didn't hurt me. Oh lud! do you want to squeeze all the breath out of my body! Shut your mouth, my dear fellow, you can't suffer more by it than I do. Billy, my boy, where are you! Here I am, father, keeping up this fat gentleman's belly. Aye, it's a good thing that I am fat, else my bones would be pressed to pieces. Well, I do declare this, I never was so scrouged in my whole life before. Oh my back! Don't *back*, ma'am, push on. Here we are, up at last. Now for a good place. Halloo! you are coming down *head* foremost. Yes, he is determined to have a *front* seat. I say, where are you crowding to, across the benches! O gad! it's enough to make me *cross*, I've split my *inexpressibles*. Never mind, let them be *seated*. Take care of your pockets, here's a punster. Throw him over. It's all over with me, if you do. Well, a punster is a dose of salts to me. Yes, and I have been just squeezed to death, and now I've got into purgatory. Well, now I don't care how soon that there green curtain draws up. Father, I think that green curtain is an iron one. Why, my dear! Because it looks so rusty. There's a sensible child for you. Bless us! what is the matter, the seat is all wet. Dear me! I do declare, my poor dear brandy bottle is all broken, and let all the liquor run

Hey down, ho down,
Derry derry down,
Whilst pushing to the play so rare, O!

(ENCORE DIALOGUE.)

What a trouble it is for an old woman to get up and down this gallery! I declare it brings on my old cough. (coughing.) What does an *old woman* want in a *gallery*; people at your age ought to be in the *pit*. Ah, I wish I were there. (coughing.) Aye, I think you ought to be *pitted*, you are already in your *coffin*. I wish you would undertake to cure it. Ma'am, I am no undertaker; but I perceive my jest is *palling*, you begin to look *grave*. He's a punster, ma'am, give him a *punch*. Oh, *hang* him! I thought he was a rogue, but I shall live to read his dying speech I know. He's got the *gibbet* in his face now. Gad! you have *choked* him there. Yes, she's got him in a *line*. He looks a fit *subject* for Surgeons'-hall. *All* go it, *cut* him up. Put him in *spirits*, or he won't keep here. *Keep*, what is he *going*? He looks *alter'd*. Then let him be *interred*, there let the punster rest till his finale *punishment*,

Hey down, ho down, &c.

In gallery, boxes, pit,
The people snugly sit,
The lads with lively grins,
The maids with dimpled chins,
Though pretty tightly squeezed,
Are determined to be pleased,
Whilst waiting for the play to begin, O!
Play up music, cry the boys,
Then begin the fun and noise,
Stage-lights begin to blaze up,
Then the music plays up,
Up the curtain draws,
And draws down loud applause,
Then the play puts an end to the din, O!
Cat-calls—music squalls,
Now, Dossy—play up, Nosy,
Elbow shakers—catgut-scrappers,
All in rows—rosin bows,
Fiddles grant—down in front,
Now, my masters, doff your castors,
Silence, silence—no violence.

Spoken.—I say, you Mounseer Parlour-vow, I wish you'd doff your *saddle-cover*. Do my what, sair! Doff your *sooner*.

What, sair ! Your *crown-piece* ! What ! Why, your *skull-cap*, *castor*, *felt*, *beaver*. Sair, I'm sorry I cannot comprehend you. Lord ! how ignorant those here Frenchmen are ! My da'ter is just come from boarding school ; parley woo, Polley to the Frenchman. Oui, *Mousscar*, *roulezvous otter* ; that is to say, take off your *chapeau*. Aye, Mousseer, take the *chopper* off your *block*. My what block, sair ! Why, your hat. Oh ! oui, *certainement*. Curse me ! my da'ter knows more French than the Frenchman, a'ter all. Curse the *artichoke*, I say, who built these seats ! why, there's no room to put one's knees. So it seems, sir, for you are putting them all in my back. Only your back, then say they don't affront you. Fine fruit, or a bill of the play ; do you want some good porter, sir ? I wish some *porter* would take you off. Do you ? then I'll be off with the porter, sir. Bless me ! the heat is very *oppressize* ! I can hardly bear it, I fancy it is the gas. Pho ! the gas makes it *lighter*.

Hey down, ho down,
Derry derry down.

Whilst waiting for the play to begin, O I

(ENCORE DIALOGUE.)

Halloo ! there's a hubabubboo in the lower regions. Oh, mamma, I'm *squeezed* up just like nothing. Why do you squeeze the child so, you brute. (Stuttering.) Why-why h-how ca-ca can I he-help it, don't every body squee-ese me ? Don't you make mouths at my wife, sir, or I'll shave your beard for you directly. I wish, mamma, you had brought the broom-stick which you waps father with, you'd have made him feel, I know. Hold your tongue, you rascal, and leave the broom-stick at home, you rogue. So it is, pa ; it hangs up behind the door, I know. Hold your tongue, I say, and look at the pretty ladies in the boxes. Oh ! how pretty ! they look like the *heads* in our shop-window, with the *wigs* on. Hush, my dear, drop the *shop* and the *wigs*. La, papa, are those young ladies in the top boxes going to bed ? Why, my dear ? Because, pa, they look half undressed. *Half* undressed my dear, that's what they call being *full* dressed. Full dressed, papa, then I should like to know what they call being *half* full dressed. Hush, my dear, and look at the stage. What stage, papa ? The acting stage, my dear. The *Acton* stage, I don't see the horses. No, nor any thing else, if that French lady keeps on her stupendous bonnet : it is like my old gig turned upside down, with wheels for *bows*. Ma'am, I'll *trouble* you to take off your bonnet. Sair, *je suis surprize* ; dat is to say, sair, I am quite tunderstructed of dat

which you say to me ! sair, I never do undress myself for no gentleman ; and for you me to ask dat, you are good for nothing at all, you are ; you are *barbare*. How did she find that out. A barber, ma'am ! and what's that to you if my husband is a barber, ma'am ; he can shave as well as any Frenchman, ma'am, and only charges three half-pence, ma'am. Silence ! down !

Hey down, ho down, &c.

Now the solid and the gay
 Pay attention to the play ;
 Tragedian plays his part,
 With tear, and rant, and start,
 Perhaps in his tragic rage,
 A dog runs across the stage,
 Which turns the people's tears into smiles, O !
 Or th' heroes of the sock,
 Now human nature mock,
 With lively jest and mien,
 Would drive away the spleen ;
 Then harlequin and clown,
 E'er tumbling up and down,
 Please the old and the young with their wiles, O !
 Here's the place—for grimace,
 Orange-peel—makes one feel,
 Blooming misses—groans and blisses,
 Starts and pauses—great applauses,
 Tragic braggers—wooden daggers,
 Mournful dizen—cups of poison,
 Shrieks and sobbing—ghosts and robbing,
 Comedy's sons—jests and puns,
 Swag'ring blades—saucy maids,
 Dramas, farces—horses, asses,
 Pantomime—suits each clime,
 Tricks and scenes—magic means,
 Leaping, tumbling—no grumbling,
 All laughing—no scoffing.

Spoken.] (foppishly.) My dear fellow, how do you like that performer with the long sword ? Why I don't know, there is a sort of a something, that is a—a kind of—I would say a—a *je ne sais quoi*,—that is to say,—in fact, you understand me. Aye, you would say, he is only fit to play the walking gentleman. No, my dear fellow, I would say a *walking-stick* ; does the simile strike ? Yes, your stick hits him to a hair. But, if you had said a *sword-stick*, there would have been more *point* in it. Yes, my dear fellow, but that would have been too *cutting*, and contrary to the act. Ya-up ! I am just prime for a lark. Tumble

up, boxkeeper. I'm, sorry, sir, but that shaggy great coat can't be admitted to the dress-boxes. Hold your gab, spoony sauce-box, isn't it a regular box-coat? Good heavens, sir, your spurs have caught my muslin dress! Odz, madam, I beg pardon, but madam, I came to the theatre on horseback. Did you, sir, then we feel particularly obliged to you for not bringing your horse into the box with you. There's a box on the ear for the man in the brass spurs. Yes, he's got in the *wrong* box. My dear fellow, turn your glass, and tell me who is that *corpulent* lady, trying to hide herself behind her *faux*? Where? There in the second tier of boxes. That is the great Miss Puncheon, the distiller's daughter. *Miss* Puncheon, pho! a *mis*take, a *mis*-take, she must be more than a *single* woman. But, my dear fellow, don't you think the boxes look very dull to night? *Dull!* no wonder, don't you see they are all in *tiers*. Tears, that's a pun of the first *water*. D—n it! how your wit *flows* to-night! Sir, it won't *flow*, if you *dam* it.

Hey down, ho down,
Derry derry down,
A play all our cares thus beguiles, O!

(ENCORE DIALOGUE.)

My dear fellow, who is that lovely creature in front, is she come-at-able? Sir, that's my wife. That's a cooler, Bob. Look, look, there's a gentleman fainted. Slacken his stays and braces; take off his 'kerchief, pads, collars, and wristbands. No, don't be *picking him to pieces*. Take that crying child home. What a shame for women to bring children here, especially within arms. Would you have them brought *without arms*? I say, sir, any body in *arms* is only calculated to raise a *disturbance*. Well, don't *harm* the child. Bless me! it's very warm! I wonder whether all the windows and ventilators are open, I am as wet as a sea-weed. Oh, for a puff of wind! Take this play-bill, sir, it is full of *puffs*. Yes, but not *hairy puffs*. I declare now the *eat* has made me as *dry* as a mad dog; I wish I had a drop of some 'hat. Do you, then here's the drop scene. Then drop your

Hey down, ho down, &c.

I WANT TO FLY.

DURING the last war there were a number of French officers, in an inland town, on their parole of honour. Now, one gentle-

man, being tired with the usual routine of eating, drinking, gambling, smoking, &c. and therefore, in order to amuse himself otherwise, resolved to go a fishing. His host supplied him with a rod and line, but being in want of artificial flies, went in search of a fishing-tackle maker's shop. Having found one, kept by a plain pains-taking John Bull, our Frenchman entered, and with a bow, a cringe, and a shrug of the shoulders, thus began :—

'Ah, Monsieur Anglise, comment vous, portez vous ?'

'Eh, that's French,' exclaimed the shop-keeper; 'not that I understand it, but I'm very well, if that's what you mean.'

'Bon bon, ver good; den, saire, I sall tell you, I vant deux fly.'

'I dare say you do, Mounseer,' replied the Englishman, 'and so do a great many more of your outlandish gentry; but I'm a true born Briton, and can never consent to assist the enemies of my country to leave it—particularly when they cost us so much to bring them here.'

'Ah, Monsieur, you no comprehend; I shall repeate, I vant deux fly, on the top of de vater.'

'Oh! what you want to fly by water, do you? then I'm sure I can't assist you, for we are, at least, a hundred miles from the sea-coast, and our canal is not navigable above ten or twelve miles from here.'

'Diable, mon Dieu! sare, you are un stup of the block. I sall tell you ouce seven times over again—I vant deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of de long pole.'

'Ay, ay! you only fly, Mounseer, by land or water, and if they catch you, I'm damned if they won't dingle dangle you, as you call it, at the end of a long pole.'

'Sacre un de dieu! la blas! vat you mean by dat, enfer diable! you are un bandit jack of de ass, Johnny de Bull. Ba, ba, you are effronte, and I disgrace me to parley vid you. I tell you, sare, dat I vant deux fly on the top of de vater, to dingle dangle at the end of the long pole, to la trap poisson.'

'What's that you say, you French Mounseer—you'll lay a trap to poison me and all my family, because I won't assist you to escape! why, the like was never heard. Here Betty, go for the constable.'

The constable soon arrived, who happened to be as ignorant as the shopkeeper, and of course it was not expected that a constable should be a scholar. Thus the man of office began :—

'What's all this? Betty has been telling me, that this here outlandish Frenchman is going to poison you and all your family! Ay, ay, I should like to catch him at it, that's all. Come, come to prison, you delinquent.'

'No, sare, I sall not go to de prison ; take me before de—
what you call it—de ting that nibble de grass !'

'Oh, you mean the cow.'

'No, sare, not the cow ; you stup Johnay bæuf—I mean de
chouvel, vat you ride. [Imitating.] Come, sare, gee up. Ah, ha.'

'Oh, now I know, you mean a horse.'

'No, sare, I mean de horse's wife.'

'What, the mare.'

'Oui bon, yes, sare, take me to de mayor.'

This request was complied with, and the French officer soon
stood before the English magistrate, who by chance happened
to be better informed than his neighbours, and thus explained,
to the satisfaction of all parties.

'You have mistaken the intention of this honest gentleman ;
he did not want to fly the country, but to go a fishing, and for
that purpose went to your shop to purchase two flies, by way of
bait, or, as he expressed it, to la trap la poisson. Poisson, in
French, is fish.'

'Why, aye,' replied the shopkeeper, 'that may be true—you
are a scholar, and so you know better than I. Poison, in
French, may be very good fish, but give me good old English
roast beef.'

TAKE IT ; OR THE YORKSHIREMAN AND THE JEWELLER.

(An Original Comic Recitation, written by Isaac Bass.)

A COUNTRY joskin not blest with too much sense,
Had safe arrived from Yorkshire by the mail ;
To gratify his eyes with wonders rare,
To carry to his friends a London tale.

Soon from the coach the joskin was put down,
Who quickly scuds, new wonders to explore—
Which to the hero of my tale was new ;
For he in London ne'er had been before.

A jeweller's shop soon met his clownish eye,
He ope'd his mouth with wonderment alive !
For in the window was displayed to view,
A silver watch marked 'one pound five !'

'One pound five,' exclaimed he, with surprise,
'Dang it, that's a bargain, if it's sound ;
At any rate I'll buy the watch,
If he will take the value of a pound.'

So saying this, he soon was in the shop,
His business to the jeweller quickly told ;
And bringing forth a purse long as my arm,
He offered for the watch one pound in gold.

One pound,' replied the jeweller, 'tis not enough,
 One pound one or two, pray make it ;
 But finding Yorkshire was not inclined to give
 One shilling more, he cried '*well, take it !*'

'Take the watch !' exclaim'd he with delight,
 'By gum a friend you are indeed !'
 So without losing time—he left the shop,
 And bolted with the watch at furious speed.

'Stop thief ! stop thief !' the jeweller loudly bawled,
 Who kept the chase up at a furious rate—
 Until they grabbed the Yorkshire wit,
 Who soon was taken fore a magistrate.

'Well,' said the judge, 'this case is clearly proved,
 Prisoner, what have you in defence to say,
 Why you should not for three long years,
 Be sent abroad—perhaps to Botany Bay.

'Botany Bay !' the Yorkshireman replied,
 'Dang it, for what, my lor, is this disgrace,
 You're wrong, you're wrong, by gum,' he cried—
 'And if you'll list, I'll state the case.'

I saw the watch, my lor, mark'd one pound five,
 And on my life, my lor, I'll stake it—
 If he did not, when I pull'd out my purse,
 Say, "never mind, *well, take it !*"

COCKNEY SPORTSMEN ; OR, FLASH VERSUS PAN.

(*Recited by Mr. Mathews.*)

THE report of a musket from Wandsworth Common excited our attention to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and presently two sportsmen hove in sight, whose garb and dialect evinced their residence to be by no means out of the ear-shot of Bow-bells ; one of them was forcibly pulled forward by a large dog, tied by means of two pocket handkerchiefs from his collar to the leg of his sporting master. The wind setting our way, wafted the following dialogue :—' 'Twas your fau't.' 'Vy then, I say it var'nt then.' 'And I say it vas then, and you'll pay fo'rt.' 'Phoo ! my eye, a'nt a jackdaw game ?' 'Vell, and suppose it is, 'twas a jackass you shot.' 'Vell, how could I help it, vas'nt possible to see through an *nedge*, how could I see vat vas in the ditch !—Quiet, Dido, vill you ? quiet, I say ; the dog'll pull me into the river presently. O, ve'll appeal to this gentle-

man; beg pardon, sir, but pray, sir, isn't a jackdaw game?' 'Not fair game, sir, I replied, if we may judge from his colour.' 'Colour, O, aye, that's very well for a joke; but that's not what I asked, sir; an't a jackdaw game? that's what I asked?' 'Why that, said I, has been recently settled, I believe, in the case, *Flash versus Pan*.' 'Vy he's a lawyer, Kit. Pray, sir, a'nt you a lawyer?' 'Yes,' said I, 'in what Shakspeare calls a "brief chronicle of the times."' 'Brief—O, I see, he is a lawyer, I tell you—brief—chronicle and times. What did you say, Sir, about the *Chronicle and Times*?' 'To revert, Sir, to the law case of *Flash versus Pan*; you will find in Blacklock upon Poaching, page 59, Chief Justice Ramrod ruled as follows:—*Quando, animas at Jack Davem, non licenced hittery Jack Assem*.' 'Ah! there, Kit, that's all of my side I can bear, *animas—hit-t-ry non*—Beg pardon, say it once more, if you please, sir, and a little slower, I was but six weeks at Marchant Taylor's school; ma took me avay, 'cause a big boy inked my finger von morning.' '*Quando, animas at Jack Davem, non licenced hittery Jack Assem*.' 'There, didn't I tell you, he that shoots Jack-Daw-um is himself Jack-Assum, that's the meaning on it, I know.' 'Pray, Mr. ——— I beg pardon, what's your name?' 'Cripplegate, sir, here's my card.' 'I see *Cripplegate and Carraway, Grocers, &c., Bishopsgate Without, enquire within*.' 'Be quiet, Dido—damn the dog, be quiet, I say; he'll pull me in the river presently.' 'To be sure he will,' says the major, 'tie him to my leg, see if he'll pull me in; a team of oxen couldn't pull me in: there's muscle; 'pon my life it's true.' 'I am very anxious, sir, said I, for you to explain, why you have that dog tied to your leg; I have heard tell of tying tin canisters to a dog's tail, but I never saw one tied to the leg of a sporting man before.' 'Why then, I'll tell you all about it, from the beginning, and then ve shan't make no mistakes: you must know, sir, Tom Treacle and I agreed to meet at t'other side of Blackfriars Bridge—no, this side—no, not this side, t'other side—no, this here side was the other side yesterday, but now this side's t'other—no, no, if we were in London this would be t'other, consequently this would—why I am right, 'cause this is t'other side now ve are here on this side—no—vell, sir, you know what I mean—vell, Tom Treacle and I agree to go into Surrey, 'cause it would be no use to begin shooting afore you get a good vay, 'cause the birds are nation vild, till you've passed the Circus; so just as ve got over the bridge, I heard somebody say, "There goes the Cocknies."—My eyes, Tom, says I, that's a slap at us. Presently, I heard some one say agen, "There goes the Cocknies." So says Tom, says he to me, says he, "shall we lick

'em !' So says I to Tom, says I, that depends upon how big they is, says I. 'There's a covey, a covey.' 'Where ?' 'No, sir, no, he knows nothing of a covey, sir ! that's only Mrs. Simpson's infant Academy taking an airing. Presently, I heard some say agen, 'There goes the Cocknies.' When I looked up, sir, vat do you think it vas, no more than old Axletree the Coachmaker's Poll parrot, at corner of Vebber-row ; so says I, blow me, but I'll have a slap at you, marm, says I, so just as I vas going to fire, and cocking my gun, and shutting my eyes for fear of the flash—"Stop," says Tom, says he to me, 'What ?' says I, "Your ramrod's in your gun," says he ; and so it vas ; so I takes it out, and just as I vas going to fire agen, "Hollo !" says Tom, says he, "vat are you arter," says he to me, says he. "Be quiet, will you," says I to him, says I, you're always a baulking one so, says I. So says Tom to me, says he, "Don't you see the sarvent girl ?" And there she vas sure enough, a giving Poll some white o' negg for breakfast ; so said I to her, said I, get out of the vay, marm, says I, and put yourself in a safe place, says I. So says she to me, said she, "I am in a safe place," says she, "you fool," says she ; "a safe place is where you fires at," says she. Did you ever hear such *himperance*, sir ? But being a gentleman, I determined to act as *sich*, and not on no account not to say nothing to a lady." "Stop, sir," said I, "vat are you about ? you vill shoot us all : and are you aware that your gun is upon the full cock !" "What then, sir ?" "Now do turn it the other vay, pray, towards the river ; aye, that's better, if it should go off." "No, it isn't (says Mr. Twaddle) it's a great deal vorse." "Vy so, sir ?" "Frighten the fish." "Pray, sir, didn't you say my gun vas upon the full cock, and it vas wrong ?" "Certainly." "Vy then, sir, I'll maintain its right : look here, sir, musn't this bit of flint hit this here iron thing over this brass pan afore it goes off ?" "Certainly." "Vy then, sir, look here (*showing the gun*) if it is as close as that 'ere, it might go off of itself, when you least expect it ; whereby, if you pull it as far back as that, sir, it is twice as far as it vas afore, sir ; and can't possibly go off at all." "That's admirable logic, said I, although I am not convinced ; but you have not explained to me why that dog is tied to your leg." "Why, sir, I'll tell you ; all day yesterday she vouldn't do nothing, but run first and frighten the birds, and when she found any, she vas more frightened than the birds of the two ; for the moment she saw 'em, she stopped dead still, and stood vith one leg up so, sir, and her tail sticking out so stiff, like the lion upon the top of Northumberland House ; so you see, sir, she vaan't no use at all ; so I tied her to my leg, that ve might have better sport than ve had the first of last September."

I'M A MERRY PARISH BEADLE.

God save the Queen !
 I'm a merry parish beadle.
 To church I bring
 The little ragged boys ;
 The bells I ring,
 To call to church all righteous people,
 And bang the little rogues
 Whene'er they make a noise.
 Each parish resolution
 I put in execution ;
 At every vestry party,
 With spirits gay and hearty,
 I there rejoice with heart and voice.
 God save the Queen !

Spoken.] I'm not one of your lazy, foolish officers, who walk about doing nothing ; no, no, I fills my *hofsikul campacity* as it ought to be filled ; because I considers as how I represents her Majesty, and therefore should always act with becoming dignity ! I never objects to a fee, when it's a good one ; I never takes up any person but when I expect to get something by it ; I never declines an invitation to a parish dinner ! Oh, there's no gammon in me !

And when in my *campacity*,
 I represent her Majesty,
 With heart and voice I do rejoice,
 God save the Queen !

God save the Queen !
 Till my death I shall be loyal,
 I'll feast, sing, and drink,
 As beadle's ought to do :
 God save the Queen !
 For she is my mistress royal,
 God save the Queen !
 And bless her subjects, too.
 To ev'ry parish dinner
 I'll go, as I'm a sinner ;
 I'll gorge the best of *pudduns*,
 But they *must* be *good uns*.
 Both boll'd and roast I'll taste, then toast
 God save the Queen !

Spoken.] Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes ! Lost, a *churchwarden's appetite*, supposed to have been taken from him by an over gorge

at the last parish dinner. Whoever has found the same, and will return it safe and sound to the owner, will be handsomely rewarded. *N. B.* If not returned within a fortnight *previous to the next feast*, it will be of no use to the said churchwarden. Now, young woman, what do you do here? I don't know. Why don't you go home?—Acause I've got none.—Well, go to your mother's.—I haven't got one.—Go to your father, then.—I've not got a father.—Go to your brother's or sister's then.—I've not got any.—Well, go and get your dinner.—I haven't got a dinner.—What, got no father, no mother, no sister, no brother, no home, and no dinner? Here take this half-crown, and get out of the parish then.

So when in my *capacity*,
I represent her Majesty,
With heart and voice I do rejoice,
God save the Queen!

ON THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O SACRED Truth, thy triumph ceased a-while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagu'd oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man;
Warsaw's late champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
“O Heavens,” he cried, “my bleeding country save,
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men, our country yet remains,
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live—with her to die!”

He said, and on the rampart heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, and dreadful as the storm;
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge or death—the watchword and reply.
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm.

In vain—alas, in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;

O, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell.

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow—
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below,
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call:
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry.

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save,
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that stumbled till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left the trembling coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below.

Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
Friends of the world, restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van;
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own.
Oh, once again to Freedom's cause return;
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn. *Campbell.*

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

WELL, here I am just come out of the public—public (hiccup) house; I've only drank nine glasses of brandy and water, and I am as drunk as a p-p-parson. Talking of the parson, reminds me of the devil, and talking of the devil, reminds me of my wife, (hiccup) for she'll kick up a devil of a row; well, if she blows me up, why I must blow her up; no I won't, for talking of blowing up, reminds me of raising the wind; so I'll tell her that

I have been half price to the play, (hiccup) then she'll say to what part, and if I say to the boxes, she'll swear I had an intrigue or I would not have gone there; then I won't say to the boxes, I'll say to the pit, no, egad if I say to the pit, she'll wish me in the bottomless pit, and as I don't like such wit, I'll tell her I was in the gallery; aye, the gallery—the gallery, there's the rub; (hiccup) no, it is not the rub, for she'll give me a rub there, and say, I should not have gone into the gallery if I respected the pride of her family. Ha, ha, ha! if her father wasn't a tripe man, he sold cat's meat; (calling) cat's meat! cat's meat, no, no, I'll go home and tell her I'm sober, (hiccup) there's nothing like the truth and shaming the devil! I'll tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, and shame the devil, I'll tell her the truth and nothing but the truth. Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh, here's a post; what a delicate constitution I have, I really can't touch spirits: why nine glasses of brandy and water, that is nine shillings, and ten pipes, that's ten shillings and ninepence, and twopence the waiter is twelve shillings and a penny, that's right; well this small quantity of liquor has made me sick, but I defy the devil to make me drunk; I'm a complete philosopher, for when I've had enough, I always know it; and no one can beat me at calculation if I sit up till midnight, for I have always cool reason on my side, and I can (hiccup) and hollo, what the devil are you? speak, or I'll knock you down; (strikes) who are you? speak, or I'll, (hiccup) I'll, I'll, (goes up to a pump) why zounds, it's a pump, if it isn't may I be pumped upon, I've been frightened by a pump; ha, ha, well, if ever a sober man was more deceived may I be hanged; but I'll go home and go to bed, and I'll say to my wife, (hiccup) I wish I could get a drop of something for the hiccups, and she'll say, 'what's o'clock you brute?' And I'll look at my watch and I'll say, (hiccup) I can't see, and if she blows me up I'll sing—(hiccup.)

Here am I a jolly dog,
 As sober as can be;
 And there's my wife, a surly hog,
 She won't be kind to me.
 So I will sing, and dance, and drink,
 Nor care a pin for sorrow;
 Altho' upon my soul, I think,
 My head will ache to-morrow.

THE CAPTAIN'S WHISKERS.

A CERTAIN Swiss Captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more eu-

ployment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no money of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very justly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both.

The Captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet hectoring blade might readily be applied: he was nearly six feet high, with a long sword, and fiercely formed hat, add to which, he was allowed to have had the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his forefinger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontades, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of, I know not how many thousand years has confirmed. Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our Captain, who thought now or never was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms; and in the hyperbolical account of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff were burnt up, transfix'd, and gnawn away. He, who, in writing a song to his sweet-heart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy like an overdone mutton chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the empress of China's enchantment slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love; she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:

'The protestations which you daily make, Captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request you.'

'Tell me, immaculate angel,' cried our son of gunpowder:

'Tell me what it is, though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon ? to catch the phoenix ? to draw your chariot to church with unicorns ? what is the impossible act I will not undertake ?'

'No, Captain,' replied the fair one : 'I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease. It will not cost you five minutes' trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance.'

'Ah, madam,' returned he, 'wrong not your slave thus, deem it impossible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to secure your omnipotent behests : speak, say, what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform.'

'Nay, for that matter it is a mere trifle ; only cut off your whiskers, Captain, that's all.'

'Madam !' (Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment) 'My whiskers, cut off my whiskers ! excuse me ; cut off my whiskers, madam ! anything else, anything that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard a hair at the time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there.'

'And why so, good Captain ? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe part of the passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle.'

'A trifle, Madam ! my whiskers a trifle ? no madam, no ! my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last things I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers.'

'May be so, sir ; but if you marry me, you must cut them off.'

'And is there no other way ? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers ?'

'Never.'

'Why then, madam, farewell : I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the Czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmucks ; and so good morning to you.'

Had all the young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered. They all have their whiskers, and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate not cut them off.

THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Stop! for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column trophied for triumphant show?
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
 How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow?
 And is this all the world hath gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! King-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell:—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it!—No; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
 But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
 Arm! Arm! it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear:
 And when they smiled because they deem'd it near
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rush'd into the field, and foremost fighting fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldiers ere the morning star;
 While throug'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! they come, they come!'

And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard, too, have their Saxon foes:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With their fierce native daring, which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
 Of living valour rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-sterm array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

BYRON.

MISTER DANIEL O'ROURKE.

NEAR the pier-head at Margate, stands the Hoy Tavern; strolling one morning that way, I saw four men busily employed, beating a carpet in the Connaught fashion, that is, with a man in it. 'What in the name of patience are you doing with that unfortunate man?' said I.—'Nothing, sir,' said one of them; 'it's only a bit of a lark, sir, that's all, you see that window there,

sir, open, in that house up there?' 'Yes I do.' 'Well, sir, as we wur shaking this carpet, sir, this man jumped out of that window there, sir, and we caught him in this carpet, sir, and wur giving him a little bit of a shake, sir, and that's all we know of the matter, sir.' 'Your honour, your honour, you've saved my life, so you have; you never saw any man so kilt before.' 'For a dead man,' said I, 'you appear pretty lively.' 'Och! by the powers! and it's no fault of theirs, your honour; I'm as good as dead, any how.' I think I've seen you before.' 'Troth and you may say that, Daniel O'Rourke, sir.' 'The first time I met Daniel was in Dublin; surprised that our second meeting should be in a carpet at Margate, I asked him to explain his situation, 'O, your honour, I've been draming, and draming, and didn't your honour come in a drame.' 'Well, what did you dream, and how did you come into that carpet?' 'Please your honour, I'll tell your honour all about it, I was bothered all day yesterday; and I dramed such a drame; och sure, and didn't your honour come through the clouds in a balloon? please your honour, I'm stoward of the Polly Packet; and every Monday in the week, the Captain gives the sailors a treat; and the good mait and the good drink of the Captain's didn't agree with me at all; I ate so much, that I would never desire to lave off; and when I was home and a bed, I was none the better of it; and when I went to sleep, the devil a wink of sleep could I get for draming all night. Och! I wish I may never drame such another!' 'What was your dream, Daniel?' 'Why then, saving your presence, I'll tell you; I was draming I was coming home from Molly Crinigan, the fairy woman, where I had been to get a charm for the cure of the braked heifer that was bewitched; and I dramed I was coming across the Key of Ballanaskough, and I was looking up at the stars and blessing myself, when what did myself do, but I missed my footing, and fell into the water, that was very well—then I thought I was swimming away for the bare life of me, when I swinamed on shore on a desolate island, where there was water enough to drown Johnny Mac Glee, the Irish Giant—that was very well, so I sat myself down, and set up a crying; and as I was setting there by myself, a lusty big black devil of an eagle came up to myself. Good morning, Daniel O'Rourke, says he. Good morning, sir, said I. God save you, Dan, said he. You also sir, said I. What are you doing there, Dan? said he. Nothing at all, sir, said I. I was only wishing that I was safe back at Ballanaskough.—Come, get a horseback upon me, said he, and my life against yours, but I'll bring you safe home to Ballanaskough. Och! by my soul, sir, said I, here's persuading; I thank you, sir, said I,

for the loan of your civility, sir, said I, and I'll accept your offer, sir, said I; so I got on horseback upon him, and away he flew with me, till he came close up to the moon; so then I thought to set him right, the cause why, I thought for sure he didn't know the right road to Ballanaskeugh; but I'll be civil to him, says I, for why, because he has me in his power; so says I, please your honour's glory, sir, said I, I'm thinking you are not in the right road to Ballanaskeugh. Hold your tongue, Daniel, said he, and mind your own business, and don't interfere with the business of other people. May be not sir, said I; so I said no more till we came to the moon itself. Take off me, Dan, said he, I'm tired. I will not, sir, said I. Take off me, said he. Indeed, and I won't, said I; bad enough, sir, said I, what will I do? Take off me, Dan, said he, while I rest me. Och, and is it to fall and be killed, sir, said I. Never fear, Daniel, said he, don't you see a reaping hook sticking out of one side of it, said he? I do, said I. Take a gripe of it, said he; and you'll come to the ground like a flea in a blanket. I did so, when what did himself do but turn about, and good bye to you, Dan, says he. Is that all, you ugly old brute you, sir, says I; devil speed the traveller, says I: you are an unnatural baste, so you are: is that the way you'd be sarving me, sir, said I; well, that was very well; when out came the man of the moon himself. Daniel O'Rourke, said he. The same, sir, said I. What are you doing with my reaping hook, Dan, said he? No, harm, sir, said I; only holding, for fear I'd be falling off, sir, said I. Let go your gripe, Dan, said he. Indeed, and with your honour's lave, and I will not, sir, said I. Let go your gripe, Dan, said he, or else you'd better you had. Indeed, and I will not, sir, said I, and the more you bid me lave go, sir, said I, the more I wou't, so I will. We'll see that, said he; and with that he goes in and fetches out a large hammer, and knocks off the huddle of the reaping-hook, and down myself falls, falls, falls, like a bird that would be flying; when it pleased God to send a flock of wild geese by, from my own bog of Ballanaskeugh, or else how should they know me? Is this Daniel O'Rourke? says one of them. It is so, sir, said I. I think you are falling, Dan, said he. You may say that, with your own puddy mouth, sir, said I. Take a grip of me, Dan, said he, and I'll bring you to the ground in a way you wou't fall and be killed. Sweet's your heart in a pot of honey, my jewel, says I. Immediately I saw a ship below under me. Hallo! stop the ship, stop the ship, said I. Why should we stop the ship, Daniel? said they, by the reason we don't know whether you're over it or not. Arrab! how shall we know that? says I. Drop your hat, Dan, said he, and if you

drop it in the ship, you'll know you're over the ship, said he. I did so: when what does I do, but looks down, and I thought they held out a big blanket to catch me, when what does I do, but jumps off the gooso's back, as I thought, but it was not off the eagle's back, or gooso's back, or horse's back, but out of my own bed-room window I jumpt, your honour save, and so it was.

READY-MADE SPEECH.

SIR,—Unused, unacquainted, unhabituated, unaccustomed to public speaking, I rise, sir, in consequence of having caught your eye, sir, to express, with the utmost diffidence, my humble ideas on the important matter before the house.

I will therefore, sir, be bold to affirm, and I am also free to declare, that I by no means meet the ideas of the nubble Lud. I will not, however, go over the same' grounds, or commit myself, by taking up a principle without the most perfect consideration. But as I am now upon my legs, I certainly shall not blink the question; nor am at all inclined to meet him half way, because on the first blush of the business, I was determined to scout the idea in toto; for if, sir, the well-being of civilized society, and the establishment of order and tranquillity, is the grand object of our investigation, I cannot hesitate to pronounce—Sir! I cannot hesitate to pronounce, that I want words to express my indignation at the general tenour of the arguments so ably agitated by the honourable member on my left hand.

But, sir, the idea does not attach; and when my learned friend professes to lay down his principles with so much method, he only proved his weakness by undertaking to cleanse the Augean stable, and to perform the labours of Hercules himself. No, sir, I am again free to assert, and sir, I am by no means disinclined to prove, that if gentlemen, under existing circumstances, do not act with vigour and unanimity against the introduction of French principles, our glorious constitution, produced by the wisdom of our ancestors, may fall to the ground, sir! yes, fall to the ground by the influence of a Jacobin innovation: But on this head, we are ripe deliberate; and I trust the gentlemen with whom I have the honour to act, and who constitute the decided majority of this honourable house—for whose worth, integrity, firmness, perspicuity, ingenuity, perseverance, and patriotism I have the most dignified respect, and in whom I also place the most perfect confidence—I say, sir, I trust they will preserve the privileges of this assembly from the lawless banditti of acquitted felons, who, not having been killed off, insult

us daily by their negative successes, and circulate their seditious principles, to the danger of every respectable man in the community, who may, by possessing property, become an object of their diabolical depredations. Not, however, to trespass any longer on the patience of the house, I shall conclude by observing, with the great Latin poet of antiquity—

‘Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere :
Carpe diem.’

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

Our immortal poet's page says that all the world's a stage,
And that men, with all their airs, are nothing more than players ;
Each using skill and art, in his turn to play his part :

All to fill up this farcical scene, O.

Enter here, exit there, stand in view, mind your cue.

Hey down, ho down, derry, derry, down.

All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

First the infant on the lap, mewling, pawling, for its pap,
Like the rabbit which we truss, is swaddled by its nurse,
Who to please the puppet tries, as he giggles and he cries,

All to fill up this farcical scene, O!

(The singer here imitates the crying of a child.)

Hush-a-by, wipe an eye, kiss a pretty, what a titty—

Spoken.]—Ha, ha ! it was none mama's pretty pretty ; and if he is a good hoisey, poisey, he shall go a ridey, pidey, in a coachey, poachey—Ya ! ya !

Hey down, &c.

Then the pretty babe of grace, with his shining morning face,
And his satchell on his back, to school, alaa ! must pack,
While like a snail he creeps, and for black Monday weeps,

All to fill up this farcical scene, O.

Bock mislaid, truant play'd, rod in pickle, bum to tickle.

Imitates schoolmaster and boy.]—‘Come up, sirrah, and say your lesson. What letter is that ?’ ‘A.’ ‘Well, sir, what is the next ?’ ‘That, sir.’ ‘It is not that, sir—it is this, sir. Now spell B-i-r-m-i-n-g-h-a-m. Well, sir, what does that spell ?’ ‘Birmingham.’ ‘Put out your hand, sir. There (slapping the boy's hand)—It is Brummagum.’

And sing Hey down, &c.

Then the lover next appears, soused over head and ears,
Like a lobster in the fire, sighing ready to expire,

With a deep hole in his heart, you might through it drive a cart,
 All to fill up this farcical scene, O.
 Beauty spurns him, passion burns him, like a wizard eats his gizzard---

Spoken.]—Oh, my most adorable Amelia, had I words sufficiently strong to express my admiration of your beauty, you would at once believe me your devoted lover, and complete my bliss by flying to his arms who must for ever pine for the possession of that angelic form.

Hey down, &c.

Then the soldier, ripe for plunder, breathing slaughter, blood and thunder,
 Like a cat among the mice, kicks a dust up in a trice;
 Talks of naught but streming veins, shattered limbs, and scattered brains,
 All to fill up the farcical scene, O.
 Fight or fly, run or die, pop or pelter, halter skelter.

Spoken.]—Aye, I shall never forget the last battle I was in, such marching and countermarching, up the hill and down the hill, right and left, flank and rear. Bless your heart, I have fought up to my knees in blood; and at the very last battle I fought in, I had six horses shot under me—saw my comrades mown down like hay; and just as a twenty-four-pounder was coming towards me, I drew my broad-sword, cut it right in two, one half went up in the air, and the other half went—

Hey down, &c.

Then the justice in his chair, with his broad and vacant stare;
 His wig of formal cut, and belly like a but,
 Well lined with turtle hash, callipoe and callipash,
 All to fill up this farcical scene, O.
 Rowl and trull, pimp and cull, at his nod go to quod.

Spoken.]—‘Now, sirrah, what’s your name?’ ‘John.’ ‘John what?’ ‘No, sir, not John What—John Thomas.’ ‘Well, John Thomas, what right had you to take liberties with that girl?’ ‘I didn’t take liberties with her; but I think she takes a great liberty with me, when she swears a child to me.’ ‘You must father it, sirrah.’ ‘I wont: let her father it herself.’ ‘What do you mean, sirrah, if you are saucy here, you must go

Hey down, &c.

Then the slipper’d pantaloon, in life’s dull afternoon,
 With spectacles on nose, shrunk shank in youthful hose.
 His voice once big and round, now whistles in the sound.
 All to fill up this farcical scene, O.
 Vigour spent, body bent, shaking noddle, weddle waddle.—

Spoken.—Aye, times are alter'd now, old folks are laughed at, and boys are respected. Oh, dear me, how my cough annoys me. Ho! Ho! Ho! ha!

Hey down, &c.

Then to finish up the play, second childhood leads the way,
And like sheep that's got the rot, all our senses go to pot,
When death amongst us pops, and down the curtain drops.

All to fill up the farcical scene, O.

When the coffin we move off in, while the bell tolls the knell.

Spoken.—Aye, thus the scene finishes; then while we are here, why shouldn't we enjoy life? and how can we do better than assemble as we have done here, enjoy a good song, and endeavour to make others happy by singing

Hey down, &c.

BILL'S BIRTH DAY.

Tune.—The Tank.

SUCH fun! each one
All the day keep laughing on;
Never was on any cause
A company so gay.
Cakes fine—good wine,
Kept the guests all quaffing on;
The whole brood in merry mood
On Bill's birth-day.
Uncles, aunts, and cousins,
Tumbled in in dozens;
The he's drest in their best,
The she's in fine array;
Ev'ry crony, lean or bony,
If he liv'd in matrimony,
Brought his boys to make a noise
On Bill's birth-day.

Such fun, each one
All the day kept laughing on;
No care was there
On Bill's birth-day.

Spoken.—Mr. Pucker, how d'ye do? Mrs. Pucker, how are you? where are all the little Puckers? Thankee, Mr. Spriggs, they are all running up behind.—Here they come. Miss Pucker, how do you do? *Commong too potty too, Moozer.* That's the French for very well thankee, sir: her schoolmaster says she must always speak French; and so I always make her, al-

though I do not understand a word she says. Here comes Mrs. Heavysides, how d'ye do ? sit down, just in pudding time. Pudding time, pie time, oh crikey, carry me out ! Mrs. Heavysides has sit squash in the giblet pie. Dear me, I'm afraid I've spoilt it. Never mind it, it will do for the servants' dinner. Now, ladies and gentlemen, take your seats ; I'm glad to see you here on this auspicious occasion ; you see I have all my young ones at the table to-day, I allow it in order that they may learn good manners. How is your youngest girl ? Near two years, and a very forward child she is for her age ; Eliza, tell the ladies and gemmen what e have for dinny. (Child.) A donkey. Bless her, she means a turkey. O, I likes turkey ! Be quiet, Bill. Molly, you shouldn't have put that goose before Mr. Stitchett, he's a tailor, nor that cabbage before Miss Pucker, she's a dress-maker : take that tongue from your mistress, and bring it down here to Miss Dumbcake, and then place the sirloin before me, I'm determined to rule the roast to-day. O, I likes roast beef. Be quiet, Bill. Mr. Broker, will you carve that turkey ? Really, sir, I beg to be excused, I've lately sprained my wrist. Indeed, I'm sorry for it. Mr. Scroggins, may I trouble you ? Really, you must excuse me, I've lately sprained my ankle. O, come try, sir, I'll lend you a hand. Will you ? Yes, here it is, a hand of pork. Oh, I likes pork. Be quiet, Bill. Here my boys, I'll carve something. Will you, then perhaps you will carve the turkey ? No, no, I'll carve the soup. O, I likes soup. Be quiet, Bill. What soup is this ? Mock turtle. Mock turtle ! you mean stewed hair ; here's a long one ! That's a ooman's, I know. Halloh ! what's this ? Oh, crikey, that's mother's wig ! Be quiet, Bill. My goodness ! I've been hunting all over the house after that *front* ; and that careless girl to put it in the soup. Poor girl, perhaps she did it to give it a flavour. It was re-curled yesterday, and now it is of no use. Oh, yes, send it down for the servants' dinner. Aye, on account of this being your *hair's* birth-day. (Aside.) Drop the wig, you'll find something else presently. O, Mrs. Snigs, you shouldn't suffer your nursery-maid to go into the kitchen. Why, what's the matter now ? Look here, she's left the child's red morocco shoe in the apple-sauce. Oh, careless girl. (showing the shoe.) Who's for a bit of upper leather and apple-sauce ? Serve it up, I'm so hungry, I could eat any thing. Give me a bit of the sole. Lauk ! how pretty that child sits at table, she's quite a little lady ! Oh, wery like a lady ! see, she's making a waah-hand basin of my soup-plate. Miss Pucker, have I helped you to what you like ? *We, mooseer, tray bun*. O, I likes buns. Be quiet, Bill. Mr. Sniggle, you don't seem in a comfortable

way. No, I'm in a lamentable way, your little girl don't like the soup, so she is putting it all in my pocket; oh, what shall I do with it? Oh, send it down for the servants' dinner. Oh, carry me out, carry me out! here's Shortsight swallowed the mustard instead of a custard.

Such fun, each one, &c.

When dined, all kind
Of fruit upon the table was,
With red wine and white wine,
Spirits and punch;
The boys eat the fruit—
As long as each one able was,
Their chops and the apples went
Crunch, crunch, crunch.
Tea and supper came
Ere dinner was digested,
Time pass'd quickly
And pleasantly away;
At last ev'ry dame
To have a dance requested,
To finish with a hop
Young Bill's birth-day.

Such fun, each one
All the day kept laughing on,
No care was there
On Bill's birth-day.

Spoken.]—Oh, dear, Mrs. Coldheart, there was such an accident happened before our house this morning. Lauk! Yes, a poor man, crossing the road, was knocked down into a heap of mud. Lauk, he must have felt very uncomfortable. Yea, and a wheel of a coal-waggon went right over his thigh. Lauk, did it hurt him? He was taken to the hospital, where his leg was immediately cut off. Lauk, that must have been very unpleasant. Shocking. Beautiful, I never saw any thing so delightful in my life. What d'ye mean? Why the lace on your cap. All the time you've been speaking I've been admiring it; how much might you have given per yard? Why, Mrs. Coldheart, my wife might have given more than she did for the lace on her cap, if she liked; for it's capital lace, and she's a capital woman, makes a capital wife, and I like her to have every thing capital about her. Egad, you're a capital husband! Oh, I'm not one of your shilly shallies, numby pumbies; I like my wife to look as well as she can. Silence, Master Bill is going to open the ball with a speech from the play. O, I likes play. Be quiet,

Bill, and begin. 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the son of York.' Son of York, my dear, who's he? I don't know mother; 'and all the clouds which lower'd upon our houses in the deep bosom of the ocean buried.' O, don't say that stupid thing; who ever heard of an ocean having a bosom. Well then I'll say 'the cloudy captain towers, the gorging palaces, the solomon temples.' Be quiet, Bill! your temples will never belong to a Solomon. Solomon, here's Burymecomfortable, the undertaker, he's a good *solo*-man; Burymecomfortable, sing a song, will you? I can't, I've such a coughing in my throat. O, carry me out, here's an undertaker with a *coffin* in his throat, carry me out. I wish you wouldn't be kicking out, you'll kick all the skin off my legs; see here's a hole in my stocking already. Change places, then carry me out will have more room. Now, Mr. Burymecomfortable, try a song. The fact is, I musn't, my wife don't like it. Don't like it! then your wife is not a capital wife; see how my wife makes me sing out when I'm at home. Lord, my wife says an undertaker ought always to be a *mute*. No man should be a mute to his own wife, unless she's a capital wife, why don't you put her in one of your own coffins. I couldn't, for she's a woman capable of making any man happy. Is she? then after all she's a capital woman, so here's to her health. Come, Burymecomfortable, we can't let you off. Well, if I must, I must; so here goes. Gentlemen, the ladies are sorry to interrupt harmony, but they hope you'll have a dance. O, I likes a dance. Be quiet, Bill. Where's Bullock? he plays the fiddle. Here am I. Where's your instrument? Here it is. Tune up. What tune? Any tune. Now we're off. O, carry me out, look at Mother Lollipoplong, she dances like a dray horse on a frozen road. Like skating, father, he! he! Be quiet, Bill. Holloh, what's that? O, carry me out, Mrs. Heavyside's fallen spank through the wainscot; look at her legs pointing like tower guns. Aye, they're regular forty-pounders. Help her out. There, ma'am, I hope you're not hurt. No, not at all; but I'm afraid I've hurt somebody in the next house. I hope you are not hurt, sir! (Voice from the next house,) No, not much hurt, but very uncomfortable, for the lady's upset a jug of cold water all over my bed-clothes. I'm sorry for it. Never mind; but I hope the next time you have a party, you'll build a party wall. O, carry me out, there's Master Bill run away with Bullock's fiddle. Oh, the little rascal, I hope he won't get into a *scrape*. Never mind, he can't play. Can't he though. Why, what can he play? Tricks. What, Master Bullock, have you lost your fiddle? And has Mr. Bullock really lost his instrument? indeed,

I pity your case. O, I don't care two-pence about my case, so that my fiddle's not hurt. O, crikey, Mr. Bullock, your face looks as vacant as an empty doctor's shop. How d'ye make it out? Why, because you haven't got a *viol-in*. Here Bullock, here's Bill. Where! There, go it, you'll soon catch him. Go along, fiddler, *con furioso*. Go along, Bill, down the middle, up again; *allegretto*, Bullock—right and left, Bill; *presto*, fiddler; turn corners, Bill; hey on your own side; hey contrary side; *staccato*, fiddler; my wig! what a *concerto*. Oh crikey! carry me out, there's Bullock's head stuck fast in the mug of punch. Then you'll not get it out this evening.

Such fun, each one, &c.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hill with thunder riven,
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hill of stained snow;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun,
 Can pierce the war-clouds' rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave;
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry!—

Few, few shall part where many meet.—
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

RICHARD AND BETTY AT HICKLETON FAIR.

As I wur ganging last Sat'rday neet to buy half-a-pound o' bakon, who shou'd I meet but my old sweetheart, Betty Hunt, un she said, 'aye, Richard, be that thou,' un I said, 'ees, sure it be,' un she said, 'Richard, wudn't thee be ganging to Hickleton Vair at morrow?' and I said, 'I nowd'nt not haply I mought,' and Betty la'ught; and I said, 'I wou'd' and I did, and I went to Hickleton Vair. And so in the morning I gotten up and putten on my best shoen, cloggen shoen ware out at fashion then, and I went clink ma clank ma clank all t'way to townend, and vurst I seed were Betty standing at her Vather's door, wi' two chaps hanging on either haarm, un I felt all over in sike a conflagration, all my blood gotten into my knuckles—oh, I'd a nation good mind to gien a bat o't chops, for Betty took na notice of me; so I stared at her, but she said, 'aye, Richard, be that thou?' and I said, 'ees, sure it be;' and she said, 'Richard, wou'd'nt the come int' house,' and I said, 'ees, I wou'd,' and I did, and I went int' house; and there were a vary many people, vary many indeed, and Betty said, 'Richard, wou'dn't thee have a drap o' summat t' drink?' and I said, 'ees, I wou'd,' and I did, and I had a drap o' summat t' drink, and I la'af'd, and wur vary merry, vary merry indeed; and Betty said, 'Richard, wou'dn't thee sing us a song?' and I said, 'ees, I wou'd,' and I did, and chaunted a steave—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,
 But the morn came on as grey as a rat;
 The cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
 Grunting pigs too had left their sty.
 Down in a vale,
 Carrying a pail,
 Cicely was met by her true love Harry,
 Vurst they kiss't,
 Then shook fist,
 And look'd like two fools just going to marry.

Aye, I remember vary weel that wur the vurst song I ever sung Betty Hunt, and she said, 'thee'd sing us another song, wou'dn't thee?' and I said 'ees, I wou'd, and I did, and I sang'd another song—aye, I remember vary weel that wur the last song

I ever sung poor Betty; an' at last I said, 'I must be ganging, Betty,' and she said, 'well when thee wo't, Richard, when thee wo't;' and I said, 'thee'd cum and see ma sum'at way whoam,' and she said, she would, and she did, and she see'd me a bit'ut way—all the way to townend; and I said 'thee'd gi' us a buss, wou'dn't thee,' and she said, 'ees, she wou'd,' and she did, and she giv'd me a buss. 'Weel, Betty, thee't let me cum and see thee at morrow nee't,' and she said, 'and thee wo't, Richard:' so I gang mysen whoam and gotten to bed, and went at morrow nee't to meet Betty—eight o'clock, and na Betty—nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and na Betty—eleven, twelve o'clock, and na Betty; so I tho't I'd gang mysen whoam; so in the morning I were told poor Betty wur vary badly, vary badly indeed, and she had sent to see ma; so I went to see poor Betty, and she said, 'Richard, if I shou'd dee, thee'd goo to my burying, wou'dn't thee?' and I said, I wou'd, and I did, and I went to her burying, for poor Betty deed; and I ne'er go to Hickleton churchyard without dropping a tear to the memory of poor Betty Hunt.

THE SWEEPER AND THE THIEVES.

A SWEEPER's lad was late o' th' neeght,
 His slap shod soon had leam'd his feet;
 He call'd to see a good awd deeam,
 At mony a time had trigg'd his weame,
 For he wor then fahve miles fra yam:
 He ax'd i' t' lair to let him sleep,
 An' he'd next day their chimiers sweep.
 They supper'd him wi' country fare,
 Than show'd him tul his hool i' t' lair.
 He crept intul his streeahy bed,
 His pocak o' seat beneath his heead,
 He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
 An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
 The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood—
 Between 'em grew a lahtle wood;
 About midneeght, or uezar moorn,
 Two thieves brack in to steaal ther coorn:
 Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
 Secan they to winder fall to wark;
 And wishing they'd a lad to sli,
 Young Brush, when yet had ligg'd quite still,
 Thinkin' 'at men kelang'd to t' hoose,
 An' that he noo mud be o' use,
 Jump'd doon directly on te' t' floor,
 An' t' thieves beeah ran out at deear;

Nur stopt at owt nur thin nur thick,
 Fully convinc'd it wur awd Nick.
 The sweeper lad then ran reeght sesan
 T' t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean ;
 Maister 'an men then quickly raise,
 An' ran to t' lair wi' hawf ther cleean.
 Twea horses, secks, an' leeght they fand,
 Which had been left by t' thievish hand :
 These round t' t' neybourhead they cry'd,
 But nut an owner e'er apply'd,
 For neean durst horses awn or secks,
 They wor so freghen'd o' ther necks.
 They add the horses, and of course,
 Put awf o' the brass f' Sooty's purse ;
 Dasiring when he com that way,
 He'd awlus them a visit pay ;
 When hearty welcum he sud have,
 Because he did ther barley save.
 Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
 An' oft to lecak at 'em did stand,
 As he came he wistling teek his way.
 Blessin' t' awd deean wha let him stay
 An' sleep i' t' lair, when late o' t' neeght,
 His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I know not soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left ;—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone ; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet what are these ! The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia ; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone.

The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toil—some march over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limit of your labours; it is here that you will find your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? A captain before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war: not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant: you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act on the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to vengeance!—First they demanded me; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought

at the siege of Saguntum; and were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! you are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed. Pass not the Iberus! What next! Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia! You would have Spain too. Well, we shall yield Spain; and then—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither: but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again I say, you are conquerors.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE SHEEP'S TROTTERS.

(A celebrated Comed Recitation, written by Mr. T. Prest.)

BLUNDERS are frequent in this sinful vale,
 But mankind often blunder for their good;
 An assertion I will prove in this—my tale:
 (Bulls breathe in England, be it understood,
 As much as in Hibernia,) although
 Paddies alone are noted for it;
 The reason is, because, I trow—
 But stay,—I'll leave philosophers to pore it,
 Therefore without more reasoning or delay,
 I'll tell the story in my simple way.

A Monsieur from the Gallic shore,
 Who, though not over rich, wished to appear so;
 Came over in a ship with friends a score,—
 Poor emigrants, whose wealth, good luck!
 Dwelt on their ragged backs,
 Who thought him rich, they heard him oft declare so,
 For he was proud as Satan's self,
 And often bragg'd about his pelf,
 And as a proof,—the least
 That he could give,—he promised when on land,
 At the first Inn, in style so grand,
 To give a feast!

The Frenchmen jump'd at such an offer,
Monsieur did not forget his proffer

But at the first hotel on shore,
They stopp'd to lodge and board;

The Frenchman order'd in his way,
A dinner to be done that day,

But here occur'd a grievous bore:—

Monsieur of English knew but little,

Tapps of French not a tittle;

In ordering dinner, therefore, 'tis no wonder,
That they should make a blunder.

Whether the landlord knew or no,

The sequel of my tale will shew;

He blunder'd, and it cannot be denied,

To some small disadvantage on his side.

The order seem'd immense to Honiface,

But more the expense, to him the greater fun;

For all that from the order he could trace,

Was,—“*Messieur Ruil, you letta me have, I say,*

Vich for vid cash, I sal you pay;

Fifteen of those rid rich de sheep do run!”

From which old Tapps could only understand,

(But whether right or wrong, cared not a button;))

That what Monsieur desired with air so great,

Was fifteen legs of mutton!

“A dinner most enormous!” cried the elf,

“Zounds! each must eat a leg near to himself!”

However, they seem'd a set of hungry curs,

And so without more bother or demurs,

Tapps to his cook his orders soon express'd,

And fifteen legs of mutton quick were dress'd.

And now around the table all elate,

The Frenchman's friends the dinner doth await;

Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin's eyes,

When they beheld with glad surprise,—

Tapps quickly appear with leg of mutton hot,

Smoking, and just ejected from the pot!

Laugh'd, stared, and chuckled more and more,

When *two* they saw, then *three*, then *four!*

And then a *fifth!* their eager glances bless'd,

And then a *sixth!* larger than all the rest!

But soon the Frenchmen's countenance did change,

To see the legs of mutton on the table;

Surprise and rage by turns,

In his face burns,

While Tapps the table did arrange

As nice as he was aide;

And while the Frenchmen for the feast prepar'd,

Thus in a voice that quite the landlord scar'd,

Our hero said,—

“*Mon Dieu! Monsieur, vy for you make
Dis vera great blundare and mistake?
Vy for you bring to me dese mouton legs?**”
Tapps with a bow his pardon begs;—
“*I’ve done as you have order’d, sir,*” said he,
*Did you not order fifteen legs of me?
Six of which before your eyes appears,
And nine besides are nearly done down stairs!*
Here John!—” “*Got tam you, Jean! you fool! you ass!*
You one great clown to bring me to dis pass;
Take vay dis meat for vich I sall no pay,
I did no order dat:—“*What’s that you say?*”
Tapps answer’d with a frown and with a stare,
“*You order’d fifteen legs of me I’ll swear,
Or fifteen things with which the sheep do run,
Which means the same;—I’m not so easy done!*”
“*Par bleu! Monsieur! vy you no comprehend?*
You may take back de legs unto de pot;
I telle you sare ’tis not the legs I vant—
But *deas here leetle tings vid vich de sheep do trot!*”
“*Why, d—n it!*” cried the landlord in a rage,
Which Monsier vainly tried to assuage,
“*D—n it!*” said he, as to the door he totters;
“*Now after all the trouble that I took,
These legs of mutton both to buy and cook,
It seems, instead of fifteen legs,
“You merely wanted fifteen poor sheep’s trotters!”*”

HAMLET’S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o’erdoing termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with

this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely) that, neither have the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered:—that's villanous: and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

DOCTOR LARRUP.

“What is a schoolmaster?”—Why, can't you tell?

A quizzical old man
 Arm'd with a rattan;
 Wears a huge wig,
 And struts about;
 Strives to look big,
 With spectacles on snout,
 And most important pout,

Who teaches little boys to read and spell.

Such my description is, of a man,
 If not a clergyman—a layman,—
 So much by way of definition,
 And to prevent dull disquisition
 We'll shortly take a new position.

A schoolmaster, (it mostly follows)
 Who keeps a school must have some scholars,
 Unless indeed, (which said at once is)
 Instead of scholars they're all dunces:
 Or, if this fancy more should tickle,
 Suppose them mix'd—like Indian pickle.

One Doctor Larrup, as depicted here,
 Who little boys had flogg'd for many a year—
 Not that they would'nt learn their A B C,
 Their *Hic, hæc, hoc*,—Syntax or Prosody,

But that despite

Of all his might,

And oft enforced rules of right,

They would contrive by day or night,

To steal—oh! *Shifty-hearted sparks*,—

Worse than the little fish or sharks,—

(Alas! to tell it my Muse winces,)

To steal—his apples, pears, and quinces.

Put them where'er he would, alike their dooms,

His effort prov'd as *fruitless* as his rooms.

As a pert dunghill cock, inflam'd with ire,

Erects his feathers and his comb of fire,

When of some grains, his own by right,

He's robb'd by foes that take to flight,—

So stood the Doctor:

With face as red

As coral bed.

His wig cockt forward in his eye,

As if it there the cause would spy.

Had his wife been there,

I do declare

It would have shock'd her.

After long buffeting in mental storm,

His brain's thermometer fell from hot to warm:

At many plans by turns he grapples,

To save his quinces, pears, and apples

When luckily into his noddle

His recollection chanc'd to *toddle*.

This sage informant told poor Larrup,

If he'd convey his fruit so far up,

That, on his house's top there stood,

A room, well floor'd, I think with—wood.

'Twas what some folks a loft would call;

The entrance through a trap door small,

Fix'd in the ceiling of his chamber,

To which he up a rope must clamber;

Unless a ladder was prepar'd,

And then the rope's-end might be spar'd:

But he'd a long, well-practic'd knack,

Of *sparing* neither rope nor back.

Ye who in proper titles glory,

Will think, I hope, as I have oft,

That as this story's of a loft,

It should be call'd a "Lofty Story."

Well, Larrup, without more disputing,
 Fix'd on this loft to put his fruit in,
 And quickly had it thither mov'd,
 How far securely, must be prov'd.

From one apartment, so erected
 That with the very trifling risk
 Of dislocating neck or shoulder,
 Which boys ne'er think of in a *frisk*,
 (Nay oft it makes the urchins bolder)
 Advent'rous spirits might contrive
 To reach the Doctor's apple-hive
 In this room rested four or five
 Of these young pilferers, undetected.

Whilst leaden sleep sat on the Doctor's *shutters*,
 (By shutters, I would here imply,
 The lids that shut light from the eye)
 These daring rogues explored the tiles and gutters
 In search of trap or casement—but alack!
 They found not e'en a small, a gracious crack.
 When one, 'gainst ev'ry disappointmant proof,
 Propos'd that they should just untile the roof;
 At least, sufficient space t'admit
 A basket, in which one might sit;
 And thus by rope to handle tied,
 Be lower'd down with gentle ride.

This being approv'd of 'twas decided,
 That, 'gainst next night should be provided
 A basket and a rope;
 Which being in due time effected,
 A super-cargo was selected,
 Who, rais'd by Hope,
 Was gradually *lower'd* through the hole,
 From whence he sent up apples by the shoal.
 This plan they often put in force,
 (Not oft'ner than they could of course,)
 And when their pilfering job was ended,
 The untiled roof they always mended.

The Doctor frequent visits made,
 And soon perceiv'd his apples stray'd:
 And oft upon the school-room floor,
 Lay many a pear and apple core:
 With grief he view'd these sad remains,
 Of what, to keep, he took such pains.
 Despair now made his heart its pray,—
 When, entering the loft one day,
 His ears had pretty ample proof,
 The rogues were breaking through the roof.

He wisely then concealed himself,—
 When lo! down came one little elf;
 But he no sooner reach'd the ground did,
 When at him, out the Doctor bounded,
 And threaten'd, if he said a sentence,
 He'd give him cause for years repentance:
 The boy stood mute as pewter pot,
 While Larrup in the basket got;
 When being seated snug and steady,
 He made his pris'ner cry, "all's ready."
 The boys above began to pull,—
 "Gless me! the basket's very full."
 "He's got a swinging lot this time."
 "And I'll be bound he's pick'd the prima."

"To it again
 With might and main,
 Another haul will do the job."—
 "Yo! ye ho!
 Up we go!"

When lo! up popt the doctor's nob:
 How they all look'd I can't express,
 So leave that part for you to guess;
 But you, perhaps, may think it right
 To know the end of Larrup's flight.
 Well! when they'd drawn him to the top,
 Where he, most likely, wish'd to stop,
 The wicked rascals—let the Doctor drop!

CLERK MUGGINS.

MR. MUGGINS was clerk at a parish church in Derbyshire, near which was a well known pleasant spot, called Mount Sion: here Mr. Muggins had several houses, that he was in the habit of letting out ready furnished; and as it was proverbially a healthy place, was seldom without tenants. However, if it so happened that one of them were unoccupied, he had a most laughable and singular habit of acquainting the congregation of the circumstance, by invariably giving from his desk, in a curious nasal tone, immediately before the Psalms, as follows:—"Let us sing to the Praise and Glory of—O, I had forgot—Mount Sion is a pleasant place." It happened that he once let one of these houses to a Lady Pintweezel, whose favourite little dog, Shock, was very poorly. My Lady regularly attended church every Sunday, accompanied by Master Shock, who, although he could neither read, write, nor sing, yet when the congregation began



TWO BLACK BEAUTIES CONVERSING ON THE EXTRAORDINARY VORACITY OF JONAH.

An African, having heard a sermon on the subject of Jonah being cast overboard, and swallowed up by a great Fish—in relating it to another of the sable tribe, said, that *Jonah swallowed a large Whale; on which the other made answer, that "he knew Buck's Mans berry much like fish, but he did not know that they eat Whales after that fashion."*



to sing he also began to bow, wow, wow, in with them very prettily; which was considered such a nuisance, that at last one of the neighbours engaged to steal Master Shock; and i'faith he was as good as his word. The following morning, as Mr. Muggins was comfortably seated by the fire, enjoying his breakfast, comes a rap so (*knocks*) at the door. 'Who's there?' says Muggins; when in comes my Lady Pintweezel, with a face as long as my arm. 'Good morning to your ladyship,' said he; 'hope you are well.' 'Oh! oh! Mr. Muggins.' (*crying.*)—'God bless my soul, my Lady, why what is the matter? is the house on fire, or has it been broken open.' 'Oh! Mr. Muggins,' (*still crying*) worse than that, I have lost my dear little dog Shock.'—('Upon my soul, I am very glad of it.') (*Aside.*) Sad thing indeed, my lady.' 'Well, Muggins, don't you think you can find him for me?' 'Lauk! my Lady, I can't find your Shock.' 'Ah! but Muggins, if you will but contrive to give it out at church, as you do your houses, I'll give you a couple of guineas.' 'Oh! to be sure I will, my Lady (*that alters the case.*) Poor little fellow, I hope he has got into good hands: but what shall I say, my Lady?' 'Oh! oh! give me a pen and ink, and I'll write it all down for you. Oh! dear, oh! let me see, (*wiping her eyes.*) 'Lost, Lady Pintweezel's little dog Shock, with a black spot on a white tail, and a black body and a white back, with long ears, little mouth, and sore eyes. There, there it is, oh, oh! oh!' 'Very well, my Lady, I'll certainly give it out.' On the following Sunday morning early, Muggins took an opportunity of popping the description into his reading desk before church time: shortly afterwards, the parson, who was a humorous sort of a blade, passing down the aisle spied this paper curiously folded:—'Hey, what have we here,' said he upon opening it; 'surely Mr. Clerk can't mean to give this out in church; however, if he does, I'll have a joke with him;' so taking out his pen-knife, he scratched out the S for sore eyes, and put in an F, which made it read fore (four) eyes, and then carefully replaced it as before. Soon after the service began and went regularly on, until the Psalms, which Muggins gave out: 'Let us sing to the praise and glory of—Oh! ah! I had forgot; so recollecting himself, he proceeded—'A hem—Lost, or strayed, stolen or mislaid, Lady Pintweezel's little dog Shock, with a black spot on a white tail, and a black body, and a white back, with long ears, little mouth, and so—so—four! four! four!—yes it is, four eyes, upon my soul; but Muggins, suspecting something, turning round and looking up, said, 'Mr. Parson, Mr. Parson.' 'Well, Muggins,' said the parson, looking down upon him, 'Well Muggins, what's the matter!'—'I say, Mr. Parson, this is one of your tricks,

never mind, only recollect, I am one upon your Tibby, for this, that's all.'

Now the parson wished his parishioners to believe that he was a very learned and clever man, and that, although he had a book before him, it was, in fact, of little use to him, and that he generally delivered his discourses extempore, which, by the by, the clerk knew was no such thing, for Mr. Parson had a secret niche cut in his desk, into which he put his book. On the following Sunday, Muggins made a point of being at church first, and spying the parson's book in the old place, he made no bones of whipping out one of the leaves: shortly after the parson arrived, the service commenced, and went on as usual; the parson mounted his pulpit to deliver his sermon, and proceeded in his usual apparently inspired manner, till he came to the place where the leaf was torn out. 'And lo and behold, Moses— [missing the leaf] and behold—and, as I before said, and lo! and behold, Moses—and—and behold, Moses— [scratching his head, and turning over the leaves of his book confusedly.] I say, Mr. Clerk, Mr. Clerk,' said the parson, looking down upon him; 'Mr. Clerk, what's become of my Moses?' 'Why, [said Muggins, looking up archly at him,] Why, he has got *sore eyes*, and can't come to church to day, sir.'

GREECE.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
 Now melt into sorrow, now maddened to crime?
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine;
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom:
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
 Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
 In colour though varied in beauty may vie,
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all save the spirit of man is divine?
 'Tis the clime of the east—'tis the land of the sun,—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

BYRON.

JEWISH MUTTON.

(An original Recitation, by P. T.)

MANY strange things may happen in a life,
 Some men die old, yet never know a wife:
 Some perish early, as the flowers in spring,
 Fall swift as dew-drops from the eagle's wing.
 Some folks do this, and others that,
 As some love lean and others fat;
 Such is the cursory quick step of fate,
 We scarcely live to know how much we hate.

But one thing I've discover'd, be it known,
 While some like pudding, others beef,
 Some aiming for a tyrant's throne,
 Sly as a London pocket-picking thief;
 That most, nay, all agree in liking
 The rags, which, mill'd to lawful paper,
 For which some keaves on nothing caper,
 Who imitate the ONE a whit too striking!
 You know that *what* I mean—that trifle funny,
 Which hanks have christen'd creditable money.
 Yea, 'tis too oft mortality's sad lot,
 To like the thing forbidden it should not;
 The apple-juice of the first Adam's wife
 Runs in the blood of all her sons of life,
 As you shall witness in the story true,
 I'm now to prattle, of a wealthy Jew.

Some say that 'Charity begins at home,'
 Yet from it beggars in the causeway roam;
 As, knowing the old proverb was a liar,
 They entertain'd its roaming spirit higher;
 For many who had cheated all the day
 Their brethren on the Stock Exchange,
 May two-pence to the passing beggar pay
 To balance and content their conscience strange;
 And think, with satisfied sufficient grin,
 'Charity covers up a mass of sin.'

Thus, the great people who have dally dined,
 Turn charitable yearly to be sure;
 And being in a feeding cue inclined,
 Give annually dinners to the poor;
 At which they stuff,
 And breathe and puff,
 Like pouter-pigeons, till their craws
 Fill'd to the full,
 As country gull,
 At London sights, that please the Johnny Raw,

Open all generous, their pockets willing,
To furnish to the poor their one pound shilling.

At such a gay illustrious feast,
A Jew, a Sheva the benevolent;
Who rul'd the lord and master of the East,
Had annually his 'golden ointment' sent,
And fed as inclination sway'd,
At whatsoever before him laid;
But what he generally choose
I would not, for a crown, the Rabbi knows.
The fact was, Sheva knew the waiter well;
Had himself been a native of Duke's Place,
And that by tipping, he would never tell
Aught that should bring his patron to disgrace;
And so, of a long tale to make short work,
I'll tell each wicked grinner,
When Sheva came to dinner,
He always dined him of the rich roast pork.
But then the waiter, all remorse to save,
(A witty and a gentlemanly knave,
And hide the sinning of the Jewish glutton,
Had always christen'd it 'a leg of mutton.'
You see the Israelite had thoughts within,
His charity might swallow up the sin.
How like the worthies of gay Regent-street,
Near Phillip's Chapel, and the Argyle-rooms,
Wrapt in the latter's drowsy concert fumes;
Delight their ears from Saturday to Monday;
And then to wipe away the devil's scores,
And clear for the next week's carouse to treat,
Besiege the other's open chapel doors,
To have two hours of piety on Sunday;
For Jews and Christians now no conscience feel,
But bear disgraces like the turncoat Neele.

Well, let me thus much of my Sheva say,
He was a more than Christian in his way;
A good Samaritan, who willing gave
A helping hand that fallen wretch to save;
And staunch'd the bosoms that with sorrow bleed,
Without inquiring their religious creed;
He was not miserly in charity,
The which you'll deem a rarity;
Nor mean, nor loth his station to uphold,
As German princes stuff'd with English gold.

On this day year—I mark'd it very well—
Because when talking of a person's feasts,
Like grocers, I'm particular in my dates—
One ought to know the inch of every all—

Then my friend Sheva, went him out to dine,
 And lish the capital 'old London' wine.
 High smoked the diabas,
 All was gay,
 Every one's wishes
 Found the way
 To satisfy their craving, and their hunger,
 Making the under jaw
 Fight all the munching war;
 Much like a beggar, or a costard-monger;
 For eating, I have found, beneath the ann,
 In fashion is the same to every one.

O, woe is me! the saddest, saddest sight,
 Was Sheva!—Sheva, the benignly kind,
 Sat in terrible alarming plight,
 Because his favour'd joint he could not find!
 Why, he look'd as dull amid the gay house,
 As Thomas Flowers' ill-lighted playhouse,
 For you must know,
 To cause his woe,
 The waiter, his old friend, had ta'en a fight,
 And no more pander'd to his appetite.
 Well, Sheva blash'd,
 Was nearly speaking;
 Then conscience husb'd
 His tongue from speaking.
 At length, high-couraged as a racer,
 To give the worst a facer,
 He beckon'd to the waiter,
 With knowing wink,
 At which, I think,
 His visage seem'd to grow elater,
 As, licking lips like any glutton,
 'Bring me,' he cried, 'de lovely mutton.'

Off went the waiter, speedy as a shot,
 Unlike Winchelsea's pistol, which did not;
 The mutton sought,
 Which sought, he brought.
 Hurrag'd was Sheva, when he saw
 The mutton was not to his maw;
 For it had never happen'd to his thinking,
 The waiter might not understand his winking.

So, Sheva, most supremely curst,
 Thus taught his meaning, with a burst
 Of passion, such as the Apostle Paul
 Might give to Barnabas, when they'd a squall.

' You dog ! you'd cure de devil of de vapours,
 You give my heart more grieving than a bunion ;
 I did not mean de mutton wid de capers,
 But de roast mutton wid de sage and onion.'

The enlighten'd waiter read the cheat,
 Swift as Mercury he brought the meat ;
 Sheva attack'd the pork with tooth and nail,
 And finish'd both his dinner and—my tale.

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause : and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have a respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any near friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man ? If any speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended—I pause for a reply.—

None ?—then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony ; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

THE DEATH OF MARMION.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung.
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
 So the notes rung;—
 Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand.
 Oh! look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's love divine;
 Oh! think on faith and bliss!—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
 The war, that for a space did fall,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And—Stanley! was the cry;
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory!
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

SCOTT.

A HORSE WELL SOLD.

BY JOSEPH MIDDLETON.

For wit and cunning, mirth and fun,
 A Yorkshire lad was ne'er outdone.
 For love and beauty none surpass
 A laughter-loving Yorkshire lass!

'Twas Lammas fair, a joyous time
 Of beef and pudding, song and rhyme;
 More lovely forms, more witching faces,
 Were never shewn at Epsom races,
 Than on that fair-day morn were seen,
 Along the Road to Borridge Green.
 There Ralph and Kate and Luke and Bet,
 All dress'd in Sunday clothes were met,

And hundreds more, a joyous band,
 All hastening forwards hand-in-hand ;
 Some talking o'er the affairs o' state,
 Some grumbling loud at being so late,
 Some tossing round for pipes and glasses,
 Some whisp'ring nonsense to the laases.
 And there went Hodge, exalted high,
 Above his fellow-company,
 Riding old *Dobbin* to the fair,
 To sell or 'change the hackney there,
 For he was much the worse for wear,
 And like the fat, old country parson,
 Oft carried a religious farce on.
 For lately amidst the pastures straying,
 He'd ta'en an awkward fit of praying,
 And often went, with greatest ease,
 Quite Christian-like, upon his knees ;
 And whip nor spur had power to bind him,
 From ousting all that came behind him ;
 Besides, as Hodge would often say,
 The "*clumsy brute*" had seen his day,
 For't had been settled o'er and o'er,
 His age was somewhere near a score.
 Thus mounted on that bit of blood,
 (The outcast of his master's stud !)
 Hodge soon went past his comrades hollow ;
 And now, good readers, we will follow ;
 For naught will us the crowd avail,
 Hodge is the hero of our tale.

" Ya-hip ! ya-hip ! Zounds ! stand aside,
 I'll shew ye all, men, how to ride :
 Look at my *tit*, just mark his paces,
 He'd win the cup at Epsom Races !"
 Thus cried young Hodge, as on he flew,
 The busy cattle market through,
 Waving his whip this way and that,
 Now by his side, now o'er his hat ;
 Looking around, with anxious eye,
 Some unskill'd *yokel* to espy :
 And shortly, chuckling loud with mirth,
 Up came a spark, (*Cockney* by birth !)
 " Well, Mister Hodge," the Southern said,
 " Now 'spose ve does a *little* trade ;
 I like your beast, he seems to be
 All sound, and right and tight—demme !
 So now, good Hodge, say in a trice,
 Vat is his age and vat his price."
 " Wha, as for age, Sur, ye mun ken,
 He's t'other side o' five ; and then

For price, I am in conscience bun',
 To say he's cheap at twenty pun'."
 Hem! twenty pounds! it is too much;
 But hark you, Hodge, if he be such
 As vat will bear me, without shying,
 A shooting pheasants ven they're flying,
 I don't much care, if you'll agree,
 I'll tip you nineteen pounds,—demme!"
 "Lor! love you, Sur, quoth Hodge, wi' glee,
 He's just the varry thing for ya.
 For in a wood, or near a bog,
 He'll point a pheasant like a dog.
 Soon as he hears the piping call,
 Down on his marrow-bones he'll fall,
 Yea, just as nat'ral, Sur, as you
 Have seen your true-bred pointers do!"
 "Vat! will he point?" the Cockney cries,
 "How very strange! La! bless my eyes!"
 Hodge, like a post, now stiff and still,
 Cries, "'pon my oath, Sur, that he will!"

The Cockney pulls a hundred faces,
 Bids Hodge dismount and change him places,
 That he may try good Dobbin's paces;
 A thing no sooner said than done.
 So now behold the spark upon
 Old Dobbin's back, with whip in hand
 A regular sportsman of the Strand!
 His knees and toes turn'd widely out,
 His lengthy arms wagging about,
 Like windmill sails,—before, behind,—
 When rudely blows the northern wind,
 Now off he goes, trot, trot along,
 The wonder of the gazing throng!
 While cunning Hodge runs quickly after,
 Though almost overwhelmed with laughter.
 On,—on he rides, until beyond
 The busy town, when, lo! a pond,
 Well stock'd with ducks and geese, appears,
 Old Dobbin neighs, and pricks his ears,
 And tow'rd's the welcome water steers,
 In spite of spur or flogging, just,
 As "run ones" say, to "slake the dust!"
 Now o'er some bidden stone he drops,
 And over head the Cockney pops;
 He rises now, and stares about,
 Now, like a half-drown'd rat crawls out,
 And unto all 'tis clear he hath
 Not much enjoy'd his trip to Bath'

Now Master Hodge, just out of breath,
 Comes up in time to hail the death.
 "You villain, Hodge! now only see,
 How your dem'd *hos* has treated me."
 "Ees, 'twere a point, Sur," Hodge replies,
 With knowing grin and twinkling eyes:
 "A point! a vat, you vile curmudgeon?"
 "Wha, Sur, a salmon, or a gudgeon;
 O such a horse ye never heard,
 He points a fish just like a bird!"
 "Vat point a fish! vy, I declare
 He'd make Ducrow with wonder stare:
 Vy, vat a prize is mine! oh, zounds!
 Here, Hodge, my boy, here's twenty pounds."

Hodge took the cash—his race was won;
 And both at once, exclaim'd, "Done! done!"
 "Eh! eh!" the foolish Cockney cries,
 "You are *done*, Hodge! Ha, ha! my eyes!
 At Astley's, boy, without much trouble,
 The *hos* will make the money double!"
 "Yea, varry like!" quoth Hodge, "he may,"
 And made his bow, and walk'd away.
 Then, with light heart, and footsteps free,
 Back to the jovial fair went he.

THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

Hove out of Portsmouth on board the *Britannia Fly*—a swift sailer—an outside berth—rather drowsy the first watch or two—like to have slipped off the stern—cast anchor at George—took a fresh quid and supply of grog—comforted the upper works—spoke several homeward bound frigates on the road—and after a tolerable smooth voyage, entered the ports of London at ten minutes past five, post-meridian.—Steered to Nan's lodgings and unshipp'd my cargo—Nan admired the shiners—so did the landlord—gave 'em a handful a piece—emptied a bowl of the right sort with the landlord, to the health of Lord Nelson—all three set sail for the play—got a berth in the cabin on the larboard side—wanted to smoke a pipe, but the boatswain would not let me.

Nan, I believe, called the play *Pollzaro*, with *Harlekin Hamlet*; but d—n me if I knew stem for stern—remember to rig out Nan like the fine folks in the cabin right ahead. Saw Tom Junk aloft in the corner of the upper deck—hailed him—the signal returned—some of the land lubbers in the cock pit began to laugh—tipp'd 'em a little forecastle lingo, till they sheered off.

Emptied the grog bottle—fell fast asleep—dream'd of the battle of Camperdown. My landlord told me the play was over—glad of it—crowded sail for a hackney coach—got on board—squally weather—rather inclined to be sea sick—arrived at Nan's lodgings—gave the pilot a two-pound note, and told him not to mind the change—supped with Nan, and swung in the same hammock—looked over my rhino in the morning—great deal of it to be sure ; but I hope, with the help of a few friends, to spend every shilling in a little time, to the honour and glory of Old England.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the highlands bound,

Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !

And I'll give thee a silver pound,

To row us o'er the ferry."—

" Now, wha be ye would cross Lochgyle,

This dark and stormy water ?"

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,

And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

" And fast before her father's men,

Three days we've fled together ;

For should he find us in the glen,

My blood would stain the heather.

" His horsemen hard behind us ride,

Should they our steps discover,

Then who would cheer my bonny bride,

When they had slain her lover ?"

Out spoke the hardy highland wight,

" I'll go my chief—I'm ready ;

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

" And, by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ;

So, though the waves are raging white,

I'll row you o'er the ferry !"

By this the storm grew loud and deep,

The water-wrath was shrieking,

And, in the scowl of heaven, each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men,
 Their trampling sounded nearer.—

“ Oh! haste thee, haste !” the lady cries,
 Though tempests round us gather,
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.”

The boat had left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When, oh! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gather’d o’er her.

And still they row’d amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,
 His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay’d, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover :
 One lovely arm was stretch’d for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“ Come back! come back !” he cried in grief,
 “ Across this stormy water:
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter!—oh my daughter !”

’Twas vain! the loud waves lash’d the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :
 The waters wild went o’er his child—
 And he was left lamenting.

SIR TOBY AND THE BREWER.

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

When Sir Toby was a young man, a friend of his who resided in Staffordshire, and followed the profession of a surgeon, wrote to him at his house in London, to procure him a subject for dissection, as he was much in want of one. The surgeon meant it merely as a joke, but Sir Toby, instead of considering the affair in its true light, literally applied to the men who make a livelihood of such kind of traffic, commonly called resurrection men ; after he had settled about the price, which

was to be two guineas, one of the men informed him that he had a pretty subject in his eye, a brewer by trade, and as fine a muscular man as you'd meet in a thousand—but the worst of it was, at that time he was living, though from the nature of his disorder, in all probability he could not exist above a fortnight longer. The brewer, however, disappointed both parties, and recovered. Two years had elapsed, and Sir Toby thought no more of the business, when one morning, about three o'clock, he was alarmed by a violent knocking at the door; equipped in his night-gown and slippers, he went to inquire the occasion, when a fellow entered with a large sack, and threw it down in the passage, with the salutation of 'there he is! I've got him!'

'Got who!' exclaimed the Baronet.

'Why, the brewer, to be sure, master.'

'D—n the brewer!' said Sir Toby, 'what am I to do with him at this hour!'

'Have you got ever a hamper in the house, master!'

'Why, yes, I believe you may find one in the cellar.'

A hamper was procured, and the brewer was deposited, bent nearly double by the pressure.

'Now master,' said the fellow, 'a bargain's a bargain—pay me two guineas, and I'll carry him to the inn.'—The money was paid, and the man marched off with his load. The poor brewer was directed to the surgeon in Staffordshire, and sent the next day to his place of residence.

Sir Toby had no time to advise his friend of his new visitor, and it happened on his arrival the surgeon was out. The servants naturally supposing the hamper contained wine, or something equally pleasant to the palate, made bold to cut the cord, in order to satisfy their curiosity, when up sprung the brewer, who from his pressed situation, received elasticity sufficient to throw himself upright in the hamper; the room was immediately deserted with the greatest precipitation; a general alarm was given, and the town was up in arms. The servants were certain there was a man in a basket, but whether alive or dead they could not positively say. One country fellow, however, thought of an expedient to reduce the matter to a certainty. He first peeped through the key-hole, and was convinced he saw a man sitting in the hamper—he then through a small opening of the door, presented a loaded blunderbuss, and discharged the contents in so effectual a manner, that Sir Toby's subject was totally spoiled, and unfit to make the conspicuous figure intended in the Staffordshire Museum.

THE SPECTACLES.

Robin, who to the plough was bred,
 And never learnt to write or read,
 Seeing the good old people use
 To read with glasses 'cross their nose,
 Which constantly they wore about 'em,
 And said they could not do without 'em.
 Happen'd one day to come to town;
 And, as he saunter'd up and down,
 He chanc'd to spy where such like things
 Hung dangling on a row of strings.
 It took him in the head to stop,
 And ask the master of the shop,
 If he could furnish folk that need
 With glasses that could make 'em read?
 Or sell a pair of—what do you call it?
 Would fit the nose, and would not gall it?
 The man his drawer in one hand took,
 The other op'd the Bible book.
 The drawer contain'd of glasses plenty,
 From ninety down to less than twenty;
 Some set in horn, and some in leather;
 But Robin could approve of neither;
 And when a hundred pairs he'd tried,
 And still had thrown them all aside,
 The man grew peevish—(both grew vext),
 And swore he could not read the text.
 "Not read; Confound you for a fool;
 I'll hang if e'er you went to school!
 Did you e'er read without the help
 Of spectacles?"—"Why, no, you whelp;
 Do people who can walk without
 Buy crutches for to stump about?"

A QUACK DOCTOR

AND his mountebank associate were haranguing the populace from a stage near the market-cross of a country town, in order to sell their quack medicines; he said—Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Puff Stuff, the physician to the great and mighty Kow Kuan, Emperor of all the Chinas; I was converted to christianity during the embassy of the late Lord Macartney, and left that there country and came to this here, which may be reckoned the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable,

and never to be matched medicines; the first is called the Great Parry Mandyron Rapskianum, from Wandy Whang Whang—one drop of which, poured into any of your gums, if you should have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out like mushrooms from a hot-bed; and if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance, called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops. I'm also very celebrated in the cure of the eyes; the late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a catarach.—I very dexterously took out the eyes of his Majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a particular glutinous *happlication*, I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his majesty's *vision*, but made him dreadful to all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say, that I have eyes from different *kanimals*, and to suit all your different faces and professions. This *hers* bottle which I *holds* in my hand, is called the grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial, nervous cordial, which cures all diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, Ladies and Gentlemen, because the man who talks of himself is a *Hegotist*, but this I will venture to say of myself, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—but you know I don't like to talk of myself: you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me; if you knew the benefits so many people have received from my grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick: I'll just read one or two. [Reads several letters.]—Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linseed oil mill; cured with one bottle.—Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap manufactory; cured with one bottle.—Sir, I was cut in half in a saw-pit; cured with half a bottle.—Now comes the most wonderful of all.

Sir,—Venturing too near the Powder Mill at Faversham, I was by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident I was rendered unfit for by business (a banker's clerk,)—but hearing of your grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof; the first bottle united my strayed particles, the second animated my shattered frame, the third effected a radical cure, the fourth sent me home to Lombard-street to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand elliptical, asiatical, panticurial nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity.

ALONZO THE BRAVE

A favourite Recitation.

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
 Convers'd as they sat on a green;
 They gazed on each other with tender delight,
 Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
 The maiden the fair Imogine.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
 To fight in a far distant land;
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
 Some other will court you, and you will bestow
 On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" fair Imogine said,
 "So hurtful to you and to me;
 For if you be living, or if you be dead,
 I swear by the virgin that none in your stead,
 Shall husband to Imogine be.

"And if for another my heart should decide,
 Forgetting Alonzo the brave;
 God grant that to punish my falsehood and pride,
 Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
 May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
 And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
 His love she lamented him sore;
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd—when behold!
 A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
 Arriv'd at fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
 Soon made her untrue to her vows;
 He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain—
 He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
 And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
 The revelry now was begun,
 The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
 Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
 When the ball of the castle toll'd—*One*.

'Twas then with amazement, fair Imogine found
 A stranger was plac'd by her side;
 His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
 But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was clos'd, gigantic his height,
 His armour was sable to view ;
 All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight—
 The dogs, as they eyed him draw back with affright ;
 And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
 The guests sat in silence and fear ;
 At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—" I pray
 Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
 And daisn to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
 And his visor he slowly unclos'd ;
 O, gods ! what a sight met Imogine's eyes—
 What words can express her dismay and surprise,
 When a skeleton's head was expos'd !

All present then utter'd a terrific shout,
 And turned with disgust from the scene ;
 The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
 And sported his eyes and his temples about,
 While the spectre address'd Imogine ;—

" Behold me, thou false one !—behold me !" he cried,
 " Behold thy Alonzo the brave !
 God grants that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
 My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side—
 Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
 And bear thee away to the grave."

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
 While poor Imogine shriek'd with dismay ;
 Then sunk with his prey through the wide yawning ground,
 Nor ever again was fair Imogine found,
 Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none since that time,
 To inhabit the castle preumes ;
 For Chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
 There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
 And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
 When mortals in slumber are bound ;
 Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
 Appear in the hall with her spectral knight,
 And shrinks as he whirls her around.

H

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
 Dancing round them pale spectres are seen ;
 Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
 They howl, " To the health of Alonzo the brave,
 And his consort the false Imogene."

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.

It was a fearful night ; pale lightning quivered at intervals through the clouds, and the wind rose through the neighbouring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were followed only by a mysterious stillness augmenting the terrors of the hour. I knew not how I got there ; enough—I found myself in a dark gloomy dungeon, a torch burning at the further end was the only thing visible. In the centre of this scene of desolation, methought I saw a young female of exquisite beauty, whose luxurious hair hung in natural ringlets over a graceful and well moulded shoulder. Her form, too, was such as a statuary might have chosen for a model. In her hand was a wand, with which she beckoned me ; I had scarcely advanced a few steps, when an icy coldness seized me, and by the livid effulgence of the torch, I beheld skulls scattered over the floor, and heads severed from their bodies, laughing with grim insensibility. Claps of distant thunder now shook the building, but my own beating heart soon overpowered every other sound. A thrill of horror seized me, all the frightful recollections of my youth flashed across my brain, and I fell senseless on the ground !

* * * * *

When my senses returned, the morn had burst forth in all its splendour of fullness, and the chequered rays of the sun penetrated through a small aperture into this dismal abyss. The same loathsome objects were around me, looking more hideous than before ; in the place of the lovely and beauteous creature, was an old withered hag, whose hollow cheeks and bloodshot eyes presented an appearance truly horrible. She held a dagger which she brandished with a ghastly smile. Her black brows were knitted together, and anger darted from her eyes as she pronounced, like the croaking of the raven, " Child of guilt, thy hour is come." By a supernatural effort I sprang upon my legs, and seized a skull as a weapon of defence, but her bony hand had already encircled my throat ; I felt a choking thirst come over me ! I was paralyzed with fear ; a preternatural giddiness took possession of my head, large drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead ; I uttered a shrill and piercing cry, the noise of which startled me. I awoke, and found I was grasping—the *bed-post*.

THE STILTON CHEESE.

There's many in this wondrous city
Whose wants compel them to be witty,
Not so alone in words, but in their deeds,
Whilst by our wits we can supply our needs;
He who would tamely starve deserves no pity;
But modest virtue sinks where vice oft thrives,

And merit fasts where impudence is fed,
And one man fails e'en when he next contrives

With ease to live and gain his daily bread;
But virtue is, 'tis true, its own reward,
And but for that, indeed its fate were hard;
For one may see the weak at every hour—
I mean the weak in intellectual power—
Unto the stronger fall an easy prey,
But to my tale—it so befell,

As by the way,

It might have chanc'd to any other swell,
Who, out of luck might want the needful tin—
Heaven bless the mark, where poverty is sin—
Our hero, without sup or bite,
Had kept his fast from over night,

Therefore his appetite

Was wondrous nice you'll say for one whose bowels
Were pinch'd by hunger's sharp and pointed rowels,
For hunting round, he from the farthest nook
Of his capacious pocket took

Three-halfpence forth, his hunger to appease:

A penny loaf's a sorry meal, I grant,
But with some folks the more they get they want.

He bought a loaf, but wanted cheese,
And so he set his wits to work to strive,
And make three-halfpence do the work of five.

So with the air of one intent to buy,
He stepp'd into a grocer's shop hard by,
Straight pointing to a cheese of goodly round,

That with its rich look caught his longing eye,
With face drawn out quite serious and profound,
The while the obsequious shopman bow'd his head,
'I'm something of a connoisseur,' he said,

'In cheese;

The better thus their rich strong taste to try,
As 'tis not everything my fancy pleases,
I test my cheese, before I choose, with bread.'
The scoop soon pierced a 'double Glo'ster's' side,
Which fail'd to please, some others then he tried;

He waver'd long, he tasted much,
But none had the right racy touch,

Till at a piece of fine old Cheshire
 His lips relax'd into a smile of pleasure;
 He seem'd inclin'd to fix, yet half in doubt,
 He'd eat so much, his bread was nearly out,
 When, lo! a noble Stilton met his sight
 That he must taste;
 He smack'd his lips with undisguis'd delight,
 And said in haste,
 'Aye, sir, aye, that, that's the cheese.
 It has the right rich racy touch for me,
 But then, indeed, it is too much for me—
 So cut a 'lumping ha'porth,' if you please.'

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN.

A favourite Recitation.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes
 Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?—
 She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
 The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,
 Cold and hunger awake not her care;
 Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak,
 On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek
 Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day)
 Poor Mary the maniac has been:
 The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
 As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
 As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
 Her heart was a stranger to childiah affright,
 And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd—and young Richard had settled the day—
 And she hop'd to be happy for life:
 But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
 Who knew him, would pity poor Mary and say,
 That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
 And fast were the windows and door;
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
 And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
 'They listen'd to hear the wind roar.'

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without !"

" A fine night for the Abbey," his comrade reply'd :
" Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about."

" I myself like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
And could fancy I saw, half pursued by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit, appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead "

" I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
" That Mary would venture there now ;"
" Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
" I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

" Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?"
His companion exclaim'd with a smile ;
" I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bennet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent,
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim at her sight ;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-trees grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd a bough ;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to raise on her ear—
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
And her heart pant'd fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head ;—
She listen'd ;—nought else could she hear :
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column half breathless with fear,
 She crept to conceal herself there:
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
 And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
 And between them a còrse they did bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold,
 Again the rough wind hurried by—
 It blow off the hat of the one, and behold,
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:
 She fell—and expected to die.

“Curse the hat!”—he exclaim'd—“nay, come ou and first hide
 The dead body,” his comrade replies.

She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
 As fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
 She cast her eyes horribly round;
 Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;
 But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet the pale lips could the story impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view:
 Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
 For, oh God! what cold horrors thrill'd thro' her heart
 When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands on a common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen;
 Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
 Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

A CELEBRATED PREACHER.

THE Rev. Dr. ——— is what is commonly denominated ‘a celebrated preacher.’ His reputation, however, has not been acquired by drawing largely upon his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriates the thoughts and language of the great divines who have gone before him. Fortunately for him, those who compose a fashionable audience are not deeply read in pulpit lore, and accordingly, with such hearers, he passed for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did, nevertheless, happen that the doctor was once detected in his plagiarisms. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the sprightly beaux and belles belonging to

his congregation, a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the said gentleman muttered loudly enough to be heard by those that were near him, 'That's Sherlock!' The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much further, when his tormenting interruptor broke out with 'That's Tillotson!' The doctor bit his lips, and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of 'That's Blair's!' was however too much, and completely exhausted all his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, 'Fellow,' he cried, 'if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out.' Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in the face, retorted, '*That's his own.*'

NOTHING AT ALL.

IN Derry Down Dale, when I wanted a mate,
I went wi' my dad a courting to Kate;
Wi' a nose gay so fine, and my holiday clothes,
My hands in my pockets, a-courting I goes.
The weather was cold and my bosom was hot,
My heart on a gallop, t'old meane on a trot,
Naw I wur so bashful and loving withal,
My tongue stuck to my mouth;—I said nothing

'Heigho!'—'Dang it,' says feyther, 'what for does't thou talk; one might as weel hae naebody wi' them as thee?'—'Why,' says I, 'I's sure, I talk'd plenty as we com ower t'lang meadow,' 'Aye,' says he, 'what about?'—'About,' says I, 'why about—about

Nothing at all!—Ri fol de rol, &c.

When we came to the door, I lumpish and glum!
The rapper I held 'twixt my finger and thumb;
Tap went the knocker, and Kate shew'd her chin:
She chuckled and duckled—I bow'd and walk'd in,
Now I wur as bashful as bashful could be,
And Kitty poor lass! wur as bashful as me;
So I bowed, and she grinned, and let my hat fall;
Then I smiled—scratch'd my head—and said—

'I—I—I's com'd'—'Yes, sur,' says she, 'I see ye's com'd, what's your business wi' I?' 'Why (says I) I hean't much business, I's com'd to—to—to'—'To what?' says she—'Why, (says I) to—to—to'—'Dang it,' says feyther, and he hits me a

great drive ower't chops, 'tell her thou's com'd to make love till her at yance'—'Eees,' says I, 'Feyther says as how I's com'd to make—to make'—'To make what?' says she, 'Why,' says I, 'to make

Nothing at all!—Ri fol de rol, &c.

If bashful wur I, no less bashful the maid,
For she simper'd and blush'd, wi' her apron strings play'd;
Till the old folks, impatient to have the thing done,
Agreed little Kitty and I should be one.
In silence us young folks just nodded consent;
Hand in hand to the church to be married we went;
Where we answered the parson, in voices so small,
Love—honour—obey—and a—

Ecod, I shall never forget, it wur so comical. Parson turns to me wi' a face as grave as a church yard, and he says to me, Wull, says he to me, will tua hae this young woman to be thy wedded wife?—Ecs, says I, I brought her here o' purpose. So he turns to Kitty, and he says, Kitty, will you hae this young man to be thy wedded husband? Dang me, if Kitty warn't quite shocked, she blush'd, and she stammer'd, and she twitter'd, and wur quite in a state of conflagmery gustation, as a body may say; and so she says to the parson, says she, sur—I—I—

Nothing at all!—Ri fol de rol, &c.

But mark what a change in the course of a week;
Now Kate left off blushing, and Wully could speak,
Could play wi' my deary, laugh loud at a jest,
She could coax too, and foudle as well as the best.
Now we laugh at past follies, and since we've declar'd
To encourage young folks who at wedlock are scar'd,
That if once to your aid some *insurance* you call,—
May kiss and get married, and get married, and—

Ecod, it wor nought when it wor over, just like hanging. But I shall never forget that day, there were sic fiddling, sic feasting, and sic dancing. But when it began to get rather late, I gi'es Kate a nudge, and says I, Brush I and then I made a bit of a speech to the company; says I, Nybours—bridemaids, bridegroom,—I'll thank you all to make a clean sweep; and I hope you'll all come again this day nine months, when I will shew you a—Shew us what, says yan. Why, says I, I'll shew you
—a—a—a—

Nothing at all!—Ri fol de rol, &c.

THE DEAF MAN'S GRAVE.

ALMOST at the root
 Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
 And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
 Oft stretches towards me like a long straight path,
 Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
 A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
 From whom, in early childhood, was withdrawn
 The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
 From year to year in loneliness of soul;
 And this deep mountain valley was to him
 Soundless with all its streams. The bird of dawn
 Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
 With startling summons: not for his delight
 The vernal cuckoo shouted; nor for him
 Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
 Were working the broad bosom of the lake
 Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
 Rocking the trees, and driving cloud on cloud,
 Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
 The agitated scene before his eye
 Was silent as a picture; evermore
 Were all things silent whereas'er he moved.
 Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
 Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
 Of rural labours; the steep mountain-side
 Ascended, with his staff and faithful dog;
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
 Among the jocund reapers. For himself,
 All watchful and industrious as he was,
 He wrought not; neither field nor flock he owned:
 No wish for wealth had place within his mind;
 Nor husband's love, nor father's hope or care.
 Though born a younger brother, need was none
 That from the floor of his paternal home
 He should depart, to plant himself anew.
 And when, mature in manhood, he beheld
 His parents laid in earth, no less ensued
 Of rights to him; but he remained well pleased,
 By the pure bond of independent love,
 An inmate of a second family,
 The fellow-labourer and friend of him
 To whom the small inheritance had fallen.

Nor deem that his mild presence was a weight
 That pressed upon his brother's house; for books

Were ready comrades whom he could not tire,—
 Of whose society the blameless man
 Was never satiate. Their familiar voice,
 Even to old age, with unabated charm
 Beguiled his leisure hours; refreshed his thoughts;
 Beyond its natural elevation raised
 His introverted spirit; and bestowed
 Upon his life an outward dignity
 Which all acknowledged. The dark winter night,
 The stormy day, had each its own resource;
 Song of the muses, sage historic tale,
 Science severe, or word of holy writ
 Announcing immortality and joy
 To the assembled spirits of the just,
 From imperfection and decay secure.

Thus soothed at home, thus busy in the field,
 To no perverse suspicion he gave way,
 No languid peevishness, no vain complaint:
 And they who were about him did not fail
 In reverence, or in courtesy; they prized
 His gentle manners:—and his peaceful smiles,
 The gleams of his slow-varying countenance,
 Were met with answering sympathy and love.

At length, when sixty years and five were told,
 A slow disease insensibly consumed
 The powers of nature; and a few short steps
 Of friends and kindred bore him from his home
 (Yon cottage, shaded by the woody crags,
 To the profounder stillness of the grave.
 Nor was his funeral denied the grace
 Of many tears, virtuous and thoughtful grief;
 Heart-sorrow rendered sweet by gratitude.

And now that monumental stone preserves
 His name, and unambitiously relates
 How long, and by what kindly outward aids,
 And in what pure contentedness of mind,
 The sad privation was by him endured.
 And you tall pine-tree whose composing sound
 Was wasted on the good man's living ear,
 Hath now its own peculiar sanctity;
 And at the touch of every wandering breeze,
 Murmurs not idly o'er his peaceful grave.

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Flery was hard at work in his potatoe-garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on.

"God's 'bud! Terry, man, what would you be aft'er doing there wid them praties, an Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place! Come along, ma bochel! sure the praties will wait!"

"Och! no," sis Terry, "I must dig on this ridge for the childer's breakfast, an' thin I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his owu house."

"Bother 'take the stashin!' sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the berrin'; and Terence, having finished "wid the praties," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen, to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney-corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished the childer "had it at home wid the praties."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take it! Sure the priest can spare it; an' it would be a rare thrate to Judy an' the gorseons at home, to say nothin' iv myself, who hasn't tasted the likes this many's the day." Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying—"I won't take it—why wou'd I, an' it not mice, but the priest's! an' I'd have the sin iv it, sure! I won't take it," replied he, "an' it's nothin' but the Ould Boy himself that's temptin' me! But sure it's no harm to feel it, any way," said he, taking it into his hand, and looking earnestly at it; "Och! it's a beauty; and why wou'dn't I carry it home to Judy and the childer! Au' sure it wou'd be a sin aft'er I confesses it!"

Well, into his great coat pocket he thrust it: and he had scarcely done so, when the maid came in and told him that it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and ruin'd, horse and foot, now, joy, Terry; what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all! By gancies! I must thry an' make the best of it, any how," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I have one great big sin to tell yit; only sir, I'm frightened to tell id, in the regard of never having done the like afore, sur, niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell it to me."

"Why, then, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sir, I'm nshamed like?"

"Oh, never mind! tell it," said the priest.

"Why, then, your Riverince, I went out one day to a gintleman's house, upon a little bit of business, an' he bein' engaged, I was shewed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit iv bacon hanging in the chimby-corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how it was, sur, but I suppose the Divil timpled me, for I put it into my pocket; but, if you plaze, sur, I'll give it to you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it back to the owner of it."

"Why, then your Riverince, sur, I offered id to him, and he wouldn't take id."

"Oh! he wouldn't, wouldn't he!" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself, with your family."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediately, plaize God: but first and foremost, I'll have the absolution, if you plaize, sir."

Terence received absolution, and went home rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

HAMLET'S MEDITATION ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be, that is the question,
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer,
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing, end them;—to die—to sleep—
 No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and a thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die?—to sleep?—
 To sleep?—perchance, to dream.—Ay, there's the rub?
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause; there's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life;
 But that the dread of something after death—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

 THE WOLF AND THE MASTIFF.

A WOLF that long had ranged the wood,
 A stranger to the taste of food,
 Met an old mastiff, sleek and fat—
 Each known to each they stop and chat.
 "Lord!" say the wolf, "how plump you've grown;
 Is that round belly all your own?
 Pray how d'ye live, and what d'ye eat?
 I wish you'd give me your receipt;
 For, not to underrate your merit,
 I think, my friend, I don't want spirit
 To attack the foe by day or night,
 And yet you see my wretched plight!"
 "Why," quoth the dog, with conscious air,
 "My place requires a world of care;
 If you desire to serve the great,
 Faith! you must work as well as eat;—
 Preferments are not given for nought,
 But by some useful service bought."
 "Why what service, then, will be expected?
 No honest terms should be rejected."
 "Why you must watch the doors by night,
 Bark at the thieves.—The beggars fright."
 "Oh! I should bless that happy change,
 For who'd wish through rain and snows to range?
 Who snug and warm could take his pleasure,
 And fill his belly at his leisure?"

I

"Well then," says snap, "since 'tis agreed,
 Let us with gentle trot proceed."
 When lo! the wolf's too curious eye,
 Chanced the poor mastiff's neck to spy,—
 Gall'd with a chain beneath his ear.
 "Ah! ah!" cried he, "what have you there?"
 "Nothing," said snap, and turned aside,
 "Nay, let's know all," the wolf replied.
 "Why, as I'm pretty fierce you know,
 They chain me up a day or so;
 My master's whim—I can't refuse it;—
 There's nothing in't—indeed, I choose it;—
 For as I'm useless while 'tis light,
 I sleep by day and bark by night.
 When night comes on my chain's unbound,
 And then I rove the country round.
 As for my meat, I'm well supplied
 At table by my master's side;
 The servants toss me bones half-pick'd,
 And lord! what plates of sauce I've lick'd!
 But, come,—what now? you lag behind,"—
 "Why, faith I think I've chang'd my mind.
 I don't much like that galling chain,
 So think I'll range the woods again;—
 Enjoy your scraps, for I'd not be
 A king without my liberty."

FUNERAL AT SEA.

(An original Recitation, by S. Bartlett.)

THE sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays—a light breeze played on the bosom of the ocean—the stillness of the morning was only disturbed by the ripple of the waters; it seemed as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep was brooding over the waters—the national flag, displayed half way down the royal mast, played in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import; the vessel seemed tranquil as the element on whose surface she moved—she knew not the sorrows that were in her own bosom, and seemed to look down on the briny expanse beneath her, in all the confidence and security of strength. To the minds of her brave crew it was a morning of gloom; they had been boarded by the angel of death, and the fore-castle now contained all that was mortal of his victim—his soul had fled to its final audit. They grouped around the windlass, and were left to their own reflections. The hardy sons of the ocean mingled their sympathies with each other:

they seemed to think of their own mortality—Conscience was at her post—they spoke of the virtues of their deceased mess-mate, of his honesty, his sensibility, his generosity; one remembered to have seen him share the last dollar of his hard earned wages with a distressed shipmate. All could attest his liberality—they spoke too of his accomplishments as a sailor, of the nerve of his arm and the intrepidity of his soul; they had all seen him in the hour of danger, when the winds of heaven were let loose in all their fury, and destruction was on the wing, seize the helm, and hold the ship securely within his grasp till the danger was passed by.

They could have indulged longer in their reveries, but they were summoned to prepare for the rites of the sepulchre, and pay the last honour to their dead companion. Then the work of preparation commenced with heavy hearts and many a sigh—a rude coffin was soon constructed, and the body was deposited within it—all was ready for the final scene. The main hatches were his bier, a spare sail was his pall; his surviving comrades, in their tar-stained habiliments, stood around; all were silent; the refreshing breeze mourned through the cordage, the main topsail was hove to the mast, the ship paused on her course, the funeral service began; his body was committed to the deep—the knell of the ship's bell was heard—I heard the plunge of the coffin—I saw the tears start from the eyes of the generous tars—my soul melted within me, as I reverted to the home scenes of him whom we had buried in the deep—to hopes that were to be dashed with woe, to joys that were to be drow-
ed with lamentation.

THE MAIL COACH.

TUNE.—The Country Club.

COME listen to my story;
 Now seated in my glory,
 We make no longer stay:
 A bottle of good sherry
 Has made us all quite merry,
 Let Momus rule the day;
 We hearty all and well are,
 Drive to the White Horse Cellar,
 Get a snack before we go—
 Bring me a leg of mutton,
 I'm as hungry as a glutton—
 Some gravy soup—hollo!

Spoken in different voices.]—Why, waiter!—Coming, sir.—Where is my gravy soup?—Just took off the gridiron.—Make haste, I shall lose my place.—I hope your honour will remember the poor ostler.—Are the beef-steaks ready?—No, but your chops are.—What a concourse of people are going in these coaches.—All fast behind. Hip! (Imitates the sound of the guard's horn.)

Then 'tis away we rattle,
 Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
 Crack whip and dash away.
 What a cavalcade of coaches,
 On every side approaches,
 What work for man and beast;
 We must have a little drop, sir—
 Then we'll gallop till we stop, sir—
 And afterwards make haste.
 I mount—the whip I crack now,
 All bustle—what a pack now
 On every side approach!
 Now making sad grimaces,
 All for the want of places,
 They cry—I've lost the coach.

Spoken in various voices.]—How's this!—I'm sure my name was booked.—No such thing, ma'am.—A lady and a parrot in a cage.—That fare can't go inside, one parrot's enough at a time. No room for two ladies?—None at all for females; this is a *mail coach*.—Set me down at the butcher's shop: I should not like to be seen getting out of a coach.—Tie a handkerchief round your neck, Billy; you'll catch cold.—Yes, good bye, grandpapa; give my love to grandmamma.—Hip! (Imitates the horn.)

Then 'tis away we rattle,
 Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
 Crack whip, and dash away.
 Four in hand from Piccadilly,
 Snugly seated in the dilly,
 Away we scamper all;
 What merry wags and railers,
 What jolly dogs and sailors,
 Begin to sing and bawl.
 From every place we start, sir,
 Some company depart, sir,
 And others come, no doubt;
 For plenty there's of room, now,
 If they will only come now,
 Four inside and one out.

Spoken in different voices.]—Are my boxes all safe! You have put my trunk in a wrong coach.—Never fear, ma'am, we shall overtake it.—What a figure you cut in that Welch wig?—Hold your tongue, sirrah, you've woke me out of a comfortable nap.—Keep the windows shut; I have got a cold and a stiff neck.—My little girl isn't well.—Keep your feet in; you've got your leg between mine.—I don't mind it, if the gentleman don't.—Hip! (Imitates the horn.)

Then 'tis away we rattle,
Jolly dogs and stylish cattle,
Crack whip, and dash away.

MR. G— AND JERVAS.

Mr. G.—Ha! Jervas, how are you my old boy? how do things go on at home!

Steward.—Bad enough, your honour, the magpie's dead.

Mr. G.—Poor Mag? so he is gone. How came he to die?

Steward.—Overate himself, Sir.

Mr. G.—Did he? a greedy dog! Why what did he get that he liked so well?

Steward.—Horse-flesh, Sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. G.—How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Steward.—All your father's horses, Sir.

Mr. G.—What! are they dead too?

Steward.—Ay, Sir, they died of over-work.

Mr. G.—And why were they over-worked, pray?

Steward.—To carry water, Sir.

Mr. G.—To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?

Steward.—Sure Sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. G.—Fire! what fire?

Steward.—Oh Sir, your father's house is burnt down to the ground.

Mr. G.—My father's house burnt down! and how came it set on fire?

Steward.—I think it must have been the torches.

Mr. G.—Torches! what torches?

Steward.—At your mother's funeral.

Mr. G.—My mother dead!

Steward.—Ah, poor lady! she never looked up after it.

Mr. G.—After what?

Steward.—The loss of your father.

Mr. G.—My father gone too !

Steward.—Yes, poor gentleman ! he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. G.—Heard of what ?

Steward.—The bad news, Sir, and please your honour.

Mr. G.—What ! more miseries ! more bad news !

Steward.—Yes, Sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, Sir, to come to wait on you to tell you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

SOLILOQUY OF MACBETH.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me clutch thee :—
 I have thee not ; and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision sensible
 To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain ?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going ;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest ; I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing ;
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offering ; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Who howls his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design,
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives ;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

YORKSHIRE HUMPHREY; OR, TWO HEADS BETTER
THAN ONE.

As Yorkshire Humphrey, t'other day,
O'er London bridge was stumping;
He saw with wonder and delight,
The water-works a pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and wond'ring how
This grand machine was made;
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head,
Betwixt the balustrade.

A sharper prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout;
And soon, with fish-hook fingers, turns
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around,
The thief, with artful leer;
Says—"Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pickpockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I don't fear London thieves;
Ize not a simple youth!
My guinea, master's, safe enough;
I've put it in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies,
Then modestly retires;
Numps re-assumes the gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view;
When, now, an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew.

Then thus the elder thief began—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me!" young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat!
Only observe how neat I'll queer
The gaping country fat!"

By this time Numps, who'd gaz'd his fill,
Was trudging through the street;
When the young pilf'rer tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! oh dear! my money's lost!"
 The artful urchin moans;
 While halfpence, falling from his hand,
 It all jangling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop to find,
 And give the boy his coin;
 And Humphrey, with a friendly hand,
 Deigns cordially to join.

"There are your pence," quoth Numps, "my boy,
 Be sure you holds 'em faster!"

"My pence!" quoth Filch: "here are my pence;
 But where's my guinea master?"

"Heip, help, good folks: for God's sake heip!"
 Bawls out the hopeful youth—

"He pick'd my guinea up just now,
 And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
 Now close to Humphrey draws;
 And, seizing on his gullet, plucks
 'The guinea from his jaws!"

Then roars out—"Masters, here's the coin;

I'll give the child his guinea!
 But, who'd have thought to see a thief,
 In this same country nunny?"

Humphrey astonish'd, thus begins—

"Good measter! hear me, pray!"
 But—"Duck him! duck him!" is the cry:
 At length he sneaks away.

"Ah! now," quoth Numps, "I will believe,
 What often I've heard said;
 That London thieves would steal the teeth
 Out of a body's head!"

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S DEFENCE.

FATHERS :—you call on me to defend the accusations which have been made against me;—you have charged me with murder, rebellion, and desertion; all of which charges, I can prove false.

Fathers;—when the great Spirit gave me life, so that I might breathe the air of America; he also gave me the soul of an Indian Warrior; and I hope that he will see I have not debas'd the gifts he endowed me with;—the snow came on the woods near thirty times before our chiefs took up the toma-

hawk ; and in that time I grew from infancy to manhood, and called Montena ' wife ;'—three noble boys and one fair girl, were those who called me father ;—till now we'd smoked the pipe of peace ; when once, as every thing was locked in sleep, and the fair light of Heaven had left our woods, I was returning from the chase, when, Oh ! Spirit of my fathers witness, witness what I say—I found my wigwam sunk in a heap of smoking ruins, and my three brave sons stretched dead upon the earth, and what was worse, ' the light of the woods,' my lovely Zadig was stolen from me, to meet a fate, perhaps worse than that my sons had met.—My wife was still remaining to tell the dismal tale, and to raise the fire of vengeance in my heart, by saying 'twas your pale-faced warriors, that had worked the ruin of an unoffending savage.—The morning came, the sun lit the scene of desolation, which your warriors had made, when I took the rifle of my father, and shouldered his tomahawk, determined to avenge my just wrongs. Was that rebellion ! if it was, I never knew your language.—I ask you, Fathers of the White Nation, if I rebelled against what was right ;—I think not ! I never deserved your vengeance in my life.—When did the white man come to Massanietto's hut, and a-hungered, and the Savage did not feed him ! When did the pale face come to my wigwam, and if half naked, I clothed him not ! When did your warriors, if benighted in the woods, come to Massanietto's for a shelter, and were refused !—Never ! and our people have acted like their Sachem ; they saw me act with peace toward your land, they did the same ;—from that time when you slaughtered those who were dearest to me, I became your deadly foe, and have been ever since.

You took me prisoner, you tried to corrupt my mind by your accursed rum-fire-water ; but 'twas in vain, I would not taste it ; you then tried to win my friendship by kind treatment ; but I recollected my private wrongs and the wrong you had done to my tribe ;—you gave me liberty to range at large, and having heard that a portion of my nation were advancing upon the settlement where I was confined, I contrived to escape and join them ;—this, you called desertion !—White men ! did you think because I bore my captivity in silence, and wore the warrior's dress which your nation wear, that it made any alteration in my heart !—No ! I cherished up the thought of revenge till the eventful day which made me a second time your prisoner :—and now you charge me with murder, because I slew your chief ;—had he been a common warrior it would not have been so.—Your nation's justice is mockery of justice :—your people's deeds of war are acts of massacre and plunder ; they

fight with no motive of revenge and passion, but merely to satisfy their thirst for blood.

Fathers! I have done. When I am dead, I hope you'll lay me on the earth, like an Indian chief ought to be; and I trust the Great Spirit will receive me into the everlasting hunting ground. Our nations have been hunted like beasts, our bows are broken, our tomahawks are bent, and our fires extinguished;—a little longer and the white man's persecutions will be at an end—the tribe of Red warriors will cease to exist.

THE ONE-LEGGED GOOSE.

A WEALTHY gentleman in Hertfordshire,
 Not troubled with an overplus of brains,
 Like many a worthy country squire,
 Whose craniums give them very little pains,
 Liv'd quietly upon his own estate;
 He was a bachelor, but whether that
 Argues in favour of his understanding,
 Or militates against it, is a question
 That I would wish to have no hand in,
 But leave it to your cool digestion.
 He ne'er perplex'd his pate
 With the affairs of state,
 But led a calm domestic life,
 Far from the noise of town and party strife.
 He loved to smoke his pipe with jovial souls,
 Prided himself upon his skill at bowls,
 At which he left his neighbours in the lurch;
 On Sundays, too, he always went to church,
 (As should each penitential sinner)
 Took, during sermon-time, his usual snore,
 And gave his sixpence at the door,
 And then walk'd comfortably home to dinner;
 As there are many, I dare say,
 Who into such affairs have never look'd,
 I think I'd better mention by the way,
 That dinners, ere they're *eaten*, should be *cook'd*?
 At least our squire's were so before he took 'em,
 And consequently he'd a cook to cook 'em.
 Now as I shall have work enough
 For this most gracious queen of kitchen-stuff,
 It may not be amiss to tell you, that
 (Of lusty beauty quite a masterpiece)
 This modern maid of Fat
 Surpass'd the famous dames of Greece.
 Of course then she had lovers plenty—
 Aye, that she had, sir, nearly twenty!

But none did she so doat upon
 As our squire's lusty gard'ner, John.
 It chanc'd one year, as almanacks can tell,
 St. Michael's day on Sunday fell ;
 The squire, the night before, as was his use,
 Gave Peggy orders to procure a goose ;
 Then went to church next morning cheerfully,
 And order'd dinner to be done by three.
 'Twas half-past two—the cloth was laid,
 Peggy the apple-sauce had made,
 The bird was done, and she for master wishing ;
 When, lo ; attracted by the luscious gale,
 And somewhat elevated with strong ale,
 John popp'd into the kitchen.
 ' What, cookee, got a goose ! well, come that's nice,
 Faith, cookee, I should like to have a slice ;
 And apple-sauce, too ! there's a darling leg,
 Do take a knife and cut me off a leg.'—
 ' Cut off a leg ? that would be pretty fun ;
 What serve it up to squire with only *one* ?'
 ' Aye, to be sure ; why, master dur's't kill you ;
 I'll cut it off.'—' *Adone* you fool ? now will you ?'
 What arguments he used, I cannot say ;
 But love, whose sceptre's all-commanding away,
 Cookmaids, as well as countesses, obey ;
 Ordain'd it so, that, spite of all her reasoning,
 John stole the leg, with lots of sauce and seasoning.
 Though Peg, poor wench, was rather vex'd
 At this unlook'd for, sad disaster,
 She was not quite so much perplex'd
 As you may think ; she had been used to gull
 The squire, and knew the thickness of his skull ;
 And consequently to this conclusion fell,
 They who could do a goose so well,
 Would not be troubled much to do her master.
 Home came the squire, to the moment true,
 And rang for dinner in a hurry ;
 She brown'd the mutilated side anew,
 And put it on the table in a hurry.
 Soon as it met his eye, the squire
 Exclaim'd with wonderment and ire,
 ' Why what the devil do you call this, Peg ?
 Zounds, huzzy ! where is t'other leg ?
 Peg curtsied and replied in modest tone,
 ' An't please you, sir, it never had but *one* !
 ' Only *one* leg ! where did you buy it pray ?'
 ' At Furrer Grains's, sir, across the way ;
 And if to-night, sir, you will go with me,
 I'll pledge my life that you shall see

A number of the farmer's geese,
 Which, like this bird, have only one a-piece.
 'Well, prove it, and that alters quite the case;
 But if you don't, mind you shall lose your place.'
 He ate his dinner, and began to doubt it,
 And grumbled most infernally about it;
 The place was brown'd like all the rest he saw:
 'D—n it, she surely never ate it raw!
 Ev'ning arrives, Peg puts her bonnet on,
 And with her master to the farm is gone?
 With expectation big, they softly creep
 Where Farmer Graius's geese are fast asleep.
 Now to your recollection I would bring,
 That when these pretty creatures go to roost,
 They draw up *one* leg close beneath their wing,
 And stand upon the other like a post.
 'There, sir,' cries Peg, 'now pray cease your pother;
 There, sir, there's one; and there, sir, is another!'
 'Pooh, nonsense, stuff!' exclaims the squire, 'now look ye—
 St, st—there, now, they've got two legs, cookee.'
 'Aye, sir,' cried Peg, 'had you said that *at home*?
 Nor you, nor I, had e'er had cause to roam!
 But recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten,
 You did not say *St, St*, to the one you've eaten.'

THE HONEST JEW.

A CHRISTIAN from his bag once drew,
 A snuff-box, which an honest Jew
 Could not without surprise behold,
 For it appear'd of solid gold!
 When first he saw the metal shine,
 Said he, "I wish that box was mine;
 And if to sell it you'll be willing,
 I'll give you some six score shilling,
 Provided—what I think be fare—
 You take a part in silver ware;"
 The bargain closed, each was content,
 Away well pleased the Christian went;
 But soon a friend to Moses told,
 The box was not of purest gold.
 "Not fine? ne'er mind, I'll not lament,
 I calculated shent per shent."
 "But then you lose," his friend replied;
 So Mo' rubb'd his box again and tried,
 And to his cost he found alas,
 'Twas only well-gilt tinkling brass.

DANIEL VERSUS DISHCLOUT.

WE shall now consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and number, according as the statutes declare, '*considerandi, considerando, considerandum*;' and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand them. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders, except indeed when a woman happens to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in man-slaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercate, fulminate, and go on at any rate; now the quintessence of the law, has, according to its name, five parts:—The first, is the beginning or *insipiendum*; the second, the uncertainty or *dubitendum*: the third, delay or *puzziendum*; fourthly, replication without *endum*; and fifthly *monstrum* and *horrendum*. All which are exemplified in the following case:

DANIEL against DISHCLOUT.—Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cook-maid; and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping pan; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cook-maid, the pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snaffle; he began saying, 'Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time by a round about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not anywise relating to the matter in hand! I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, thereupon, and whereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping pan, therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replied with her left hand, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping pan. Now, in Broughton's reports, *Slack versus Smallwood*, it is said, that *primus strocus sine jocus, absolutus et provocus*; now, who gave the *primus strocus*? who gave the first offence? why, the cook; she brought the dripping pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet, my lord, if the dripping pan had not been there, for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled down into the dripping pan.'

The next counsel on the same side, began with, 'My lord, he

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who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once, at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor, the liquor in him having served an ejection upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblius declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is *homo dupli-cans*, or a double man, not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, *profecto ipse he*, but is, as he should not be, *defecto ipse he*.'

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the tyes of his wig about emphatically. He began with, 'My lud, and you gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant, therefore, my lud, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than fillagree work: some people may think them an embellishment, but to me it is a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent, to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises, a kitchen is not a warehouse nor a washhouse; a brewhouse nor a bakehouse; an outhouse nor an inhouse, nor a dwellinghouse, nor any house; no, my lud, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide*, neither more nor less than a kitchen; or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus cookare, cum sauce pannis, scullero, dressero, ovalholo, stovis, smoukjacko, pro rostandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum puddings mixandum, pro turtle soupos, calves head hashibus, cum calipee et calipas-libus*. But we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid; now, my lud, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial, for as they have curtailed our name from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not allow of mistakes, what would the law do, for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them.'

Therefore the Court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us that we have the liberty to go to law.

THE ORPHAN BEGGAR BOY.

THE wild northern blast fiercely howls o'er the heath,
 And dense rifted clouds darkly chequer the sky;
 Each hollow wind-gust seems the murmur of death,
 And houseless, exposed to its fury am I.

Life's flowers are crush'd by the mildew of care,
 In vain do I search for one bright ray of joy;
 I sip but the poison of hateful despair,
 No hope can e'er solace the poor beggar boy.

Fast falls the chill snow, and I shake with the cold,
 While oft press'd with hunger the lone wood I roam;
 No mother can me to her bosom enfold,
 No father have I, no relation--no home.

My mother no more her poor boy shall caress,
 No more her warm kiss on my cheeks shall be laid;
 Each way that I turn, nought appears but distress,
 For my parents' cold relics are under the shade.

Ambition's proud wretches so pompous and vain,
 Survey my poor garments, and rudely they sneer;
 But still, with contempt I can mark their disdain,
 For spotless, indeed, is the heart which beats here.

Oh, Providence! grant me a happy release,
 Oh, take me, and soon, to thy realms of joy;
 For there, only there, I may hope for that peace
 Which *here* is denied to the poor beggar boy.

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SPEECH OF CATALINE BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE, ON  
 HEARING HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT.

BANISHED from Rome! what's banished, but set free  
 From daily contact of the things I loathe?  
 'Tried and convicted traitor!'—Who says this?  
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?  
 Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!  
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour—  
 But *now* my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;  
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,  
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,  
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,  
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.  
 But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling  
 Hatred and full defiance in your face.  
 Your Consul's merciful. For all this thanks.



He *dares* not touch a hair of Cataline.  
 'Traitor!' I go—but I *return*. This—trial?  
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,  
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,  
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.  
 This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work  
 Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,  
 For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,  
 Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;—  
 Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;  
 Suspicion poisoning his brother's cup;  
 Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,  
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;  
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like Night,  
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

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### THE HUMOURS OF A COUNTRY FAIR.

Yes, I own 'tis my delight,  
 To see the laughter and the fright,  
 In such a motley merry sight,  
 As a Country Fair,  
 Full of riot, fun, and noise,  
 Little girls, and ragged boys,  
 The very flower of rural joys,  
 Is fun beyond compare.  
 Some are playing single-stick,  
 Boys in roundabout so thick,  
 Maidens swinging till they're sick,  
 All at a Country Fair.  
 Wooden toys and lollipops,  
 Ribbons, lace, and shilling hops,  
 Peg, and whip, and humming tops,  
 At a Country Fair.

*Spoken.*] Here we are, all a-going to the fair in Mr. Creepey's cart—here we are! four-and-twenty of us at sixpence a-piece. I say, that's a good deal of money though, ar'n't it? Yes. How much is it? 4 times 5—no, 7 times 6—no that won't do; I say, how much is four-and-twenty at sixpence a-piece? I don't know: ask Mr. Doleful. Mr. Doleful, how much is four-and-twenty at sixpence each? I don't know, I was always dull in that line—but my son Tommy he can tell. Tommy, how much is twenty-four at sixpence each? Thirteen and fourpence. Ah, he is always right. Now then, here we go! and here we are! and Mrs. Piebrow in the same *vehicle* being riding *opposite* the whole time, and I never saw you before I declare. Billy, what is French for

*Opposite? Wis a wee, Oh! here we are in the thick of the fair; look at the people, and the shows, and the music. O, I do so like it, ma'. Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen; this is the only booth in the fair, where you will see a grand farcical, tragical, conical play, and a pantomime, for the small charge of only sixpence, entitled and called the Amiable Assassin or the Bloody Nose—to conclude with Harlequin Dogsmeat-man and Love in an Iceberg, or the Magic Barrow—the whole warranted to be acted in the short space of twenty-three minutes and a half, by any stop-watch in the world. Ladis and gentilhomme, if you sall walk up here, you sall see de greatest vonder as never vas, dere is no deception here; here is de vonderful pheasant woman from Timbuctoo; de price of to enter is three-pence for de full grown man, and only half a child: ladis and gentilhomme as sall sit in de seat of de front must a sittee down, not to hinder those behind of from to see; dere is no deception here, ladis and gentilhomme, she is all over feathers—dis is one of her quills, she moulted last a night.*

Yes, I own it's my delight &c.

(ENCORE DIALOGUE.)

Walk up, walk up, and see the wonderful Anarabaracabaradaliana, the great Physioner from Bengal in the *Vest Hinjus*; he possesses the most unparalleled, inestimable, and never-to-be-matched medicines; and can cure any thing incident to humanity from a *corn* up to a *consumption*! we have a long list of cures performed by his grand elliptical, Asiatical, panticurical, nervous cordial, but will only read you three out of three thousand, the whole of which it would be tedious to read to you—this is one:—'Sir, I was cut in half in a saw pit, cured with one bottle.'—'Sir, I was jammed to death in a linseed oil mill, cured with two bottles.' Now comes the most wonderful of all:—'Sir, venturing too near the powder mills at Faversham, I was by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms; by this unpleasant accident, I was rendered unfit for my business, (a banker's clerk,) but hearing of your grand elliptical, Asiatical, panticurical, nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof, the first bottle united my strayed particles, the second animated my shattered frame, the third effected a radical cure, the fourth sent me home to Lombard-street, to count sovereigns, carry out bills of acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand elliptical, Asiatical, panticurical, nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity.'—'Twenty-four ballads for a halfpenny, four-and-twenty for a *hars*penny, consisting of the following:—

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'Within a mile of Edinburgh;' 'Drops of Brandy;' 'Cast thine eyes my love around;' 'The Old Commodore;' 'Gin a body meet a body;' with 'London now is out of town;' sung by me and my partner: strike up Poll, and tip 'em the curl.

(Sing first verse of 'London now, &c.')

Yes, I own 'tis my, &c.

Those in fairs who take delight,  
In shows, and seeing every sight,  
Dancing, singing, and a fight,  
At a Country Fair:  
Boys by mamma's treacle fed,  
With cake and spicy gingerbread,  
On every body's toes they tread,  
All at a Country Fair.  
Monkeys mounting camel's backs,  
For prizes there men jump in sacks,  
And others drinking quarts of max,  
And think that that's your sort.  
Corks are drawing, glasses jingle,  
Trumpets, drums together mingle,  
Till your heads completely tingle,  
Which quite completes the sport.

*Spoken.* ] Walk up, walk up, and see the great Shropshire giant—he is nine foot high; ladies and gentlemen, he is of such extraordinary dimensions, that he can place his left leg in Lankashire, and his right leg in Shropshire; he grows three inches every year, and it is supposed by the Royal *Feetlers'effical* and *Zufferodgical* Society, that he will never reach his full growth; I repeat it without repetition, he is nine foot high. I say, jack, how can that be, the whole caravan a'n't nine feet high? Why, he don't stand upright, he *lies* all along. Oh, he *lies*, do he; well, he a'n't the only one in the caravan as do *lie*. Here is the wonderful Miss Biffin, without legs or arms, considered to be the wonder of the world; as cuts out watch-papers, and paints miniatures, said to be speaking likenesses, and writes and plays, and does it all with her mouth: she is supposed to be a perfect *loosus nature-abus*—she dresses her own hair, and cleans her own teeth, and does it all with her own mouth. Pho! Pho! how can she do that? She does, I tell you; she couldn't do it without a mouth, could she? I don't believe it. I tell you I see her do it myself; I'll tell you how she does it—she has the tooth-brush fastened up tight before her, and she wiggle waggles herself backwards and forwards, in this way. Hot gingerbread

nuts ! hot spice gingerbread nuts ! sugar and brandy—all sugar and brandy ! if one warms you for a week, what will a pound do ! Oh, mamma, may I see the peep shows ? oh, I should like to see them, ma', it's only a penny. Now, my little masters and mistresses, this is the most wonderful wonder of all the wonders the world ever wondered—look through the glass and you'll see the *misrepresentation* of the wonderful combat between the English bull-dogs and the Scotch lion, Wallace, for 800 guineas a side : stand aside, you little ragged rascals without any money, and let those little dears come up *what is a going to pay*—now, my little dears, look straight forward, blow your noses, and don't breathe upon the glass,—look to the left, and you see Mr. Wombwell, the *propperrietor* of the lion, a encouraging of him—look to the right, and you see the *propperrietors* of the dogs a encouraging of them—look through the middle hole, and you see the lion a nibbling of one, and holding one under his foot, while he is whisking out the eyes of another with his tail. Which is the lion, and which is the dogs, Mr. Showman ! Whichever you please, my little dears ; the like was never seen, here you have the view of this most extraordinary combat, while 8000 spectators are looking on in the most *facetious* manner, the whole forming one grand and *malignant* sight, for the small charge of one penny.

For I own 'tis my delight, &c.

(ENCORE DIALOGUE.)

Walk up, walk up, here is the Emperor of all the Conjurors, and Prince Regent of Houkimepoksimehocopococo ; he shall take a red hot poker, and thrust it into a barrel of gunpowder, and it shall not go off ; he will then load a blunderbuss with some of the *dentical* powder as would not explode, charged with twelve leaden bullets, which he will fire full in the face of any of the spectators, as pleases, without their being ever the worses. He will take the footman of any lady or gentleman and hang him up to the ceiling of the room, where he will let him hang, till he is requested by the company to take him down ; he will borrow five or six shillings from any of the company, which he will never return to them, and all for his own private use and emolument, without any other motive whatever. Now, my little dears, you have seen that, and the next *shall* be something else ; now the representation of the taking of *Hallgiers*, by Lord Sir Isaac Palthoo, Esq. who was made Knight of Bath and Bristol for this very performance ; look to the right, my little dears, and you'll see the treacherous Turks a loading of their guns, and the poor

Christian slaves a sarving out the red hot balls with their naked hands ; there you see the Turkey interpreter Salami, entreating for to go below, to save his long beard, *which* he is afraid will be shot off by the cannon balls ; look a little further and you'll see a Mussellman blown up in the air into a million of anatomies ; now, my little dears, look to the left and you'll see in the middle of the ocean the mast of a three decker man of war, *with* three British seamen clinging to it, *for* to save their lives and to keep up the allegory of Britannia rules the waves. Ten a penny sausages, ten a penny sassaages. Bless me, they smell very nice, and look very nice, don't they ? Yes. I never eat any, but I should like, I am not hungry now—though what are they made of, Mr. Doleful. I don't know, I have ofteu meant to taste them myself, but never had the *resolution* to try one of 'em, there's a sort of prejudice, I've heard some people say, they're made of—but I never mention it unless I'm certain, though it's a curious coincidence, I lost my dog Pincher on this very spot last night. Ladies and Gentlemen, walk up, and see the most surprising performance in the whole fair, by the three brothers, Hali, Muley, and Hassan, from the Caribbee Islands, of which I am a native myself ; Hali will take a lighted torch in his hand, and jump down the throat of his brother Muley, who will in his turn take another lighted torch and jump down the throat of his brother Hassan, and though Hassan the elder, is encumbered with the weight of his two brothers Hali, and Muley, he will take another torch, throw a flip flap and jump down his own throat, leaving the spectators completely in the dark.

Yes, I own 'tis my, &c.

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#### ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son :  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne ;  
 His valiant peers were placed around ;  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned :)  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high  
     Amid the tuneful quire,  
     With flying fingers touched the lyre :  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
     And heavenly joys inspire.  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,  
     When he to fair Olympia press'd ;  
     And while he sought her snowy breast :  
 Then round her slender waist he curled,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,  
 A present deity, they shout around :  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :  
     With ravished ears  
     The monarch hears,  
     Assumes the god,  
     Affects the nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung :  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :  
     The jolly god in triumph comes ;  
     Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ;  
     Flushed with a purple grace,  
     He shows his honest face :  
 Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !  
     Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
     Drinking joys did first ordain ;  
     Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
     Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
         Rich the treasure,  
         Sweet the pleasure,  
     Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Boothed with the sound, the king grew vain :  
     Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes : and thrice he slew the slain,  
     The master saw the madness rise ;  
     His glowing cheeks, and ardent eyes ;  
     And while he heaven and earth defied,  
     Changed his hand, and checked his pride.  
     He chose a mournful Muse  
     Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood ;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed ;  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
     With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
     Revoiving in his altered soul  
     The various turns of chance below ;  
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.  
 The mighty master smiled, to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
     Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
     Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
     Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
     If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :  
     Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
     Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause :  
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
     The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gazed on the fair  
     Who caused his care,  
     And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,  
     Sighed and looked, and sighed again :  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,  
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.  
     Mark, hark, the horrid sound  
     Has raised up his head :  
     As awaked from the dead,  
     And amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries,  
 See the furies arise :

See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
     Behold a ghastly band,  
     Each a torch in his hand !  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
     And unburied remain  
     Inglorious on the plain ;  
     Give the vengeance due  
     To the vallant crew !  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
     How they point to the Persian abodes,  
     And glittering temples of their hostile gods !  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy :  
     Thais led the way,  
     To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,  
     While organs yet were mute ;  
     Timotheus, to his breathing flute,  
     And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
     At last divine Cecilia came,  
     Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
     Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
     And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
     Or both divide the crown ;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

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### THE HACKNEY-COACH.

A. S. --- Royal Charles.

There is a cab-egg all allow,  
 For only them we meet, now ;  
 And cabbages take the lead,  
 In every road and street, now ;  
 Poor Jarvey he stands at a stand,  
 For a job's not to be had, now ;  
 And if by chance he gets a toll,  
 His fare is very bad now.



*Spoken.*] Now, I say, Jim, vy don't you get up? you ought to have been on the stand afore now; cause for why—if you ha' been on the stand, you'd been *off the stand*. 'Vot's o'clock, I'll tell you *'rectly*, Jim,—eh! no, I can't, my vatch has been on the *stand*, seemingly. How comfortable I have laid, to be sure; von o' your horses' nose bags I've used for a night-cap, and t'other to put my feet in. Now, Sam get the horses ready—curricomb 'em directly. Yes, it's very easy to say *curricomb* 'em; but who's to do it—over bones as sticks out like theirn does? I hung my hat on von o' their hip-bones last night, and there it vos this morning, sure enough! Look, Sam, that horse is going to sneeze—hit him a vhack on the flank. 'Vot for, vot for? Vy, if I vos to suffer that horse to sneeze, it would shake him all to pieces; whenever I sees him a making up a face to sneeze, I tips him a knock, and checks the inclination. See how natural that Butterfirkin puts his head to the corn-bin. Ah! if he'd a grain of sense, he wouldn't do that. See how natural he looks at me, as much as to say '*Hay!*' Vy a bull leads a better life than von o' your cattle Jim, for a bull does get *baited* sometimes, and your cattle never does. Ulloa! why, where's von o' the wheels gone off my catch? I took it off last night, to prevent it running away—they're always coming off, von or t'other, in the street; they're vot I call the '*wheels of misfortune!*' I say Mr. coachmau! I want a coach make haste, I'm terribly cold. Vell then, get in, and put your hands into my *catch pockets*. Ned, lend me half a soveren, vill you? Why? No apology, Ned, I don't require it—give us over the sufferer. Jack, what's the reason that that black mare is so melancholy. Why, she vos vonce put into a mourning-coach, and the poor thing never recovered the shock properly.

This is a *cab age*, &c.

The Jarvey never gets a lift,  
 Without giving one to others;  
 Like a duck, he likes a rainy day,  
 When mist and snow down smother.  
 He's e'er prepared to meet each wish,  
 Whatever wind may blow, sirs;  
 His care is joined in a *dorm*,  
 And is only *joy* is *no!* sirs.

*Spoken.*] I say, Jim, don't you see you're called? that woman, yonder, at the door, wants you. Coach, coach!—let down the steps, coachman—drat it! how the wind blows—my candle spits—I can't come out coachman, or my candle will go out; these two children are going back again to school at Rochester—you

must take them to Lad Lane to meet the coach. Good by, my little dears! good by! [*Aside.*] The nasty ugly little whelps.—Good by! Now then, ya hip! st—st—st! go along, Butterfirkin! gee oh! Oh, crikey! oh! stop the coach, if you please. What's the matter! Oh! I've left half-a-dozen marbles behind. Now then, jump up, my little dears. Dorchester, Dorchester! jump up. Where are these children going to, sir! Dorchester. Jump up.—Now then, all's right, go along! Good by, children! good by! I say, Jack—how vet I am, I haven't a dry thread about me. Ulloa! what coach is this coming up! The Rochester coach, sir. The Rochester! why, that's the coach I should have sent the children by! the names of Dorchester and Rochester sounded so much alike, that I have sent 'em to Dorchester, instead of Rochester—never mind, there's as good schools at one place as at t'other. I was at a *knackerdammy* there once myself. How do, Mr. Fagan! Sure I'm very well, thank you! I've come to look for a gentleman that is lost. A gentleman lost! where! Here read this bill. [*Reads.*] 'Lost! an elderly gentleman, about forty-five years of age—with a wart on his left hand—ferocious look. Had on a blue faded coat, white waistcoat all over snuff, a papermachee snuff-box in his pocket; two seals, one marked W. R. the other U. N. R. He was last seen to be lifted into a hackney coach—he told the coachman to drive him to the devil; but the coachman refused to go, unless he would insure him the *back fare*. Whoever has found the said gentleman, will receive two pounds' reward! No greater reward will be offered, as his disconsolate friends will not give more than the value.'

This is a *cab age*, &c.

The Jarvey bears the brunt of all,  
 Their scoffing and their jesting;  
 And seldom gets a civil word,  
 For each seems him molesting.  
 He's food for every jester's mirth:  
 And his horses have their *chaffing*.—  
 His *rattle* they play with in style,  
 There's no end to their laughing.

[*Spoken.*] I say, old fellow—you've nearly stove my coach in with your pole—but never mind. I don't. Jack, your mare's gone to sleep. Never mind! wait till I gets a fare, and see vot a cut I'll gee her. Coachman (*hic*) drive me to (*hic*) to the theatre. Which on 'em, sir! Which you like—which is (*hic*) which is best! I say, look, here comes a black footman—in white livery. Dam oo imprace, massa—what oo make game on him for.

L.

I hope no offence. Do you want a coach, mungo? No, me wan no coach—me in a hurry, massa. Crikey, Jack! what a pair o'bandy legs tea-pot's got. No, him legs am bery well, massa, only him got debilish crooked stocking on. I say, aggrawating Sam, vot's the vorth o' your two knackers? Vy, that von's vorth von pound five alive, and sixteen bob when dead. Why, he's worth as much dead as alive, then? what do you keep him for? Vy, can't you tell!—to make them like a pair. The other von does all the work. Ve calls the lazy von Sinecaure. I'll toss you for a pot, Long Bob. A pot o' what? A pot o' vot you likes. Small, home-brewed, table, or any thing else, so as it ain't the lament table. I toss'd up a ha'penny—where's it gone? I think it must have dropp'd into the horse's ear. Now let us go into the Marquis of Granby's Head. Pray, sir, is the Marquis of Granby a general? No, he's a Inn-sign. I say, father, don't drink all that beer, save us a drop. There, my boy—the boy likes a drop—he takes after his father. Yes, I may take after you—but I *take wery* little, though. What's the reason that hackney coachman sits there, with his spectacles on. Oh! he's waiting for a fare—he's asleep, but don't want to know it. Sam, vot are you summons'd for? Nothing, nothing, only for being sarcy, and taking eight shillings more than my fare. Long Bob—don't you hit your cattle about like that; vy don't you hit 'em all alike? not strike von on the stomach and t'other on the head. Oh! I'm trying to oblige 'em—von likes it in von place and t'other on t'other.

This is *cab age*, &c.

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#### DEATH AND BURIAL OF A CHILD AT SEA.

My boy refused his food, forgot to play,  
 And sicken'd on the waters, day by day;  
 He smiled more seldom on his mother's smile,  
 He prattled less, in accent void of guile,  
 Of that wild land, beyond the golden wave,  
 Where I, not he, was doomed to be a slave;  
 Cold o'er his limbs the listless languor grew;  
 Paleness came o'er his eye of placid blue;  
 Pale mourned the lily where the rose had died,  
 And timid, trembling, came he to my side.  
 He was my all on earth. Oh! who can speak  
 The anxious mother's too prophetic we,  
 Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,  
 And strives in vain to think it is not so?  
 Ah! many a sad and sleepless night I passed,  
 O'er his couch, listening in the pausing blast,

While on his brow, more sad from hour to hour,  
Drooped wan dejection, like a fading flower!

At length my boy seemed better, and I slept—  
Oh, soundly!—but, methought my mother wept  
O'er her poor Emma; and, in accents low,  
Said, "Ah! why do I weep—and weep in vain  
For one so loved, so lost? Emma, thy pain  
Draws to a close! Even now is rent in twain  
The loveliest link that binds thy breast to wo—  
Soon, broken heart, we soon shall meet again."  
Then o'er my face her freezing hand she crossed,  
And bending, kissed me with her lip of frost.  
I waked; and at my side—oh! still and cold!—  
Oh! what a tale that dreadful chillness told!  
Shrieking, I started up, in terror wild;  
Alas! and had I lived to dread my child?  
Eager I snatched him from his swinging bed;  
His limbs were stiff—he moved not—he was dead!

Oh! let me weep!—what mother would not weep,  
To see her child committed to the deep?

No mournful flowers, by weeping fondness laid,  
Nor pink, nor rose, drooped, on his breast displayed,  
Nor half-blown daisy, in his little hand:—  
Wide was the field around, but 'twas not land.  
Enamoured death, with sweetly pensive grace,  
Was awful beauty to his silent face.  
No more his sad eye looked me into tears!  
Closed was that eye beneath his pale, cold brow;  
And on his calm lips, which had lost their glow,  
But which, though pale, seemed half unclosed to speak,  
Loitered, a smile, like moonlight on the snow.

I gazed upon him still,—not wild with fears—  
Gone were my fears, and present was despair!  
But, as I gazed, a little lock of hair,  
Stirred by the breeze, played, trembling, on his cheek;  
Oh, God! my heart!—I thought life still was there.  
But to commit him to the watery grave,  
O'er which the winds, unwearied mourners, rave—  
One, who strove darkly sorrow's sob to stay,  
Upraised the body; thrice I bade him stay;  
For still my worldless woe had much to say,  
And still I bent and gazed, and gazing wept.

At last my sisters, with humane constraint,  
Held me, and I was calm as dying saint;  
While that stern weeper lowered into the sea  
My ill-starred boy! deep—buried deep, he slept.  
And then I looked to heaven in agony,  
And prayed to end my pilgrimage of pain,  
That I might meet my beauteous boy again!

Oh! had he lived to reach this wretched land,  
 And then expired, I would have blessed the strand.  
 But where my poor boy lies, I may not lie;  
 I cannot come, with broken heart, to sigh  
 O'er his loved dust, and strew with flowers his turf;  
 His pillow has no cover but the surf;  
 I may not pour the soul-drop from mine eye  
 Near his cold bed: he slumbers in the wave!  
 Oh! I will fore the sea, because it is his grave;

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### HANDS *versus* HEADS.

I THINK the hand must certainly be a more important member than the head; for we all know, if a man lose his hand, he is subjected to much inconvenience which cannot be disguised; whereas if a man lose his head, there's an end of all his troubles, and he never complains about the matter. Again, if a man should be born without a head, although it might at first be thought he would cut a very strange figure in the world, yet we know from experience otherwise. We know that such a man may be a good neighbour, a loyal subject, and indeed, an excellent parish-officer. Suppose the same man without an arm—still he is better, for if there's any treason abroad, he's sure to have no hand in it; although this may not say much for his honesty, inasmuch as the world may call him *light-fingered*. I am willing to take both sides of the question, but still I cannot avoid a little partiality in the favour of hands. I hope every person present has not lived so long in the world, without being three or four times in imminent danger of going out of it. If this has been the case, I must triumph in one position; does the doctor deal with his head? no, he applies to the hand. Go to a lawyer, ask him for a single monosyllable, and we all know, before he opens his mouth—he holds out his hand. There is a current from the palm to all the other functions and moral capacities of man. The hand may be said to contain all the channels in the moral world;—from the hand of a lawyer it washes the Cape of Good Hope, and abounds in *flat*. In the miser, it is the *Frozen Ocean*. In the doctor, too frequently, the *Dead Sea*. In the slave merchant, it is the Atlantic, for it keeps the *whites* from the *blacks*. The parson's hand holds the parish stream. Every man contributes a share—in the hand of the tax-gatherer, is the Bay of Biscay, for what falls in, there is no knowing where it goes to; in the hand of the man of the world, is the petrifying spring of Derbyshire, for whatever is put into it, comes out a stone,—and in the hand of the man of charity, is the blessed Nile, for its overflowings

give abundance and content. It would be well if our heraldry were, as Othello says, "hands, not hearts." From the true poet's hand flows the purest chrystal, which without disguise, shews the little shining pebble and the hollow shell in their native brilliancy and emptiness. Hands are the most important members, far superior to heads; even a bad man's hand may be sometimes held out, and give a hearty shake, when in five minutes after the head may reprove the action; when the hand is given in haste, the repentant head sometimes says "excuse my glove," which may be translated "excuse my heart." How often do we see when gentlemen can do nothing with their heads, settle matters with their hands; men, who have frequently not reason to withdraw an objection, have fortunately a finger to draw a trigger. I hope these affairs will, in many cases, be allowed to depend entirely upon hands, and in which *heads* have not the least trans-action. A hand, I repeat it, is the most powerful engine in the possession of man; and if any gentleman present is sceptical on this point, I trust he may be arrested before he gets home, in order that he may declare to me, by to-morrow morning's post, that there is nothing so awful as the hand of a sheriff's officer; never mind the head of the law, or I should say, head and wig; for what would one be without the other? but keep from the hand—touch but a little finger, and you are lost. A hand must be the best, for, as Lord Chesterfield says, "Shew me the company he keeps, and I'll tell you the man:" now as the hand keeps the best company, viz. the pocket—it must consequently be superior to every other part, at least, until any thing shall be found superior to the pocket; which no one will have the hardihood to say is the head; for how often is the head completely lost in the pocket! Every thing depends upon the hand; and we may liken society to one great fiddle, that only wants judicious fingering to be made profitable: on it, all men play different tunes, but the most prevalent is—a *catch*. What would Hymen do if it were not for hands!—when a man comes to the dreadful resolution of fettering himself up for life, where does he put the ring of his charmer!—upon the hand; the hand settles all matters at the marriage, and very frequently after it. I am aware that this important subject has been but slightly touched by me, but I at first merely attempted it off hand, and will leave it to abler fingers; and if, like the patriarchs of old, I find refreshment under your *palms*, my gratitude shall not be wanting for the obligation.



## A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

This universal frame began :  
 When nature underneath a heap  
 Of jarring atoms lay,  
 And could not heave her head,  
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,  
 Arise ye more than dead !  
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,  
 In order to their stations leap,  
 And Music's power obey.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony

This universal frame began :  
 From harmony to harmony  
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,  
 The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

When Jubal struck the corded shell,  
 His listening brethren stood around,  
 And, wondering, on their faces fell,  
 To worship that celestial sound.  
 Less than a god they thought there could not dwell  
 Within the hollow of that shell,  
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.  
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor

Excites us to arms,  
 With shrill notes of anger  
 And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat  
 Of the thundering drum

Cries, hark ! the foes come ;  
 Charge ! charge ! 'tis too late to retreat !

The soft complaining flute  
 In dying notes discovers

The woes of hopeless lovers,

Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim

Their jealous pangs, and desperation,  
 Fury, frantic indignation,  
 Depths of pains, and heights of passion,  
 For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh ! what heart can teach,  
 What human voice can reach

The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race:  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre:  
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking earth for heaven.

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move.  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the bless'd above;  
So when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

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### THE CALAIS PACKET.

Who's for Calais, the packet is sailing now,  
Pray make haste, or you'll all be too late;  
Leave your lunch, no time for regaling now—  
Pray can't you beg of the captain to wait.  
Wind and tide never stay,  
Come, haste now, let's away:  
Here, waiter, what's to pay? all's ready now,  
O charming, and very like Twickenham ferry,  
Is crossing over to Calais, I vow.

*Spoken.*—Now, sir, if you mean to go, you must come—I am only taking leave of my relations. O, we hav'nt time to take; leave of relations now. La, Captain, how I have run, I am quite out of breath. They told me you were gone; I had no time to eat my lunch, and hardly time to pay for it. Never mind your lunch, sir, it will be all the same in an hour's time.—Why, captain, there's no fear, is there? Yes, ma'am, plenty of fear, but no danger. Dear me, how shall I get on board? This way, ma'am, step on this plank. That! bless me, it's no broader than a two-penny ribbon; I am as giddy as a goose, and I shouldn't like a duck. That lady's afraid of a *gitch in*.—*Goose, duck, and pigeon*, what a horrid pun! That fellow deserves to be sent to the Poul-



try Compter for it. Take care, oh! I am so *frightful*. You are indeed, ma'am. Stop the ship, the captain don't know his way. I say, Captain. O don't bother me with your nonsense. I want to ask you a question, Captain,—pray how's the wind? Pretty well thankee, how are you? Pray, Captain, how far are we from Calais? A little better than five leagues. A little better, a little worse you mean. Well, never you mind, you'll be there first. Why, sir? Why, you're half seas over already. O dear, how nice we are going along; I do like it so; I an't sick a bit; what a way we are from Dover already; there, I do think I see the spires of Calais. Where—where? Where, why at Calais, to be sure. Well, sir, you have no occasion to be so sharp; I don't suppose you saw them at Deal. Talking of Deal, who's for a rubber? I doesn't allow of no cards on board my *vessel*. Well, Twizzle, how do you like it? O, I like it *very* much, it's just like sailing to Twickenham on a Sunday, only it's a little more broaderer and a little more saltier. I should like to have a song; what do you think of the Storm? O, don't mention it! Pa, sing that song you sung when we went to Chelsea in the *funny*. That *funny* was a *wherry*, my dear. Oh, was it! why then it was *very funny*, for

How pleasant, and very like Twickenham ferry  
Is crossing from Dover to Calais, I vow.

All so gay when we entered the packet here,

Half seas over the scene is quite changed,

Wind against us, confusion and racket here,

Sickly visages, and toilets deranged:

I shall be ill, I fear,

I feel a little queer,

Can't we go back? my dear, that's too late now.

*Spoken.*—Oh! oh! I never was so ill in all my life, O, O. Sarve you right, you would come a pleasuring; now you've got your belly full of it. I wish I hadn't come, I'm so giddy; the next time I go to France, I'll go the whole way by land. I say, look at Twizzle, he said he should enjoy it; I'll speak to him. No, don't; yes I must; see what a pickle he is in. No, don't; it will be cruel. I say, Twizzle, how do you find yourself? you seem to be very poorly. O, O, O. (*imitation of sickness.*) Ah! Pips, how do, Pips? you seem to be hard at it there; I am going down; can I bring any thing up for you?—Who's for a fat mutton chop? I was as well as ever I was in my life, till that fellow mentioned the mutton chop. Well, never mind, keep a good heart. Keep—a man need have a stomach of iron to keep

any thing, I think.—O dear, Molly, Molly, where's my servant ! I'm dying. So am I, ma'am, and can't come. How dare you be ill when I want you ! Captain, Captain, bring the brandy-bottle. I'm going to go. Pray, Captain, was any person ever lost here ! No, sir, several's been drowned, but we always found them again. Sir, the next time you are taken so, I'd thank you to turn your head ; you've quite spoiled my wife's peliase. If people's taken suddenly, people can't help other people's pelisses, sir. Captain, could I lay down a bit ! Yes, sir, there's a bed below, there's only three in it. Captain, my hat's overboard. Never mind your hat, sir. I shouldn't, but my wig is in it. There's a *whale*. A *whale* ! where, where ! I'd give a hundred guineas to see a whale : never seed a whale in all my life. No, sir, it's only a *mispronunciation*, sir, that's all ; it's my wife's *wail*, that she wears over her wig, sir, that's all. O, is it !—then

How charming, and very like Twickenham ferry,  
Is crossing over to Calais, I vow.

Full six hours after sailing from Dover,  
Safely anchored at Calais at last :  
All forgetting their sufferings now over,  
But what's to follow is worse than the past.  
Can't make the pier, good lack,  
Carried on shore pick-a-back,  
Souze in the water smack, these are the joys now.

*Spoken.*] Tell me, Captain, can't you make the Pier of Calais !—Yes, and I can run foul of the Bar, too. No, no, I bar that, says Twizzle. Where's the breakers !—There, a-head. What does he say ! ah, break my head. No, no, the breakers a-head. What's that the Bar ! dear me, I always thought it was a large pole of iron. And I always thought it was like Temple Bar. Captain, how are we to go ashore ! in a boat ! No I wish we could, ma'am. How are we to go ashore, then ! As well as we can ma'am,—there, these two Frenchmen will carry you on their shoulders. Particularly horrid ! I declare I am so giddy, I don't know, I declare, whether I am on my head or on my heels. Oh, your right side uppermost now, ma'aru, depend upon it. O, O, I'm black and blue already, these fellows are pinching and pulling me about so. I say, Twizzle, do you twig that lady's legs on the two fellows' backs, carrying her through the water. Legs ! mill posts, you mean. Why, yes, as you say, she don't stand upon trifles. Vell, if ever I saw such a posse of women in the vater before ! Vell, I vonder if there's a specimen of the French belles now. O crikey, Bill ! here's a jolly row.

O la ! if there a'nt the dandy gentleman fell off the board, and stuck up to his knees in mud. O dear, O dear ! here's a pretty pickle I'm in ; will not any kind hand help me out of this dreadful delirium ? I cannot possibly survive it. Here, tip us your hand, man ; there you are, all safe and sound. Yes, here I may be all safe and sound, but where are both my pumps ? Never mind your pumps, all you've got to do is to pump on shore— Thus—

With laughter and racket they all leave the packet,  
To Paris, dear Paris, they scamper away.

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS, EXCITING THEM  
TO REVENGE THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones,  
So let it be with Cæsar ! The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious.  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault :—  
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man,  
So are they all, all honourable men ;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill :  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
And sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause :  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
O judgment thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me :  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O Masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
I will not do them wrong—I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;  
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will.  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds  
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—  
Yea, beg a hair off him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.——

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent :  
That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :—  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made—  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;  
And as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !—  
This was the most unkindest cut of all !  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquished him ! Then burst his mighty heart ;  
And in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
O what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down ;  
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.  
O, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel  
The dint of pity :—these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls ! What, weep you when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !—  
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends ! sweet friends ! Let me not stir you up  
To such a sudden flood of mutiny !  
They that have done this deed are honourable,

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it! They are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts?  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
 That loves my friend—and that they know full well,  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him!  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood:—I only speak right on:  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know—  
 Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Caesar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

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### WEDLOCK IS A TICKLISH THING.

Wedlock is a ticklish thing.  
 Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey;  
 And will joy or sorrow bring,  
 Hey merrily ho, hey ho!  
 Oh, how delightful pass their days away,  
 Who, never spiteful, only toy and play.

*Spoken.* ]—Will you take a walk this morning, my love? Yes, my dear. Then you had better put on your clogs, my chicken, for fear of catching cold. And pray do you put on your great coat, lest you might increase your cough. Thank you my darling, for your care of me. When do you intend to instruct our new willa on Ampstead Eath. Why as soon as them 'ere arti-checks sends in their dimensions, and so on. Don't forget to have towers and such like things, to make it look all the world as though it wur a little castle. I von't, I von't; and I'll have a worander in front, that you may look at the folk go up and down on a Sunday arternoon. Can't we cover the front with shells to make it look like a, like a—I know, a emintage, you means. Yes, my dear. So ve vill, my duck. Oh,

Wedlock's joys are soft and sweet,  
 Hey merrily ho, and ho merrily hey!  
 When fond hearts in union meet,  
 Hey merrily ho, hey ho!

Let us only change the scene,  
 Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho !  
 Take a peep behind the screen,  
 Ho terrible ho, hey ho !  
 What she proposes, be it good or bad,  
 He still opposes till he drives her mad.

*Spoken.*—Do you dine at home to-day, sir ? I can't tell, ma'am. What shall I provide ? What you like. Would you like a roasted chicken ? You know I don't like roasted chicken. Well, boiled then ? Worse and worse. What will you have then ? Nothing. Very well, sir. Very well, ma'am. I say, Mr. Shrimp, when am I to have that 'ere new polese, which you promised me ? When you treats a gemman like a gemman, and conducts yourself like a lady. O, not till then. No. Wery vel, sir, then you will let me perish with cold. That I'm sure you von't, for you are always in ot vater. O, I vish you vere--- At the devil ; I know you do, but I'll live a few years longer on purpose to plague you. Thus

Wedlock is a dreadful state,  
 Ho terrible hey, and hey terrible ho !  
 When cold hearts are joined by fate,  
 Ho terrible ho, hey ho !

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### NAPOLEON AT THE KREMLIN.

DEEPLY shadow'd by the night,  
 On the platform'd tower he stands ;  
 And his lonely hour is bright  
 With the dream of conquer'd lands,  
 Where his chosen bands have striven ;  
 Where his plumed host appears,  
 And its soaring eagle bears  
 Its boast of blood and tears  
 Unto heaven.

Hush'd in silent midnight sleep  
 The city lies below ;  
 And the watch-call hoarse and deep,  
 As he paceth to and fro,  
 Sternly breaks its deep repose.  
 Lo ! kindling one by one,  
 A thousand lights are shown ;  
 Each meteor-like and loud  
 Brightly glows !  
 M

" Say! hath the licensed hour  
 With years of danger bought.—  
 Hath the wine-cup's wanton power  
 To my hardy veteran's taught  
 Deeds of riot—rapine—shame?  
 Have they bade you flames arise  
 To tell the crimson skies  
 That the stain of outrage lies  
 On our name?"

" Or doth my warriors' mirth  
 You fires in triumph raise,  
 To scare the shuddering earth  
 With the terrors of their blaze?  
 Like a flag of war unfur'd,  
 Doth you flood of radiance flow  
 From our camp?"—" Invader,—no!  
 'Tis a beacon-fire, whose glow  
 Cheers the world!"—

" Lo! its fury rageth higher,  
 Column'd upward to the sky,  
 Like that pyramid of fire  
 Gleaming of old, on high  
 To guide the people of the Lord.—  
 Soldiers of Fame! come forth,—  
 Let the Empress of the North  
 Note your valour's daring worth,  
 At my word.

" Tear down each smoking wall  
 Of her city doom'd to death;  
 Ere her towers unaided fall,  
 Lie bravely earth beneath,  
 Where her bulwarks darkly nod!"  
 ——" Invader! stay thy hand,—  
 Those mighty flames are fann'd  
 By the patriots of the land,  
 And their God!

" The sulphureous smoke pour down  
 To mock the conqueror's flight—  
 Flames gather like a crown  
 Round the Kremlin's sacred height:  
 Invader! thou shalt find,  
 That before the blazing war  
 Of you flames that shed afar  
 Their glorious light—thy star  
 Hath declined!"

## THE DELIGHTS OF A CHRISTENING.

GUSTAVUS FREDERIC RICHARD'S young Newcome's name,

The sponsors have promised that while he is young  
They'll teach him the devil and his works to shame--  
And when he grows up, the vulgar tongue!  
And see, the procession from church the street fills,  
Led on by the parson with his rosy gills;  
And now they're come home, and the wit flies about,  
Old niggardly Care by Good-humour kicked out.

*Spoken.*]—Let me look at the pretty creature. Oh, bless his innocent heart; mammy's eyes and daddy's nose to a T. I never saw such a sensible creature in my life. Why yes, I think he'll make a very good match for my Georgina Carolina Helena Virginia Gridelina Cosmopolita Maria Mopsey. Lad, madam, why what a vast quantity of children you must ha' got. Goth, Vandal and Hottentot. What's that more of 'em? No, no, neighbour, that's my wife's only daughter. What, with all that string? why, if I was a girl, and people were to go through such a catalogue with me, I wish I may die, if I shouldn't think they were calling me names. Liddle, liddle, liddle, liddle! Oh, the dear creature! Oh, I wish I was married, and had such a sweet child as you.

So at it go the clacks, not a tittle heard that's spoke,  
And he's the greatest wit that can crack the loudest joke;  
All talking away, and nobody listening,  
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening?

Now the fiddles are tuning, and up stands the throng,  
Miss calls a cotillion, her Ma *alamong*;  
In a jig, Madam Lump wants her limbs to reveal,  
And Alderman Ninepin would fain take a reel.  
Widow Hobble a minuet begs she may walk.  
Thus they glide and they hop, and they skip, and they stalk,  
'Till silence, there! silence, they twenty times bawl,  
And a country-dance quickly reconciles all.

*Spoken.*]—Stay, stay, stay; before the dance begins, I move that all the gentlemen salute the ladies. Lad! now, what a parcel of nonsense! how can you be so stupid! I beg you won't come near me. Well, then, better give a fool a kiss than be troubled with him. My dear Miss, shall I have the inexpressible and indescribable pleasure, honour, felicity, delight, and satisfaction! No, sir; I desire you'll go about your business;



I didn't know I came here to be affronted. Lad! Miss, how can you be so frumpish? the Captain only asked for a civil salute: I assure you I shall not make such a fuss about it. Places! places!

Figure in hands across right and left, and now hey,  
So they skip, and they jump, and they foot it away!  
Nor to fiddles, nor themselves, nor anything listening,  
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening?

Now the fans and the handkerchiefs soon go to pot:—  
I'm all in a muck;—I'm prodigiously hot;  
Some hartshorn and water;—I'm fainting, I vow;—  
So they give her the brandy. Well, how are you now?  
I'm prodigiously better;—you are a good soul.  
Wash it down with some negus.—Well, give me the bowl;  
And now the gay dance to the supper gives place,  
The guests take their seats, and the parson says grace.

*Spoken.*]—I move that every gentleman sits next his partner. Come, Miss Clack, what shall I help you to? Shall I add a little to your abundance? Now, you think I have a great deal of tongue. Oh, no, my love, I meant brains. Miss Jazey, the Doctor drinks your health. Lord! how could you do so, pulling me by the sleeve, I have thrown the mustard into the gooseberry tart. Thank you, Doctor. Pray, sir, is there any public news? I tell you, it's all a parcel of nonsense and stuff: eighteen thousand men killed! for my own part I have too much charity to believe it. Well, these are excellent puffs. Oh, sir, the newspapers are full of them. Upon my word, ma'am, you make capital punch. I propose a toast.—Here's the young Christian's health, and may he give us as good punch as this at the christening of his first boy, and as handsome a fee. That of course. And now, Doctor Drencher's health and song. I'll give you, gentlemen, Death and the Lady. And thus the song, and the glass and the jest go round,—

Till in—Old Care, begone—Hearts of Oak—Derry down—  
And if Love's a Sweet Passion, their cares they all drown;  
Singing, bellowing, and laughing, and nobody listening,  
Who so merry and so cherry as people at a christening?

## ELIZA.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;  
 Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,  
 Her dearer self, the partner of her life:  
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
 And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd:  
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,  
 Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;  
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,  
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm:  
 While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,  
 And love's warm eddie circle round her heart.—  
 Near, and more near, the intrepid beauty press'd,  
 Saw through the driving smoke, his dancing crest:  
 Heard the exulting shout, 'They run, they run!'—  
 'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe! the battle's won!'—  
 A ball now blazes through the airy tides,  
 Some Fury winged it, and some Demon guides!—  
 Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,  
 Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;  
 The red stream issuing from her azure veins,  
 Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.  
 'Ah, me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,  
 Kissed her dear babe, regardless of the wound;  
 'Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!  
 Wait, gushing life! oh, wait my love's return.'  
 Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,  
 The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!  
 'Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age,  
 On me—on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'—  
 Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caress,  
 And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.  
 From tent to tent, th' impatient warrior flies,  
 Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes!  
 Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
 'Eliza,' echoes through the canvas walls;  
 Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,  
 O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead.  
 Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,  
 Lo, dead Eliza, weltering in her blood.—  
 Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds,  
 With open arms, and sparkling eyes he bounds—  
 'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,  
 'Eliza sleeps upon the dew cold sand;  
 Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers prest,  
 And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast.

'Alas, we both with cold and hunger quake;  
 Why do you weep?—mamma will soon awake.'  
 'She'll wake no more,' the hopeless mourner cried.  
 Uprais'd his eyes to heaven, he clasp'd his hands and sigh'd:  
 Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranc'd he lay,  
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;  
 And then upsprung, with wild convulsive start,  
 And all the father kindled in his heart!  
 'Oh, Heavens,' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive,  
 These bind to earth—for these I pray to live.'  
 Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,  
 And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

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### CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRÉS

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, namely, that, in persecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial, before you, to the confusion I hope of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken this prosecution, fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people; not that I draw envy upon that illustrious order of which the accused happens to be, but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such, that, in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing the credit of such trials; of recovering whatever may be lost of the favour of the Roman people; and of satisfying foreign states and kingdoms in alliance with us, or tributary to us. I demand justice of you, fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his fa-

your, I shall still gain one point, which is to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor,—but justice, and adequate punishment.

For as those acts of violence, by which he has got his exorbitant riches, were done openly, so have his attempts to pervert judgment, and escape due punishment, been public, and in open defiance of decency. He has accordingly said, that the only time he ever was afraid, was when he found the prosecution commenced against him by me, lest he should not have time enough to dispose of a sufficient number of presents in proper hands. Nor has he attempted to secure himself by the legal way of defence upon his trial. And, indeed, where is the learning, the eloquence, or the art, which would be sufficient to qualify any one for the defence of him whose whole life has been a continued series of the most atrocious crimes? To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer; a consul stripped and betrayed; an army deserted and reduced to want; a province robbed; the civil and religious rights of the people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries, in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him? There he acted over again the scene of his quaestorship, bringing, by his bad practices, Cneius Dula-bella, whose substitute he was, into disgrace with the people, and then deserting him; not only deserting him, but even accusing and betraying him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works, neglected that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice, answer. But his praetorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischief done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of praetors will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. No inhabitant of that ruined country has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either escaped the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety of

that universal plunderer. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for three years ; and his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes, and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from their deserved punishments, and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off ; and the temples stripped of their images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these, his atrocious crimes, have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions.

Now, Verres, I ask what you have to advance against this charge ? Will you pretend to deny it ? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you ? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them ? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape ? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought ; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, " I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pre-

tius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred, now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this! Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross a Roman citizen! Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance!

I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

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### LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged  
 Young Edmund in the stream,  
 No human ear but William's heard  
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd  
 The murderer for their Lord;  
 And he, the rightful heir, possess'd  
 The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford  
 Stood 'midst a fair domain,  
 And Severn's ample waters near  
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man  
Would love to linger there,  
Forgetful of his onward road,  
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare  
To gaze on Severn's stream ;  
In every wind that swept its waves  
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour,  
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,  
In every dream the murderer saw  
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven,  
Lord William left his home,  
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,  
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,  
But could not fly despair,  
He sought his home again, but peace  
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift  
The months appeared to roll ;  
And now the day return'd that shook  
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt  
Return without dismay,  
For well had conscience kalender'd  
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that ! the rains  
Fell fast, with tempest roar,  
And the swollen tide of Severn spread  
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,  
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,  
And strove with noisy mirth to drown  
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell  
In gusty howlings came,  
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd  
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,  
 His lonely couch he prest,  
 And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,  
 To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,  
 Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,  
 Such and so pale as when in death  
 He grasp'd his brother's hand.

Such and so pale his face as when  
 With faint and faltering tongue,  
 To William's care, a dying charge  
 He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love  
 My orphan Edmund guard—  
 Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge?  
 Now take thy due reward!"

He started up, each limb convulsed  
 With agonizing fear,  
 He only heard the storm of night—  
 'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm  
 His inmost soul appals,  
 "What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!  
 The water seeps thy walls!"

He rose in haste, beneath the walls  
 He saw the flood appear,  
 It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,  
 No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now  
 A boat approach'd the wall,  
 And eager to the welcome aid  
 They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,  
 "This dangerous haste forbear!  
 Wait other aid, this little bark  
 But one from hence can bear."

Lord William lesp'd into the boat,  
 "Haste—haste to yonder shore!  
 And ample wealth shall well reward,—  
 Fly swift and strong the oar."



## GENERAL RECITER.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
 Went light along the stream :  
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry  
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused, " Methought I heard  
 A child's distressful cry !"  
 " 'Twas but the howling wind of night,"  
 Lord William made reply.

" Haste, haste—ply swift and strong the oar !  
 Haste, haste across the stream !"  
 Again Lord William heard a cry  
 Like Edmund's drowning scream.

" I heard a child's distressful scream,"  
 The boatman cried again.  
 " Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—  
 And we should search in vain."

" Oh God ! Lord William, dost thou know  
 How dreadful 'tis to die ?  
 And canst thou without pity hear  
 A child's expiring cry ?

How horrible it is to sink  
 Beneath the chilly stream,  
 To stretch the powerless arms in vain,  
 In vain for help to scream ?"

The shriek again was heard. It came  
 More deep, more piercing loud,  
 That instant o'er the flood the moon  
 Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,  
 Upon a crag he stood,  
 A little crag, and all around  
 Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat  
 Approach'd his resting place,  
 The moon-beam shone upon the child  
 And show'd how pale his face.

" Now reach thine hand !" the boatman cried,  
 " Lord William, reach and save !"  
 The child stretch'd forth his little hands,  
 To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd  
 Was cold and damp and dead!  
 He felt young Edmund in his arms  
 A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk  
 Beneath the avenging stream;  
 He rose, he scream'd, no human ear  
 Heard William's drowning scream.

### REPLY OF ROB ROY MACGREGOR TO MR. OSBALDSTONE.

You speak like a boy—like a boy, who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of a hill-fox, who all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult;—the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?—

And they shall find that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of Mac Gregor is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. They shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonoured and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at the grovelling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this?—only ye may opine it frets my patience to be hunted like an otter, or a seal, as a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbours: and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard.—But one thing bides me of what Nichol said. I'm vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life.—But let us say no more of this.— \* \* \*

You must think hardly of us, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked:—we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be, a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people.—The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings

of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people ; and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did ! Can we view their bloody edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies !—Here I stand—have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood !—and yet they would betray me and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill will at me.

You are a kind hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But the heather that I have trod upon when living must bloom over me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills ; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen—what would become of her, were I to leave her, the subject of new insult and atrocity ?—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge ! I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and removed myself, and my people, and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into Mac Callummore's country,—and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as Mac Rimmon himself could have framed it ; and so piteously sad and woesome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her :—it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him—and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again, . . . . . no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by Mac Gregor.

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### THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,  
 Nor sustain arms,—farewell my cap and plume !  
 Brief be my verse, a task within my power,  
 I tell my feelings in one happy hour.  
 But what an hour was that, when from the main  
 I reach'd my native village once again ;  
 A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,  
 Half shock'd, half waving in a field of light.

On that poor cottage roof where I was born,  
 The sun looked down, as in life's early morn.  
 I gaz'd around, but not a soul appeared!  
 I listen'd on the threshold—nothing heard!  
 I call'd my father thrice, but no one came!  
 It was not fear, or grief, that shook my frame,  
 But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home;  
 Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.  
 The door invitingly stood open wide,  
 I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.  
 How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,  
 And take possession of my father's chair!  
 Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,  
 Appear'd the rough initials of my name,  
 Cut forty years before! the same old clock  
 Struck the same lull, and gave my heart a shock  
 I never can forget; a short breeze sprung,  
 And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,  
 Caught the old dangling Almanacks behind,  
 And up they flew, like banners in the wind;  
 Then gently, singly, down and down they went,  
 And told of twenty years that I had spent  
 Far from my native land. That instant came  
 A robin on the threshold—tho' so tame,  
 At first he look'd distrustful—almost shy,  
 And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,  
 Seem'g to say (past friendship to renew)  
 'Ah, ah! old worn out soldier is it you?'  
 Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,  
 And boom'd, and bounced, and struggled to be free;  
 Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,  
 That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor—  
 The floor clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,  
 O'er undulating waves the broom had made,  
 Reminding me of those of hideous forms,  
 That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,  
 Where high and low they break, and peace comes never,  
 They roll, and foam, and roll, and foam for ever.  
 But here was peace, that peace which home can yield,  
 The bee, the partridge, and the field,  
 And striking clock, were all at once become  
 The substitutes for trumpet, life and drum.  
 While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,  
 On beds of moss that spread the window sill;  
 'Twas many years since my eyes had seen  
 Any thing so lovely, fresh, and green;  
 I guess'd some infant had placed it there,  
 And prized its hue most exquisite and rare!  
 Feelings on feelings, mingling, doubling rose,  
 My heart felt every thing but calm repose,

I could not reckon moments, hours, nor years,  
 But rose at once, and burst out into tears;  
 Then, like a fool confused, sat down again,  
 And thought upon the past with shame and pain.  
 I raved at war, and all its horrid cost,  
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost:  
 On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mus'd,  
 And curs'd the murdering weapons I had us'd!  
 Two shadows now I saw, two voices heard,  
 One bespoke age, and one a child appear'd;  
 In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,  
 And in an instaut clasp'd me to his heart.  
 Close by him stood a little blue-ey'd maul,  
 And, stooping to the child, the old man said,  
 'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again,  
 This is your uncle Charles, come from Spain.'  
 The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,  
 Strook'd my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.  
 But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be,  
 Happy old soldier—what's the world to me?

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“MY NEW PITTAYATEES!”

[Enter Katty, with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a “thrille o’ sper’ta” in it. Katty meanders down Patrick-street.]

Katty. “*My new Pittayatees!—My-a-new Pittayatees!—My new!*”

[Meeting a friend.]

Sally, darlin’, is that you?

Sally. Throth its myself; and what’s the matter wid you, Katty?

Kat. ‘Deed my heart’s bruk cryin’—*New pittayatees*—cryin’ afther that vagabone.

Sat. Is it Mike?

Kat. Throth its himself indeed.

Sat. And what is it he done?

Kat. Och! he ruined me with his—*New pittayatees*—with his goings-an, the owld thing, my dear—

Sat. Throwin’ up his little finger, I suppose.\*

Kat. Yis, my darlint; he kem home th’ other night, blazin’ blind dhruuk, cryin’ out—*Newpittay-a-tees*—roarin’ and bawlin’, that you’d think he’d rise the roof aff o’ the house.

“Bad look attind you; bad cess to you, you pot wallopin’

\* Getting drunk.

varmint," says he, (maynin' me, if you plaze), "wait till I ketch you, you sthrop, and its I'll give you your fill iv"—*New pittayatees*—"your fill iv a lickin', if ever you got it," says he.

So with that I knew the villain was *mulbathered* ;\* let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for—*My new pittayatees*—Throth he was done to a turn, like a mutton kidney.

*Sal.* Musha ! God help you, Katty.

*Kat.* Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my—*New pittayatees*—o' my troubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes—*My new pittayatees.*

*Sal.* Oh, bud I pity you.

*Kat.* Oh wait, wait, my jewel, wait till you hear what became o'—*My new pittayatees*—wait till I tell you the ind iv it. Where did I lave off i Oh aye, at the stairs.

Well, as he was comin' up stairs, (knowin' how it 'id be.) I thought it best to take care o' my—*New pittayatees*—to take care o' myself ; so with that, I put the bowit on the door, be-tune me and danger, and kep' listenin' at the key-hole ; and sure enough, what should I hear, but—*New pittayatees*—but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther into the hole in the flure an the landin' ; and whin he come to himself he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who's there," says I ; says he—*New pittayatees*—"let me in," says he, "you vagabone," (swarein' by what I wouldn't nintion,) "or by this and that, I'll *massacray* you," says he, "with in an inch o'—*New pittayatees*—with in an inch o' your life," says he.

"Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

*Sal.* Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal vagabone, darlint.

*Kat.* My jew', didn't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with a—*New pittayatee*—with a tunder word : so says I, "Mikee, you villain, you're disguised," says I, "you're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impudent sthrop, I'm not disguised ; but, if I'm disguised itself," says he, "I'll make you know the differ," says he.

Oh ! I thought the life id lave me, when I heard him say the word ; and with that I put my hand an—*My new pittayatees*—an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slippin' ; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the door, and says he, "If you don't let me in this miuit," says he, "I'll be the death o' your—*New pittayatees*—o' yourself and your dirty

\* Intoxicated.

breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally, dear, t' abuse my relations.

*Sal.* Oh, the ruffin.

*Kat.* Dirty breed, indeed! By my sowkins, they're as good as his any day in the year, and was never beholden to—*New pittayatees*—to go a beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty—*New pittayatees*—their dirty washin's o' pots, and sarvants' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruck'd disciple of his mother's cousin's sister, the old dhrunken asperseand, as she is.

*Sal.* No, in troth, Katty dear.

*Kat.* Well, where was I! Oh, aye, I left off at—*New pittayatees*—I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word "dirty breed," I know full well the bad dhrup was up in him, and faith it's soon and suddint he made me sensible av it, for the first word he said was—*New pittayatees*—the first word he said was to put his shouldher to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin' down in the middle o' the flure, cryin' out—*New pittayatees*—cryin' out, "bad luck attied you," says he; "how dare you refuse to lit me into my own house, you sthrap," says he, "agin the law o' the land," says he, scramblin' up on his pins agin, as well as he could; and, as he was risin', says I—*New pittayatees*—says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbours in the flure below might hear me), "Mikee, my darlint," says I.

"Keep the pace, you vagabone," says he; and with that he hits me a lick av a—*New pitayatee*—a lick of a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell (and small blawe to me), down I fell as the flure, crying'—*New pittayatees*—cryin' out "Murther, murther!"

*Sal.* Oh, the hangin'-bone villain!

*Kat.* Oh, that's not all! As I was risin', my jew'l, he was goin' to sthrek me agin; and with that, I cried out—*New pittayatees*—I cried out, "Fair play, Mikee," says I, "don't sthrek a man down; but he wouldn't listen to rayson, and was goin' to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betuee me and harm. "Look at your babby, Mikee," says I. "How do I know that, you flag-hoppin' jade," says he. ("Think o' that, Sally, jew'l, nisdoubun' my vartue, and I an honest woman as I an, God help me!")

*Sal.* Oh, bud you're to be pitied, Katty, dear.

*Kat.* Well, puttin' up the child betuee me and harm, as he was risin' his hand, "Oh," says I, "Mikee, darlint, don't sthrek the babby;" but, my dear, before the word was out o' my mouth, he sthruck the babby. (I thought the life id lave me.) And,

iv coorse, the poor babby, that never spuk a word, began to cry—*New pittayatees*—began to cry, and roar, and bawl, and no wondher.

*Sal.* Oh, the haythen, to sthrek the child.

*Kat.* And, my jewel, the neighbours in the flure below, hearin' the skrimmage, kem runnin' up the stairs, crying out—*New pittayatees*—cryin' out, "Watch, watch! Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villain?" "What's that to you," says he; "isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plase to make her feel the weight of my—*New pittayatees*—the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he; "its none o' your business any how, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 'twill be better for your—*New pittayatees*—'twill be better for your health, I'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked crukid at thim, and squared up to one o' them (a poor defenceless craythur, a tailor.)

"Would you fight your match," says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mick, "or, by Jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the tailor, "and that'll do for the present writin'."

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—*New pittayatee*—a lift-hander; but he was cotch owld iv, before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up for-nint him, but—*My new pittayatees*—but the tailor's wife; (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort;) and says she, "let me at him," says she, "its I that's used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week: you're bould on the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she; "no matter if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your—*New pittayatees*—out o' your braggin' hearts;" and that's the way she wint on bully-raggin' him; and, by gor, they all tuk pattrern after her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that, I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the sthreet wouldn't lick his blood.

*Sal.* Oh, my blessin' on them.

*Kat.* And with that, one and all, they began to cry—*New pittayatees*—they began to cry him down; and, at last, they all swore out, "Hell's bells attind your berrin'," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scuff o' the neck, and thrown him down the stairs; every step he'd take, you'd think he'd brake his neck (Glory be to God!) and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me, cryin'—*New pittayatees*—cryin' afther the vagabone; though the angels knows well



he wasn't deservin' o' one precious dhrop that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes, and oh ! but the condition he left me in.

*Sal.* Lord look down an you.

*Kat.* And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle o' the flure cryin'—*My new pittayatees*—cryin' and roarin', and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner, cryin'—*New pittayatees*—and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin'—*New pittayatees*—was cryin' murther.

*Sal.* And no wondher, Katty dear.

*Kat.* Oh bud that's not all. If you seen the condition the place was in aither it ; it was turned upside down like a beggar's breeches. Throth I'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it, enough to make an honest woman cry—*New pittayatees*—to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore off my head into tattlers, throth you might riddle bull dogs through it ; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me but a few—*New pittayatees*—a few coppers ; for the morodin' thief spint all his—*New pittayatees*—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself ; and God knows but that comes aisy to him ; and divil a thing I had to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to drink, barrin' a few—*New pittayatees*—a few grains o' tay, and the ind of a quarther o' sugar, and my eye as big as your fist, and as black as the pet (saviu' your presence), and a beautiful dish iv—*New pittayatees*—dish iv delf, that I bought only last week in Timple bar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the 'ruction, and the rint o' the room not ped, —and I dipindin' only an—*New pittayatees*—an cryin' a sieve-full o' pratees, or screechin' a lock of savoy, or the like.

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear ;—God's good, and he never opens one door, but he shuts another, and that's the way iv it ; an' strinthuns the wake with—*New pittayatees*—with his purtection ; and may the widdy and the orphiu's blessiu' be an his name, I pray ! And my thrust is in divine providence, that was always good to me, and sure I don't despair ; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for—*New pittayatees*—for all manner o' bad luck to attend that vagabous, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessed minit ; and

[A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes !"]

*Kat.* Who calls ? [Perceives her customer.] Here ma'am. Good-bye, Sally, darlint—good-bye. "New pittay-a-tees !"

[Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.]

## BATTLE OF FLODDEN-FIELD, AND DEATH OF MARMION.

BLOUNT and Fitz-Eustace rested still  
 With Lady Clare upon the hill ;  
 On which, (for far the day was spent,)  
 The western sun-beams now were bent.  
 The cry they heard, its meaning knew,  
 Could plain their distant comrades view :  
 Sadly to Blount did Eustace say :  
 " Unworthy office here to stay !  
 No hopes of gilded spurs to-day—  
 But see ! look up—on Flodden bent,  
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,  
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,  
 All downward to the banks of Till,  
 Was wreathed in sable smoke ;  
 Volumed, and vast, and rolling far.  
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,  
 As down the hill they broke ;  
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,  
 Announced their march : their tread alone,  
 At times one warning trumpet blown

At times a stifled hum,  
 Told England, from his mountain-throne  
 King James did rushing come.  
 Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,  
 Until at weapon-point they close.  
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust.  
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust ;

And such a yell was there,  
 Of sudden and portentous birth,  
 As if men fought upon the earth,  
 And tents in upper air.  
 Long looked the anxious squires ; their eye  
 Could in their darkness nought descry.  
 At length the freshening western blast  
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;  
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears  
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;  
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,  
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.  
 Then marked their dashing broad and far,  
 The broken billows of the war,  
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,  
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see :

Wide raged the battle on the plain ;  
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain ;  
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain ;  
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,  
 Wild and disorderly.

Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew  
 With wavering flight, while fiercer grew  
 Around the battle yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky :  
 A Hoop ! a Gordon ! was the cry ;  
 Loud were the clanging blows ;  
 Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,  
 The pennon sunk and rose :

As bends the bark's mast in the gale,  
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,  
 It wavered mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear :  
 " By heaven, and all its saints ! I swear,  
 I will not see it lost !

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clara  
 May bid your beads and patter prayer,  
 I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,  
 Followed by all the archer train.  
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,  
 Made, for a space, an opening large,—  
 The rescued banner rose :—

But darkly closed the war around ;  
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,  
 It sunk among the foes,

Then Eustace mounted too ;—yet staid,  
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,  
 Flood shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,  
 The loose rein dangling from his head,  
 Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marston's steed rushed by ;  
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,  
 A look and sign to Clara cast,  
 To mark he would return in haste,  
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,  
 I left in that dreadful hour alone ;  
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels ;  
 Perchance a courage not her own,  
 Erases her mind to desperate tone.—

The scattered van of England wheels ;—  
 She only said, as loud in air  
 The tumult roared, " Is Willou there ?"—

They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
 Fight but to die.—“ Is Wilton there ! ”—  
 With that, straight up the hill there rode  
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,  
 And in their arms, a helpless load,  
 A wounded knight they bore.  
 His hand still strained the broken brand ;  
 His arms were smeared with blood, and sand ;  
 Dragged from among the horses' feet,  
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,  
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone :  
 Can that be haughty Marmion !  
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,  
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,  
 Said—“ By Saint George, he's gone !  
 That spear-wound has our master sped ;  
 And see the deep cut on his head !  
 Good night to Marmion.”—  
 “ Unnurtured Blount ! thy brawling cease :  
 He opens his eyes.” Said Eustace, “ peace ! ”—

When doffed his casque, he felt free air,  
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :—  
 “ Where's Harry Blount ? Fitz-Eustace where ?  
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hars !  
 Redeem my pennon,—charge again !  
 Cry—‘ Marmion to the rescue ! ’—Vain !  
 Last of my race, on battle plain  
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again !—  
 Yet my last thought is England's :—fly—  
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie ;  
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;  
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield ;  
 Edmund is down,—my life is left ; —  
 The Admiral alone is left.  
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,  
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,  
 Full upon Scotland's central host,  
 Or victory and England's lost.  
 Must I bid twice ?—hence, variets, fly !  
 Leave Marmion here alone—to die.  
 They parted and alone he lay,  
 Clare drew her from the sight away,  
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,  
 And half he murmured,—“ Is there none,  
 Of all my halls have nursed,  
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring  
 Of blessed water, from the spring,  
 To slake my dying thirst ? ”

O woman! in our hours of ease,  
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
 And variable as the shade  
 By the light quivering aspen made;  
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
 A ministring angel thou!—  
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
 To the nigh streamlet ran:  
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:  
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
 Sees but the dying man.  
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,  
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,—  
 And with surprise and joy espied  
 A monk supporting Marmion's head;  
 A pious man, whom duty brought  
 To dubious verge of battle fought,  
 To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,  
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave—  
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,  
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?  
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs  
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,  
 Would spare me but a day!  
 For, wasting fire, and dying groan,  
 And priests slain on the altar-stone,  
 Might bribe him for delay.  
 It may not be—this dizzy trance—  
 Curse on you base marauder's lance,  
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!  
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand!"  
 Then, fainting down on earth he sunk,  
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

The war, that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,  
 And—Stanley! was the cry:—  
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,  
 And fired his glazing eye:  
 With dying hand above his head  
 He shook the fragment of his blade,  
 And shouted "Victory!"—  
 "Charge! Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"  
 Were the last words of Marmion.

## THE TORTOISE-SHELL TOM-CAT.

Ox, what a story the papers have been telling us,  
 About a little animal of mighty price,  
 And who ever thought but an Auctioneer of selling us,  
 For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap for mice;  
 Of its beauties and its qualities, no doubt he told them fine tales,  
 But for me, I should as soon have bought a cat of nine tails;  
 I wouldn't give for all the cats in Christendom so vast a fee,  
 No to save 'em from the catacombs or Catalani's catastrophe;  
 Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, and Catalani,  
 Are every one  
 By Tom outdone,  
 As you shall hear.

[Spoken.]—We'll suppose Mr. *Cat's-eye*, the Auctioneer, with his catalogue in one hand, and a hammer like a Catapulta in the other, mounted in the rostrum at the great room in Cat-eaton-street.

'Hem! Leds and Gemmen—Cats are of two distinctions: Thomas and Tabby—This is of the former breed, and the only instance in which I have seen beauty monopolized by a male! Look at him, ladies! what a magnificent mouser; meek though masculine! The curious concatenation of colour in that Cat, calls Categorically for your best bidding. Place a proper price on poor Pussy; consult your feline bosoms, and bid me knock him down.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going—  
 Any euz for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.'

Next I shall tell ye, the company around him,  
 They emulously bade as if they were all wild;  
 Tom thought them mad, while they King of Kittens crown'd him,  
 And kiss'd, and carees'd, and dandled him just like a child:  
 Lady Betty Longwaist, and Mrs. Martha Griskin,  
 Prim Polly Pussey-love, Miss Scratch, and Biddy Twiskin,  
 Solemn Sally Solus, who to no man yea had ever said,  
 Killing Kitty Crookedlegs, and neat Miss Nelly Neverwed,  
 Crowding, sqneezing, noddling, bidding, each for Puss so eager.  
 Have Tom they would,  
 By all that's good,  
 As you shall hear.

[Spoken in different voices.]—*Irish Lady*—Och, the dear crater, how beautiful he looks when he shuts his eyes! beautiful indeed! He'd even lure the mice to look at him.

○

*Auctioneer.*—Forty-five guineas in twenty places—

*By different Ladies.*—Sixty-five!—Seventy!—Eighty!—Ninety!—

*Auctioneer.*—Go on Ladies; nobody bid more! It's enough to make a Cat swear to think he should go for so little. If the Countess of Catamaran was here, she'd outbid ye all. Miss Grimalkin, you are a connoisseur in Cats, what shall I say!—Ninety-five guineas, sir. (In an old tremulous tone.)

*Auctioneer.*—Thank you, Miss—Mem, it does not signify, you may bid as you will, but he shall be mine, if I bid all day. One hundred and twenty, sir.

*Auctioneer.*—Thank you, Lady Letty.—Take a long, last lingering look, Ladies. What a wonder! The only Tortoise-shell Tom the world ever witnessed! See how he twists his tail, and washes his whiskers! Tom, Tom, Tom! (Cat mews.) How musically and divinely he mews, Ladies!—One hundred and seventy guineas, sir.

*Auctioneer.*—Thank you, Miss Tabby, you'll not be made a cat's paw of, depend on it.—(Ladies laugh.) Glad to hear you laugh, Ladies: I see how the Cat jumps now; Tommy's going.

Ladies and Gentlemen, a-going, going, going.

Any sum for Tommy Tortoise-shell you can't think dear.

Now louder and warmer the competition growing,

Polltiness nearly banish'd in the grand fracas.

Two hundred—two hundred and thirty-three a going—

Gone!—Never cat of talons met with such eclat:

Nay nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught, as well,

As ladies in the bidding for this purring piece of Tortoise-shell.

The buyer bore him off in triumph, after all the fun was done,

And bells rung as if Whittington had been Lord Mayor of London.

Mice and rats flung up their hats, for joy that cats so scarce were,

And mouse-trap makers rais'd the price full cent. per cent. I swear, sir.

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### THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

THE sun had just retired; the dews of eve

Their glow-worm lustre scatter'd o'er the vale;

The lonely nightingale began to grieve,

Telling, with many a pause, her tenderest tale.

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps mark'd the way,

A wounded Soldier feebly mov'd along;

Nor aught regarded he the softening ray,

Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne, his mangled limbs he drew,  
 Unightly remnants of the battle's rage ;  
 While Pity, in his youthful form, might view  
 A helpless prematurity of age.

Then, as with strange contortions, labouring slow,  
 He gain'd the summit of his native hill,  
 And saw the well-known prospect spread below,  
 The farm, the cot, the hamlet, and the mill.

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh  
 Shook the firm texture of his tortur'd heart ;  
 And from his hollow and dejected eye  
 One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

"How changed," he cried, "is the fair scene to me,  
 Since last across this narrow path I went ;  
 The soaring lark felt not superior glee,  
 Nor any human breast more true content.

"O hapless day ! when, at a neighbouring wake,  
 The gaudy serjeant caught my wondering eye ;  
 And, as his tongue of war and honour spake,  
 I felt a wish—to conquer or to die !

"Then, while he bound the ribbands on my brow,  
 He talk'd of captains kind, and generals good ;  
 Said, a whole nation would my fame avow,  
 And *bounty* called the purchase of my blood.}

"Yet I refused that *bounty*,—I disdain'd  
 To sell my service in a *righteous cause* ;  
 And such, (to my dull sense it was explain'd)  
 The cause of Monarchs, Justice, and the Laws.

"The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,—  
 My king and country seem'd to ask my aid ;  
 Through every vein the thrilling ardour ran,—  
 I left my humble cot, my village maid.

"O helpless day ! torn from my Lucy's charms,  
 I thence was hurried to a scene of strife,  
 To painful marches, and the din of arms—  
 The wreck of reason, and the waste of life.

"In loathsome vessels now with crowds confined,—  
 Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field ;  
 Now backward driven, like leaves before the wind,  
 Too weak to stand, and yet ashamed to yield :



"Till oft repeated victories inspired  
 With tenfold fury the indignant foe;  
 Who ruthless still advanced, as we retired,  
 And laid our boasted, proudest honours low.

"Through frozen deserts then compell'd to fly,  
 Our bravest legions moulder'd fast away;  
 Thousands, of wounds and sickness left to die,—  
 While hovering ravens mark'd them for their prey.

"Oh! be this warfare of the world accursed!—  
 The son now weeps not on the father's bier;  
 But grey-hair'd Age, (for Nature is reversed)  
 Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear."

He spoke;—and now by varying passions toss'd  
 He reach'd the threshold of his father's shed;  
 Who knew not of his fate, yet mourned him lost  
 Amid the number of the unnamed dead.

Soon as they heard his well-remember'd voice,  
 A ray of rapture chased habitual care:  
 "Our Henry lives—we may again rejoice;"  
 And Lucy sweetly blush'd, for *she* was there.

But when he enter'd in such horrid guise,  
 His mother shriek'd, and dropp'd upon the floor;  
 His father look'd to Heaven with streaming eyes,  
 And his dear Lucy sunk—to rise no more!

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### THE PUNNING SOCIETY.

Oh! punning's the theme of my song,  
 Which I'll give you will say, with propriety;  
 So a description will not take me long,  
 To picture a Punning Society.  
 The wit, oh! it copiously flows  
 As the wine down their throats they are pouring;  
 Till some are beginning to dose,  
 The rest kept awake by their snoring.

*Spoken.*]—Gentlemen, you are going to sleep too soon; if you'll have the kindness to keep awake a little longer, I have something to inform you, and that is, gentlemen, Mr. *Curd*, who is a great acquisition to this society, is *away*, in consequence—Sir, this being a punning society, I cannot resist interrupting you, you say, friend *Curd* is a *Whey*, now, I am something in that *way* myself, being a milkman and dealer in

*curds and whey*, I consider I have a *right* to make a pun. Well sir, I hope you have *left off*, for I was not alluding to *curds and whey* what people drinks, but Mr. Curd's absence, which is in consequence of—hem—hem—in consequence—hem—hem—of—of—his absence is in consequence—hem—hem—of his *absenting himself*, gentlemen. Bravo, an excellent apology. Excellent! Cicero never spoke better. How is it friend *Hare* is not here? He won't be long *ere* he is; he's never *backward* in coming *forward*. Sir, I agree with you, I never knew him *behind before*. Bravo, go it, my vitty vona. Oh, here he is. how are you, friend *Hars*. Od *rabbit* it, I'm all of a *stew*, I've run so. Well, I likes *stewed Hare*. Bravo, pun away. How are all the little *Hares*? All ill, I'm sorry to say; Sally's got a *sore eye*. Sure that must be quite an *eye sore* to her. Bravo, ha! ha! ha! Tommy still keeps *weak* in his legs. I know, he has been *weak* this *fortnight*. Good. But Mary, how is she? Why, she has a bad *toe*. Bad in *to to*, eh? Ha, ha, ha! good again. I trust her *tos* will soon *heal*. Bravo, there you goes again, pun upon pun; I never heard such chaps; how I likes to be here; I only wish I could pun. Well, I'll learn you for five shillings a week. I'll learn you for four and sixpence. Don't go to him. Why? Because he puns *under the Crown*.

So, huzza for our Punning Society;  
 Jovial fellows we all are well met,  
 All things are done with propriety,—  
 Then hurrah for so jovial a set.

Then the wine it gets into their heads,  
 And turns the wit out of its station;  
 Nonsense gets in, in its stead.  
 And their puns now are all botheration;  
 Yet some are more cautious than others,  
 And keep up their puns with decorum,  
 Tell a droll tale for their brothers,  
 Who lie dreaming of blue devils o'er em.

*Spoken.*—Mr. Pwethident and gentlemen, I beg leave to thay thith ish the firtht time I wath ever in thith thothtiety; and feeling, ath I may thay, a perthonal interetht—Ha! ha! ha! order, order, chair, chair. Yeth, thur, ath I thaid afore, a perthonal interetht, I thought werry much like to become one of the memberth of this thetial thothtiety. No objection, sir, if you can make a pun or two. Yeth, sir, I am pwowd to thay I can pun, and altho make conundrumth: I athk-d my grand-mother and thithterth one the other day; well, thur, Thady

guethed, and Thuthan guethed, and Tharah guethed, and brother Tholomon guethed, and neither on un guethed it pwopur ; it wath thith, thur, (lacht Thundayth thermon reminded me on it) Why ith my hat like Golgotha ? quite original—one of my own, thur ; give it up ! thaith I. Yeth, thaith granny. Becauth, thaith I, 'ith the plath of a thkull.' An't that a good un, thir ? thitherth and all laughed, and thaid I wath the clevereth of the family. Very clever, indeed, Mr. Numskull. Mr. Waterman, at your thurvith, thur. Waterman is it ! ah then I don't wonder at your talking about your skull. Very good, bravo. Ah, how do you do, friend Day ? what made you so late ? Why, I dare say it seems strange to you, gentlemen, to see *Day* at ten o'clock at *night*. Bravo, a pun directly he enters. You havn't brought your son, have you, Day ? No, it being late at *night*, I have put the *son* to bed. Good, then he's got a warm berth. Nothing uncommon, is it, for the *son* to be warm ? Bravo, but where is friend Gabbie ? Oh, he's left some time. *Left*, has he ? that's not *right* though. I say he ought to be fined, Mr. Day, what say you ? Why, as he's left, there's no knowing where to *find* him. Bravo, ha, ha, ha ! Day is making up for *lost* time. Good, good, go it, my punsters. *Go it !* you want us all *gone*, do you ? Ha, ha, ha ! Vell I likes that 'ere Mr. Day ; I'll ask him to drink wi' me ; I zay, zur, will'e drink wi' me. Thank 'ee, I will. What'll ye ha' a drop of ? Any thing you please, sir, for there's only one *drop* I have an objection to. What drop be that, zur ? Give it up, sir ? Eees. Why the *drop of Newgate*. By gum, that's a good un. Eees, but that drop's for bad ones. Well, *drop* that *subject*, if you please, zur. Why there's *subjects* enough *drop* there certainly, and I should be no subject, if I made such subjects as them the subjects of my wit, when another subject wishes me to drop the subject ; therefore, rather than subject myself to the censure of my brother subjects, I will proceed to another subject.

So huzza, &c.

Now a member he gets up to *say*,  
 That he has got something to *speak*,  
 In the absence of friend Mr. *Day*  
 (Who if here he would pun for a week)—  
 They would call on his friend Mr. *Knight*  
 To give them a song till he came ;  
 So all friends agreed left and right,  
 That Knight should proceed with the same.

*Spoken.*]—All order for Mr. Knight's song. 'Pon my vord, I've got sich a bad gum-bile, 'thelse I would. Ha, ha, ha !

Call on Mr. Squeak. Mr. Squeak, I hope you will oblige the company. [Spoken in imitation of a bad cold.] 'Pon my word, I would, but my voice is quite failed me. Oh, that's nothing wonderful, considering you *failed* yourself, a short time since. Now, I should have thought that would have made him squeak the more. [In imitation of a cold.] Sir, I think if you you'd make sich a pun as that 'ere, you would pick my pockets. That be of no use, for I am sure I should *fail* myself then, for you've got nothing to take. To order, gentlemen,—chair, chair, order, order. How do you like your new house, Mr. Squeak. Oh, werry well, but the rent's so high. Ah, the *rent* must be a great *taz* on you, sir. There you goes again. Bravo, but there's the taxes beside. Ah, they would be better *rent* in two. That's your sort,—go it, my rum'uns. Do you know why the rum'uns go it so much, Mr. Squeak? No, that's vat I don't. Give it up! Eees. Because they are lads of *spirit*—an't that a good un, eh? Ees, gee us another, will you? Perhaps you vill gee us von on my friend's name, will 'ee, zur. What is it, sir? Ketch, at your zurvice, zur. Ketch, is it? You'll not be offended at my pun, sir, I hope! Certainly not, zur. Then go and hang yourself, Mr. Ketch. Noa, I'll be shot if I do. No, you'd be *hanged* if you do. Good, good—go it again; bravo! I could hear *Day all night*. Why, Mr. Ketch, you seem in high *glee* with the society. Never in higher *glee*, upon my soul. Yes, you were, sir. Ven vas I? Why, just now, when you were singing with two others.

So, huzza, &c.

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### MARY.

Exquisite from the cares of life,  
 In a humble cottage near a wood,  
 Dwelt lovely Mary and her sire—  
 All that was beauteous, kind, and good.

Happy they lived, nor knew a wish,  
 Save that they always might remain  
 Entwined in those bonds of love,  
 And Virtue there might hold her reign.

She, in her father's love content,  
 Sighed not for pleasure, knew no care,  
 And he would gaze upon her form,  
 And trace out all the mother there.

So much they loved, it might be said,  
 Heaven placed them there to patterns be  
 How fathers should their daughters love,  
 How daughters might their duty see.

But happiness is always short,  
 No perfect joy reigns long below.  
 That man might have a transient taste  
 Of bliss they will in heaven know.

For Mary left her father's house,—  
 Lured by a villain's artful wile,  
 She left a comfort, lasting, sure,  
 For a seducer's fleeting smile.

Long did the wretched father seek  
 His hapless daughter far away ;  
 And many a sleepless night he spent,  
 And many a sad and joyless day.

And, 'ah!' he sigh'd, 'and could she leave  
 Her helpless father so forlorn ?  
 And does she never think on him,  
 Or does she the remembrance scorn ?

But yet she is my daughter still,  
 Still she is my love—my child,  
 And be her folly e'er so great,  
 Still, still I will be reconciled.'

Years roll'd away—no tidings came :  
 Each valued place to mem'ry brought  
 A sad remembrance of the past.  
 And Mary now no more is sought.

The cottage once so fair and prized,  
 Is now grown hateful to his view ;  
 He left the scene of joy long past,  
 Bade happiness and it 'adieu !'

Full many a day he wander'd long,  
 Careless of good or ill betide,  
 And, wearied with much travel, he  
 Reposed him on a bank's hard side.

And tears ran down his aged cheek—  
 He thought of her so long away ;  
 When from a winding of the road,  
 A figure moved along the way.

Near as the form slow pass'd along,  
 His wild eyes scann'd her features well;  
 'Tis she!—'tis Mary!—'tis my child!  
 And in her arms the father fell.

The villain's purpose all attain'd,  
 The mask deceitful soon was thrown;  
 He left her to the wide world's scorn,  
 Wretched and hopeless far to roam.

'Twas then her father came to mind,  
 Then thought she on his anguish'd heart;  
 Towards the cot away she bent,  
 Never from him again to part.

A while locked in her arms he lay,  
 Scarce could she think it real—'till  
 His hand she felt, and aged face,  
 Grow heavy, lifeless, cold, and chill.

Remorse, despair, her bosom rack'd;  
 Wildly she gazed the corse upon—  
 Then laugh'd hysteric, hoarse and loud,  
 Once more she look'd, then swift was gone.

O'er moor and mountain, dark and bleak,  
 She wandered on the hills so weary;  
 And where the honeysuckle blows,  
 Lies poor and pitied maniac Mary.

### FOG AND RAIN; OR JOYS OF TOWN.

Oh, London's such a charming place, so fine and so bewitching,  
 That country lads all thither haste, and for its joys are itching:  
 Papa and Ma, good bye, they bawl, and off for Lunnun starting,  
 Declare they think the country all my eye and Betty Martin.

*Spoken.*—Come, Coachee, knock 'em along, my boy, how far to Lunnun now? Only five miles. I say, Bill, how d'ye like it? Oh, werry much; I say, how we spins along, don't we, eh! Ah, there's Lunnun. I say, Coachee, vat's that ere place, like the top of a lantern? Why, that's St. Paul's. St. Paul's! I say, Ben, what a rich man that Mr. Pauls must be to have such a precious great house! Bless me, what a smoke. I say, Coachman, put me down at Mr. Brisket's, the butcher's, in Whitechapel, will you? Yes, ma'am. I say, Coachee, where do we stop at? The Blue Boar, sir. I say, Ben, vat a bore it

will be if they won't let us have a bed there, eh! Why, yea, we shall have the chance of standing in the street all night, and hear the watchman bawl  
*Ri fol de rol, &c.*

Their hands in both their pockets cramm'd, they gape about so silly,  
 And now from side to side are jammed, whilst rambling Piccadilly;  
 And now the rain begins to fall, whilst some for coaches bawling,  
 And Bill upsets an apple stall as he is backward falling.

*Spoken.*]—There, you stupid country fellow, you shall pay for my apples; you've upset them all in the mud. There, brother Ben, you've just got into it. No, brother Bill, I be just got out ou't. Dash that there gutter! look at my white corderoys: I'm just like a mudlark. There's my best silk umbrella spoilt—that gent. has run the top of his smack through it. Never mind, ma'am, 'twill let in more air. La, sir, I'm sure mamma had airs enough of her own before. Faugh! that fellow's splashed me from head to foot, 'pon honour. Lud, papa, I've lost my shoe. Shoo, shoo, come along, child, let's go through Exeter Change. We shan't *change* for the worse. Take care, sir, you'll run your stick into my eye. That's all my eye, sir. Oh, I've lost my patten. That's a very bad *pattens* to set. I declare my pelisse is wringing wet. Turu it then, and put the dry side outwards, my darling. I tell you what, if you pushes me in that 'ere way again, I'll give you such a divil of a  
*Ri fol de rol, &c.*

And now a heavy fog arrives just to increase vexation,  
 And hurry scurry each one drives, and all is consternation;  
 Says brother Ben, we've lost our way—says Bill we're done for certain,  
 Whilst both exclaim, in town to stay's my eye and Betty Martin.

*Spoken.*]—Bless my soul, what a smoke. Terrible. A light, a light! Light! damme, a man that would make *light* of this would make light of any misfortune. Bless me, sir, how clumsy you are; you've run up against me, and knocked all my teeth down my throat. Beg pardon, ma'am; very sorry, and all that: couldn't help it: quite accidental. By your leave. Take care of your heads. Heads! oh, damme, take care of your pockets. Oh, my toes, my toes. Put them in your reticule then, ma'am. I'll thank you not to *ridiculis* my wife's toes, if you please, sir. Oh, botheration, what a crowd. I'll stand under this gateway till they're all gone by, and amuse myself by singing  
*Ri fol de rol, &c.*

## THE WARRIOR'S DREAM.

DARK was the night, and heaven's host of stars  
 Were lurk'd behind the misty watering clouds ;  
 Loud roar'd the thunder, and the whistling wind  
 Beat the fierce torrents 'gainst my trembling tent :  
 When I, depress'd and weary with the march,  
 Most gladly sought my pallet once again.

I slept—and soon a visionary sight  
 Arose, and bore me to my distant home :  
 Methought, the battle's bloody strife was o'er—  
 There lay unnumber'd heroes on the ground,  
 Covered with wounds, bathed in their clotted gore,  
 And yielding up their last and silent breath.

Unknown I left the camp, and cross'd the field  
 Towards the cottage, which I left in tears ;  
 Pass'd the huge mountain's steep and craggy form,  
 Where, in my youthful days, I loved to chase  
 The wild chamois that bounded on the spot ;  
 I passed the abbey, heard the dreary bell  
 Chiming the midnight hour ; all still remained,  
 Saving the wind's shrill whistle through the trees.

Onward I went, whilst each new sleep gave birth  
 To sad reflections, mix'd with murmur'ing sighs :  
 A tear escaped—I startled, but 'twas vain  
 'To try to check the tear, which larger grew ;  
 I whispered 'shame!' but down my cheek it roll'd.  
 My cot, once happy, I with joy beheld,—  
 A glimmering taper through its casement played ;  
 I heard my children—saw my mournful wife.—

'My Edward safe!' she cried, and flying to my arms,  
 Spotted my breastplate with her pearly tears ;  
 Two infant boys soon hung about my knees,  
 And cried out, 'father, welcome home again !'  
 I then embraced, and was about to speak,  
 When sleep forsaking my o'er anxious frame,  
 The pleasing vision died.

My scattered thoughts I called to my aid,  
 The wind still whistled round my canvass tent—  
 I heard the sentry's steady march without—  
 I call'd—he answered,—bid me to prepare  
 For battle on the morrow, there to meet  
 With rest eternal, or return again  
 With trumpets, drums, and timbrels loudly playing  
 The warrior's welcome home.



## PADDY O'GAFFNEY'S WAKE :

OR, DEAD ALIVE.

T'other night, faith, I went to the wake of a friend,  
 What went dead just before he would come to the end  
 Of his life, what was over some time, as they said,  
 When to make him die asy they put him in bed.

*Spoken.*—“Och! my darling creature!” says Mistress O’Gaffney, “and is it yourself too what is come to help to wake my dear now I sure he’ll be mighty plased of it for the respect of the thing, poor dead creature!” says she, putting out the whiskey to me. “Take a drop of it yourself, Mr. M’Illoghlin, without mixing it at all; it’s the way my Pat, what’s dead there, was liked it, wasn’t it Pat, my darling!” Sure, we’ll try him tiff now,” says I; “it will be making him comfortable getting it down you see.” “Och, bad luck! be asy now,” screamed out Mistress O’Gaffney, as myself uncovered the face of him; “would you be disturbing the dead creature!” says she, “besides you’ll be making him take cold stripping him! Och, Pat! och, my jewel, spake to me now. Oh, O, Oh, O, [giving the howl] Oh, O!” Myself and all joined chorus. Och, and sure ’twas all over delightful! and then we tucked him up warm and comfortable, while we sung,

Huroo whack flilloo,  
 Smic amaghlaoo!

Mister Murphy Marooney, ’twas chanced by mistake,  
 Put his foot in the place near the heel of the wake.  
 “Och,” says I, “sir, you’re out!” “no,” says he, “sir, I’m in!”  
 “Then,” says I, “you’re the signal a row to begin.”

*Spoken.*—“You dirty spalpeen,” says I, “what’s brought you here before you was sent to be axed!” “Bad luck,” says he, “and wasn’t I sent myself to be axed, what’s all the same now.” “Och, don’t be coming here, you old ragman, with your blarney about sending yourself what’s not wanted at all,” says I; “so you’re out, I’m telling you!” “Och, by the powers of all that’s plasing,” says he, “and wasn’t I come to comfort the widow now!” “Divil fly away wid you then,” says I, “for haven’t I every thing at all to comfort a widow myself, you see! Bad luck to the comfort she’ll get from any one else; will you, Mistress O’Gaffney!” says I. “Divil a bit of it,” says sho. “Och, my darling creature,” says I, “then that’s

what's enough for me to go to work upon." So to work I went at once, putting Mister Marooney's daylight's in the dark, before he saw himself quite blind of all his eyes. "There, you dirty thief," says I, "that's teaching you what's p'ceable while you're kicking up a row, you see." 'That was all the nate thing, 'cause I wouldn't be disturbing Pat what's dead at the time, with a

Hurroo whack fililoo,  
Smic smaghlaoo!

With swate Mistress O'Gaffney then cock of the walk,  
I put out my best leg first to win the first chalk  
Of the game, what's called love,—when I tickled her chin,  
"It's my heart," says she, "Dennis, you're meaning to win?"

*Spoken.*—“Och, faith my tender jewel,” says I, “sure I wouldn't be maning any thing else, my lambkin, and every thing what's belonging to it now.” “Och, you divil, whisper,” says she, “sure we must be dacent, until we'll be got Pat under the turf and all about him you see.” “Och, musha a gramachree, my double-fat darling,” says I, “sure an' I won't be making you as happy as a fly in a pot of treacle, my honey-bird! Sure I'm the swate boy for comforting the ladies, Mistress O'Gaffney, you'll see,” says I. By my soul, myself was getting all over alive about her, when her brother, Mister Teddy Phagan, was come up to be axing me if I took his sister for a dish of butter-milk! “Och, be asey,” says I, “sure won't I intend to take her for butter and all, by-and-by, you'll see.” And then I told him, says I, “Only wait till awhile ago, and we two brothers will be first cousins in-law you see out of it.” Faith, he was quite plased wid the notion of it; the whiskey was going about bravely, till we was all blind happy, and just got into the middle of a swate howl, [gives the howl,] when och, bad luck! you wouldn't think what was happened. Botheration, such a

Hurroo whack fililoo,  
Smic smaghlaoo!

Pat went dead as it happened for plasing his wife,  
But for plasing himself he again came to life;  
For while wakin his body, so swate was our howl,  
By the powers, that our music at last waked his soul!

*Spoken.*—All the botheration of bad luck to it! We was all quite comfortable, myself and Mistress O'Gaffney as swate together as two nuts just cracked; Teddy Phagan and Katty Cullocu, Mister O'Brien, Mister O'Mullins, Mistress Donno-

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hough, Shelah M'Nally, Mister O'Looseskin, and Miss Flanagan with her beautiful mother, you see, and all the rest of us was just in the marrow of the thing all together, with our pipes nately tuned in a charming Oh, O, Oh, O, Oh, O! when who the devil should pop up straight upon his rump but dead Pat O'Gaffney all alive at the moment. "Och, and where am I!" says he, staring with all his eyes and ears into the bargain. "Arrah be asey, Pat," says I, "you're safe enough now, you're dead these twelve hours; so don't be troubling yourself at all about it." But, by Saint Patrick, he wouldn't be believed a word of it, and out of bed he jumped, while Mistress O'Gaffney was fainted in my arms, and myself tumbled backwards out of the room down the ladder all together, one top of t'other, running away with the devil at our heels! So that's what was finished Pat's wake nately, with a

Hurroo whack flillloo,  
Smic smaghlaloo!

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### EDWIN AND EMMA.

The lonely cottage now deserted stands,  
Where Edwin once in happiness did live;  
And now forlorn and barren are the lands,  
No shelter that, no pasture these, can give.

The bleating lambs no longer now are seen  
Attended by their shepherd's fostering care,  
Or nibbling grass from off the fertile green,  
Or skipping nimbly through the limpid air.

Hard by the cot, a meandering rill  
Descended swiftly down the craggy rocks;  
Sweet flowers grew upon the neighb'ring hill,  
Where shepherds tended their once happy flocks.

Here, Edwin and his Emma oft would stray,  
T' enjoy the coolness of the evening breeze;  
Here would they sit, when sultry was the day,  
Beneath the shadow of the spreading trees.

Within their cot no discord ever reign'd—  
No jarring words—no jealousy—no strife;  
No querulous bickering e'er profaned  
The happy tenor of their peaceful life.

Ah! how transient are all earthly joys!  
 In prosperity how swift the hours fly;  
 But when adversity the bosom cloy,  
 Our lives seem lengthen'd to eternity.

Th' ambitious Cromwell long had tried to gain  
 The regal power, and subvert the law,  
 When Edwin left his home—ah, luckless swain!  
 To join the army in the civil war.

The night on which he bade a last adieu  
 To all on earth he held in love most dear,  
 The ravens croak'd—the forked lightnings flew,  
 And heaven itself, afflicted, dropp'd a tear.

Around his neck her arms fair Emma flung,  
 While tears of anguish from her bright eyes fall;  
 The fall'ring accents died upon her tongue—  
 Her heart was bursting with the word—'farewell.'

Meanwhile young Edwin strain'd her to his breast,  
 Then thrice essay'd to tear himself away;  
 Then thrice return'd and wav'd his sable crest—  
 Then led to battle—rushing hence, the way.

Oh Mars! thou cruel ruthless god of war,  
 Horrid thou regest in th' ensanguin'd fray,  
 Thy Gorgon head being stain'd with human gore,  
 Where fathers sons, and sons their fathers, slay.

One little week had pass'd, when o'er the mead  
 At daylight's close, (how stern, alas, is fate!)  
 A stranger, mounted on a warlike steed,  
 With mournful visage knock'd at Emma's gate.

These dreadful tidings, then, replete with woe,  
 The stranger brought her—how, o'er Naseby's plain  
 The king was routed by the rebel foe,  
 And Edwin's body found among the slain.

Oh, cruel fortune! oh, accursed lot!  
 Fair Emma's bliss, alas, for ever's fled;—  
 Frantic she rushes from her lowly cot,  
 Her bosom bared—unbonneted her head.

Nor heeds she aught the lightning or the rain,  
 The hoars-mouthed thunder, or the trackless way;  
 Heedless of all she seeks the fatal plain,  
 The scene of carnage on that bloody day.

The stormy clouds the raging winds dispell'd,  
 And pale-faced Luna silvered o'er the plain,  
 When, trembling, she, by stubborn fate impell'd,  
 Her Edwin's body sought among the slain.

Besmear'd with blood, at length, oh, dreadful sight!  
 Him, on his back, a lifeless corse she found;  
 His manly features, once her fond delight,  
 Were there disfigured with a frightful wound.

To heaven, then, she turn'd her mournful eyes,  
 Then breathed a prayer—embrac'd him then, and sigh'd.  
 'Again we'll meet, my Edwin, in the skies!'  
 Then grasp'd his hand—then kiss'd his lips, and died.

And now, a cenotaph erected nigh  
 Their humble cottage, this inscription bears,—  
 "Entomb'd at Naseby both these lovers lie,  
 Cut off, untimely, from this world of cares."

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### YANKEE COURTSHIP.

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery trick I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me jump and swear, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one of them again to all eternity. O but I was wicked! Tear out their eyes, says I; blame their skins, and torment their hearts; finally, I took an oath, that if I ever meddled, or had anything to do with them again, I might be hung and choked.

But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house choke full of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor, and going into a grog-shop—it's all smoke.

I held out and kept firm to my oath three whole Sundays—forenoons, afternoons, and intermissions complete. On the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap about my size was seen on the way to the meeting house, with a new patent hat on; his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar; his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow knot. He carried a straight back and a stiff neck, as a man ought to do when he has his best clothes on; and every time he spit, he sprang his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones's pew is next but two to mine, and when I stand

up to prayers, and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look right straight at Sally Jones. Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Any how, they are so high matched that they have hated and despised each other, like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to reading the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door. "Walk in. Well, John, how der do! Get out Pompey!"—"Pretty well, I thank ye, Squire, and how do you do?" "Why so as to be crawling—ye ugly beast, will ye hold your yop? Hail up a chair and sit down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones?" "O, middlin'; how's yer marm? Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle." This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane; and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old captain Jones's turn, the grandfather. Being roused from a doze, by the bustle and racket, he opened both his eyes at first with wonder and astonishment. At last he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it? I say, who in the world is it?" Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle."—"Ho, Johnny Beedle, I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."—"No, no, father, bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty year."—"Ho; but where does he come from?"—"Down town."—"And what does he follow for a livin'?" And he did not stop asking questions, after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones's last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one handiron; the cat squat down upon the other. Silence came on by degrees like a calm snow storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping tune with a sappy yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prim, as if she were pinned to the chair-back—her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looked straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across in her lap; but they would not lie still. It was full twenty-four hours since they had done any work, and they were out of patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now

and then, and go through the motions in spite of the fourth commandment. For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said "hem." Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use—the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg, on the road to the door—and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old captain all at once sung out, "Johnny Beedle!" It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up on end.

"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if yer live to the age of Methusalem. He would toss up his drumstick, and while it was whirlin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But skull your chair round, close er long side o' me, so yer can hear. Now, what have you come a'ter!"—"I after! O, jest takin' a walk."—"Pleasant walkin', I guess."—"I mean jest to see how you all do."—"Ho! That's another lie. You've come a-courtin', Johnny Beedle—you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, d'ye want to marry, or only to court?"

This was what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider; and the ice being broke, plenty chat with Mammy Jones, about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine; but I had forgot the text, and all the heads of the discourse but six. Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum—there was no getting that out of me. "Praise to the face is often disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle; and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measurs. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also some pretty 'cute guesses at what it was likely to be in future. At first I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop. Then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semi-colon; and at last it was hitch, hitch, hitch, and I planted myself fast by her side.

"I vow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day that I wanted to eat you up."—"Pshaw, git along you," says she. My hand had crept along, somehow upon its fingers, and began to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. "Try it agin"—no better luck. "Why Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropulous—a little old maidish, I guess."—"Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedie."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched. It was that 'ere Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me, and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip an arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me—so I must go to poking out my lips after a buss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap on the face that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron.

The battle now began in the regular way. "Ah, Sally, give me a kiss and have done with it."—"No I won't, so there, nor tech to."—"I'll take it whether or no."—"Do it, if you dare." And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced. The bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt collar, and at the same time, some of the head fastenings gave way, and down came Sally's hair in a flood like a mill-dam broke loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down into a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soon her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah, came a whole school of blue and white heads scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hokey, if Sally Jones isn't real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, for want of breath, she yielded handsomely.

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door, and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve; and if I live till next Sunday night, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder!



## THE BARD.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!  
 Confusion on thy banners wait!  
 Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,  
 They mock the air with idle state.  
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,  
 Nor even thy virtues, tyrant! shall avail  
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,  
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears."—  
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride  
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,  
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side  
 He wound, with toilsome march, his long array.  
 Stout Gloucester stood aghast in speechless trance:  
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow  
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,  
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,  
 With haggard eyes the poet stood:  
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair  
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air,)  
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:—  
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,  
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!  
 O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,  
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;  
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,  
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,  
 That hush'd the stormy main;  
 Brave Urien sleep's upon his craggy bed:  
 Mountains! ye mourn in vain  
 Modred, whose magic song  
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud topt head.  
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,  
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale;  
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;  
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.  
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art!—  
 Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,  
 Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,  
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—  
 No more I weep. They do not sleep;  
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,

I see them sit:—they linger yet,  
 Avengers of their native land:  
 With me to dreadful harmony they join,  
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line:”—

“ ‘ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,  
 ‘ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race;  
 ‘ Give ample room and verge enough  
 ‘ The characters of hell to trace.  
 ‘ Mark the year, and mark the night,  
 ‘ When Severn shall re-echo with affright,  
 ‘ The shrieks of death through Berkeley’s roofs that ring,  
 ‘ Shrieks of an agonized king!  
 ‘ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,  
 ‘ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,  
 ‘ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs  
 ‘ The scourge of Heaven! What terrors round him wait!  
 ‘ Amazement in his van, with flight combined,  
 ‘ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind!

“ ‘ Mighty victor, mighty lord!  
 ‘ Low on his funeral couch he lies!  
 ‘ No pitying heart, no eye, afford  
 ‘ A tear to grace his obsequies!  
 ‘ Is the sable warrior fled?—  
 ‘ Thy son is gone:—he rests among the dead.  
 ‘ The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?—  
 ‘ Gone to salute the rising morn.  
 — ‘ Fair huggs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 ‘ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm  
 ‘ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;  
 ‘ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 ‘ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,  
 ‘ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

“ ‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 ‘ The rich repast prepare;  
 ‘ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:  
 ‘ Close by the regal chair,  
 ‘ Fell Thirst and Pamine scowl  
 ‘ A baleful smile upon the baffled guest.  
 ‘ Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 ‘ Lance to lance, and horse to horse?  
 ‘ Long years of havoc urge their destined course,  
 ‘ And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.  
 ‘ Ye towers of Julius, London’s lasting shame,  
 ‘ With many a foul and midnight murder fed!  
 ‘ Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,  
 ‘ And spare the meek usurper’s hoary head!  
 ‘ Above, below,—the rose of snow

' Twined with her blushing foe was spread :  
 ' The bristled boar in infant gore  
 ' Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 ' Now, brothers ! bending o'er the accursed loom,  
 ' Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" ' Edward, lo ! to sudden fate  
 (' Weave we the woof—the thread is spun)  
 ' Half of thy heart we consecrate.—  
 ' The web is wove ; the work is done.'  
 —Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn  
 Leave me unblest, unplied, here to mourn :  
 In you bright track, that fires the western skies,  
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes !  
 But oh ! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height  
 Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll !  
 Visions of glory ; spare my aching sight ;  
 Ye unborn ages ! crowd not on my soul :—  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :  
 All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !

" Girt with many a baron bold,  
 Sublime their starry frosts they rear ;  
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old  
 In bearded majesty appear :  
 In the midst a form divine !—  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;  
 Her lion port, her awe-commanding race,  
 Attender'd sweet to virgin-grace.—  
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air !  
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !  
 Hear from the grave, great Talessin ! hear ;  
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.  
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

" The verse adorn again  
 Fierce War, and faithful Love,  
 And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.  
 In duskin'd measures move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast,  
 A voice as of the cherub-choir,  
 Gates from blooming Eden bear ;  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire,  
 Fond impious man ! think'at thou you sanguine elope  
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of :  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden Sood,  
 And warms the nation with redoubled ray.—

Enough for me:—with joy I see  
 The different doom our fates assign:  
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care;  
 To triumph and to die are mine."  
 He spoke,—and, heading from the mountain's height,  
 Deep in the roaring tide, he plunged to endless night.

## MANSION-HOUSE.

WHAT a noise, what a row, all the folks are crushing here,  
 Stand aside, his worship now is coming to the bench;  
 To get a seat, and be in time, what numbers now are rushing here,  
 Get off my toe, leave go my arm, or your neck I'll quickly wrench!  
 'Pray, who's that man that's handcuff'd there?' 'That, sir, is a prisoner.'  
 'What has he done that he should be brought up in such a way?'  
 'He's robbed a house, for which he'll find Jack Ketch will stretch his wizen, or  
 If not that, if he has luck, he'll go to Botany Bay.'

*Spoken.*—Make way, make way there, I say don't you see the magistrates are coming to the bench. Which is the bench? Why, that arm-chair. Hats off, hats off! I can't take my hat off. Why not? Why not? why, because I have got a cold, and my wig is in pawn. Now then, bring on the first charge. What's 'gainst that man? The bar's against me. Silence, sir! What's that man brought up for? Why, please your worship, here's one Christopher Clubb taken up for disorderly conduct. I say I didn't do any thing. Silence! He assaulted a gentleman and a lady in a *wait*. I'll take my oath I never touch'd him. Will you be quiet, sir! No, sir; I can't sir. Where's your other witness? Here, sir—the prisoner came up to me in a very obstropolous sort of a way, and said I must sing him a song, and I said I couldn't, your worship; and then he came up to my parter, O'Helloran. Where's he? Faith! here I am, your worship; I took the prisoner, he was lying on all fours down the *hairy* of an house. Ulloa! says I, what are you doing there? when he tries to hit me a kick, so I *parodied* off the blows, and I took him by the scruff of the neck and pulled him out—come, my honest man, says I, don't be after kicking up a bobbery at three o'clock at night in this way, when he calls me an obnoxious *epitaph*! and said he hoped I might be hang'd, and I said I hoped not at his expense, and then he asked me for my authority, and I showed him my lantern, your worship; but he made light of it. Where's the lady? Here I am, your worship. What's your name? Maria Fumbustle. How were you assaulted? Why, I was at a snug tea party at

Vauxhall Gardens at two o'clock this morning. Tea-party at two o'clock in the morning! Yes, sir, and after valzing a little with my partner, he offered to scorch me home, but he was arrested at the assemblage door. Hallo! who's that making that noise? Please, sir, it's my wooden leg against the floor, I'm agitated. Well, your worship, I was going peaceably home, when the prisoner came up to me and put his wooden leg on my toe, and there he held me tight, and said he wouldn't let me go, till I gave him a chaste salute. I think he must have been intoxicated. I'll take my *solomon affidavit* I wasn't; I had nothing to drink but a pint of rum and an apple.

What a noise, what a row, all the folks are crushing here.

Stand back, good folks, his worship now is sitting in his chair;

I'll turn you out if you don't cease this riot and this rushing here,—

Really, the office is much worse than a fair.

Plaintiffs go there defendants just to criminate,

Witnesses bring up like onions in a string;

Married men appear, who 'twould seem must all women hate,

And punish their wives for some sad naughty thing.

But though prisoners are many, and offences are numerous,

And sometimes all wears a melancholy gloom,

A trial comes on, which excites the muscles humorous,

And loud peals of laughter resound through the room.

*Spoken.*]—Hallo! who is that knocking at the door in this way? Please your worship, it's Tim Casey, he wants to come in; but he comes here every week—you can't come in. I say I will come in, I'm taken prisoner, and I have a right to come in. Oh! certainly that's an unanswerable argument. Please your worship, that wife there of mine is always making little better than a baste of herself; I am always catching her running to the pump, and she does nothing but drink all day, *good luck to your worship*.—Please your worship, the children are all beat so black and blue, that I can't tell one from the other. Now Dennis, you know it's nothing of the sort, at all, at all; but perhaps your worship would like to hear the children speak. Ay, put the children on the table. [Children speak hurriedly in Irish.] What's all this gibberish? Och! your worship, the children can't speak nothing but Irish. Well, I think you had better go home and make it up in Irish.—How now, watchman, who have you got there? Why, your worship, we found this gentleman sitting in Southampton Street, without a wig. What was he doing? Nothing, your worship. What was he saying? He said, your worship, he wasn't beautiful,

but good, and so we took him to the watch-house. Well, sir what is your name? Ebenezer Amiadab Dumps. Well, Mr. Ebenezer Amiadab Dumps, what have you to say to this charge? I can't *charge* at all, your worship. What have you to say in defence? I can't *fence* at all, your worship. I shall commit you, sir, for contempt, if you don't answer to the case. Why, sir, then the truth is, I'm a member of the Temperance Society, and a few of us had been drawing up some articles for its benefit, and I trust that will excuse my inebriety. Sir, I shall fine you five shillings for it. Very well, sir. And a shilling for the warrant. Very well sir; anything else while I have got my hand in my pocket? What do those two women want? They are bail for Mr. Dumps, sir. Bail! Yes, sir, they are both *house-keepers*—one's housekeeper to Mr. Dumps, and the other to the Temperance Society,—so

What a noise, &c.

Witnesses gabble on with such a goose-like volubility,

'Tis very hard at times to hear what they say;

His worship can't dispose of his charges with facility,

And officers have much to do to have their way.

Irishmen, Englishmen, natives of every country,

All for justice to the Mansion Office go;

Gentle, simple, some meek, some with effrontery,

Mingle all promiscuously, in such a motley crew.

*Spoken.*]—What's the next charge? Please your worship, here's a hackney-coachman brings this gentleman up for refusing to pay him his fare. State your case. Your worship, I vos on the stand, when this gentleman called me off; he says, drive me to Kensington; vell, your vorship, I druve him to Kensington, when he pulls the check-string, and says, I forgot, I meat to Wauxhall; vell, I drives him to Wauxhall, when he says, it isn't here; drive me to Burlington Arcade; I takes him there, and he says, here's another mistake, I live at Hoxton; to Hoxton I took'd him, and that wasn't the place; so, says I, my hosses can't go any further; then, your vorship, I first found out that he hadn't got any money. So, says I, where am I to drive you to? So, he says, drive me to the devil; so I brought him afore your lordship. Now, what is this man brought up for? Felony. Ay, I think you've been here before. No, I arn't. I think you have; answer me directly, sir—hava'n't you been here before? Veli then, I are, and vot then? It wasn't felony to beat my own mother, vas it? that vas all I vas brought up before for. How do you live? I can't tell. Where do you get your bread? I can't tell. Who are

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your parents! I don't know—you don't think I'm such a soft tommy to go for to criminate myself, when 'torney told me, when I vas up before, not to answer any questions, and he got me off.—No, no, it won't do. Hollo! why the office is crowded with omnibus-drivers. What's the matter. The driver of the 'Magnanimous' omnibus brings a cab man up for taking von of the wheels off his vehicle. What have you to say, sir! Please your lordship, I ought to be the complainant, and should have been only he got here first. How did this happen! Vy, he laid me a vager that he'd drive fifteen times round me, afore I got to the Bank; and so he did. What are those ducks in that basket for! They're waiting for a case to come on, your worship, where they are wery material witnesses. What's that sweep waiting for! For a warrant against his master, for making him go up a gas-pipe!—so

What a noise, &c.

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### THE IDIOT BOY.

Who's is the grave with the osters entwining,  
 Where clustering flowers in beauty arise,  
 Where the hallow'd cross bright in the moon-beam is shining,  
 And seems to reflect the blest smile of the skies?

There lie the white bones of poor Gertrude, once dear,  
 Her virtues in memory are dwelt on with joy;  
 Her spirit is fled to yon happier spheres,  
 And she dwells with the blest, and her Idiot Boy.

How oft would she spin while the gold fly he'd chase,  
 And mark his wild eye as with passion it shone;  
 Then weep as she kiss'd his pale beauteous face,  
 For tho' reason had fled, still the boy was her own.

And oft when the tear had bedimm'd her wild eye,  
 He wept—for he thought there's no tear drop for joy;  
 And he paid back her tears, return'd sigh for sigh,  
 As he leaned on her bosom—the Idiot Boy.

When she press'd her rude pillow, the pillow of death,  
 And thought when the veil of the grave was unfurl'd,  
 How sad was her soul for the form she'd gave birth,  
 When he'd linger alone in the gloom of the world.

She held up her arm, it was fleshless and bare,—  
 And that moment she felt a soft transient joy,  
 For heaven had chased from her soul her despairs,  
 And she died as she gazed on her Idiot Boy.

‘Ah! wake, dearest mother, I’m hungry and cold,’  
Cried the youth, as in glancing her fix’d features o’er,  
‘Ah, why don’t you wake in my arms’ tender fold,  
For you never have slept such a long time before.

‘I love only you, and I feel such delight  
When, although weeping, you call me your joy ;—  
From the boys of the village I oft urge my flight,  
For they tell me with tears I’m an Idiot Boy.

‘She’s cold, very cold! and her breast heaves no more!  
She’s just like my bird when it hung it’s soft head,  
When it hopp’d not, nor chirp’d not, nor sang as before,  
And they told me the poor little robin was dead.’

At that instant, conviction flash’d over his brain—  
He knew she was dead, and that dead was each joy ;  
The heart burst its bounds, and broke life’s feeble chain,  
And he died on his mother—the Idiot Boy.

### CALEB QUOTEM’S SHOP.

*Quotem.* Wife! where are you? Mrs. Quotem, I say I look to the shop! Silence in the school, there. Be good boys—mind your writing and cyphering I’m coming in directly. Here, Dick! Dick Drudge, where are you?

*Dick.* Here, Sir.

*Quot.* Come here, then, as the poet says. What have you been doing these four hours?

*Dick.* As you ordered me, sir. After helping you to chime the bells for prayers, I drove out the dogs and boys playing in the church porch. While you were singing psalms, I carried the drugs and drenching-horn to old Leach, the farrier. Coming back, I met the vicar, who bade me run to Ben the Barber, for his best wig, as he was going to the wedding-dinner.

*Quot.* A good lad; try to please every body.

*Dick.* I do sir. I thrashed young Master Jackey just now, handsomely.

*Quot.* For what?

*Dick.* He was making fun, sir, of blind Bob, the fiddler, who came to our shop for a hap’worth of rosin.

*Quot.* Oh, he musn’t offend a customer. Well, what else? as the poet says.

*Dick.* Why, sir, I filled the drawer with yellow ochre, ground the green paint, bottled the red ink, blacked the shoes, and white-washed the chimney corner.



*Quot.* Talking of white-washing, puts me in mind of Swilltab, the great brewer, now a bankrupt—has he sent for the hand-bills we printed ?

*Dick.* Yes, sir ; and desired you to put a new light into his dark lantern ! A job for you, too, in the glazing line, over the way, at the public-house—Sam Solid, dead drunk, turning round, broke three squares of the bow window.

*Quot.* That must wait till to-morrow. Have you mix'd up the medicine for the mad Methodist parson ?

*Dick.* Yes, sir ; but there's no more bark.

*Quot.* Talking of bark puts me in mind of my little terrier dog—have you fed him ?

*Dick.* Oh, yes ; a terrible good one for vermin—he'll kill all the rats in the parish.

*Quot.* Oh, damme, then kill *him*, or he'll hurt the sale of arsenic.

*Dick.* Ecod, right, master—we sell as much poison as all the doctors in the parish.

*Quot.* Talking of poison, have you taken the last new novel out of the girls' school-room ? as the poet says.

*Dick.* Yes, sir, Dang it, I wonder how you spare time for poets and books—so much business ! but there—you be often painting and writing poetry at the same time.

*Quot.* Poetry and painting are nearly the same thing, Dick.

*Dick.* That be what I thought myself ; so, as I mixed up colours for one, I'd a mind to try my hand at the other. Yesterday I set to, with a bit of chalk, and got on famously. I finished the first line in a crack, but when I got to the end of the second, I could not think of a rhyme, and so I—stuck fast.

*Quot.* (*aside*) Curse the fellow, if he takes to poetry, I shall get no work done. Don't try again, Dick—one poet's enough in a family.

*Dick.* That be what mistress do say, sir. She complains that poetry has spoilt you ! and that you don't do half what you used to do.

*Quot.* She's mistaken—I only change about—don't stick so much to the same job. Now, Dick, for business. You've done all the jobs I set you about ?

*Dick.* Yes, sir, you may be certain of that.

*Quot.* Why, I believe you're pretty punctual, tho' not always so expeditiously as I could wish. Sure, though somewhat slow, as Swift says.

*Dick.* Oh, you may depend upon me.

*Quot.* Did you run with the articles I wrapt up this morning ?

*Dick.* Odd rabbit it, no—I quite forgot. Here they be ;

[brings forward two parcels] What's this!—[reads] 'For'—Dang it, sir, I can't well make out the directions—you wrote in such a hurry.

*Quot.* No! mine's a good running hand.

*Dick.* Running! I think it be *galloping*, the letters seem to scamper away from one another so fast, there's no catching them.

*Quot.* Let me see; that's for Squire Fudge—this for the attorney's clerk in the next street.

*Dick.* Squire Fudge! Oh, the old gentleman who lately married his smart young housekeeper. What be the articles, sir?

*Quot.* Essence of hartshorn, a pair of spectacles, and a quire of large foolscap—

*Dick.* For old Fudge?

*Quot.* And a quizzing-glass for the attorney's clerk.

*Dick.* I'll go with them directly, and when I come back take my lunch. Lord, sir, our beer do want drinking sadly, it be getting sour.

*Quot.* Talking of what's sour, where's your mistress?

*Dick.* Busy among her scholars in the house.

*Quot.* Right! let her stay there; she's in and I'm out, as Ovid says. Take my apron—I'm off. As to my wife—

*Dick.* Hush! she'll hear you, and be angry.

*Quot.* Nonsense! who rules? Am not I, (as Milton says) 'cock of the walk'? Get you gone, and haste back, as I am going out soon—I've peeped into the school.

*Dick.* I'm afraid the boys will play the duce when they find you're from home; what am I to do?

*Quot.* Flog 'em all round.

*Dick.* I will sir; I've put a new rod in pickle on purpose.

*Exit.*

*Quot.* Now go I to make a bold push for a fresh customer, as Cowley says. Busy day! a wedding this morning—and—talking of wedding, puts me in mind of a christening! Festival, too, in the next parish! fine fun going on—bull-baiting, boxing, and backward—jumping in sacks, grinning match, and donkey race! I promised to meet the change-ringers—hope I shall be in time just to take a touch at tripple-bobs, as the poet says.

*Exit.*

## THE GRAVE STONES.

THE grass is green and the spring floweret blooms,  
 And the tree blossoms all as fresh and fair  
 As death had never visited the earth :  
 Yet every blade of grass, and every flower,  
 And every bud and blossom of the spring,  
 Is the memorial that nature rears  
 Over a kindred grave.—Ay, and the song  
 Of woodland wooer, or his nuptial lay,  
 As blithe as if the year no winter knew,  
 Is the lament of universal death.  
 The merry singer is the living link  
 Of many a thousand years of death gone by,  
 And many a thousand in futurity,—  
 The remnant of a moment, spared by him  
 But for another meal to gorge upon.  
 This globe is but our father's cemetery—  
 The sun, and moon, and stars that shine on high,  
 The lamps that burn to light their sepulchre,  
 The bright escutcheons of their funeral vault.  
 Yet does man move as gaily as the barge,  
 Whose keel sings through the waters, and her sails  
 Kythe like the passing meteor of the deep ;  
 Yet ere to-morrow shall those sunny waves,  
 That wanton round her, as they were in love,  
 Turn dark and fierce, and swell, and swallow her,  
 So is he girt by death on every side,  
 As heedless of it.—Thus he perishes.  
 Such were my thoughts on a summer eve,  
 As forth I walked to quaff the cooling breeze.  
 The setting sun was curtaining the west  
 With purple and with gold, so fiercely bright,  
 That eye of mortal might not look on it—  
 Pavilion fitting for an angel's home,  
 The sun's last ray fell slanting on a thorn  
 With blossoms white, and there a blackbird sat  
 Bidding the sun adieu, in tones so sweet  
 As fancy might awake around his throne,  
 My heart was full, yet found no utterance,  
 Save in a half-breathed sigh and moistening tear.  
 I wandered on, scarce knowing where I went,  
 Till I was seated on an infant's grave.  
 Alas ! I knew the little tenant well :  
 She was one of a lovely family,  
 That oft had clung around me like a wreath  
 Of forests, the fairest of the maiden spring—  
 It was a new-made grave, and the green sod

Lay loosely on it; yet affection there  
 Had reared the stone, her monument of fame.  
 I read the name—I love to hear her lip—  
 'Twas not alone, but every name was there  
 That lately echoed through that happy dome.  
 I had been three weeks absent; in that time  
 The merciless destroyer was at work,  
 And spared not one of all the infant group.  
 The last of all I read the grandsire's name,  
 On whose white locks I oft had seen her cheek,  
 Like a bright sun-beam on a fleecy cloud,  
 Rekindling in his eye the fading lustre,  
 Breathing into his heart the glow of youth.  
 He died at eighty of a broken heart,  
 Bereft of all for whom he wished to live.

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RECITATION FROM "THE RIVALS."

CHARACTERS—Sir Anthony Absolute, a passionate old man.  
 Captain Absolute, a Military Officer.  
 Fag, a Servant.

*Fag.* Sir, your father has just arrived.

*Capt.* My father! what brings him to Bath! I wish the  
 gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

[Enter Sir Anthony.]

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive of your health.

*Sir A.* Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What you are recruiting here, hey!

*Capt.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.

*Sir A.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. I have been considering, Jack, that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

*Capt.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

*Sir A.* I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart and soul. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

*Capt.* Sir, you are very good.

*Sir A.* And it is my wish, while I live, to have my boy make

some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

*Capt.* Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

*Sir A.* I am glad you are so sensible of my attention, and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

*Capt.* Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude ; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army !

*Sir A.* O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

*Capt.* My wife, Sir !

*Sir A.* Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

*Capt.* A wife, sir, did you say !

*Sir A.* Aye, a wife—didn't I mention her before !

*Capt.* Not a word, sir.

*Sir A.* O I musn't forget her though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

*Capt.* Sir ! sir !—you amaze me !

*Sir A.* Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool ! Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

*Capt.* I was, sir ; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

*Sir A.* Why, what difference does that make ! Odds life, sir ! if you have the estate, you must take it with the stock on it, as it stands.

*Capt.* If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady !

*Sir A.* What's that to you, sir !—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

*Capt.* Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of.

*Sir A.* I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

*Capt.* Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another. My heart is engaged to an angel.

*Sir A.* Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her.

*Capt.* You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

*Sir A.* Now, d—n me ! if ever I call you Jack again while I live !





THE SHIPWRECK.

P. 177.



THE DEATH OF NELSON.

P. 187.

*Capt.* Nay, sir, but hear me.

*Sir A.* Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! to give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean you dog—if you don't, by—

*Capt.* What, sir, promise to link myself to some woman of ugliness! to—

*Sir A.* Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll about like the Bull's in Coxe's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah! yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

*Capt.* This is reason and moderation, indeed!

*Sir A.* None of your grinning, jackanapes!

*Capt.* Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

*Sir A.* 'Tis false, sir, I know you'll grin when I am gone.

*Capt.* Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

*Sir A.* None of your passion, sir, can't you be cold like me?

*Capt.* Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

*Sir A.* 'Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do. But mark! I give you just six hours and a half to consider of this! if you then agree to do every thing on earth that I choose, why, confound you! I may in time forgive you—if not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of the trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me, if ever I call you Jack again.

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## THE SHIPWRECK.

—Her giant form

O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,  
Majestically calm, would go

Mid the deep darkness white as snow!

But gentler now the small waves glide

Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.

So stately her bearing, so proud her array,

The main she will traverse for ever and aye.



Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!  
 —Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.  
 Five hundred souls in one instant of dread  
 Are hurried o'er the deck;  
 And fast the miserable ship  
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.  
 Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,  
 Her planks are torn asunder,  
 And down come her masts with a reeling shock,  
 And a hideous crash like thunder.  
 Her sails are dragged in the brine  
 That gladdened late the skies,  
 And her pendant that kissed the fair moonshine  
 Down many a fathom lies.  
 Her beautiful sides, whose rainbow hues,  
 Gleamed softly from below,  
 And sung a warm and sunny flush  
 O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow.  
 To the coral rocks are hurrying down,  
 To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.  
 Oh! many a dream was in the ship  
 An hour before her death;  
 And sights of home with sighs disturbed  
 The sleeper's long-drawn breath.  
 Instead of the murmur of the sea,  
 The sailor heard the humming tree,  
 Alive through all its leaves,  
 The hum of the spreading sycamore  
 That grows before his cottage door,  
 And the swallow's song in the eaves.  
 His arms enclosed a blooming boy,  
 Who listened with tears of sorrow and joy  
 To the dangers his father had passed;  
 And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,  
 As she looked on the father of her child  
 Returned to her heart at last.  
 —He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,  
 And the rush of the waters is in his soul,  
 Astounded the reeling deck he paces,  
 Mid hurrying forms and ghostly faces;—  
 The whole ship's crew are there,  
 Wailings around and overhead,  
 Brave spirits stupified or dead,  
 And madness and despair.  
 Now is the ocean's bosom bare,  
 Unbroken as the floating air;  
 The ship hath melted quite away,  
 Like a struggling dream at break of day.

No image meets my wandering eye,  
 But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky,  
 Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull,  
 Bedims the waves so beautiful;  
 While a low and melancholy moan  
 Mourns for the glory that hath flown.

## THE LEARNED APOTHECARY.

THIS was an action that was brought against a man of the name of Warburton, for having practised without being duly qualified—it was tried before Sir W. Garrow at the Staffordshire Assizes; the defendant was son to a man who had been in early life a gardener, but afterwards set up as a cow-leech. Cross-examined by Mr. Dauncey.

*Mr. D.* Have you always been a surgeon?

*Wit.* Pray, my Lord, is this a proper answer?

*Judge.* I have not heard any answer; Mr. Dauncey has put a question.

*Wit.* Must I answer?

*Judge.* Yes, do you object?

*Wit.* I don't think it a proper answer.

*Judge.* I presume you mean question; I beg leave to differ with you in opinion.

*Mr. D.* Have you always been a surgeon?

*Wit.* I am a surgent.

*Mr. D.* Can you spell the word you mention?

*Wit.* My Lord, is that a fair answer?

*Judge.* I think it a fair question.

*Wit.* Spell the word! to be sure I can. S-y-u-rgunt.

*Mr. D.* I am rather hard of hearing—repeat what you have said.

*Wit.* S-u-r-gend.

*Mr. D.* What did you say was next to S, sir?

*Wit.* S-y-u-gent.

*Judge.* As I take it down, please to favour me with it once more.

*Wit.* S-q-u-r-gent.

*Judge.* What?

*Wit.* S-e-r-gund.

*Mr. D.* Have you always been what you say? what were you originally?

*Wit.* S-y-u-r-g-e-n-d.

*Mr. D.* Were you ever a gardener, Dr. Warburton?

*Wit.* Surgent.

*Mr. D.* I do not ask you to spell that word again.

*Wit.* Sergund—aye, that's it.

*Mr. D.* My Lord, I fear I have thrown a *spell* over this poor man, which he can't get rid of. Where was you a gardener?

*Wit.* I never was a gardener—I first was a farmer—I ceased to be a farmer, because I learnt the business I now is.

*Mr. D.* Who did you learn it of?

*Wit.* My Lord, is that a proper question?

*Judge.* I see no objection to it.

*Wit.* I learned it of Doctor Hum—he practised the same as the Whitworth doctors, and they were ruglar physicians.

*Mr. D.* Where did they take their degrees?

*Wit.* I don't think they ever took any.

*Mr. D.* Then do you suppose they could be regular physicians?

*Wit.* No—I believe they were only doctors.

*Mr. D.* Were they doctors of law, physic, or divinity?

*Wit.* They doctored cows and other human beings.

*Mr. D.* Did you ever make up medicines from the prescription of a physician?

*Wit.* I never did.

*Mr. D.* Do you understand the characters they use for ounces, scruples, and drachms?

*Wit.* I do not. I can make up as good medicine in my way as they can in theirs.

*Mr. D.* What proportion does an ounce bear to a pound?

*Wit.* My Lord, is that a fair answer—I mean question?

*Judge.* Certainly.

*Mr. D.* There are sixteen ounces to the pound.

*Wit.* We do not go by weight, we mix ours by the hand.

*Mr. D.* Do you ever bleed?

*Wit.* Yes.

*Mr. D.* With a fleam or lancet?

*Wit.* With a launcelet.

*Mr. D.* Do you bleed from the vein or the artery?

*Wit.* From the wain.

*Mr. D.* There is an artery about the temple, can you tell the name of it?

*Wit.* I does not pretend to have so much knowledge as some.

*Mr. D.* Can you tell me the name of that artery?

*Wit.* I don't know what artifice you mean.

*Mr. D.* Suppose I was to tell you to bleed my servant—which

heaven forbid—in the jugular vein, where would you apply the lancet ?

*Wit.* In the arm to be sure. I am a bit of a dentist.

*Mr. D.* Indeed ! suppose then a person had the tooth-ache, and could not bear it, how would you proceed ?

*Wit.* Beat it out, to be sure.

*Mr. D.* With what ?

*Wit.* A hammer.

*Mr. D.* You may retire—I am perfectly satisfied.

### HENRY IV's SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects  
 Are at this hour asleep ! O gentle Sleep,  
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness !  
 Why, rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber.  
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And jull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
 A watch-case to a common larum-bell ?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,  
 That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes ?  
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep ! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ;  
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king ? Then, happy low, lie down !  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

R

## TRAGIC REMINISCENCES.

My father was a slaughterman thriving in a small country village, for, although a religious place, the inhabitants concurred in patronizing his propensity for butchering. To this fact do I ascribe the tragical turn of my thoughts, although it was said I imbibed it with my mother's milk, for she, like a good help-mate, helped her husband in his cruel trade : be that as it may, I certainly had a most sanguinary turn of mind ; a fight would excite my admiration most *unsophistically*, and when very young, I could recite, and with glee, the whole of the part of Hotspur, who

“ Killed some six or seven dozen at a breakfast,”

and that with all the emphasis and twang attached by school-boys to the productions of “our immortal bard.” In due time I was instated into my father's business, and became quite as cruel as my progenitors ; but still retaining my dramatic propensities, I was at the head of a corps of *privateers*, who, like myself, did justice to their profession by wu'dering all within their reach.

My first appearance in public being at the time of an election, I expected to make a *hit*, but had not been on the stage many minutes, when I was assailed with a volley of missiles, rotten eggs, oranges, &c. which made more *hits* than I liked : I was therefore obliged to make a speedy exit, so much did they make their eggs hit. This so put me out of countenance (my face bearing palpable marks both of hard and soft usage) that I determined to make myself scarce, and did not forget to make my father's money scarce also, the possession of which so elevated my spirits, (God knows I ought to have been elevated elsewhere,) that I never thought of the future, but made my way to the first strolling company ; where by dint of a few presents to the understrappers, I soon got a character for wealth (though I lost my character in getting it) among these poor actors,—poor in every sense of the word. My next public appearance was under better auspices, and I came off with eclat, although some of my companions thought it was only *so-so* ; but I told them I expected to reap advantage from spending my time in their company.

I will pass over my minus transactions in the country, and minor theatrical exploits in town, to the time when, thinking myself at the top of the tree, I wished to gather some of the fruit of my labour. I was engaged at Drury Lane Theatre at a good salary : and lived like a prince, until my vanity led me

to think I could take up first-rate parts, and bring down such torrents of applause as were nightly showered on the reigning favourites. The night came, and I entered as Richard III. in all my kingly state, panting for applause, the audience for their Christmas pantomime, nor did they wish my tragic thoughts to interrupt their merry ones : added to which my bad qualities, hitherto in the back ground, appeared more forcibly, when rubbed up to suit my present advancement on the stage of life. In fact, both actor and audience were quite characteristic of the character I represented, and I was (to use a Thespian term) DAMNED !

The dress and upper circles I could have boxed in the best Tom Spring style ; the pit I wished a hundred times in the bottomless one, and the gods above so put my *gull awry*, that I made a foolish speech, forfeited my engagement, and went adrift like a stray boat, without a name, a prey to the first bum (or water) bailiff—for I had not forgotten to run in debt, for which in the long run I was indebted to my short run of prosperity. I applied in vain at the minors ; and after being shifted from one scene of misery to another, I was at length appointed scene-shifter in Clark's Theatricals ; but one night making shift to intrude a wood scene into a parlour, I was dismissed and left to shift for myself.

I now began to have serious thoughts of returning, like the prodigal son, to my father, but finding he was a bankrupt, I disliked the idea of being called to account for the money I had so unaccountably abstracted. I was at length obliged to enter upon a new scene, and act the part of *candle-snuffer*, at a country playhouse, where in despite of slanderers and backbiters, I hope to remain in that performance, till death puts his *extinguisher* on my vital *spark*.

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### NOSE AND EYES.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,  
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;  
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause,  
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning,  
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,  
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

"In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,  
 And your lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find,  
 That the nose has had spectacles always to wear,  
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind."

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—  
 "Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,  
 As wide as the ridge of the nose is! in short,  
 Designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

"Again, would your worship a moment suppose,  
 ('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again,)  
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
 Pray who would, or who could wear spectacles then?"

"On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,  
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
 That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then, shifting his side, (as a lawyer knows how,)  
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes;  
 But what were his arguments few people know,  
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,  
 Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—  
 That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,  
 By day-light or candle light,—Eyes should be shut!

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THE MONIED MAN.

OLD Jacob Stock! The chimes of the clock were not more punctual in proclaiming the progress of time, than in marking the regularity of his visits at the temples of Plutus in Thread-needle-street, and Bartholomew-lane. His devotion to them was exemplary. In vain the wind and the rain, the hail and the sleet, battled against his rugged front. Not the slippery ice, nor the thick-falling snow, nor the whole artillery of elementary warfare, could check the plodding perseverance of the man of the world, or tempt him to lose the chance which the morning, however unpropitious it seemed, in its external aspect, might yield him of profiting by the turn of a fraction.

He was a stout-built, round-shouldered, squab looking man, of a bearish aspect. His features were hard, and his heart was harder. You could read the interest-table in the wrinkles of his brow, trace the rise and fall of stocks by the look of his

countenance; while avarice, selfishness, and money-getting, glared from his gray, glassy eye. Nature had poured no balm into his breast; nor was his 'gross and earthly mould' susceptible of pity. A single look of his would daunt the most importunate petitioner that ever attempted to extract hard coin by the soft rhetoric of a heart-moving tale.

The wife of one whom he had known in better days, pleaded before him for her sick husband and famishing infants. Jacob on occasions like these was a man of few words. He was as chary of them as of his money, and he let her come to the end of her tale without interruption. She paused for a reply; but he gave none. 'Indeed, he is very ill, Sir.'—'Can't help it.' 'We are very distressed, Sir.'—'Can't help it.' 'Our poor children, too——' 'Can't help that neither.'

The petitioner's eye looked a mournful reproach, which would have interpreted itself to any other heart but his, 'Indeed, you can;' but she was silent. Jacob felt more awkwardly than he had ever done in his life. His hand involuntarily scrambled about his breeches' pocket. There was something like the weakness of human nature stirring within him. Some coin had unconsciously worked its way into his hand—his fingers insensibly closed; but the effort to draw them forth, and the impossibility of effecting it without unclosing them, roused the dormant selfishness of his nature, and restored his self-possession.

'He has been very extravagant.' 'Ah, Sir, he has been very unfortunate, not extravagant.' 'Unfortunate!—Ah! it's the same thing. Little odds, I fancy. For my part, I wonder how folks can be unfortunate. I was never unfortunate. Nobody need be unfortunate, if they look after the main chance. I always looked after the main chance.'—'He has had a large family to maintain.' 'Ah! married foolishly; no offence to you ma'am. But when poor folks marry poor folks, what are they to look for? you know. Besides, he was so foolishly fond of assisting others. If a friend was sick, or in gaol, out came his purse, and then his creditors might go whistle. Now if he had married a woman with money, you know, why then——'

The supplicant turned pale, and would have fainted. Jacob was alarmed; not that he sympathised, but a woman's fainting was a scene that he had not been used to; besides there was an awkwardness about it; for Jacob was a bachelor.

Sixty summers passed over his head without imparting a ray of warmth to his heart; without exciting one tender feeling for the sex, deprived of whose cheering presence, the paradise of the world were a wilderness of weeds.—So he desperately extracted a crown piece from the depth profound, and thrust it

hastily into her hand. The action recalled her wandering senses. She blushed:—it was the honest blush of pride at the meanness of the gift. She curt'sied; staggered towards the door; opened it; closed it; raised her hand to her forehead and burst into tears. * * * *

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 SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

O MY offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n!  
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't—  
 A brother's murder!—Pray I cannot;  
 Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,  
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
 And, like a man to double business bound,  
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
 And both neglect. What, if this cursed hand  
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns  
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,  
 But to confront the visage of offence?  
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,  
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up,  
 My fault is past.—But oh! what form of pray'r  
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!  
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
 My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.  
 May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:  
 There is no shuffling; there the action lies  
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
 Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?  
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom black as death!  
 Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,  
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!  
 Bow, stubborn knees! and heart with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
 All, all may yet be well.

## A SERMON ON MALT.

Mr. DODD was a minister who lived many years ago a few miles from Cambridge ; and having several times been preaching against drunkenness, some of the Cambridge scholars (conscience, which is sharper than a thousand witnesses, being their monitor) were very much offended, and thought he made reflections on them. Some little time after, Mr. Dodd was walking towards Cambridge, and met some of the gowmsmen, who, as soon as they saw him at a distance, resolved to make some ridicule of him. As soon as he came up, they accosted him with "Your servant, sir!" He replied, "Your servant, gentlemen." They asked him if he had not been preaching very much against drunkenness of late? He answered in the affirmative. They then told him they had a favour to beg of him, and it was that he would preach a sermon to them *there*, from a text they should choose. He argued that it was an imposition, for a man ought to have some consideration before preaching. They said they would not put up with a denial, and insisted upon his preaching immediately (in a hollow tree which stood by the road side) from the word MALT. He then began, "Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man—come at a short notice—to preach a short sermon—from a short text—to a thin congregation—in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*. I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four—M.A.L.T.

M, is Moral.

A, is Allegorical.

L, is Literal.

T, is Theological.

"The Moral, is to teach you rustics good manners; therefore M, my Masters; A, All of you; L, Leave off; T, Tippling.

"The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of, and another meant. The thing spoken of is Malt; The thing meant is the spirit of Malt; which you rustics make, M, your Meat; A, your Apparel; L, your Liberty; and T, your Trust.

"The Literal is, according to the letters; M, Much; A, Ale; L, Little; T, Trust.

"The Theological is according to the effects it works in some, M, Murder; in others, A, Adultery; in all, L, Looseness of life; and, in many, T, Treachery.

"I shall conclude the subject, First, by way of Exhortation.

M, My Masters ; A, All of you ; L, Listen ; T, To my Text. Second, by way of Caution. M, My Masters ; A, All of you ; L, Look for ; T, the Truth. Third, by way of Communicating the Truth, which is this : A Drukkard is the annoyance of modesty ; the spoil of civility ; the destruction of reason ; the robber's agent ; the alchouse's benefactor ; his wife's sorrow ; his children's trouble ; his own shame ; his neighbour's scoff ; a walking swill-bowl ; the picture of a beast ; the monster of a man !<sup>13</sup>

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### THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve,  
 When like a king he bore him,—  
 Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,  
 And prouder chiefs before him :  
 The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—  
 The morrow, and the morrow's needs,—  
 No daunting thoughts came o'er him ;  
 He look'd around him, and his eye  
 Defiance flash'd to earth and sky.

He look'd on ocean,—its broad breast  
 Was cover'd with his fleet ;  
 On earth :—and saw, from east to west,  
 His banner'd millions meet ;  
 Wide rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,  
 Shook with the war-cry of that host,  
 The thunder of their feet !  
 He heard the imperial echoes ring,—  
 He heard,—and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone :—nor camp,  
 Nor chief, his steps attended ;  
 Nor banner blazed, nor coursers tramp  
 With war-cries proudly blended,  
 He stood alone, whom Fortune high  
 So lately seem'd to deify ;  
 He, who with Heaven contended,  
 Fled like a fugitive and slave !  
 Behind,—the foe ;—before,—the wave.

He stood :—fleet, army, treasure,—gone,—  
 Alone, and in despair !  
 But wave and wind : wept ruthless on,  
 For they were monarchs there ;

And Xerxes, in a single bark,  
 Where late his thousand ships were dark,  
 Must all their fury dare :  
 What a revenge—a trophy this—  
 For thee, immortal Salamis !

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### PLEASURES OF A PLAYER

I USED vainly to imagine that the business of an Actor was all play, but I have found that no trade, no profession upon earth, is so laborious to mind and body—laborious too, at times and seasons when other people are partaking of the amusements and enjoyments of social and domestic life. At ten o'clock I go to rehearsal—study and arrange all the nonsense which the Manager chooses to accept from the wretched play-writers—(who are all either in gaol, or expecting to be sent every day of their miserable lives)—liable to be fined forty pounds for refusing to play a part which I know does not suit me, and in which no human being, except the author, can see the slightest merit ; there I remain the whole morning, groping about behind the scenes, or listening in the green-room to calumnies and dirty stories, till perhaps three ; I then mount to the wardrobe, where in council with the tailor and the barber, I stay and discuss with perfect gravity the relative merits of different coats, waistcoats, and wigs, with a view to ascertain which combination of grotesque habits will best answer the purpose, and produce the greatest portion of laughter in the one stalling gallery. On reaching the stage-door I find it pouring with rain—having come out with thin shoes, and without an umbrella, I paddle up Drury Lane to my lodgings, where my wife has prepared every thing to make me comfortable ; and at five o'clock I sit down to my dinner, fire blazing, dishes smoking, and all extremely nice and snug. At a little after six, just as I am getting warm, and feel very happy, and rather heavy to sleep, I am warned by dear Mary that 'it is time to go.' Up I get, squeeze on my great coat, take my umbrella, find the streets ankle deep in mud, mixed with more mizzling rain, too small and too light to be warded off—slip along the worst streets in London back to the play-house, and in consequence of quitting my warm fire side, contract a violent tooth-ache to which I am very subject.

The pain in my face increases during the time I am dressing—the barber arrives to 'do up my own hair' into a droll shape, it having been decided that it will produce a more ridiculous effect than a wig—the *call-boy* comes to hurry me, and I pro-

ceed to smear my chin and forehead with *whitening*—make *crow's feet* and eye-brows with a bit of *burnt cork*, and rub the *end* of my nose with a *kare's foot* covered with *red ochre*. During this operation 'a gentleman wishes to see me;' he is admitted, and brings the agreeable intelligence that a friend who has given me his acceptance for seventy pounds has dishonoured the Bill, which is returned to me, and must be settled by ten o'clock the following morning. At this juncture, a pretty little draggie-tailed maid servant, whom I keep, arrives to ask for the key of a cupboard, which I have brought away by mistake, to get something for my wife—I give the key, and hear her romping with the half-drunken Manager in the dark passage;—irritated, but too much pressed for time to be angry, I squeeze on the shoes which I thought would 'be very effective'—in my haste I run one of the buckles under the nail of my finger; and when the shoes are on, find the corn on the little toe of my left foot so pinched that nothing but the impossibility of getting any others would induce me to wear them—while stamping on the floor, in hopes of making matters easier, I perceive the coat and waistcoat which I have selected to wear, giving the most unequivocal proof of dampness, by smoking furiously as they hang airing on the back of a chair before the fire.

Besides this, it should be observed, that I dress in the same room with a man whose aversion I am, and whose name is *ipccacuanha* to me; he is pompous, and does tragedy—has the best place in the room, and all the fire to himself—feeds the newspaper critics, who always praise him; and one of them, who invariably abuses me, is his constant companion when we are dressing.

At length, however, I get to the green-room—drink half a glass of muddy water from *the tumbler*, out of which every *Lady* and *Gentleman* of the company has drunk before, and will after me; and being ultimately summoned to the stage, I find the music sounding too well—the house empty of people, and full of gas—my tooth aching as if it would split my head, I feel the damp waistcoat sticking to my back—my eyes being hot, and my nose cold—the shoe on my *corny* foot having shrunk with the heat of the foot, cutting and pinching me more dreadfully than the parchment boot of the Holy Inquisition could do. Here I have to act a scene with a cheap actor from the country; a *regular stick*, who knows nothing of the point, and very little of the part; and thus arrive at the period where I have to sing a comic song, with speaking and pattering imitations of sundry men and other animals, between the verses; and during the protracted symphony to this, I keep my tongue to my tooth, in order to hush the pain, and thinking of nothing but the protested Bill for seventy

pounds at the Banker's—putting my hand instinctively into my pocket, I find that I have left the little bit of reed with which I imitated *Punch* and *The Ducks* (the great hits of my song) in the waistcoat I have just taken off. I sing the song, of course, without the *Ducks* and *Punch*—but make up for the omission by dancing very funnily, forgetting at the outset the tight shoes and corns, and being unable, when I have once begun, to leave off. The pain I feel makes me twist and wriggle more than ordinarily—the consequence is, that I am encored by some Jew boys in the gallery, who have paid sixpence a picce for the privilege—the decent part of the audience dissent from the repetition, and I stand bowing humbly to the ‘liberal and enlightened Public,’ a set of senseless brutes, whose taste I despise, and for whose intellects I have the most unqualified contempt. In the midst of my obsequiousness, one monster among the gods, more hardened than the rest, flings an apple at my head; shouts of ‘turn him out!’ resound, and the cries of ‘go on!’ increasing, I repeat all my little playfulness in detail, which are rendered wholly unintelligible by the mingled plaudits of the *ayes* and the vigorous hissings of the *noes*, and hop about upon my pinched foot with the most laudable activity.

All this over, I go towards the dressing-room to avoid witnessing the degradation of the *ladies* of the profession, who, by the convenient connivance of the conductors of our theatrical establishments, are at present subjected to the open advances of every man who thinks himself entitled by his wealth or rank to knock down the barriers which separate virtue from vice, and chooses to attend the green-room to carry on a system which, in the days of John Kemble, and Colman, was confined to the lobbies, or houses of a different description altogether. In the passage, towards my retreat, I encounter the Manager, smelling of vulgar potatoes: rather more decent, and infinitely more important, than in the early part of the evening, he tells me I must study Faulkland, in *The Rivals*, for the next night (Acres being my *forte*)—he then introduces me to an Author who has an *equestrian melo-drame* to be read the following morning—I cannot conceive what makes them both so civil, till at last I discover that they want me to act in their new piece the part of a *Sorcerer* in a horse-hair wig, with gilded horns, to be carried to the skies on the back of a fiery dragon, at the risk of my neck and reputation.—At length the play ends—heated and tired, I take off my moist dress, and put on my own damp clothes. I smear my face all over with grease and pomatum, to get the paint out of the pores, and rub my hair out of curl—I find my boots (wet when I came) have shrunk so much by standing

before the fire, that I can by no exertion get my heels in them, and am obliged to walk to my lodgings with a hard stiff wrinkle under each foot, my tooth ache much worse than before. I begin my walk homeward through the mud, paddle up the same wretched streets as I had before paddled down, get hustled by three tall females of a certain description, who after pulling me about to my great discomfiture, leave me with a start when they discover by the light of a great starry gas lamp, that, after all, its *funny—the Actor man!*

When I get home, the fire is out—my wife, tired of her lonely wretchedness, has gone to bed—and I saddled with *Faulkland* in my pocket to study for the morrow. That morrow brings the same routine, and so it goes on until Saturday, when the concern being very prosperous, the treasurer cannot pay any of the salaries; and the only intelligence I can get at his office is, that my benefit is fixed for the second day of Epsom Races, when the cheesemongers and bakers, who would take my tickets, will all be there, and therefore unable to go to the play:—find at the theatre a letter, offering me two sovereigns and my dinner, to attend a patriotic party, and be *comical*, at the City of London Tavern—swear at the “fat and greasy citizens” who take a gentleman for a mountebank—and spend the whole of my Sunday in studying *Mustynmyfastigig*, the wizard, in the infernal Melodrame of *Blue-Blazes*; or the *Intellectual Donkey*, which it would cost me the price of the felon’s neck to refuse to act.

These are a few of the evils by which I am assailed in the midst of my success; and “I am sick at heart” when I walk down to my nightly task, and see the ruddy-faced, healthy shopkeeper, sitting quietly at his tea, by his cheerful fire-side, with his family round him, and recollect that he can weigh butter without leaving his home, painting his face, or being subject to the insolence of a sottish Manager, and sell cheese and hog’s lard without bowing for the usual indulgence of the “enlightened public.”

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### TO MY STICK.

ATTEND my muse, and with thee bring  
Thy most harmonious facile string:  
Grant me thy potent aid, to sing

My Stick

Assist me, all ye sacred Nine,  
To celebrate this stick of mine,  
And I’ll devote unto your shrines

My Stick.

Come Pegasus—I'm safe astride—  
A quicker pace must soon be tried,  
Or I will lay upon thy hide

My Stick.

There! gallop on with might and main,  
Parnassus' top we'll quickly gain,  
And I'll pursue that pleasing strain,

My Stick.

Hail, hail, all hail! man's firm support  
Through evil and through good report;  
Hail, hail, all hail! 'tis thee I court,

My Stick.

In every clime, in every age,  
Or saint or savage, sot or sage,  
Man leans on thee, in every stage,

His Stick.

When Satan for his sins was driven  
Forth from the eternal joys of heaven,  
We read that unto him was given

A Stick.

The tallest pine was but a wand  
Compared to that he took in hand,  
To help him o'er the burning strand,

His Stick.

With what did Balaam smite his ass?  
What pledge gave Judah, too? alas,  
What stretch'd poor Abel on the grass?

A Stick.

The Preacher says—"thy son chastise,  
Or he will thee;" again he cries—  
"Spare not the rod," and rod implies

A Stick.:

In infancy, what was my pride?  
What was't for which I often cried?  
What did I saddle, mount, and ride?

My Stick.

And when my lardy teens began,  
I flourish'd oft my gay ratten;  
Thou grac'd me while I aped the man,  
S

My Stick.



## GENERAL RECITER.

With tight-laced stays and hair in curls,  
 Aided by thy majestic twirls,  
 We made sad havoc 'mongst the girls,  
 My Stick.

What never left me in a spree?  
 What made the drunken Charles flee?  
 What broke their beads and lanterns? thee,  
 My Stick.

Carousing at some midnight revel,  
 If any dared to prove uncivil,  
 We were the boys to play the devil,  
 My Stick.

What stands my friend in bloody fray?  
 What cheers me on my lonely way?  
 What keeps the yelping curs at bay?  
 My Stick.

Thou help'st me through the mud and mire,  
 Thou mak'st me stand six inches higher,  
 With thee I lord it like a squire,  
 My Stick.

Theatre, market, church, or fair,  
 Wherever I am, thou art there,  
 Ev'n children cry—there goes a pair  
 Of Sticks.

Thou giv'st an air of consequence,  
 Thou stamp'st me as a man of sense,  
 Yet costs but six or seven pence,  
 My Stick.

What makes me, when with whisky toddy  
 I'm drunk and stupid as a noddy,  
 Walk home like any sober body,  
 My Stick.

With taper, straight, well-polish'd stem,  
 And graceful curve, thou art a gem  
 To decorate a diadem,  
 My Stick.

Whether of ash, elm, oak, or vine,  
 Or rare bamboo, or humble pine,  
 Hail! hail! all hail! for thou art mine,  
 My Stick.

If life's meridian spared to see,  
Depend upon It thou shalt be  
Still part and particle of me,

My Stick.

When stuff'd with luxury and pride,  
Too fat to walk, a steed I'll ride,  
And proudly flourish at my side,

My Stick.

Tottering down life's declivity,  
I'll confidently trust to thee,  
Thou'lt prove the same kind friend to me,

My Stick.

Yet wo is me;—true friendship never,  
In this vile world did last for ever,  
Fell death from me some day will sever

My Stick.

But till my door of life is shut,  
Till in my kindred earth I'm put,  
Till life's extinct, I'll never cut

My Stick.

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## A PARODY ON THE TRIAL SCENE IN BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

CHARACTERS—Magistrate, Bill, and Witnesses.

*Mag.* Prisoner, as your donkey is almost bent double with the load o'mackerel on his back, and it am been thought proper that your pals, the drovers and slaughtermen, should be witnesses of votsumdever pebalty we may exflict upon you, in case ve finds you guilty on the crime that you are charged with; it will be necessary to receive the dispositions of the vitnesses without bringing the donkey into court, because, you see, the hampers would prevent. Von of the vitnesses, I grieves to say, is your voman—howsomdever out of marcy to your sittiwation, we isn't brought her up.

*Bill.* Thankee, your vorship, thankee, my voman Sarah, standing here afore me pattering vorde what'd send me to the mill would be laying on too thick for a covey to bear. I thanks your vorship—if I must mout the wan again, I wouldn't have it in sight o'my voman.

*Mag.* Prisoner, you are charged under Muster Martin's hact

vi' almost killing your donkey to death. Answer—am you guilty, or not guilty.

*Bill.* I wants your vorship to mind vot your arter atvixt the questions. If it should go for to be axed if I wanted to kill the donkey, I could prove, if I wanted to be bounceable, that my donkey vas sitch a rum'un, I could ha' sold him to a knacker for five hogs—all's von for that ere. I ain't guilty of an attempt to kill the donkey to death ; but if it's guilty for a costermonger to strike his moke when he vont kemarp, vy then I says guilty, and think I've no cause to cry stinking fish.

*Mag.* You pleads guilty, then ! Let me as a jolly good trump of a beak, vot I is, advise you to eat your vords. At all events, chance your luck on a proper hexamination.

*Bill.* I leaves that ere chance to your vorship's own breasts ; If they have not a vord for poor Bill, vy I ain't got dimmock to employ a lawyer !

*Mag.* You von't go back then ?

*Bill.* I'm fixed to it, back and edge, and no gammon.

*Mag.* Brother Beak, nothing more is left for us to do nor to consider on the amount o' the fine. Although the case o' the unfortunate costermonger admits of a little pity, still, for the proper diffusion of the milk of humane kindness—as the immortal Blackstone says—amongst the bullock-boys and donkey-men of the metropolis, any wood winking or leaning for'ard on our parts would set a bad hexample, and I fears can't be yielded to. Gennemen, am you made up your minds as to the verdict ? Guilty ? It remains, then, for me to force the penalty. Prisoner, does not von of your cronies come for'ard to speak to your carrotter ? Am you no von ?

*Bill.* Not von, your vorship ; I didn't go for to think to ax em ; but let them *choiwick*, and may I never die in child-bed, if from one end of Kent-street to t'other, you can find a kid to say notunk agin me.

*Mag.* Sing out for witnesses !

Enter First Witness.

What am you ?

*Wit.* A coal-heaver, your worship.

*Mag.* Vot know you on the prisoner ?

*Wit.* Know, your vorship ! that he's the humanest man as ever skinned a heel—the first at Billingsgate in a morning, the last to go to roost at dark ; von as never vos thought nothing else nor a trump ; he deals in the freshest mackerel and the largest sprats ; for buying and selling to the best advantage give me Bill Finch before any kid in Kent-street.

*Mag.* But vot knows you on his moral carrotter.

*Wit.* His maw—maw—ale carrotter, your worship, vy he plays at shove-ha'penny like a cock.

*Mag.* Are there any more witnesses!

[Another Witness comes forward.]

Vot knows you on the prisoner?

*Wit.* Nothing but good, my lorthur.

*Mag.* Was he never lock'd up in the vatchus?

*Wit.* Not never but once, my lorthur; and that ere vos for a shindy, when ve vos both lushy.

*Mag.* Vot else does you know?

*Wit.* Vy, as this here, my lorthur—if he goes to the mill, they von't make him vork hard.

*Mag.* Am you nothing else to show? Did he not never do no great nor mag-nanny-mous action?

*Wit.* Do any who, my lorthur? Ye—Yes. He twice floored his old grandmother, and twice put his old blind father into a vater butt!

*Mag.* Am there any more witnesses?

*Bill.* Your Vorship, I feels as if I had the barnacles on, or stood in the stocks, to stand here and listen to yarns about a carrotter, and all that ere. If you doesn't think I'm a trump, vy its no more use than taking coals to Newcastle to patter here.

*Mag.* Gennemen, is your opinion still unshook'd? Prisoner, what am you to say vy the full penalty of forty hog should not be levelled a-top on you? If you is got nothing to offer, now is the time to launch out.

*Bill.* In a moment, your vorship—in a moment. [Blowing his nose.] Daman it, my nose is rather troublesome. Your vorship, I had been three months to the mill for a 'sault, and my donkey—as good a von to go as ever was seen—had not done no work all that ere time. I had come home as frisky as a fly in a treacle-pot. I found Sarah—that's my voman, your vorship—with all her toggery up the flue, but rummy all other rags. Veil, your vorship, I invited my pals to a bit of a blow out, and when ve vos all as merry as a lot o' chummies on a May day, there comes in a cove to say there vos a glut o' mackerel down at the Gate. I hampered my moke, and set off vi' the bags to lay in a dollop. I hadn't got funder nor the t'other side o' Sniffel, when my donkey got his leg in a plug-hole. I ups vi' my bit of ash—[shewing a stick about the size of a rolling pin]—run up to him, and velted away on his behind as long as I vos able; when up comes a covee, and begins to preach a sarmint about cruelty to the hanimal. I never stowed it—never

stopped. Would any o' your vorships? Jolly good luck to you and your women, says I! Would any o' your vorships ha' struck a donkey, as if you'd been going to kill a flea or a bug! No, you wouldn't! You'd ha' done as I did. And vot did I! vy, I vopp'd the donkey like a sack! and had your vorship been the donkey—you're ass enough—so help me tatur, I'd ha' done it.

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### THE FELON.

Oh! mark his wan and hollow cheek,  
 And mark his eye-balls glare:  
 And mark his teeth in anguish clench'd,  
 The anguish of despair:  
 Know, since three days, his penance borne,  
 Yon felon left a jail;  
 And since three days no food has pass'd  
 Those lips so parch'd and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims;  
 "Where hide my shameful head?  
 How fly my scorn? Oh! how contrive  
 To earn my honest bread!  
 This branded band would gladly toil;  
 But when for work I pray,  
 Who sees this mark—'A FELON!' cries,  
 And loathing turns away.

"This heart has greatly err'd, but now  
 Would fain revert to good;  
 This hand has greatly sinn'd, but yet  
 Has ne'er been stain'd with blood.  
 For work, or alms, in vain I sue;  
 The scorners both deny:  
 I starve! I starve!—then what remains?  
 This choice—to sin or die!

"Here virtue spurns me with disdain!  
 Here pleasure spreads her snare;  
 Strong habit drags me back to vice,  
 And urged by fierce despair,  
 I strive while hunger gnaws my heart,  
 To fly from shame in vain.  
 World, 'tis thy cruel will! I yield,  
 And plunge in guilt again.

" There's mercy in each ray of light  
 That mortal eyes e'er saw ;  
 There's mercy in each breath of air  
 That mortal lips e'er draw !  
 There's mercy both for bird and beast  
 In God's indulgent plan ;  
 There's mercy in each creeping thing—  
 But man has none for man !

" Ye proudly honest ! when ye heard  
 My wounded conscience groan,  
 Had generous hand or feeling heart  
 One glimpse of mercy shown,  
 That act had made, from burning eyes,  
 Sweet tears of virtue roll ;  
 Had fix'd my heart, assur'd my faith,  
 And heav'n had gain'd a soul."

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### ON SATIRICAL WIT.

———Trust me, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after wit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies, too oft I see, it happens, that the person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him ; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies, and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger ; 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got an hundred enemies ; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive ; but consider, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not ; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other : whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter—

thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and set on by MALICE in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes; the best of us, my friend, lie open there, and trust me—when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

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### THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

THE world's a stage—and man has seven ages,  
So Shakspeare writes, king of dramatic sages;  
But he forgot to tell you in his plan,  
That Woman plays her part as well as Man.

First, how her infant heart with triumph swells,  
When the red coral shakes its silver bells?  
She, like young statesmen, as the rattle rings,  
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading strings.

Next, little Miss, in pin-a-fore so trim,  
With nurse so noisy—with mamma so prim—  
Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter,  
Lisps as she grasps the allotted bread and butter;  
Type of her sex—who, though no longer young,  
Holds every thing with ease, except the tongue.

A School Girl then, she curls her hair in papers,  
And mimics Father's gout and Mother's vapours;  
Tramples alike on custom and on toes,  
And whispers all she hears to all she knows:  
"Betty," she cries, "it comes into my head,  
Old maids grow cross because their cuts are dead;  
My governess has been in such a fuss,  
About the death of our old tabby puss;  
She wears black stockings—ha! ha!—what a pother,  
'Cause one old cat's in mourning for another!"  
The child of nature—free from pride and pomp,  
And sure to please, though nothing but a romp.

Next riper Miss, who, nature more disclosing,  
Now finds some tracts of art are interposing;  
And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,  
First acts her part with that great actor—Man!

Behold her now an ailing vain Coquette,  
 Catching male gudgeons in her silver net.  
 All things revers'd—the neck cropt close and bare,  
 Scarce feels the incumbrance of a single hair;  
 Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled full,  
 Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull.

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,  
 With all the dear distracting cares of life.  
 A thousand cards, a thousand joys extend,  
 For what may not upon a card depend?  
 Though justice in the morn claim fifty pounds,  
 Five hundred won at night may heal the wounds.  
 Now she'll snatch half a glance at opera, ball,  
 A meteor trac'd by none, though seen by all;  
 Till spousy fuds, while anxious to immure her,  
 A patent coffin only can secure her!

At last the Dowager, in ancient flounces,  
 With snuff and spectacles, *this age denounces.*  
 And thus she moralizes:—

*(speaks like an old woman.)*

“How bold and forward each young flirt appears;  
 Courtship in my time lasted seven long years;  
 Now seven little months suffice of course,  
 For courting, marrying, scolding, and divorce.  
 What with their truss'd-up shapes and pantaloons,  
 Dress occupies the whole of honey-moons.  
 They say we have no souls—but what more odd is,  
 Nor men, nor women, now have any bodies.  
 When I was young, my heart was always tender,  
 And would to ev'ry spouse I had surrender;  
 Their wishes to refuse I never durst,  
 And my fourth died as happy as my first.”

Truth to such splanetic and rash designs,  
 And let us mingle candour with our lines.  
 In all the stages of domestic life,  
 As child, as sister, parent, friend, and wife;  
 Woman, the source of every fond employ,  
 Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.  
 What is your boast, male rulers of the land?  
 How cold and cheerless all you can command;  
 Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and power,  
 Unless kind woman share your raptur'd hour;  
 Unless, 'midst all the glare of pageant art,  
 She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart.



## THE SPEECH OF NICHOLAUS,

*The old Syracusan, against putting the Athenian Generals to Death.*

You here behold an unfortunate father, who has felt more than any other Syracusan the fatal effects of this war, by the death of the two sons, who formed all his consolation, and were the only support of his old age. I cannot, indeed, forbear admiring their courage and felicity, in sacrificing to their country's welfare a life of which they would one day have been deprived by the common course of nature ; but then I cannot but be strongly affected with the cruel wound which their death has made in my heart, nor forbear hating and detesting the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as murderers of my children. I cannot, however, conceal one circumstance, which is, that I am less sensible of my private affliction than of the honour of my country ; and I see it exposed to eternal infamy by the barbarous advice which is now given you. The Athenians, indeed, merit the worst treatment, and every kind of punishment that can be inflicted on them, for so unjustly declaring war against us ; but have not the gods, the just avengers of crimes, punished them, and avenged us sufficiently ? When their generals laid down their arms and surrendered, did they not do this in hopes of having their lives spared ? And if we put them to death, will it be possible for us to avoid the just reproach of our having violated the laws of nations, and dishonoured our victory by an unheard-of cruelty ? How ! will you suffer your glory to be thus sullied in the face of the whole world, and have it said, that a nation, who first dedicated a temple in their city to Clemency, had not found any in yours ? Surely victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city ; but the exercising of mercy towards a vanquished enemy, the using of moderation in the greatest prosperity, and fearing to offend the gods by a haughty and insolent pride. You doubtless have not forgot that this Nicias, whose fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cause in the assembly of the Athenians, and employed all his credit, and the whole power of his eloquence, to dissuade his country from embarking in this war ; should you therefore pronounce sentence of death on this worthy general, would it be a just reward for the zeal he showed for your interest ? With regard to myself, death would be less grievous to me than the sight of so horrid an injustice committed by my countrymen and fellow citizens.

## THE BACHELOR'S REASONS FOR TAKING A WIFE.

GRAVE authors say, and witty poets sing,  
 That honest wedlock is a glorious thing :  
 But depth of judgment most in him appears,  
 Who wisely weds in his maturer years,  
 Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,  
 To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir ;  
 To soothe his cares, and free from noise and strife,  
 Conduct him gently to the verge of life ;  
 Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,  
 Full well they merit all they feel, and more ;  
 Unaw'd by precepts human and divine,  
 Like birds and beasts promiscuously they join :  
 Nor know to make the present blessing last,  
 To hope the future, or esteem the past ;  
 But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,  
 And find divulged the secrets they would hide.  
 The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,  
 Secure at once himself and heaven to please ;  
 And pass his inoffensive hours away,  
 In bliss all night, and innocence all day :  
 Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,  
 Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.  
 But what so pure which envious tongues will spare ?  
 Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair,  
 With matchless impudence they style a wife  
 The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life ;  
 A bosom serpent, a domestic evil,  
 A night invasion, and a mid-day devil.  
 Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,  
 But curse the bones of every lying bard.

All other goods by Fortune's hand are given--  
 A wife is the peculiar gift of heaven :  
 Vain Fortune's favours, never at a stay,  
 Like empty shadows, glide and pass away ;  
 One solid comfort—our eternal wife,  
 Abundantly supplies us all our life.  
 This blessing lasts (if those who try say true)  
 As long as e'er a heart can wish—and longer too.

Our grandsire Adam, e'er of Eve possess'd,  
 Alone, and even in Paradise unblest'd,  
 With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,  
 And wander'd in the solitary shade :  
 The Maker saw, took pity, and bestowed  
 Woman, the last, the best reserve of God.

A wife! ah, gentle deities, can he  
 That has a wife e'er feel adversity?  
 Would men but follow what the sex advise,  
 All things would prosper—all the world grow wise.  
 'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won  
 His father's blessing from an elder son:  
 Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life,  
 To the wise conduct of a prudent wife;  
 Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews show,  
 Preserv'd the Jews, and slew the Assyrian foe:  
 At Hester's suit, the persecuting sword  
 Was sheathed, and Israel lived to bless the Lord.  
 Be charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,  
 And try that Christian comfort, call'd a *wife*.

DIALOGUE FROM "THE RIVALS."

[Enter Captain Absolute.]

*Capt.* 'Tis just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, 'faith! My father wants to force me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with! He must not know of my connexion with her yet awhile. He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters; however I'll read my recantation instantly. My conversion is something sudden, indeed; but I can assure him it is very sincere—So, so, here he comes—he looks plaguy gruff. [Steps aside.]

[Enter Sir Anthony Absolute.]

*Sir A.* No, I'll die sooner than forgive him. Die, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him. At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper. An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy! Who can he take after! This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters! for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a year, besides his pay, ever since. But I have done with him—he's any body's son for me—I never will see him more—never, never, never, never.

*Capt.* Now for a penitential face.

*Sir A.* Fellow, get out of my way.

*Capt.* Sir, you see a penitent before you.

*Sir A.* I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

*Capt.* A sincere penitent. I am come, sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

*Sir A.* What's that!

*Capt.* I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

*Sir A.* Well, sir?

*Capt.* I have been likewise weighing, and balancing, what you were pleased to mention, concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

*Sir A.* Well, puppy!

*Capt.* Why then, sir, the result of my reflections is, a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

*Sir A.* Why, now you talk sense, absolute sense; I never heard any thing more sensible in my life. Confound you, you shall be Jack again.

*Capt.* I am happy in the appellation.

*Sir A.* Why then Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you who the lady really is. Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented me telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare. What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

*Capt.* Languish! What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

*Sir A.* Worcestershire, no. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop, and her niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment.

*Capt.* Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard of the names before. Yet, stay, I think I do recollect something, Languish—Languish—She squints, dont she!—a little red haired girl.

*Sir A.* Squints!—A red-haired girl. Zounds, no!

*Capt.* Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

*Sir A.* Jack, Jack, what think you of blooming love-breathing seventeen?

*Capt.* As to that, sir, I am quite indifferent; if I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

*Sir A.* Nay, but Jack, such eyes, such eyes, so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thoughts of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks, her cheeks, Jack; so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tall-tale eyes. Then Jack, her lips, O, Jack, lips, smiling at their own discretion; and, if not smiling, more sweetly pouting, more lovely in sullenness! Then, Jack, her neck. O, Jack, Jack.

*Capt.* And which is to be mine, sir, the niece, or the aunt?

*Sir A.* Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket. The aunt, indeed; Odds life, when I ran

away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to have gained an empire.

*Capt.* Not to please your father, sir !

*Sir A.* To please my father—Zounds, not to please—O, my father—Oddso,—yes, yes ; if my father, indeed, had desired—that's quite another matter—Though he wasn't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

*Capt.* I dare say not, sir.

*Sir A.* But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful !

*Capt.* Sir, I repeat it, if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome ; but, sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back ; and, though one eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of two, I would not wish to effect a singularity in that article.

*Sir A.* What a phlegmatic sot it is. Why, sirrah, you are an anchorite. A vile, insensible stock ! You a soldier ! you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on. Odds life, I've a great mind to marry the girl myself.

*Capt.* I am entirely at your disposal, sir ; if you should think of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the aunt ; or, if you should change your mind, and take the old lady,—'tis the same to me, I'll marry the niece.

*Sir A.* Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie, I'm sure it must—come, now, damn your demure face, come, confess, Jack, you have been lying—ha'n't you ? You have been playing the hypocrite, hey !—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

*Capt.* I'm sorry, sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

*Sir A.* Hang your respect and duty ! But come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly. Her eyes shall be the Promethean torch to you—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark road with rapture and impatience—if you don't, 'egad, I'll marry the girl myself.

## RICHARD THE SECOND IN HIS DUNGEON.

I HAVE been studying how I may compare  
 This prison where I live unto the world :  
 And, for because the world is populous,  
 And here is not a creature but myself,  
 I cannot do it ;—Yet I'll hammer it out.  
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;  
 My soul the father : and these two beget  
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
 And these same thoughts people this little world ;  
 In humours like the people of this world,  
 For no thought is contented. The better sort,—  
 As thought of things divine,—are intermix'd  
 With scruples, and do set the word itself  
 Against the word :  
 As thus,—' Come little ones ;' and then again,—  
 ' It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
 To thread the postern of a needle's eye.'  
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails  
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;  
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,—  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last : like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,—  
 That many have, and others must sit there :  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
 Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
 And none contented : Sometimes am I a king ;  
 Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,  
 And so I am : Then crushing penury  
 Persuades me I was better when a king ;  
 Then am I king'd again ; and, by-and-by,  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing :—But, whate'er I am,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear ?

[*Music.*

Ha, ah, keep time :—How sour sweet music is,  
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept !  
 So is it in the music of men's lives,  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,

To check time broke in a disorder'd string ;  
 But for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.  
 For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock :  
 My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar  
 Their watches on to mine eyes, the outward watch.  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.  
 Now, Sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,  
 Which is the bell : So sighs, and tears, and groans,  
 Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, in Jack o'the clock.  
 This music mads me, let it sound no more ;  
 For, though it hath helps mad men to their wits,  
 In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !  
 For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

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### EMANCIPATION.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, the writer of this article was conversing with a Roman Catholic who farmed a few acres of land, and was not well satisfied with the general state of affairs ; 'but,' said he, 'things won't be so bad when we are *emancipated*.' 'What, Barney,' said I, 'are you a politician ! do you understand the question of emancipation ?' 'Understand it,' said Barney, 'do you think I am a goose ! who is it that doesn't understand it ?' 'Well, and what do you mean by emancipation ?' 'Mane by it ; why, what every body else manes by it, to be sure. But tell me what you mane by it yourself, and then in troth I'll tell you what I think of it.' Well, Barney, if you were emancipated, your son Paddy might propose himself as a candidate to represent the county in parliament ; and your son Peter, who is now clerk to —, might become lord chancellor ; and your son Jack, the sailor, might be high admiral of the British navy ; and—' 'Balderdash and babbles,' said Barney, 'who would make my gossoons numbers of parliament, and admirals, and the likes of that ? no, that's not *emancipation* at all.' 'Well, Barney, now let me have your meaning of the term.' 'Do you know,' said he, 'S. K. of Dublin ?' 'Very well,' said I ; 'he is your landlord and mine.' 'And do you know who lives in that big house at

the top of yon hill?' Yes, 'tis the Rev. L. the rector of the parish.' 'In troth it is. Now that same S. K. do you see, that never entered a plough on my land, and never set a rig of praties in it in all his life, makes me give him thirty shillings an acre for it; and that same L. charges me thirteen-pence an acre for it besides; and if I won't give it to him, his proctor comes and takes away the tith stock from my field of oats and whate, as if he sowed and raped it himself. Now if I was *mancipated*, d'ye mind, I wouldn't give S. K. a rap farding for my own land, which I labour myself; and as to the rector, as you call him, instead of giving him oats, whate or money, I'd give him (if he'd ax any) a kick in the —. And that's what I'd call bein' *mancipated*.'

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### JOHANNA.

THE night-wind shook the tapestry round an ancient palace room,  
 And torches, as it rose and fell, waved through the gorgeous gloom,  
 And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful gleams of red,  
 Where a woman with long raven hair sat watching by the dead.

Pale gleam'd the features of the dead, yet glorious still to see,  
 Like a hunter or a chief struck down, while his heart and step were free.  
 No shroud he wore—no robe of death—but there majestic lay,  
 Proudly and sadly, glittering in royalty's array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by the cold slumberer's side,  
 On *her* wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in her garb no pride;  
 Only her full impassion'd eyes, as o'er that clay she bent,  
 A mildness and a tenderness in strong resplendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul, like shadows of a cloud,  
 Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer spoke aloud;  
 She spoke to him who could not hear, and cried, 'thou yet wilt awake,  
 And learn my watchings and my tears, belov'd one, for thy sake.

They told me this was death—but well I know it could not be;  
 Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke of death for thee?  
 They would have wrapt the funeral shroud thy gallant form around,  
 But I forbid—and there thou art, as a monarch, rob'd and crown'd!

With all thy bright locks gleaming still, their coronal beneath,  
 And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who said that this was death?  
 Silence hath been upon thy lips, and stillness round thee long,  
 But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all undim'd and strong.

I know thou hast not lov'd me yet—I am not fair, like thee—  
 The very glance of whose dear eye threw round a light of glæe!



A frail and drooping form is mine,—a cold unsmiling cheek—  
Oh! I have but a woman's heart wherewith *thy* heart to seek.

But when thou wakest, my Prince, my Lord! and hear'st how I have kept  
A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee pray'd and wept;  
How in one long deep dream of thee, my days and nights have past,—  
Surely that humble patient love, must win back love at last.

And thou wilt smile—my own, my own, shall be the sunny smile,  
Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but* me, erewhile!  
No more in vain affection's thirst my weary soul shall pine,  
Oh! years of hope deferr'd were paid by one fond glance of thine.

Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look, when thou comest from the chase,  
From me, from me, in festal halls, it shall kindle o'er thy face!  
Thou'lt reck no more, though beauty's gift mine aspect may not bless;  
In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love, shall give me loveliness.

But, wake, my heart within me burns, yet once more to rejoice  
In the sound to which it ever leap'd, the music of thy voice;  
Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look and tone,  
And the gladness of thy opening eyes, must all be mine alone."

In the still chambers of the dust, thus pour'd forth day by day,  
The passion of that loving dream from a troubled soul gave way;  
Until the shadows of the grave had swept o'er every grace,  
Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the watcher's breast,  
And they bore away the royal dead, with requiems, to his rest,  
With banners and with knightly plumes all waving to the wind,  
But a woman's broken heart was left, in its long despair behind.

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### HYPOCHONDRIASIS.

HY-PO-CHON-DRI-A-SIS is one of those unaccountable words, that learned men put into the mouths of the people, without thinking whether they can ever get them out again; a word not one in a hundred can pronounce, nor one in fifty understand,—in one word, it menaces a lock-jaw.

There are two sorts of Hy-po-chon-dri-a-sis. One a sort of melancholy madness, principally the lot of gentlemen in love—I say *gentlemen*, because the ladies are deficient in the natural gravity and solemnity of disposition necessary to constitute a Hy-po-chon-dri-ac; for when the modern Venus is in love, she thinks more of the *Gretna* Vulcan, than sitting, like patience on

a monument, smiling at grief, and letting "concealment, like a worm i'the bud, feed on her damask cheek."

The other, and most comical sort of *Hy-po-chon-dri-acs*, are they who have a species of innate fear of the most harmless things in existence; some of these have a mortal and murderous antipathy to dogs; others will run across the street and "hide their diminished heads," to shun an itinerant vender of old clothes. And others, who would as soon commit suicide as go under a ladder or scaffolding; but these latter more properly come under the class of superstitious simpletons.

I myself have a mortal aversion to—a *Kite!* arising, I believe, from some pranks, when my wife were in their first stage, of one of those injudicious beings—a Nurse-maid—and which completely thrumbled my young ideas. To frighten me, a *MAN-KITE* was placed at my bed foot: and ever after, my midnight dreams and waking thoughts were of *KITES*.

Of the manner in which *Hy-po-chon-dri-a-sis* scatters one's ideas, the following is a specimen:—

When between the age of five and six, and when my kite-mania had reached its height, I had an aunt, and certainly both a great and good aunt: but nevertheless to her I took an antipathy. First of all, her name was—*Kitely*—enough of itself to set my young heart in a flutter—but added to this my said aunt's head was exceedingly small, and her two shoulders unusually broad, and whether it was my heated imagination or not, I cannot say, but I certainly thought her lower parts fast "dwindling to their shortest span," declining gradually from the shoulders to the heels: she wore unusually large "leg of mutton sleeves," and also an immense Cashmere shawl doubled diagonally, which suspended from the aforesaid wide shoulders, gave to my aunt behind, the exact image of a Kite. But this unfolds only half my misery, for thereby hangs a tail: my aunt had eleven daughters, the eldest fourteen, the rest gradually decreasing in height until the little archin of two years was almost lost in the distance. My aunt was a great lover of female decorum, and had a very unique taste, clothing all her daughters in one colour, white. My cousins, under the hands of the Drill Serjeant, were all taught to walk bolt upright, and my aunt chose that they should walk in a straight line—gradually progressing upwards from one to eleven. Fancy, therefore, the torture in my morning walks of this *WOMAN-KITE* and her tail, winding along in their early ailing.

The nursemaid I never forgave, as the cause of my dislike to one of the best of women; one who would have taught me to soar, like Mr. Green the aeronaut, above the petty disturbances of this

world, but for the fear of disgracing the *line* of my ancestry by dying suspended from a *string*.

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### TELL'S SPEECH.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!  
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,  
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear  
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,  
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home  
 Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!  
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!  
 How huge you are! how mighty and how free!  
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smiles  
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,  
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear  
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,  
 I'm with you once again!—I call to you  
 With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you  
 To show they still are free. I rush to you  
 As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,

I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow  
 O'er the abyss:—his broad expanded wings  
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,  
 As if he floated there without their aid,  
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,  
 That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively  
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still  
 His airy circle, as in the delight  
 Of measuring the ample range beneath,  
 And round about absorb'd, he heeded not  
 The death that threaten'd him.—I could not shoot—  
 'Twas liberty!—I turned my bow aside,  
 And let him soar away!

Heavens, with what pride I used  
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,  
 And bless him that it was so. It was free—  
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 'twas free—  
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,  
 And plough our valleys without asking leave;  
 Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow,  
 In very presence of the regal sun.  
 How happy was it then! I loved  
 His very storms. Yes, Emma, I have sat  
 In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake,  
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge

The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed  
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled  
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,  
 And think I had no master save his own. †  
 You know the jutting cliff round which a track  
 Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow  
 To such another one, with scanty room  
 For two abreast to pass? O'ertaken there  
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,  
 And while gust followed gust more furiously,  
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,  
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms  
 Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just  
 Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free,  
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,  
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,  
 Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

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THE GRAVE DIGGERS IN HAMLET.

1 *Clown*. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation †

2 *Clow*. I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight; the crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clow*. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence †

2 *Clow*. Why 'tis found so.

1 *Clow*. It must be *so offendendo*; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clow*. Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver.

1 *Clow*. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man goes to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clow*. But is this law †

1 *Clow*. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clow*. Will you ha' the truth on't; If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clow*. Why, there thou sayest: And the more pity; that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or

hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers ; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman ?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen ? How dost thou understand the scripture ? The scripture says, Adam digged : Could he dig without arms ? I'll put another question to thee : If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter ?

2 *Clo.* The gallows maker : for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith ; the gallows does well : But how does it well ? it does well to those that do ill : now thou dost ill, to say the gallows is built stronger than the church ; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again ; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright or a carpenter ?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it ; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating : and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker ; the houses that he makes last till doomsday.

#### HAMLET, HORATIO, AND THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

*Grave-digger.*—In youth, when I did love, did love,  
Methought, it was very sweet,  
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,  
O, methought there was nothing meet.

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business ? he sings at grave-making.

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*Gra.*—But age with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,  
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a Skull.

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician which this ass now o'er reaches: one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which would say, 'Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so; and now my lady Worm's; chappless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade; Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

*Gra.*—A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,  
For—and a shrouding sheet;  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up a Skull.

*Ham.* There's another: Why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones two, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more! ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay my lord, and of calves-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, Sirrah?

*Gra.* Mine, Sir,—

O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For each a guest is meet.

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed, for thou liest in't.

*Gra.* You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours : for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine ; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick ; therefore thou liest.

*Gra.* 'Tis a quick lie, Sir ; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for ?

*Gra.* For no man, Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then ?

*Gra.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't.

*Gra.* One, that was a woman, Sir ; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is ! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it ; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker ?

*Gra.* Of all the days i'the year, I can to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long's that since ?

*Gra.* Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that : It was that very day that young Hamlet was born : he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England.

*Gra.* Why, because he was mad : he shall recover his wits there : or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why ?

*Gra.* 'Twill not be seen in him there ; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad ?

*Gra.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely ?

*Gra.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground ?

*Gra.* Why, here in Denmark ; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot.

*Gra.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year : a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another ?

*Gra.* Why, Sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while ; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now hath lain you i'the earth, three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it.

*Gra.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was.

Whose do you think it was ?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*Gra.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This ?

*Gra.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas ! poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment ? that were wont to set a table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ! quite chap-fallen ! Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that. Pr'ythee Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord ?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fasion i'the earth ?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so ? pah !

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung hole.

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : As thus ; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned to dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :

Oh ! that the earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw !



## NUMBER ONE.

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 ask'd 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 nub;  
 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 at 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.  
 O take away your foolish song,  
 And tones enough to stun!  
 There is nae luck about the house,  
 I know at Number One.

## PADDY AND THE BEAR.

ABOUT the time I was a boy, Archy Thompson lived in Cushendall, lower part of the county Antrim. He was a great man; kept a grocer's shop, was like Jack Factotum,—sold every thing portable; he was a ponderous fellow, wore a wig like a beehive, and was called king of Cushendall. He one night found a male child at the shop door some months old; he embraced it—swore he would keep it, and was as fond of him as ever Squire Allworthy was of Tom Jones. A woman was sent for to nurse him; they called her Snouter Shaughnessy, because she wanted the nose.—Snouter had no suck, and poor Paddy (for so he was christened) was spoon-fed, and soon grew a stout, well-built fellow: and to show his gratitude, (for Paddy had a heart) would do all about the house himself. He was like Scrub in the *Beaux Stratagem*, servant of all work; he milked the cow, he dunged the byre, and thatched it; he went to market; he soled the shoes; he cleaned the knives; he shaved; and powdered his master's wig, which, after being drenched in a journey, he would put a poker in the fire, and change it from its state of flaccidity to its pristine form, as well as Charley Boyand, or ever a peruke maker among them. Paddy's delight was in frequenting wakes, listening with avidity to any thing marvellous.—His master being at Belfast, he went to old Brien Sollaghan's wake, where a lad just from a foreign voyage was telling stories out of the course of nature, improbable. Paddy believed all but something about blackamoors, he was relating; for he swore "'twas impossible for one man to be black and another man white, for he could not be *naturally* black without he was painted; but I'll ask the master in the morning, when he comes home, and then I'll know all about it." So he says in the morning, "Master, is there any such thing as a blackamoor?" "To be sure there is, as many as would make regiments of them, but they're all abroad." "And what makes them black?" "Why it's the climate, they say." "And what's the climate?" "Why I don't know: I believe it's something they rub upon them when they're very young." "They must have a deal of it, and very cheap, if there's as many of them as you say.—The next time you're in Belfast, I wish you'd get a piece of it, and we'll rub little Barney over with it, and then we can have a blackamoor of our own. But as I'm going in the Irish Volunteer, from Larne to America, in the spring, I'll see them there." Paddy went over as a redemptioner, and had to serve a time for his passage. He was

sent by his master six miles from Baltimore, to the heights of Derby, on an errand.—Paddy, thinking and ruminating on the road that he had not yet seen a blackamoor, forgot the directing-post on the road, and got entangled in a forest; it happened to be deep snow, and there was a large black bear lying at the foot of a tree, which he did not observe till within a few yards of him. “Hurra, my darling!” says he, “here’s one of them now, at last—queen of glory! such a nose as he has: they talk about Loughy Fudaghen’s nose; why, the noses of all the Fudagheus put together would not make this fellow’s nose. I never saw one of your sort before,” says Paddy; “why, man, you’ll get your death of cowl lying there; I have an odd tester yet left from Cushendall, and if there’s a shebeen near this I’ll give you a snifter, for I’d like to speak to you.” “Boo,” says the bear. “Lord what a voice he has—he could sing a roaring song.” “Boo, boo!” again cries the bear. “Who the devil are you booing at! if it’s fun you’re making of me, I’ll ram my fist up to the elbow in you.” Up gets the bear, and catches Paddy by the shoulder. “Is it for wrestling you are!—Cushendall for that—soul, but you grip too tight, my jewel; you had better take your fist out of my shoulder, or I’ll take an unfair advantage of you.” Paddy went to catch him by the middle; “O sweet bad luck to you, you thief, and the tailor that made your breeches—you’re made for wrestling, but I’ll neck you.” Paddy pulled out his tobacco-knife, and gave him a dart in the right place—down he fell to rise no more. “O sweet father! what will become of me now!” says he—“I’ve killed this black son of a bitch, and I’ll be hanged for him. O sweet Jesus! that ever I left Cushendall! O murder, murder! O what will become of me!” A gentleman, proprietor of the place, and who had blacks on his estate, comes up at the moment. “What is all this about!—what’s the matter, sir?” “Nothing, but I’m from Cushendall, saving your honour’s worship; I never seen a blackamoor before, and I just asked one of them to take a drop with me; but he would do nothing but make fun of me, so I gave him a prod, for I could not get a hold of him.”—“Stop, stop; there’s a bear lying, take care.”—“Faith, he was going to make me bare, sure enough; see where he tore my coat.” “Was that the blackamoor you were wrestling with? why, sir, that’s a bear, that ten men in the forest could not kill.” “By the holy father, I’ll drop them to you for a tester a dozen,” says Paddy. The gentleman admired his courage and honest appearance so much, that he went to Baltimore, bought off his time, and made him an overseer of his estate,—which place he filled with integrity: and after seven-

teen years' servitude, came home to his native country, left what he had to old Suouter's children, and at last had his bones laid in the same grave with his old and loving master, in the ancient burying-place of Cushendall.

### THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

THE warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his bent of fire,  
And sued the haughty king to free his long imprisoned sire ;  
" I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,  
I pledge my faith—my liege, my lord, Oh! break my father's chain."

" Rise! rise, even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day,  
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on his way."  
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,  
And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's foaming speed.

And lo' from far as on they press'd, they met a glittering band,  
With one that mid them stately rode, like a leader in the land ;  
" Now, haste, Bernardo, haste, for there in very truth is he,  
The father—whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheeks' hue came and went,  
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent ;  
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,  
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook.

That hand was cold, a frozen thing, it dropped from his like lead ;  
He looked up to the face above, the face was of the dead ;  
A plume waved o'er the noble brow, the brow was fixed and white,  
He met at length his father's eyes, but in them saw no sight.

Up from the ground he sprung, and gazed, but who can paint that gaze ?  
They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze ;  
They might have chained him, as before that noble form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arms, and from his cheek the blood.

" Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like children then,—  
" Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men ;"  
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown,  
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down ;

And covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,  
" No more, there is no more," he said, " to lift the sword for now ;  
My king is false, my hope betrayed—my father, Oh! the worth,  
The glory and the loveliness are past away to earth!"

Up from the ground he sprung once more, and seized the monarch's rein,  
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;  
And with a fierce o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,  
And sternly set them face to face, the king before the dead.

"Come I not here on thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss,  
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king, and tell me what is this;  
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?  
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in this cold clay.

"Into those glassy eyes put light; be still, keep down thine ire,  
Bid those cold lips a blessing speak, this earth is not my sire.  
Give me back him for whom I fought, for whom my blood was shed,  
Thou canst not! and, oh king, his blood be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell, upon the silent face  
He cast one long deep mournful glance, then fled from that sad place;  
His after fate no more was heard amid the martial train,  
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of Spain.

#### T. QUINTIUS'S SPEECH TO THE ROMAN PEOPLE.

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans! of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—Posterity will know it—In the fourth consulship of Titus Quintius, the *Æqui* and *Volsci* (scarce a match for the *Hernici* alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchastised! The course of our manners indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would by death or banishment (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt!—Rome taken, while I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate. But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise! the consuls! or you, Romans! If we are in fault, depose us, punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults, only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of your enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole

cause of our misfortune. While we will set no bounds to our domination, nor you to your liberty ; while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous.

In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have ? You desired tribunes ; for the sake of peace we granted them—You were eager to have decenvirs ; we consented to their creation—You grew weary of these decenvirs ; we obliged them to abdicate—Your hatred pursued them when reduced to be private men ; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish patricians of the first rank in the republic—You insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship ; we yielded : we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected—You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal ; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights ; and we have suffered it ; and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord ? When shall we have one interest and one common country ? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under our defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. The enemy is at our gates, the *Æsquiline* is near been taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, besiege the Senate House, make a camp of the Forum, fill the goals with all our chief nobles ; and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at least, sally out at the *Æsquiline* gate with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this ? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword ! Have you any thing here to repair these damages ? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you ? They will give you words as many as you please ; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state ; heap laws upon laws ; assemblies you shall have without end : but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies ? Extinguish, O Romans these fatal divisions : generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth. If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive those

pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war (with which you seem so grievously struck) shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

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### THE CHOICE OF A WIFE BY CHEESE.

THERE lived in York, an age ago,  
 A man whose name was Pimlico:  
 He lov'd three sisters passing well,  
 But which the best he could not tell.  
 These sisters three, divinely fair,  
 Shew'd Pimlico their tend'rest care:  
 For each was elegantly bred,  
 And all were much inclined to wed;  
 And all made Pimlico their choice,  
 And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.  
 Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,  
 Like ass divided 'tween the hay,  
 At last resolv'd to gain his ease,  
 And choose his wife by eating cheese.  
 He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,  
 And said that night with them he'd sup;  
 Desir'd that there might only be  
 Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three;  
 He was resolv'd to crown his life,  
 And by that means to fix his wife.  
 The girls were pleas'd at his conceit;  
 Each dress'd herself divinely neat;  
 With faces full of peace and plenty,  
 Blooming with roses under twenty;  
 For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,  
 Were sweet as lilies of the valley:  
 But singly, surely Buxom Bet  
 Was like new hay and mignonette.  
 But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,  
 For that, of truth, was said of Nancy;  
 And as for Sal, she was a Dobba,  
 As fair as those of old Cretona,  
 Who to Apelles lent their faces,  
 To make up Madam Helen's graces.  
 To those the gay divided Pim  
 Came elegantly smart and trim:  
 When ev'ry smiling maiden certain  
 Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.  
 Nancy, at once, not fearing—caring  
 To shew her saving, ate the paring;



And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,  
 Cut, and then threw away the rind;  
 While prudent Sarah, sure to please,  
 Like a clean maiden, scrap'd the cheese.  
 This done, young Pinulco replied—  
 "Sally, I now declare my bride:  
 With Non I can't my welfare put,  
 For she has prov'd a dirty slut:  
 And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,  
 Would give my fortune to the wind;  
 Sally the happy medium chose,  
 And I with Sally will repose:  
 She's prudent, cleanly; and the man  
 Who fixes on a nuptial plan  
 Can never err, if he will choose  
 A wife by chuse—before he ties the noose."

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 ENTERTAINING SCENE.

WE extract from the "Irish Cottagers" an entertaining scene in court, the consequence of a house warming, where spirits were illegally sold.

*Bench.* Call the first case.

*Clerk.* Mr. Gilber Finem against Nicholas Moran, of Drama-declough, farmer, for selling spirits without a licence, on Monday night, December 2nd.

*Bench.* State your complaint, Mr. Finem?

*Gauger.* I have received information that Nicholas Moran sold some gallons of whiskey in his house, last Monday night, without a licence.

*Bench.* Moran, what have you to say to this?

*Nick.* Plaze your Worship, I defy man, woman, or child, to say that I handled a penny that same night or spirits.

*Gauger.* Will your Worship ask him what his wife was selling that night, and scoring with chalk on the leg of the table?

*Bench.* Answer that question, Moran.

*Nick.* I'll make your Worship sensible, and I'll tell the truth; and Mr. Bruce, God bless him! knows that I wouldn't tell a lie for the whole world. Molly was noting down, just for her satisfaction, on the leg of a table, the number of dishes of tay that Judy Flynn, and the rest of the woman-kind were after sweetening, bekase, you see, they were sitting up with us that night on account of the children being bad with the measles; and, by the same token, one of them is mighty bad entirely to

day. I'll give my oath that I sold nothing (and 'twasn't I, but my wife, all the time) but tay. Not a drop of *speetis* crossed the threshold of my door that day; and why should it, when the law is again it? I'll swear to that.

*Bench.* You are not required to criminate yourself by an admission, nor can you defend yourself in this way; if the court were to allow you to take what you call a clearing oath, you would be unquestionably perjured in that case. How could you unprincipled man that you are, swear that no whiskey crossed your door that day, when you know that it did, or, perhaps, the day before?

*Nick.* No, plaze your Worship, nor any other day this month past, I'll take my bodily oath of that.

*Gauger.* The whiskey was seen going into his house for sale.

*Bench.* Where's your witnesses, Mr. Finem?

*Gauger.* I can't persuade him to appear.

*Bench.* Then he shall be fined £10. (To the Clerk.) Let the fine be entered. You are an incorrigible fellow, Nick; but perhaps we may have you by and by. Call the next case.

*Clerk.* James Cassidy against Brian Foley, for using a malicious and slanderous expression against him, in Nick Moran's house, on Monday night the 2nd December, and also for an assault.

*Bench.* Cassidy, take the book; now state what you have to complain of.

*Cassidy.* Plaze your Worship, there was a small party of betewkst fifty and forty-nine,—I wout prove to more than forty-nine, barring the childer are to be counted.

*Bench.* Don't mind unnecessary particulars; come to the point.

*Cassidy.* There was, as I was observing, betewkst forty-nine or fifty of us in the two rooms, very pleasant and neighbourlike together, taking a tumbler of punch, to sarve Nick Moran's new house, I mean the new old house, bekaase he had to buy windys, and to put up a chimley.

*Bench.* What do you mean by serving Nick Moran's house?

*Cassidy.* Giving him the whiskey.

*Bench.* Do you mean that you paid him for the whiskey?

*Cassidy.* No, plaze your honour, by no means; it was for the punch only we paid; that is, we owe him for it.

*Bench.* By virtue of your oath, did you understand that the punch there was to be paid for?

*Cassidy.* Every sup your Honour, barring what Nick drank himself, and why not? sure we're on honour to pay, now that the score stick is broke.

*Bench.* (To the Gauger.) This will prove your case. Clerk, make out a conviction for Nick Moran.

*Cassidy.* Bad luck to this tongue, 'twasn't to bring Nick Moran (my own wife's half sister's son) into trouble, I was intending; quite the contrary, your Worships: I have no more to say. (retiring.)

*Bench.* Stay, you have not told one word of your own affair yet. What's your complaint against Foley.

*Cassidy.* Sure enough. Why then, please your Honour, I'd rather not be axed about Foley's business! it's enough to be an informer, in spite of one's self too, wance in a day. Foley riz the skrimmage, that's all.

*Bench.* Oh, since you have nothing more to say, we dismiss the case, with costs against you; sixpence the summons, one shilling the—

*Cassidy.* Will I have to pay for the summons, your Honour!

*Bench.* Certainly, if you have nothing to prove against the person you have summoned.

*Cassidy.* Why, then, your worship, if that's the case, I'll tell you all about it, from the first to the last, and I'll be on my oath—

*Bench.* You're on your oath already.

*Cassidy.* Well, then, I'll be on my oath again, and leave it to my dying hour, that Brien Foley used a slanderous and terrible word against my character, that is not fit to be repeated before your Honours and the people.

*Bench.* Come, sir, don't keep us here all day. What did he say?

*Cassidy.* Why, then, saving your presence, he called me before one hundred people—

*Bench.* You said just now there were only between forty-nine and fifty (whatever number that may be) present; take care.

*Cassidy.* You're right: I stand corrected, your Worship. Well, then, before fifty of the neighbours he called me—but wouldn't it be decent, please your Worship, to send the women out of court, the young girls any way; the old ones an't so delicate! To this suggestion, so very creditable to Jemmy Cassidy's delicacy, the worthy magistrates assented. The court was accordingly cleared of all females; and, after the confusion which this had occasioned had subsided, the complainant stated that Foley, after having called him nearly twenty times a gimlet-eyed rascal, (Cassidy squinted a little,) and a rogue and a liar, which he didn't much mind, as Foley had the cross sup in him, at last called him a *Golumpus*. Here there was an indication of merriment in the court, in which, to say the truth, the Bench was

constrained to participate ; and this did not diminish when Mr. Bruce drily informed poor Cassidy, that *Columpus* was not an actionable word, humorously asserting that it was compounded of *Goliah*, the giant, and *Olympus*, the mountain, and therefore must mean a *Man Mountain*: so, added his Worship, instead of making *little* of you, as you had imagined, the defendant has really been making the *most* of you. We are however to consider the assault.

*Cassidy*. I don't care about that, since my character is cleared.

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### THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece !  
 Where burning Sappho lov'd and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung ;  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute,  
 To sounds which echo farther west  
 Than your sires' Islands of the bless'd.

The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;  
 Musing there an hour alone,  
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;  
 For standing on the Persian's grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow,  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis :  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations :—all were his.  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set, where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,  
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more !  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

X



'Tis something in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd within a fetter'd race;  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks—a blush; for Greece—a tear!

Must we but weep o'er days more bless'd?  
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood,  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead?  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still,—and silent all!  
 Ah! no—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, 'Let one living head,  
 But one arise.—we come, we come!  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.'

In vain—in vain! strike other chords;  
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call  
 How answers each bold bacchanal.

You have the Pyrrhic dances as yet,  
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one.  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 We will not think of themes like these!  
 It made Anacreon's songs divine:  
 He served—but served Polycrates—  
 A tyrant—but our masters then  
 Were still at least our countrymen.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 On Suli's rocks and Parga's shore,  
 Exists the remnant of a line  
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
 They have a king that buys and sells :  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hops of courage dwells ;  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine :  
 But gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sannium's marbled steep—  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
 Dash down you cup of Samian wine !

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### HOW TO GROW RICH.

IT is not my business to discuss or pursue any nice abstract question in philosophy or metaphysics, which may arise in the progress of his history. I only record facts ; and though it may be said that nothing can come of nothing, I have the means of proving beyond the possibility of cavil or dispute, that Peter Pellet, the new lord of Cwn Owen, did literally begin the world with nothing, nay, worse than nothing, having been born in the poor-house in the parish of Keynsham, (between Bath and Bristol,) and bred up on the eleemosynary contributions of the parishioners of that place, until he was able to do in the world (as it is called) for himself. The little citizen bowed with as much humility to Mr. Geoffrey Owen, as if he had been selling a saucepan, instead of buying a castle : so habitual were the manners to which he stood indebted for the goods of fortune. The latter, in following up the suggestion which the peculiar circumstances of his situation had prompted, addressed Mr. Peter Pellet—"You appear to be a very fortunate man, sir, by your successful industry to have become the purchaser of this castle."

"Castle, quotha !—yes, yes,—I ask ye pardon—it was called a castle in the particulars of sale, and that were my main objection."

"Objection!—How's that, sir ?"

"Why, I never see'd a castle that warn't a jail—I ask ye pardon—and so thinks I, a'rter all I've toiled and laboured—and owed no man a fardee—it's but a bad job to buy oneself into jail, that's a good 'un—aynt it—but la—they laughed at me, and said e'ery man's house was a castle in this country; so I made no more ado, but bought it out and out, as the saying is—I ask ye pardon."

"My pardon! For what, sir?"

"O! that's my way—I beg ye—I mean that's my way, all as I may say in the way of business. It takes hugely. Two customers together—can't answer both—ask pardon of one—serve the other. Why, sir, it tells in a sight of ways; make a small mistake in a bill—beg your pardon, sir—man tells a little bit of a lie, saving your presence, must beg your pardon sir. It's all one, always handy—so got into it, and so can't get out of it—that's good—an't it?"

"Thou art a humourist, Mr. Pellet."

"Auan?—Oh humourist, well enough at home, that is—to wife and brats—he! he! ask ye pardon—that won't do in trade—be in good humour with all—you're an ass, says a testy fellow—beg your pardon, sir—I'll knock you down, sirrah—bow the lower; ask pardon again, and he begins to cheapeu."

"Thou art at least a politician," smiled Geoffrey.

"Ask ye pardon—never more out in your life—never knew a politician make a fortin in my born life—always steered clear of them there things. Vote for my friend, Mr. Kingsman, says one—beg your pardon, sir, I can't promise. Vote for Mr. Crop, says another—beg pardon, don't mean to vote at all."

"So you surrender your privilege on the score of prudence."

"Why—laik, never voted but once for a parliament-man, and got enough of it then—never vote again. Why, sir, I ask—I mean, I got a large commission for the Russey market—house failed—fobbed off with two and sixpence in the pound—and lost a venter to Boney's Haris, by giving offence to Alderman Tother-side—which neighbour Twostriugit took up, and made several hundred pounds hard cash by."

"Rather hard upon you, Mr. Pellet, as you voted so conscientiously."

"Ay, ay, that's all gammon—what's conscience got to do with voting for a parliament-man? Never see him again, ten to one—never got nothing out of him a'terwards, unless so be when he's served his seven years—out of his time, as we call it—hey! good—weigh him in his balance again."

"Well, sir, what I would ask of you," said Mr Geoffrey Owen, interrupting his loquacity, "supposing a man like myself were to enter business, what is the first step?"

"The first step—into a good business, to be sure—hey!

"I'm not disposed to trifle, *Mister Pellet*; I ask you a serious question, and desire you to inform me what measures it would be necessary for me to take in order to become a man of business."

"You! he, he, that's a good one—ask ye pardon, thou'lt make an odd figure behind a counter!"

"A counter, sirrah!" ejaculated Geoffrey.

"Why, how wilt carry on business without a counter, I should like to know, that's a good un, an't it! thee'st not up to business, I take it."

"It is on that account I apply to you, sir; you are now in possession of the last remaining property of an ancient family, the castle of my forefathers."

"Four fathers! that's a good one, an't it! now this comes of being of a great old family!"

"What, sir!"

"What! why, to ha' four fathers, when I remember it was a joke agen me, as I had ne'er an one."

"Very likely, Mr. Pellet, I speak of those from whom this castle came down to me."

"Odds boddikins, I wonder it hadn't come down upon them long ago, he, he! Its a tumble down piece o' rubbish, and I dare to say, when we comes to overhaul the timbers, they'll be——"

"D—n the timbers, sir, speak to the point, and answer my plain question, how a man like yourself (eyeing the hardware-man somewhat too superciliously) could rise from small beginnings into comparative affluence."

"Nothing to be done without a counter, I can tell thee, or without sticking to it—aye, sticking to it—I ask ye pardon."

"Psha, with what capital did you start in business, man?"

"Capital! come, that's a good one, hey! I ask your pardon, thank God, I hadn't a brass sixpence to cross myself with, should'nt have been here now, buying castles, as thee call'st 'em—no, no,—never knew any body do good in business as begun with any thing."

"Why, confound the man! how could you get a house, a shop, a hovel, without money?"

"Don't be angry, ask ye pardon, got first into a good shop."

"But, how—how—that's what I want to know."

"How!—Why by sweeping my way."

"Sweeping! what?"

"The shop, to be sure."

"Take your own way, sir."



"And so I did, and the best way, so on I goes from sweeping to trampling."

"Trampling!"

"To be sure, trampling a'ter master's customers wi' parcels and such like, and doing little odds and ends of 'omissions."

"Well, sir, you seem to have taken your degrees."

"Degrees! there's no getting on in any other guess manner; so after that, I got on to scraping."

"Making up your capital, I presume."

"Lord love ye, no such thing, never thought of capital—always running in thy head, ask ye pardon—scraping my master's door, and putting the best leg foremost, as we have it;" which the honest trader illustrated by making a series of very profound flexions of the body.

"And pray, sir," asked the almost exhausted Mr. Geoffrey Owen, "what did that do for you?"

"Do! make friends."

"How?"

"By boozing and civility."

"Servility, thou meanest——"

"Ye; civility, I mean."

"Your advances were slow at least."

"Slow! should like to see thee get on as fast—ask ye pardon, I began to climb like smoke."

"Climb! creep, you would say."

"I would say no such thing, for I should lie, ask ye pardon, I climbed to the garret—first housed, then lodged, then fed as a shopman."

"That was a jump indeed," observed Geoffrey rather contemptuously.

"Nothing to the next."

"What, higher than the garret?"

"Higher, a mile—hop, step, and as we has it—from the off side to the near side of the counter."

"In what manner?"

"My own manner, to be sure—master liked my manner, missis liked my manner, customers liked my manner, so they put me on my prefarment, and I riz to be foreman."

"And how did'at thou rise above the counter?"

"Above the counter! that's a good un, an't it?—Why Lord love ye, I could not rise higher, it is the nonplush, as we has it—where the dickons would'at thee ha' me go! There I stuck, for nobody could move me, 'till I growed to it, like a nailed Brummagem; and it's the awkwardest thing in life to me to go without it."

"I mean to ask, how didst thou rise from the situation of a foreman, to that of master? For such I presume thou wert."

"Popped into master's shoes."

"By what means?"

"He died one day—popt to his widow—she jumped at it—carried on the concern, and pocketed the old boy's savings as well as my own. He! he! that's a good un an't it?"

"For thee, a very good one, friend; I see I shall make no progress in thy school."

"No; don't look out for it; can't give ye much encouragement—can't bend thee body enough—too upright."

"I fear so indeed," groaned Geoffrey.

"You maun creep first before you can climb, as we say; besides, too rich, too rich; I beg pardon, he!"

"Dost thou mean to insult my poverty, sir?"

"Oh lud, not I; ask ye pardon: say 'gain too rich."

"Why, sir, I have not fifteen hundred pounds in the world."

"Fifteen hundred! too much, too much! why, ye can't begin sweeping with such a sum in your pocket."

"Sweeping! why, thou dar'st not imagine——"

"Oh! not I—beg pardon, don't imagine any such thing; only if don't begin by sweeping, can't climb after my manner, that's all; and good lack! All men's not made for all things, as I heard the famous Zekel Patterface, at Redcliffe church say—you ha'nt the manner, the figure, the——"

"Dost thou laugh at me, sirrah?"

"Laugh! not I, the Lord love ye, it's no laughing matter, I can tell ye. Wouldn't say nothing to disparage ye; 'tisn't thee fault—nater made us as we be,—can't all rise to the top;—ben't all born to fortin."

#### DEATH-SCENE IN GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Bur short that contemplation—sad and short

The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!

Beneath the very shadow of the fort,

Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew,

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew

Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,

Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,

The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,

And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned ;  
 Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,  
 Eay, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,  
 These drops?—Oh God! the life-blood is her own;  
 And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—  
 'Weep not, O love!'—she cries, 'to see me bleed—  
 Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—  
 Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed  
 These wounds—yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed.

'Clasp me a little longer, on the brink  
 Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
 And, when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think  
 And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 A friend, to more than human friendship just.  
 Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

'Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart;  
 The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 Where my dear father took thee to his heart  
 And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast  
 In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love,  
 And must this parting be our very last?  
 No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.'

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland  
 And beautiful expression seemed to melt  
 With love that could not die! and still his hand  
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.  
 Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,  
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.  
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—  
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,  
 He heard some friendly words: but knew not what they were.

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### CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

—My young master in London is dead, said Obadiah—  
 Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as  
 Trim stepped into the kitchen—master Bobby is dead.  
 I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetch-  
 ing a sigh—poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!

He was alive last Whitsuntide, said the coachman.—Whitsuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon—what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! In a moment! It was infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears—We are not stocks and stones, Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted. The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it.—The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

'Are we not here now—and gone in a moment?' There was nothing in the sentence—it was one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it.

'Are we not here now,' continued the corporal, 'and are we not' (dropping his hat plump upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word) 'gone! in a moment!' The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it; his hand seemed to vanish from under it, it fell dead, the corporal's eyes fixed upon it, as upon a corpse—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

## THE BANK CLERK AND STABLE KEEPERS.

Showing how Peter was undone,  
By taking care of Number One.

Or Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written),  
Let me indulge in the remembrance;—Peter!  
Thy formal pliz has oft my fancy smitten,  
For sure the Bank had never a completer  
Quiz among its thousand clerks,  
Than he who now elicits our remarks.

Prim was a formalist, a prig,  
A solemn fop, an office Martinet,  
One of those small precisians who look big  
If half an hour before their time they get

To an appointment, and abuse those eyes  
Who are not over punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head betimes,  
And polish'd shoes in Lothbury,  
You know the hour, for the three-quarter chimes  
Invariably struck as he went by,  
From morning fines he always saves his gammon,  
Not from his hate of sloth, but love of Mammon.

For Peter had a special eye  
To Number One;—his charity  
At home beginning, ne'er extends,  
But where it started had its end too;  
And as to lending cash to friends,  
Luckily he had none to lend to.

No purchases so cheap as his,  
While no one's bargains went so far,  
And though in dress a deadly quizz,  
No quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd  
To move by clock-work, ever keen  
To live upon the saving plan,  
Had soon the honour to be deem'd  
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,  
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A Bank Director once, who dwelt at Chigwell,  
Prim to a turtle feast invited,  
And as the reader knows the prig well,  
I need not say he went delighted!  
For great men, when they let you slice their meat,  
May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,  
Which was too early to come back;  
So, after much debate,  
Peter resolved to hire a hack:  
The more inclined to this because he knew  
In London Wall, at Number Two,  
An economic stable-keeper,  
From whom he hoped to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,  
A perfect Johnny Gilpin figure,  
But the good bargain he had made  
Compensating for sweer and snigger.

He trotted on, arrived, sat down,  
 Devour'd enough for six or seven,  
 His horse remounted, and reach'd town  
 As he had fix'd, exactly at eleven.

But whether habit led him, or the Fates,  
 To give a preference to Number One,  
 (As he had always done),  
 Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,  
 Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,  
 Instead of Number Two,  
 Rode in, dismounted, left his nag,  
 And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed and no one came  
 To bring the bill, or payment claim;  
 He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,  
 Forgotten quite, or never book'd—  
 An error which the honesty of Prim  
 Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.  
 After six weeks, however, comes a pair  
 Of groom-like looking men,  
 Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;  
 One for the six weeks' *hire* of a bay mare,  
 And one for six weeks' *keep* of ditto;  
 Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind. What! Peter make a blunder!  
 There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder,  
 Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified  
 Prim, that he suffer'd an attack  
 Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,  
 Who dally swore to cure him—till he died!  
 When, as no will was found,  
 His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store,  
 Went to a man to whom, some months before,  
 He had refused to lend a pound.

#### DEATH OF CARTHON.—OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

THE battle ceased along the field, for the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears, while Balclutha's hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

'King of Morven,' Carthon said, 'I fall in the midst of my

course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthamir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha : and the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwell, perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.' His words reached the heart of Clessammor : he fell, in silence on his son. The host stood darkened around : no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field : but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned over Carthon : on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie ; and a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen ; when the sun-beams dart on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land ; and she is still alone.

Fingal was sad for Carthon ; he desired his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise. ' Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud ? Death is trembling in his hand ! his eyes are flames of fire ! Who roars along dark Lora's heath ! Who but Carthon king of swords ! The people fall ! see ! how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven ! But there he lies, a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned ! When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy ! lovely car-borne Carthon ! Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud !' Such were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning : I have accompanied their voice ; and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon, he fell in the days of his valour : and thou, O Clessammor ! where is thy dwelling in the air ! Has the youth forgot his wound ! And flies he on the clouds, with thee ! I feel the sun, O Malvina ; leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams ; I think I hear a feeble voice. The beams of heaven delight to shine on the grave of Carthon : I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ! Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky : the moon, cold and pale, sinks into the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone : who can be a companion of thy course ! The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrieks and grows again : the moon herself is lost in heaven ; but thou art for ever the

same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests ; when thunder rolls and lightning flies ; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain ; for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills ; the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

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### THE UNEXPECTED JOURNEY.

' COACHEE ! coachee I put me in, and see  
 You take all proper care of me.'  
 ' Gee up !' ' Damn your gee ups, and stop,  
 For I am feeble and shall surely drop.'  
 ' I think you have *dropp'd* too much to-day  
 Already, so take care—this way.'  
 ' Why how your coach turns round and round !  
 It's topsy-turvy on the ground,  
 And all the wheels are spinning so,  
 Like cockchafers on wings they go.'  
 ' Your head is like a whirlingig,  
 Take care, you'll lose your hat and wig ;  
 The step is down, now, sir, get in,  
 Mind you don't slip and break your shin ;  
 You're cursedly top-heavy.' ' What !  
 I'm sober as a judge, you sot.  
 You talk to me of drinking,  
 There's virtue in it—it aids the thinking :  
 And it improves the sight,  
 For all to me looks double by this light.  
 There, I am safe, so shut the door,  
 And mind you pother me no more ;  
 I'll take a nap, for sleep, they say,  
 Relieves us from the toil of day.'  
 The coachman mounts, and off he goes,  
 And leaves his inmate to repose.

Sleep, placid monarch ! I'll to thee  
 Now pay a brief apostrophe.

X



Thou salve to heal the wounds of care,  
 To soothe the workings of despair;  
 Thou opiate to the woe-worn mind,  
 Thou strengthening aid to human kind;  
 Thou—but I must from praising keep,  
 Or I shall send you all to sleep.  
 He slept and snor'd, and anor'd and slept,  
 The coachman on his journey kept:  
 I should have told you, that the day  
 Had clos'd, and evening's sober grey  
 'Furn'd black as undertaker's pall  
 With which he docks a funeral,  
 When coach he call'd and coach replied,  
 And plac'd him snugly withinside;  
 No questions or replies took place,  
 Further than has just been recounted;  
 Each merely look'd to his own case,  
 And by the one 'twas for granted,  
 He understood what t'other wanted.  
 But, right or wrong, our sleeper reck'd not, he  
 Possessed much more philosophy;  
 And his must be profoundly deep,  
 If there's philosophy in sleep;  
 For he slept on the whole night round,  
 O'er hill and dale, and level ground;  
 Town, village, milestone—all they past,  
 Fast as you please—he slept as fast;  
 Thus to the journey's end he goes,  
 Lull'd by the softness of repose.  
 Our *sleeping partner*, for such he  
 Must be deem'd undoubtedly;  
 When 'coach' he call'd was going on  
 Towards his home at Newington;  
 But in the borough, being tir'd,  
 Thinking he saw a coach unhired,  
 He hail'd it, and away  
 He rode, nor thought to say  
 At such a number put me down  
 Close by the church at Newington.  
 Such sober thoughts from him had fled,  
 Or rather, drowned in grog, were dead.  
 To Newington he went, 'tis true,  
 And several other places too;  
 For the coachman call'd was bound  
 To Portsmouth, there  
 To deliver up his fare  
 Both safe and sound.  
 So the next morning, about eight,  
 He pull'd up at the Crown Inn gate;

Where, if you please, a trip we'll take  
To see our *sleeping partner* wake.

A waiter opens the coach-door,  
'Sir, you'll alight.' He answers—*snore*.  
The coachman cries—'Come, sir, your fare,  
A guinea and a half you'll spare.'  
This reused him—'Eh? what's that you say?'  
'Why, sir, you've got your fare to pay.'  
'Aye, eighteen pence, I know—  
Here, take it, and I'll go.'  
'You'll go? none of your rigs;  
All through the night,  
Till broad daylight,  
While I drove *horses* you drove *pigs*;  
And now you say  
You've eighteen-pence to pay:  
Damnè; old master, tho' you're queer,  
Such *hays* won't do for market here?'  
'Here, where am I?' while with surprise,  
He now unbutton'd both his eyes.  
'Why this is not my house!' 'Yours! no,  
You're *come* to Portsmouth, where I go  
Each other day, say, to and fro.'  
'Portsmouth! Portsmouth! why then I've gone:  
From Newington  
Just *seventy* miles beyond what I intended!  
So take me back,  
And, next time, when I want a hack,  
I'll look before,  
And see that *Portsmouth* is not on the door!

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RODERIGO AND IAGO FROM OTHELLO.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart.

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after it. Why,  
thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment: and  
then we have a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four  
times seven years; and since I could distinguish between a bene-  
fit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love

himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to the most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts: whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of per-durable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him,

thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Rodrigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell; put money in your purse.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse—

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will;

A double knavery,—How? how? Let me see:—

After some time, to abuse Othell's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife.

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected; fram'd to make woman false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

I have't;—it is engendered:—Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

## THE PAINTER OF FLORENCE.

There once was a painter in Catholic days,

Like Job, who eschewed all evil;

Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze,

With applause and amazement, but chiefly his praise

And delight was in painting the devil.

They were angels compared to the devils he drew,  
 Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;  
 Such burning hot eyes, such a *d-mnable* hue,  
 You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,  
 He painted his devils so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,  
 'Twas over the virgin's church door;  
 She stood on the dragon, embracing her son,  
 Many devils already the artist had done,  
 But this must out-do all before.

The old dragon's lings, as they fled through the air,  
 At seeing it, paus'd on the wing,  
 For he had a likeness so just to a hair,  
 That they came, as Appoyon himself had been there,  
 To pay their respects to their king.

Every child on beholding it shiver'd with dread,  
 And scream'd, as he turn'd away quick;  
 Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,  
 Dropp'd a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,  
 'God help me from ugly old Nick!'

What the painter so earnestly thought on by day,  
 He sometimes would dream of by night;  
 But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,  
 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey  
 That the devil himself was in sight.

'You rascally dauber,' old Beelzebub cries,  
 'Take heed how you wrong me again!  
 Though your caricatures for myself I despise,  
 Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,  
 Or see if I threaten in vain!'

Now, the painter was bold, and religious beside,  
 And on faith he had certain reliance,  
 So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,  
 And thank'd him for sitting with Catholic pride,  
 And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the painter arose,  
 He is ready as soon as 'his light;  
 Every look, every line, every feature he knows,  
 'Twas fresh to his eye, to his labour he goes,  
 And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man, he is sure the resemblance can't fail,  
 The tip of the nose is red hot;

There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scales,  
And that, the identical curl of his tail,  
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks, and re-touches again with delight ;  
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind !  
He touches again, and again feeds his sight ;  
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright,  
The original standing behind.

' Fool ! idiot ! ' old Heelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,  
And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire ;  
The painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,  
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,  
And the devil could wish it no higher.

' Help ! help me O Mary ! ' he cried in alarm,  
As the scaffold sunk under his feet ;  
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,  
She caught the good painter, she sav'd him from harm,  
There were thousands who saw in the street.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he spied,  
And curs'd his own fruitless endeavour ;  
While the painter call'd after, his rage to deride,  
Shook his pallet and brush in triumph, and cried,  
' Now I'll paint thee more ugly than ever ! '

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### THE WANDERING MINSTREL I

Who, that has perambulated the streets of London, has not heard Bill Raven advertising his 'three yards of new and pop'lar songs for a hap-ny ;' and who that has once heard can ever forget him—and his voice—for, as with Braham, the man and his voice must ever be associated ! Thoughts of Braham naturally inspire recollections of a voice wild and soft as an Æolian harp on a summer's eve ; and, in like manner, reminiscences of Bill Raven inevitably bring to mind a voice shrill and hoarse as a penny trumpet with a sore throat. Through the streets he goes, struggling to raise a shout, but unable to give vent to any sound above a wheeze, with what may be called his night-mare voice. His throat seems to be lined with a worsted stocking. There is evidently something out of order in his vocal organ, or rather his vocal hurdy-gurdy. His windpipe appears as if it wanted oiling. Even now I fancy I hear him in the tones of a knife-grinding machine, grating forth his well known cry,

'Ere you 'as 'em 'ere, one hundred and fifty new and pop'lar  
hairs for a hap'ny, 'Ere's

'Mary, I believed thee true'—'Hookey Valker.'

'Why did I love'—'Miss Bailey.'

'Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown'—'flon the banks of  
the blue Moselle.'

'Hif I had a donkey wot would'nt go'—'Hover the bills and far  
avny.'

'My love is like the red red rose'—'D'ye call that nothin'.'

'The merry Swiss boy'—'Vot a shocking bad hat.'

'Nancy Dawson'—'I met her at the faucy fair.'

'His there a heart wot never loved'—'Miss Rose, the pretty  
shroud maker.'

'Barclay and Perkins' drayman'—'He was famed for deeds  
of arms.'

'The lovely girl'—'Judy Callaghan.'

'Do you ever think of me'—'Alice Gray.'

'The Fireman Waterman'—'Billy Tailor,' and 'The Dandy  
Dogs-meat Man,' with 'Sally in our Alley.'

'Poor Marian,' 'Flare up,' and 'Oh say not voman's love is  
bought,' all for the small charge of one ha'p'ny.

But Bill Raven deals not only in the ballads of the young Bai-  
ley, but also in those of the Old. Never does the law take its  
course on a miserable individual, but the sympathetic Bill is to  
be seen *crying about* the melancholy occurrence for weeks after-  
wards.

'Ere you 'as it, 'ere the full true and partic'lar account of the  
unfort'nate individ'al wot was hexecrated this morning at the  
Old Billy, for the small charge of one ha'p'ny.'

An announcement which doubtlessly startles some of the by-  
standers, who, as they themselves say, 'always thought as how  
Mr. Pill's Act made it impossible to hang a body for less nor  
forty shillings.' But the best of these—in the double meaning  
of the word—Ketchpennies, is the 'Kopy of verses' appended  
to the narrative. I recollect one which ran nearly as follows :

Draw hither now good people all,  
And let my story warn ;  
For I will tell to you a tale  
Wot'U read those breasts of yourn.

On Monday morn at eight o'clock,  
Right opposite Newgate,  
John Jones was hung, his horrid crimes  
All for to expiate.

And just afore the drop did fall,  
He did confess most true,  
That he did do the cruel deed  
Wot I will tell to you.

All through a wicked gal it was,  
I kill'd my master dear;  
'Twas she induced me for to cut  
His throat from here to here.

The clock struck eight, the knot was tied,  
Most dismal for to see;  
The drop did fall, and launched him right  
Into eternity.

Take warning then, all you who would  
Not die like malefactors;  
Never the company for to keep  
Of gals with bad characters.

One day as Bill was bawling through the streets, he met a friend, when the following curious conversation took place:—

'I say, Bill,' exclaimed his friend, 'why doesn't you take to the singing line?'

'Why,' says Bill; 'why, coz I sings vorser nor an old tea-kettle.'

'Vorser! So much the betterer,' replied the acquaintance. 'Oh, yourn's a helegant voice for ballad-singing; a sartin fortin to any von, blow me!'

'Jist show a light,' says Bill.

'Vell then,' returns his friend; 'I means to say if von with a voice like yourn vas only to strike up afore a house, and especially them vith the knockers tied up, they villing give sixpence to get rid on you.'

'I twigs,' exclaimed Bill; but I say, Jim, if my voice is a sartin fortin, vot 'ud the *bagpipes* be?'

'You're right,' replied Jim; 'vot a jolly row they would kick up to be sure. La, bless you, in a quite willage they'd give any thing to get rid on you.'

'Ah,' cried Bill; 'directly I started up, out 'ud come the sarvants vith two pence or three pence, and horder me move on. *Move on for that*, says I; what do you think that I am hintirely hignorant of the walley of peace and quietness, *I never moves on under sixpence*.



## THE HOMEWARD-BOUND MARINER.

BENEATH a beaming star-lit sky the Ocean bright was spread,  
And softly o'er its bosom calm the murmuring breezes sped ;  
Deep stillness was on all that night, and rock and mountain lay  
In mellowed beauty shadowed on many a glassy bay.

Unmoved, the ship lay on the deep, for every sail was furled,  
And silently and beautiful the waters round her curled,  
As, like some giant phantom in the solitude of night,  
Her tall and solitary form reposed beneath the moonbeams' light,

Deep stillness was around her on the midnight Ocean's breast,  
For all her busy mariners had laid them down to rest ;  
And many thoughts and many dreams of joys and sorrows past,  
Bright hope awakened visions to their minds were crowding fast.

I stood alone upon the deck, and, on the midnight sky  
I watched the silver tinted clouds, as they were wandering by :  
A scattered and a changeful train, as were the thoughts that pressed  
So wildly and so fearfully upon my anxious breast.

For many a year my path had been upon the Ocean's breast,  
Tost like a storm-uprooted weed, without a place of rest :  
Peril and Famine had been mine, and every change of woe  
That on a wild and stormy deep the mariner must know.

Of brothers three that, full of hope, had left with me their home,  
Rejoicing in youth's glowing strength, the waters wide to roam,  
One I had seen a bloody corse when victory was won,  
Another died at Fever's touch, beneath the southern sun.

That morn the younger one had found a cold and wavy bed,  
And now I looked upon the hills for which he languished,  
A severed and a sorrowing thing, I had come back alone,  
One wandering bird unto the nest from which a brood had flown.

Far off through the lone night-watch I had yearned for my home,  
When dreams and thoughts of happiness across my soul had come :  
Yet now my heart was fainting, and I gazed with anxious fear,  
Upon the well-known mountains, though so beautiful and near.

The hopes that round my heart had clung, ere those I loved were gone,  
Had vanished, as the sparkling frost beneath the noon-tide sun  
Melts from some branching tree, with its feathery gems of light,  
And leaves it dark and desolate to tell of Winter's blight.

I feared the morn—I feared to seek my long, long-wished-for home,  
As with a sad foreboding dread of misery to come ;

I feared to see my mother's tears, my father's agony,  
When they knew that their beloved ones were in the deep, deep sea.

Yet still my eyes looked wistfully across the ocean-tide,  
And, half unconsciously, I watched the pallid moonbeams glide  
In silver streams across the hills, until they rested where  
The old church raised its ivy-tower upon the midnight air.

I knew that dark green ivy-tower, I knew the house of God,  
To which so oft in sinless joy my boyhood's steps had trod ;  
Where youth's first breath of prayer and praise had risen up on high,  
Pure as the dew-drop of the morn exhaled to the sky.

And many of my early loved were sleeping all around  
Within their narrow, silent home, beneath that holy ground ;  
And on their peaceful resting place I saw the moonbeams shed  
A ray, as if Time's finger pale was pointing to the dead.

I gazed upon the moonbeam pale, till, to my aching eyes,  
A melancholy spectral shade seemed on the air to rise ;  
'Twas the phantom of a waking dream with coming sorrow fraught,  
The dim ideal shadow of an agonizing thought.

As gliding from my aching sight, the wan, pale figure passed,  
A damp and painful chilliness o'er my trembling limbs was cast :  
I spake no word, I heard no sound, but, by my feelings led,  
Believed, what soon I found was true, that all at home were dead !

## EXTRACT FROM SPEED THE PLOUGH.

*Sir Philip Blandford and Farmer Ashfield.*

*Sir Philip.*—Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine ?

*Ashfield.*—Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.*—I hope a profitable one ?

*Ashfield.*—Zometimes it be zur. But thic year, it be all t'other way as twur—but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

*Sir Philip.*—It is but reasonable. I conclude then, you are in my debt.

*Ashfield.*—Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.*—How much ?

*Ashfield.*—Sir, I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.*—Which you can't pay.

*Ashfield.*—Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

*Sir Philip.*—Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

*Ashfield.*—Be you, zur? that be deadly kind.—Dear heart I it will make my auld dame quite young again, and don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any arm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then thinks I, the gentleman, mayhap, be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not to have a word zaid about it—zo, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not, indeed zur.

*Sir Philip.*—Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

*Ashfield.*—Ees, zur.

*Sir Philip.*—On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

*Ashfield.*—Turn out Henry! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

*Sir Philip.*—I am not apt to trifle. Seud him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

*Ashfield.*—Turn out Henry! I vow I shou'dn't know how to zet about it—I should not, indeed zur.

*Sir Philip.*—You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it. (*Exit.*)

*Ashfield.*—Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of turning out.*)—I should be deadly awkward at it vor zartin.—However, I'll put the case. Well, I goes whizzling whoam—noa, drabbit it, I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well, I goes whoam, and I sees Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zool, and take away the pain of her rhumatics. Very well, then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and zays—“Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!” Very well, (*becomes affected*) Then I zays—“Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my houze directly.” Very well, then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well, then Henry gives a kiud of anguish shake, and getting up sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—“Varmer, I have too long been a burthen to you—Heaven protect you as you have me. Fare-well! I go.” Then I zays, “If thee does I'll be donn'd,” (*with great energy.*) Hollo; you Mr. Sir Philip! you may come in.

(*Enter Sir Philip Blandford.*)

Zur, I have argued the topic, and it wou'dnt be pratty—zo can't

*Sir Philip.*—Can't ! absurd !

*Ashfield.*—Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't,

*Sir Philip.*—Indeed !

*Ashfield.*—No, zur, I won't ;—I'd zee myself hang'd first, and you too, zur—I would indeed (*bowing.*)

*Sir Philip.*—You refuse then to obey.

*Ashfield.*—I do, zur—at your zarvice (*bowing.*)

*Sir Philip.*—Then the law must take its course.

*Ashfield.*—I be very zorry for that too—I be, indeed zur ; but if corn wou'dnt grow, I cou'dnt help it ; it wer'n't poison'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, zir, be as free from guilt as your own.

*Sir Philip.*—Oh ! (*sighing deeply.*)

*Ashfield.*—It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that someit at inzide will jump against it with pleasure (*bowing.*) I do hope you'll repent of all your zins—I do, indeed, zur ; and if you shou'd, I'll come and see you again as friendly as ever—I wool, indeed, zur.

*Sir Philip.*—Your repentance will come too late ! (*Exit.*)

*Ashfield.*—Thank ye, zur—good morning to you—I do hope I have made mysel agreeable—and so I'll go whoam. (*Exit.*)

## THE TINKER AND GLAZIER.

Since gratitude, 'tis said, is not o'er common,

And friendly acts are pretty near as few ;

With high and low, with man, and eke with woman,

With Turk, with Pagan, Christian, and with Jew ;

We ought, at least, whene'er we chance to find

Of these rare qualities a slender sample,

To show they may possess the human mind.

And try the boasted influence of example.

Who knows how far the novelty may charm ?

It can't, at any rate, do much harm.

The tale we give, then, and we need not fear

The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,

One, Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker ;

Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,

And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.

Their ale they quaff'd,  
 And as they swigg'd the nappy,  
 They both agreed 'tis said,  
 That trade was wonderous dead ;  
 They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,  
 And were completely happy.  
 The landlord's eye bright as his sparkling ale,  
 Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug,  
 For every jest, and song, and merry tale,  
 Had this blithe ending--' Bring us t'other mug.'  
 Now Dick, the glazier, feels his bosom buru  
 To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn ;  
 And when the heart to friendship feels inclin'd,  
 Occasion seldom loiters long behind.  
 The kettle gaily singing on the fire,  
 Gives Dick a hint just to his heart's desire ;  
 And, while to draw more ale the landlord goes,  
 Dick in the ashes all the water throws ;  
 Then puts the kettle on the fire again,  
 And at the tinker winks,  
 As ' trade's success !' he drinks,  
 Nor doubt the wish'd success Tom will obtain.  
 Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand,  
 So, giving each kind customer a hand,  
 His friendship, too, display'd,  
 And drank ' success to trade !'  
 But O, how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,  
 How long and rueful his round visage grew,  
 Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly ;  
 Solder the only fluid he could view.  
 He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,  
 And d--d the kettle's body o'er and o'er.  
 ' Come, come,' says Dick, ' fetch us, my friend, more ale,  
 All trades, you know, must live ;  
 Let's drink, " may trade with none of us e'er fail,"  
 The job to Tom then give ;  
 And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,  
 Take my word for it, soon will mend the kettle.  
 The landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offence,  
 To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.  
 Tom undertakes the job, to work he goes,  
 And just concludes it with the evening's close.  
 Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,  
 Each might be call'd a loving brother ;  
 Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a trick,  
 And one good turn, in truth, deserves another.  
 Out now he silly slips,  
 But not a word he said,  
 The plot was in his head,  
 And off he nimbly trips,

Swift to a neighbouring church his way he takes;  
 Nor in the dark,  
 Misses his mark,  
 But every pane of glass he quickly breaks.  
 Back as he goes,  
 His bosom glows,  
 To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy.  
 At getting so much excellent employ,  
 Return'd, he, beckoning, draws his friend aside—  
 Importance in his face;  
 And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,  
 Thus briefly states the case!  
 'Dick, I may give you joy—you're a made man,  
 I've done your business most complete, my friend:  
 Put off, the devil may catch me if he can,  
 Each window in the church you've got to mend—  
 Ingratitude's worse curse my head befall,  
 If for your sake I have not broke them all'  
 Tom, with surprise, sees Dick turn pale,  
 Who deeply sighs 'O, la!'  
 Then drops his under jaw,  
 And all his powers of utterance fail:  
 While horror in his ghastly face,  
 And bursting eye-balls Tom can trace;  
 Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,  
 Share with his heart,  
 Dick's unknown smart,  
 And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.  
 At length friend Dick his speech regain'd,  
 And soon the mystery explain'd;—  
 'You have, indeed, my business done!  
 And I, as well as you, must run;  
 For let me act the best I can,  
 Tom, Tom, I am a ruin'd man.  
 Zounds! zounds! this piece of friendship costs me dear,  
 I always mend church windows—by the year!'

### THE DEAD DONKEY.

He was stretched at full length beside the ditch where he died.  
 A half-finished house in the back-ground seemed to rejoice in  
 the fate of the poor animal; maliciously displayed on a board,  
 whereon was legibly written—

"THIS CARCASS TO BE SOLD!"

The sturdy thistle boldly reared its head in its vicinity, fearless  
 of the donkey's pluck.

The crows like a knot of lawyers at the funeral of a rich man, were hovering near. They threatened to engross the whole skin, and make away with the personal property by conveyance.

The deceased they knew could not resist their charge, nor did they apprehend their *bills* would be taxed by the master.

Alack—alack! that he who had stoutly carried many a bushel, should thus fall beneath their peck. The well worn saddle, like many a better, had gone to back some other favourite of the race. The reins, too, were gone—yes, his disconsolate master, like a drunken man, had—*slipped off the curb!*

Wo, wo! but what avails it crying “Wo!” unto a dead donkey? Were I thy master I would have thy portrait taken. How many an *A-double-S* is drawn by an *B.A.*? There is a placid docility about thy head that might supply Gall or Spurzheim with a lecture. But no cast remains to immortalize thee—albeit thy master, in thy life made many an impression with whacks!

Like a card-player, thou hast cut the pack, and left it in the hands of the dealer.

Unlike thy ragged brethren that run loose upon the common, exposing their ribs (as vulgar husbands do their wives in general company) there is a plumpness and rotundity in thy appearance, that plainly proves thee no common donkey. The smoothness of thy coat, too, shows thine owner's care. He, doubtless, liked thee (as Indians do their food) *well carried!*

Farewell, *Edward*, I exclaimed—too serious on the occasion to use the familiar epithet of *Neddy*.

I heard footsteps: I saw a man approaching the spot I had just quitted: he was a tall raw-boned-looking gipsy. Concealed from observation by the intervening hedge, I watched his motions.

I saw him stride across the animal. Drawing a clasp-knife from his breast, he looked wistfully around him. I had often heard of famished Russians devouring their horses. What did he meditate.

Keen hunger was depicted in his sharp countenance.

The vagrant wielded his knife—I stood breathless—the next moment I saw him cut a huge stake.

“From the donkey?”

No, Madam: from the adjoining hedge.

## THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,  
 George Benson dwelt at Number Two,  
 (The street we'll not now mention)  
 The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,  
 The former, being lamed in war,  
 Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he  
 None deeper in the mystery  
 Of culinary knowledge;  
 From Turtle soup to Bilton cheese  
 Apt student, taking his degrees  
 In Mrs. Rundell's College.

Benson to dine invited Tom:  
 Proud of an invitation from  
 A host who 'apread' so nicely,  
 Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,  
 'Extremely happy—come on Fri-  
 day next, at six precisely.'

Blewit, with expectation fraught,  
 Drove up at six, each savoury thought  
 Ideal turbot rich in;  
 But, ere he reach'd the winning post,  
 He saw a haunch of ven'son roast  
 Down in the next-door kitchen.

Hey, zounds! what's this? a haunch at Drew's?  
 I must drop in; I can't refuse;  
 To pass were downright treason:  
 To cut Ned Benson's not quite staunch:  
 But the provocative—a haunch!  
 Zounds! it's the first this season!

'Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more'—  
 Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,  
 'John, I'm in such a hurry!  
 Do tell your master that my aunt  
 Is paralytic, quite aslant,  
 I must be off for Surrey.'

Now Tom at next door makes a din—  
 'Is Captain Drew at home?'—'Walk in.'—  
 'Drew, how d'ye do?'—'What! Blewit!  
 'Yes, I—you've ask'd me many a day,  
 To drop in, in a quiet way,  
 So now I'm come to do it.'



'I'm very glad you have,' said Drew,  
 'I've nothing but an Irish stew'—  
 Quoth Tom, aside, 'No matter,  
 'Twon't do—my stomach's up to that,—  
 'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat  
 Comes quiv'ring on the platter.'

'You see your dinner, Tom,' Drew cried,  
 'No, but I don't though,' Tom replied:  
 'I smok'd below'—'What?'—'Venson—  
 A haunch.'—'Oh! true, it is not mine;  
 My neighbour had some friends to dine.'—  
 'Your neighbour! who?'—'George Benson.'

His chimney smoked: the scene to change,  
 I let him have my kitchen range,  
 While his was newly polish'd:  
 The Venson you observed below  
 Went home just half an hour ago:  
 I guess it's now demolish'd.

Tom, why that look of doubtful dread?  
 Come, help yourself to salt and bread.  
 Don't sit with hands and knees up;  
 But dine, for once, off Irish stew,  
 And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through,  
 When next you open Æsop.'

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### GINEVRA.

If ever you should come to Modena,  
 Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini,  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 And numerous fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain you: but before you go,  
 Enter the house,—forget it not, I pray you,—  
 And look awhile upon a picture there,  
 'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,  
 The last of that illustrious family.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak;  
 Her lips half-open, and her finger up,  
 As though she said, 'Beware!'—her vest of gold,  
 Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,  
 An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
 And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,

A coronet of pearls.—Alone it hangs  
 Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion;  
 An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm;  
 A chest that came from Venice, and had held  
 The ducal robes of some old ancestor;  
 (That, by the way—it may be true or false)  
 But don't forget the picture;—and you will not,  
 When you have heard the tale they tell you there.

She was an only child—her name Ginevra;  
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father.  
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety.  
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue;  
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
 Her hand, and her heart with it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,  
 When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting;  
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,  
 " 'Tis but to make trial of our love,"  
 And flung his glass to all; but his hand shook;  
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,  
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still—  
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
 —But now, alas! she was not to be found;  
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guess'd,  
 But that she was not.

Weary of his life,  
 Francesco flew to Venice, and embarking,  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
 Orsini lived;—and long you might have seen  
 An old man wandering as in quest of something.  
 Something he could not find,—he knew not what.  
 When he was gone, the house remain'd awhile  
 Silent and tenacious,—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten—  
 When on an idle day, a day of search  
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said  
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra.  
 "Why not remove it from its lurking place?"  
 'Twas done as soon as said; but, on the way,  
 It burst—it fell;—and lo, a skeleton!  
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,  
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
 All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring  
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy.

Engraven with a name, the name of both—  
 GENEVRA .

There, then, had she found a grave!  
 Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,  
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy:  
 When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,  
 Fasten'd her down for ever!

### THE BARBER'S SHOP.

I'm a dapper little shaver,  
 Who in manners and behaviour,  
 Bear the bell from all the trade.  
 I'm descended from the Razors,  
 Who, as most people say, sirs,  
 A fortune should have made.  
 For be it known, my father  
 Such numbers used to lather,  
 And so briskly plied his trade,  
 And so briskly plied his trade,  
 That, by hair dressing and shaving,  
 Though his family was craving,  
 He a decent living made.

*Spoken.*] Mr. Razor, says my poor deceased mother; My duck, says my father. Vy, lovy, I've been thinking as how ve should send Tony to a larned seminary, for I likee Latin—A little larning is a dangerous thing—driuk deep, or a fig for larning, says my father; or if he larns any thing, let him larn to shave, and as to drinking deep, he'll larn that of his father. So instead of being a man of letters, I can barely tell them, and am left with all my imperfections on my head, to shave, dress hair, comb wigs, and retail Day and Martin's blacking, Russia oil, pomatum, and powder, and instead of wearing a counsellor's wig, to be constantly employed in keeping it in curl, while the only bar I ever pleaded at is the bar of old Score'em, though I generally contrive to pay my way; I wish every tradesman could put his hand to his heart and say as much—we should then see fewer dividends of a shilling in the pound, and the credit of old England keep up its ancient vigour.

So, with scissors, comb, and lather  
 I a sufficient harvest gather,  
 To keep open the barber's shop,  
 The barber's shop,  
 The barber's shop,  
 To keep open the barber's shop.

Should my customers e'er vapour,  
 I show 'em an old paper,  
 Which I beg them to peruse;  
 Should they find the cheat, sirs,  
 Their patience I entreat, sirs,  
 Which they seldom or e'er refuse.  
 For by this time I contrive,  
 My business quick to drive,  
 And be ready their beards to mow,  
 And be ready their beards to mow;  
 Of me you're making fun,  
 Sir, I tell you I've just done.  
 Mr. Latherum, here, hollo.

*Spoken.]* Mr. Feeble, shall I shave you ? your beard's in a sad condition, like the times—Don't talk to me of the times, for I've no time to talk to you—How's Mrs. Feeble, sir ?—Mind your business, and don't pester me—if you move your head, I shall do your business—Mr. Ledderum, dat blacking you sould me is all turned brown, buru my caxon, but I've a great desire to give you, for de blacking, a black eye ; devil de drop of Day and Martin was dere ; no, by de powers, it was all Betty Martin—Sir, if you'll return it—Tunder and turf, return it, how, you shabroou, d'ye think I'm to do that ? didn't I tell you, do I forget to mention it, dat I had used every sup of it—Well, sir, I hope we shall make matters up over a glass of Geneva—Oh ! and is it dat you're after, oh ! musha, my darling, you're a nate little bottle seller ; here's to ould Ireland—here's may animosity be washed away by the soap suds of oblivion ; may the voice of the people never be cut in two by the razor of discord, and may the shop of justice never be shut when honesty knocks at the door.

So, with scissors, comb, and lather, &c.

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### THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods ;  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore ;  
 There is society where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not man the less, but Nature more.  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe,—and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean!—roll;  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain:—  
 Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control  
 Stops with the shore:—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all *thy* deed; nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—  
 These are thy toys; and as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into the yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; *their* shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so *thou*,  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play;  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving:—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of eternity,—the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made: each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth—dread—fathomless—alone!

### THE BEER BARREL; OR, JOB'S PATIENCE.

A PANSON who had a remarkable folble,  
 In minding the bottle more than the bible,  
 Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd  
 In handling a tankard, than handling a text.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cried,  
 ' Make patience, my dearly beloved, your guide ;  
 And, in all your troubles, mischances, and crosses,  
 Remember the patience of Job in his losses.'

Now, this parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,  
 A present, no doubt—but no matter from where ;  
 Suffice it to say, that he reckon'd it good,  
 And valu'd the liquor as much as his blood.

While he the church service in haste mutter'd o'er,  
 The hogs found their way thro' his old cellar-door ;  
 And by the sweet scent of the beer-barrel led,  
 Had knock'd out the spigot or cock from its head.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,  
 And the unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round ;  
 Nor from their diversion or merriment ceas'd,  
 Till ev'ry hog there was a true drunken beast.

And now, the grave lecture and prayers at an end,  
 He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,  
 To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,  
 And taste his delightful October-brewed beer.

The dinner was ready, and all things laid snug--  
 ' Here, wife,' says the parson, ' go fetch up a mug.'  
 But a mug of what liquor he'd scarce time to tell her,  
 When—' Lord, husband !' she cried, ' there's the hogs in the cellar.

' To be sure they've got in whilst we were at pray'rs.'  
 ' To be sure you're a fool, so get you down stairs,  
 And bring what I bid you—go, see what's the matter,  
 For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.'

She went, and returning with sorrowful face,  
 In suitable phrases related the case ;  
 He sav'd like a madman, and snatching a broom,  
 First belabour'd his hogs, then his wife round the room.

' Was ever poor mortal so pester'd as I ?  
 With a base slut who keeps all my house like a sty ;  
 How came you to have your d—d hogs in the kitchen ?  
 Is that a fit place to keep cattle, you -----, in ?'

' Lord, husband !' said she, ' what a coil you keep here,  
 About a poor beggarly barrel of beer !  
 You should, in your troubles, mischances, and crosses,  
 Remember the patience of Job in his losses.'

'A plague upon Job,' cried the priest in a rage;  
 'That bear, I dare say, was near three years of age;  
 But you are a poor stupid fool, like his wife,—  
 Why, Job never had such a cask in his life!'

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### SWEET MR. LEVI.

When a pretty little boy,  
 A young merchantman so gay,  
 With my lollipops and toy,  
 Of Duke's Place I bore the sway.  
 The pretty little maidens,  
 With their pretty little smile,  
 Dey stole my little heart,  
 For my senses they becuile.

*Spoken.]* Vel, I remeber the day when I tramped with my little shop round my neck, and turned my honest living; but den de little shedibels always was upon my thoughts—dere (was their cry) dere goes sweet Mr. Levi! dere goes charming Mr. Levi!—dere goes handsome Mr. Levi!—dear me! dear me! the sound of their pretty little voices always made me sing

Fal lal la, &c.

A few years pass away,  
 And a young man soon I grows,  
 When around in London streets,  
 I chaat away old clothes;  
 Clo-sale—clo-sale—clo—  
 I raise aloud the cry,  
 And as I pass along,  
 How the pretty damsels sigh.

*Spoken.]* Bless ma heart! vel, vat can I do; I console with them as well as I am able; and, though a circumscribed Jew, I tickle their faucy as well as the best, for I always make 'em sing

Fal lal la, &c.

Den my uncle Aarons died,  
 And I was heir for life;  
 So I thought myself as how  
 To get a little wife;  
 I'd kissod and toyed away  
 With many a vixen slie,  
 But I wanted one alone  
 To kiss and toy vid me.

*Spoken.]* So I left off trading in old clothes to trade with

ladies' hearts; so I makes love to Miss Rachael, and she, beautiful creature, melts my heart like a stick of Dutch sealing wax, which makes me sing

Fal lal la, &c.

So married soon I got,  
 And sung "Begone, dull care,"  
 And nine months after that  
 I danced a little heir;  
 Then Jacob, Mo, and Sue,  
 Vid Samuels so sly,  
 How happy was the Jew  
 Vid such a family.

*Spoken.*] Bless ma heart, vat a happy rogue vas I; I thought myself richer than Solomon in all his glory, for I had got the true-begotten children of ma heart around me, and vat could my wife and I do but sing

Fal lal la, &c.

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### THE TAILOR.

A city auctioneer, one Samuel Stubbs,  
 Did greater execution with his hammer,  
 Assisted by his puffing clamour,  
 Than Gog and Magog with their clubs,  
 Or that great Fee-fa-fum of war,  
 The Scandinavian Thor,  
 Did with his mallet, which (see Bryant's  
 Mythology) fell'd stoutest giants:  
 For Samuel knock'd down houses, churches,  
 And woods of oak, and elms and birches,  
 With greater ease than mad Orlando,  
 Tore the first tree he laid his hand to.

He ought, in reason, to have raised his own  
 Lot by knocking others down;  
 And had he been content with shaking  
 His hammer and his hand, and taking  
 Advantage of what brought him grist, he  
 Might have been as rich as Christie;—  
 But somehow when thy midnight bell, how,  
 Sounded along Cheapside its knell,  
 Our spark was busy in Fall-mall  
 Shaking his elbow,—  
 Marking, with paw upon his mazzard,  
 The turns of hazard:  
 Or rattling in a box the dice,

2 A



Which seem'd as if a grudge they bore  
 To Stubbs; for often in a trice,  
 Down on the nail he was compell'd to pay  
 All that his hammer brought him in the day,  
 And sometimes more.

Thus, like a male Penelope, our wight,  
 What he had done by day undid at night;  
 No wonder, therefore, if, like her,  
 He was beset by clamorous brutes,  
 Who crowded round him to prefer  
 Their several suits.

One Mr. Snipps, the tailor, had the longest  
 Bill for many suits—of raiment,  
 And naturally thought he had the strongest  
 Claim for payment.  
 But debts of honour must be paid,  
 Whate'er becomes of debts of trade;  
 And so our stylish auctioneer,  
 From month to month throughout the year,  
 Excuses, falsehoods, pleas alleges,  
 Or flatteries, compliments, and pledges.  
 When in the latter mood one day,  
 He squeezed his hand, and swore to pay,—  
 'But when?' 'Next month. You may depend on't,  
 My dearest Snipps, before the end on't.  
 Your face proclaims in every feature,  
 You wouldn't harm a fellow-creature—  
 You're a kind soul, I know you are, Snipps.'  
 'Aye, so you said six months ago;  
 But such fine words, I'd have you know,  
 Butter no parsnips.'

This said, he bade his lawyer draw  
 A special writ,  
 Serve it on Stubbs, and follow it  
 Up with the utmost rigour of the law.

This lawyer was a friend of Stubbs—  
 That is to say,  
 In a civic way,  
 Where business interposes not its rubs;  
 For where the main chance is in question,  
 Damon leaves Pythias to the stake,  
 Pylades and Orestes break,  
 And Alexander cuts Hephestion;  
 But when our man of law *must* sue his friends,  
 Tenfold politeness makes amends.

So when he met our auctioneer,  
 Into his outstretch'd hand he thrust his  
 Writ, and said with friendly leer,  
 ' My dear, dear Stubbs, pray do me justice ;  
 In this affair I hope you see  
 No censure can attach to me—  
 Don't entertain a wrong impression ;  
 I'm doing now what must be done  
 In my profession.'  
 ' And so am I,' Stubbs answered with a frown :  
 So crying, ' Going—going—gone !'  
 He knock'd him down !

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### LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, **SLAVERY** ! still thou art a bitter draught ; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, **LIBERTY** ! thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till nature herself shall change—no tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron—With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven ! grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion ; and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.—

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—

—I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze

had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—he gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

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### THE TWO STAMMERERS.

WHILE others fluent verse abuse,  
 And prostitute the comic muse;  
 In less indecent manner, I  
 Her Comic Ladyship will try;  
 Oh! let my prayer, bright maid, avail!  
 Grant inspiration to my tale!  
 A tale both comical and new,  
 And with a swinging moral too.

In a small quiet country town,  
 Liv'd Mob, a blunt, but honest clown;  
 Who, spite of all the schools could teach,  
 From habit, stammer'd in his speech;  
 And second nature soon, we're sure,  
 Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.  
 Ask him to say, hot rolls and butter;  
 'A hag-a-gag,' and 'splitter-splutter.'  
 Stopp'd every word he strove to utter.  
 It happen'd once upon a time—  
 I word it thus to suit my rhyme;  
 For all our country neighbours know,  
 It can't be twenty years ago—  
 Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,  
 Was busy doling at his dyke;

Which, let me not forget to say,  
 Stood close behind a public way;  
 And, as he lean'd upon his spade,  
 Reviewing o'er the work he'd made;  
 A youth, a stranger in that place,  
 Stood right before him, face to face.  
 'P-p-p-p-pray,' says he,  
 'How f-f-f-far may't be,  
 To-o—the words would not come out—  
 'T-o Boroughbridge, or thereabout?'

Our clown took huff; thrice hemm'd upon't,  
 Then smelt a kind of an affront.  
 Thought he—' This bluff, fool-hardy fellow,  
 A little crack'd perhaps, or mellow,  
 Knowing my tongue an inch too short,  
 Is come to flee and make his sport.  
 Wauna! if I thought he meant to quarrel,  
 I'd hoop the roynish rascal's barrel!  
 If me he means, or dares deride,  
 By all that's good, I'll tan his hide!  
 I'll dress his vile calf's skin in buff;  
 And thrash it tender where 'tis tough.'  
 Thus full resolved he stood aloof,  
 And waited mute, for farther proof;  
 While t'other, in a kind of pain,  
 Applied him to his tongue again—  
 'Speak, friend; c-c-c-c-can you, pray,  
 Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way;  
 Nay, spe-e-ak!—I'll smoke thy bacon?  
 You have a tongue; or I'm mistaken.'

' Yes, th-th-that I-I-I have;  
 But not for y-y-you—you knave;'  
 'What!' cried the stranger; 'wh-wh-what?  
 D'ye mock me? T-t-take you that!'  
 'Huh! you mock—me!' quoth Hob again,  
 'So t-t-take you—that again!'  
 Then to't they fell, in furious plight;  
 While each one thought himself i' the right;  
 And, if ye dare believe my song,  
 They likewise thought each other wrong.  
 The battle o'er—and somewhat cool—  
 Each half suspects himself a fool;  
 For, when to cholera folks incline 'em,  
 Your argumentum baculinum,  
 Administer'd in dose terrific,  
 Was ever held a grand specific!

Each word the combatants now utter'd  
 Conviction brought that both dolts stutted,  
 And each assumed a look as stupid,  
 As, after combat, looks Don Cupid;  
 Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought,  
 He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—  
 Would anger deign to sign a truce,  
 Till reason could discover truly,  
 Why this mad Madam were unruly,  
 So well she would explain her words,  
 Men little use could find for swords.

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### JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA.

YES, noble lady, I swear by this blood, which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I ever suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king in Rome. Ye gods, I call you to witness this my oath!—There, Romans, turn your eyes to that sad spectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus' wife—she died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom the lust of a Tarquin reduced to the necessity of being her own executioner, to attest her innocence. Hospitably entertained by her as a kinsman of her husband's, Sextus, the perfidious guest, became her brutal ravisher. The chaste, the generous Lucretia, could not survive the insult. Glorious woman! But once only treated as a slave, she thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, disdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and shall we, shall men, with such an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious servitude, shall we, through a fear of dying, defer one single instant to assert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment we have so long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterprise. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things necessary. There is nothing wanting to secure the success, if our own courage does not fail us. Can all those warriors, who have ever been so brave when foreign enemies were to be subdued, or when conquests were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver them-

selves from slavery ? Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The soldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Banish so groundless a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppression with as quick a sense as you that are in Rome : they will as eagerly seize the occasion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be some among them, who, through baseness of spirit, or a bad education, will be disposed to favour the tyrant. The number of these can be but small, and we have means sufficient in our hands to reduce them to reason. They have left us hostages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us : those gods, whose temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by sacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberless unexpiated crimes committed against his subjects. Ye gods, who protected our forefathers, ye Genii, who watch for the preservation and glory of Rome, do you inspire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cause, and we will to our last breath defend your worship from all profanation.

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### THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACK of sinners for no good,

Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,  
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel ;  
In short, their toes so gently to amuse,  
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old Popish times,  
For purifying souls that stank of crimes :  
A sort of apostolic salt,  
Which Popish parsons for its power exalt,  
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,  
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off the self-same day,  
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray ;  
But very different was their speed I wot,

One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
 Swift as a bullet from a gun ;  
 The other limped as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccari* cried—  
 Had his soul white-wash'd over all so clever ;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit, with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue, about half way—  
 Hobbling with out-stretch'd hain, and bending knees,  
 Darning the souls and bodies of the peas ;  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

'How now?' the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim broke,  
 'You lazy lubber?'  
 'Odds curse it!' cried the other, 'tis no joke—  
 My feet, once hard as any rock,  
 Are now as soft as blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—  
 As for Loretto I shall not get there ;  
 No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,  
 For dam'ne if I ha'n't lost every toe.

'But, brother sinner, pray explain,  
 How 'tis that you are not in pain ;  
 What pow'r hath work'd a wonder for *thy* toes :  
 Whilst I, just like a snail am crawling,  
 Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,  
 Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes ;  
 How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,  
 Merry, as if that nought had happened—burn ye !'  
 'Why,' cried the other grinning, 'you must know  
 Not just before I ventur'd on my journey,  
 To walk a little more at ease,  
 I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.'

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### YORICK'S DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stopt in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him,

for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again ; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke—I hope not, Yorick, said he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius' hand—and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to the heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him—my dear lad, be comforted—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis, when thou most wantest them ;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee ?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head ; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words—I declare I know not Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop—and that I may live to see it.—I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—I beseech thee to take a view of my head.—I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas ! my friend, said Yorick, let me tell you, that it is so bruised and misshapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Pancho, that should I recover, and “mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.”—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this ;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone ;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes ;—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakspeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar !

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken : he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription ; serving both for his epitaph and elegy.

“ALAS, POOR YORICK !”

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his



monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones ; as denote a general pity and esteem for him : a foot-way crossing the church-yard close by his grave—not a passer-ger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it—and sighing as he walks on,

ALAS POOR YORICK !

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### THE IRISH DRUMMER.

A SOLDIER, so at least the story goes,  
 It was in Ireland I believe,  
 Upon his back was sentenc'd to receive  
 Five hundred cat-o'-nine-tail blows ;  
 Most sagely military law providing,  
 The *back* alone shall suffer for *backsliding*.  
 Whether his crime was great or small,  
 Or whether there was any crime at all,  
 Are facts which this deponent never knew ;  
 But though uncertain whether justly tried,  
 The man he knows was to the halbert tied,  
 And hopes his readers will believe so too.  
 Suppose him, then, fast to the halberts bound,  
 His poor companions standing silent round,  
 Anticipating ev'ry dreadful smack ;  
 While Patrick Donovan, from Wicklow county,  
 Is just preparing to bestow his bounty,  
 Or *beat quick time* upon his comrade's back.  
 Of stoics much we read in tales of yore,  
 Of Zeno, Possidonious, Epictetus,  
 Who, unconcerned, the greatest torments bore,  
 Or else these ancient stories strangely cheat us.  
 My hero was no stoic, it is plain :  
 He could not suffer torments and be dumb,  
 But roared, before he felt the smallest pain,  
 As though ten rusty nails had pierc'd his bum.  
 Not louder is the terror spreading note,  
 Which issues from the hungry lion's throat,  
 When o'er Numidian plains in search of prey,  
 He takes his cruel, his destroying way.  
 The first two strokes, which made my hero jump,  
 Fell right across the confines of the rump ;  
 On which he piteously began to cry,  
 ' Strike high ! strike high ! for mercy's sake strike high !'  
 Pat, of a mild, obliging disposition,  
 Could not refuse to grant his friend's petition ;

An Irishman has got a tender heart,  
 And never likes to act a cruel part;  
 Pat gave a good example to beholders,  
 And the next stroke fell on his comrade's shoulders:  
 Our suffering hero now began to roar  
 As loud, if not much louder, than before;  
 At which Pat lost all patience, and exclaim'd,  
 While his Hibernian face with anger flam'd,  
 'Perdition catch you!—can't your tongue be still?  
 There is no *plasing* you, strike where one will!

### ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No! you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and our's. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error:—Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection:—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them. They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

## THE DRUNKEN SAILORS.

A PARSON once, of Methodistic race,  
 With band pew stiffen'd, and with lengthen'd face,  
 In a rostrum mounted, high above the rest,  
 In long-drawn tones, his friends below address'd ;  
 And while he made the gospel roof to roar,  
 Three drunken sailors reel'd in at the door.  
 His reverence twigg'd them—baited fresh his trap—  
 ' New converts for old Nick & Co. to nap !'  
 The poor pew-opener, too, a grave old woman—  
 Poor ! did I say ?—Oh how I wrong'd the race—  
 His honour told me she was rich—ah, rich in grace—  
 This poor pew-opener, though, thinking right,  
 As soon as Neptune's sons appear'd in sight,  
 With a preface of three dismal groans compos'd,  
 Her lips thus open'd, and her mind disclos'd ;  
 ' Ye vicked men, conceiv'd and born in sin,  
 The gospel gates are open—enter in ;  
 Come and be sav'd, ye fallen sons of Adam ;—  
 At which they all roar'd out—' Oh, dam'me madam,  
 Your jawing tackle's at its proper pitch,—  
 Come out you d—d old swab-faced b—h !  
 Go hang yourself, you d—d old cat—  
 What bumbug rig is this that now you're at ?'

Words like these, utter'd in a sailor's note,  
 Soon reach'd the man in black, who preach'd by rote ;  
 And he—though a dissenter, is what I would remark,  
 Being no novice, beckon'd to his clerk,  
 Told the amen-man what to say and do.  
 Immediately he leaves his pew,  
 Goes to the sailors to do as he was bid ;  
 Out hauls his 'bacco-box, with—' dam'me, take a quid ;  
 What cheer, my thundering bucks ? how are ye all ?  
 Come in, my lads, and give your sins an overhaul,  
 The sailors roll'd their quids, and turn'd their eyes,  
 And view'd their benefactor with surprise ;  
 Swore he was a hearty fellow, ' d—n their souls ;'  
 So in they stuggering went, cheek by jowl,  
 Found a snug berth, and stow'd themselves away ;  
 To hear what master blackey had to say.  
 His reverence preach'd and groan'd and preach'd again !  
 And says my story, it was not in vain ;  
 The plan succeeding, which they had concerted,  
 They went in sinners, and came out converted.





POPPING THE QUESTION.

J. 177.



JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

J. 300.

## POPPING THE QUESTION.

THERE is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lucubration. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding, is necessary when you have got a favour to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request as exorbitant, and to make this a pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his state—a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsy, fonder of fun and frolic than any thing in life. Even though she love you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirits, and woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and though her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind complacent looks, until you have told 'your pitiful story,' and then laugh you in the face for your pains.

It is not this either that I mean to express. Men are not cowards because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has coolness sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable, to march with due resignation to meet his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pilgarlick, the lover, has a clear notion (persons in his condition are rarely troubled with clear notions) of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards, a check, a sudden stop in all his functions. He knows not how to look, or what to say, his fine plan arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation perversely takes a turn totally different from that by which he hoped to lead the fair one from indifferent topics to thoughts of a tender complexion, and thus, by fine degrees, (he watching, all the time, how she was affected, in order to be sure of his bottom, before he makes the plunge,) to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavour to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted, the first time we

heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter to lose his heart to Miss ——; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedikes, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed her everywhere; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone. When his lordship, on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss —— sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but, loosing heart by the way, passed on in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powder mine, he stopped short before her—'Miss ——, will you marry me?' 'With the greatest pleasure, my lord,' was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unfaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made to him.

Some gentlemen, equally nervous and unaided by such a discriminating and ingenious mamma, have recourse to the plan of wooing by proxy. This is a system which I can by no means recommend. If a male agent be employed, there is a great danger, that, before he is aware, he begins to plead for himself. Talking of love, even in the abstract, with a woman, is a ticklish matter. Emotions are awakened, which we thought were lulled to sleep for ever, and we grow desirous to appropriate to ourselves the pretty sentiments which she so well expresses. A female go between is less dangerous; but I cannot conceive with what face a man can ever address a woman as his wife whom he had not courage to woo for himself.

Day, the philosopher, had a freak of educating a wife for himself. He got two orphan girls intrusted to his care, on entering into recognizances to educate and provide for them. One proved too mulish to make anything of. The other grew up every thing he could have wished. And yet he gave up the idea of marrying her, because she one day purchased an handkerchief more gaudy than accorded with his philosophical notions. Of course, it never came to a declaration. I wish it had, that one might have seen with what degree of grace a man could divest himself of the grave and commanding characters of papa and pedagogue, to assume the supple, insinuating deportment of the lover.

There are a set of men, whose success in wooing—and it is unfailling—I cannot comprehend. Grave, emaciated, sallow divines, who never look the person in the face whom they address—who never speak above their breath—who sit on the uttermost edge of their chairs, a full yard distant from the dinner-table. I have never known one of those scarecrows fail in getting a good and a rich wife. How it is, Heaven knows! Can it be that the ladies ask them.

One thing is certain, that I myself have never been able to 'pop the question.' Like the inspired writer, among the things beyond the reach of my intellect, is 'the way of a man with a maid.' By what witchery he should ever be able to induce her, 'her free unhousted condition,' 'to bring into circumscription and confine,' it is to me a mystery. Had it been otherwise, I should not have been at this time the lonely inmate of a dull house—one who can scarcely claim any kindred with any human being—in short,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

TAM O' SHANTER.

When chapman billies leave the street,  
 And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,  
 As market-days are wearin late,  
 And folk begin to tak the gate;  
 While we sit bousin at the nappy,  
 And getting fou and unco bappy,  
 We think nae on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky sullen dame,  
 Gatherin her brows like gatherin storm,  
 Nursin her wrath to keep it warm.



This truth fand honest TAM O' SHANTER,  
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,  
(Auld Ayr, whom ne'er a town surpasses  
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

Oh, TAM! hadst thou but been sae wise,  
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellam,  
A bletcher, bluster, drunken blellum;  
That frae November till October,  
Ae market-day thou was na sober;  
That ilka melder wi' the miller,  
Thou eat as lang as thou had siller;  
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,  
The smith and thee gat roarin' fou on;  
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.  
She prophesied, that, late or soon,  
Thou wad be found deep drown'd in Doon;  
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,  
By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,  
To think how mony counsels sweet,  
How mony lengthen'd sage advises,  
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market-night,  
TAM had got pianted unco right  
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,  
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,  
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,  
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;  
TAM lo'd him like a very brither;  
They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter;  
And aye the ale was growin' better;  
The landlady and TAM grew gracious,  
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;  
The souter tauld his queerest stories;  
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;  
The storm without might rair and rustle,  
TAM didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man so happy,  
E'en drown'd himsel' amang the nappy;  
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,  
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:  
Kings may be blest, but TAM was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!



**TAM O' SHANTER AND SOUTER JOHNNY.**

P. 260.



**TAM O' SHANTER AND THE WARLOCKS.**

P. 267.



But pleasures are like popples spread,  
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
 Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;  
 Or like the borealis race,  
 That sit ere you can point their place ;  
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
 Evanishing amid the storm.—  
 Nae man can lether time or tide !  
 The hour approaches TAM maun ride !  
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
 That dreary hour he mounts his hean' in ;  
 And sic a night he taks the road in,  
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;  
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast ;  
 The speedy gleams that darkness swallow'd ;  
 Loud, deep, and lang the thunder bellow'd :  
 That night a child might understand,  
 The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,  
 A better never lifted leg,  
 TAM skelpit on thro' dub and mire,  
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;  
 Whiles hauding fast his gude blus bonnet ;  
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;  
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,  
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;  
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawing nigh,  
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;  
 And past the birks and meikle stane,  
 Where drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;  
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,  
 Where hunter's fand the murder'd bairn ;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Where *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods ;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
*Kirk-Alloway* seemed in a breeze ;  
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn!*  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—  
 The swats sae ream'd in TAMMIE'S noddle,  
 Fair play, he car'd nae deils a bodle.  
 But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,  
 Till, by the best and hand admonish'd,  
 She ventur'd forward on the light;  
 And, wow! TAM saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillon brent new frae *France*,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 A winnock-bunker in the east,  
 There sat auld *Nick* in shape o' beast:  
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:  
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—  
 Coffins stood round like open presses,  
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;  
 And by some devilish cantrip sleight,  
 Each in his cauld hand held a light.—  
 By which heroic TAM was able  
 To note upon the haly table,  
 A murderer's bones in gibbet-airns;  
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd hairns;  
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;  
 Five tomkawks, wi' blude red rusted;  
 A garter, which a bane had strangled;  
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted,  
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,  
 The grey hairs yet stak to the left;  
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',  
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As TAMMIE glow'd, amaz'd, and curious  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:  
 The piper loud and louder blew;  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;  
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,  
 And coast her duddies to the wark,  
 And linkit at it in her sark!

Now TAM, O TAM! had thae been queans,  
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens;  
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannou,  
 Been snaw-white se'enteen hunder linen;  
 Their breeks o' mine, my only pair,  
 That ance were plush o' gude blue hair,  
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,  
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,  
 Rigwoodie lags wad spean a foal,  
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,  
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But TAM kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
 There was ae winsome wench and wale,  
 That night enlisted in the core,  
 [Lang after kenn'd on *Carrick* shore!  
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,  
 And shook baith muckle corn and bear,  
 And kept the country side in fear;)  
 Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,  
 That while a lassie she had worn,  
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie—  
 Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches,)  
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;  
 Sic flight are far beyond her power;  
 To sing how *Nannie* lap and lang,  
 (A simple jade she was and strang,)  
 And how TAM stood, like one bewitch'd,  
 And thought his very een enrich'd;  
 Even Satan glow'rd and fidg'd fu' fain,  
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
 TAM tint his reason a' thegither,  
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
 And in an instant o' was dark:  
 And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees biz out wi' angry fyke,  
 When plundering herds assail their byke;  
 As open pussie's mortal foes,  
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;

As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
 So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' monie an aldritch screech and hollow.

Ah, TAM: ah, TAM I thou'lt get thy fairin:  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin!  
*Kate* soon will be a waefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost *Meg*,  
 And win the key-stane of the brig;  
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they darena cross:  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fient a tail she had to shake!  
 For *Nanats*, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,  
 And flew at TAM with furious ettle;  
 But little wist she *Maggie's* mettle—  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain grey tail:  
 The carling claught her by the rump,  
 And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Lik man and mother's son, take heed:  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys ower dear,  
 Remember TAM o' SHANTER's mare.

### SECURING THE HEART.

'Just before the battle of Malplaquet,' say the chronicles of the campaign in which this encounter occurred, 'a young recruit procured a round iron plate—' and 'what did he want with a round plate?' perhaps some inquisitive reader asks; a question which would have been already settled but for this untimely interference. 'A round iron plate, which (to continue our quotation) he desired a tailor to fasten on the inside of his coat, above his left breast, to secure his heart from being shot through.' And here let us remark, How praiseworthy was the intention of this raw recruit! Not had he obtained a round iron plate for that common use such articles are put to, viz. the protection of the head. To endeavour to strengthen the *caput* would have been a vile insinuation against dame Nature, and indeed a libel upon her

sanity, as conveying an idea that she had really endowed with brains the heads of men who made so little use of that gift as to risk their lives for sixpence daily. Rightly had he judged that as that part which he sought to defend is the seat of the affections, the fountain of life, the source of the passions, were he in the first *affair* he should be concerned in to have a hole bored in his heart, then would he have but a bad heart on the *whole* affair. Much and well too had this shrewd soldier considered the radix or root of that word *coragium*, the Low Latin whence near all European nations derived their idea of that

‘king-becoming grace,’

as Macbeth hath it, ‘courage.’ And properly had he reasoned that as *couragium* (the outward and visible sign) was derived from *cor*, the heart, so (the inward, spiritual grace) courage came from the heart; and that to protect the latter from danger was to preserve the former from fear.

The preservation of a hero's heart is committed to the art of a tailor, to whom it is commanded to fasten the plate ‘on the inside of the left breast of the coat:’ but like that learned character in Moliere's *Le Médecin malgré Lui*, our ‘thing of shreds and patches’ had not bound himself to an implicit belief in the old-fangled notions of the ancients. Whether or not, indeed, the tailor had even heard of that famous comedy is not at present the question, but a part of it as it is done into English by our own Scriblerus Secundus, is extremely accordant with the sentiments we may suppose to have been uppermost in the tailor's mind, just as he was skenning the matter over, and calculating the cabbage to be abstracted. Speaking of Miss Charlotte's dumbness, Gregory, who obtained his pharmacy as children take the cow-pox by *in-knock-ulation*, says, that ‘certain spirits passing from the left side which is the seat of the liver, to the right which is the seat of the heart:’ when her father remarks, ‘I always thought; till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.’ To which ‘The Mock Doctor’ replies, ‘Ay, sir, so they were formerly: but we have changed all that. The college at present, sir, proceeds on an entire new method.’

Proceeding ‘on an entire new method,’ and not forgetting, for he as well as everybody else who had read Chaucer, the line in the *Canterbury Tales* anent this abstruse mystery, where the poet discourseth of ‘changing his *courage* (meaning of course the seat thereof to another place:’) the tailor, thus the chronicle continues, ‘fixed it in the seat of his breeches. He [the recruit] no sooner put on his regimentals, than he was ordered to the field of battle.’ Battles have often been known to change the state of the atmosphere, and the very rumour of this rencontre



caused such an alteration in the wind, that one half of the army, and amongst them our hero, trembled at every joint, 'it was so very cold.' However

'La Trompette appelle aux alarmes,'

as the French song saith; 'Advance,' saith the commander; and, as Shakspeare hath it,

*'Their discipline*

*Now mingled with their courage.*

'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war,' saith the poet; and, to conclude our list of quotations, 'Courage,' says Addison, 'courage that grows from constitution, very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it;' a truism but too fully verified by our hero at the battle of Malplaquet. On this point, however, we will follow the historian, and merely say, that 'Being obliged to fly, he was getting over a hedge, when a foe gave him a push with his bayonet in the breech, but it luckily hit on the iron plate, and pushed the young soldier clean over the hedge.' This favourable circumstance made him honestly confess, that the tailor had more sense than himself, and knew better where his heart lay.

Here might I make some apposite similes drawn from the Third Book of Homer's Iliad, were it not for two excellent reasons: first, one comparison, if it be a good one, is *quantum suff.*, and who will deny the palm of a close similarity between the story we are now narrating, and that passage where Paris—

his shining javelin threw:

Full on Atrides' ringing shield it fled:

Nor pierc'd the brazen orb, but with a bound

Leap'd from the buckler blunted to the ground.

Secondly, our artist has so ably depicted the chagrin of the discomfited bayonetteer, that on this subject, at least, 'Comparisons are odious.'

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## LIFE.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty space from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time,  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!  
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more! It is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.

## THE DEATH OF NELSON.

While England beams one universal blaze,  
 The faithful tribute of a nation's praise!  
 For naval deeds achiev'd, of high renown,  
 And honours added to the British Crown,  
 Is there a Briton's breast that does not beat  
 At Nelson's triumph! and the foe's defeat?  
 However poor, he shares the generous flame,  
 And glows, exulting, at the hero's name.  
 Immortal Nelson; here my throbbing heart,  
 Swelling with sorrow, acts no borrow'd part,  
 May I not say, and say it with a tear,  
 That, with his death, the triumph's bought too dear?  
 But who can murmur? Glorious was his doom:  
 The heart of ev'ry Briton is his tomb!

"The nation's favourite, and his sovereign's pride,  
 He rul'd despotic Lord of Ocean's tide!  
 Each coast remembering from some deed of fame,  
 Was made illustrious by great NELSON'S name:  
 Denmark, Iberia, Egypt's trophied shore,  
 Heard the dread thunder of his cannon's roar:  
 While laurels, won from every hostile fleet,  
 He laid, in triumph at his Monarch's feet;  
 And Hist'ry ever shall record the day,  
 Bright with his glory in Trafalgar's bay."

In torrid climes where nature pants for breath,  
 Or tainted gales bring pestilence and death;  
 Where hurricanes are born, and whirlwinds sweep  
 The raging billows of the Atlantic deep,  
 Nelson had sought, but long had sought in vain,  
 The still retreating fleets of France and Spain;  
 When found, at last he crush'd them on the flood,  
 And seal'd the awful conquest with his blood!

Yes as he liv'd, so did the hero fall—  
 Crouch'd at his feet, he saw the humbled Gaul;  
 Saw hostile navies into ruin hurl'd,  
 And England's trident rule the watery world!  
 Then did he laurel crown'd, and wrapp'd in fire,  
 Upborne on Vict'ry's outspread wings—expire!  
 Suspended be the shouts that rend the skies—  
 England's triumphant! but her Nelson dies!  
 A grateful nation mourns her hero dead,  
 And 'dews with tears the laurels on his head:  
 Laurels, for ever green! for ever new!  
 Bequeath'd, with Nelson's dying breath to you!

## MILITIA MUSTER FOLK.

*All.—Faites sous dançer.*

Now, Militia muster folk,  
 Friends and neighbours,  
 Glory's labours,  
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke,  
 Then bring your guns and sabres;  
 Or if arms you have not got,  
 Bring your pitchforks, and what not—  
 Umbrellas,  
 My good fellows,  
 Bean stalks, fishing-rods, I wot.

*Spoken.*] Ay, ay, my friends and neighbours, we must make no distinction of the personages now. The tradesman must be lost in the officer, the gentleman sunk in the soldier—so come, fall in, or we shall fall out—form a line there, form a line, if you please. Why, bless me! do you call that a line? Why, you're zigzag at both ends, and crooked in the middle. Now do, gentlemen, alter. Neighbour Gizzard, don't you see your inside is quite hollow, and that it wants filling up.—Yes, and so would your's, if you'd come out without your breakfast, as I have.—You should put a biscuit in your pocket, when you come to drill; but come, we must get on. Stand at ease! Neighbour Cripple-gait, why don't you stand at ease?—I can't, Major; for these here last breeches you've made me are so tight, they screw me like a vice.—Well, send 'em back after exercise, and they shall be let out. Now then, eyes right, you there with the spectacles.—I wish I could put my eyes right, Mr. Officer; but all your tactics won't alter my optics, because, you see I squint.—Now gentlemen, you with the guns, come forward.—You with the umbrellas, wheel to the right. You with the bean-stalks and fishing-rods, turn to the left; and you with the pitch-forks and spits, go behind, and mind you don't stick them in any one's stibble end. Now shoulder—I didn't say arms. Well, but you might have said it, you know. Fall back, fall back, there. What the devil do you leave the ranks for, Pry?—Only come out, Captain, to ask if there had been any reduction on broad cloths, and what the news were!—Pooh, nonsense! Farmer Waddle, what do you do out of the ranks! Why, I beez going at command of Colonel Forbes, to the back of that there hedge!—Gentlemen, we shall never finish, if we begin in this manner, fall in, fall back.

Now, Militia muster folk,  
 Friends and neighbours,  
 Glory's labours  
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke—  
 Then hey for guns and sabres.  
 The manœuvring now begins,  
 Dressing, forming,  
 Charming, charming;  
 Now they exercise their pins,  
 Marching, counter-marching.  
 Now the corps is at fault,  
 Now they wheel, and now they halt—  
 Hours employing  
 In deploying,  
 Till their throats are parching.

*Spoken.]* Halt! halt! halt!—why, gentlemen, you've left the rearguard behind.—Yes, so we have, we're beforehand with them.—Now, gentlemen, we're going to exercise, and in order that all may be correct, I'll give the word from my book of the New System: "Rules and regulations for regulating the rules that rules the regulars."—Stand at ease! Attention! Shoulder arms! Fix bayonets!—Why, Captain, how are we to fix bayonets when our guns are on our shoulders! Oh! I beg pardon, I've turned over two leaves at once. Order arms! Unfix bayonets!—Why, we haven't fixed them yet, Captain.—That's true, but never mind. Ground arms! why, bless me, brother Falter, you've tumbled down—I hope you haven't hurt yourself!—Yes, I've cut my nose, and bled a bushel, I guess.—Yes, he's wounded in the service, and shed blood in the cause, I calculate.—Yes, and there's one gentleman has run his bayonet into a very tender part of my frame, and I've only to inform this here corps that I am not bomb proof.—What have you put up your umbrella for, Sandy.—Because I guess we shall have a pretty considerable damn'd heavy shower of rain soon, and though you may expect us to be able to stand fire, I believe there is no rule to oblige us to stand water.—Why, egad, that's true, and it is beginning to rain, sure enough—forward, umbrellas! shoulder umbrellas! fall in three deep! take close order! prepare umbrellas! now then, fire umbrellas!—that's right—they are all up—this is what you may consider covering the regiment with a masked battery—there, it's all over now, so we'll go on again.

Yes, Militia muster folk,  
 Friends and neighbours,  
 Glory's labours  
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke—  
 2 c

Then bay for guns and sabres,  
 Every heart with ardour burns,  
   Pants for glory,  
   Live in story,  
 Each all thought of yielding spurns,  
   Like a true-born Yankee.  
 Now Columbia's valiant sons  
 Prove that they are sons of guns,  
   Fire and thunder,  
   Spreading wonder,  
 But no harm done, I thank ye.

*Spoken.*] Gentlemen, to avoid accidents, and perform our evolutions with military precision, you in the front row must kneel, and you in the second row must stand up; that is what we call *platoon* firing;—but mind, the gentlemen in the second row are not allowed to shoot the gentlemen's heads off in the front row; and if any gentleman in the front row should fall down, the persons behind them shall pick them up again. Now return ramrods—Eh! bless me, Master Clayskull, what are you doing!—Why, I'm returning my ramrod to neighbour Longstaff: I borrowed it of him the last time we went out shooting together, and now I'm giving him it back again; if that an't returning ramrods, you may do the exercise yourself another time.—Gentlemen, if any of you should bite your cartridge at the wrong end, just be good enough to spit the ball out again.—Make ready.—Who's that firing before the time! for shame, friend! Quick, present—really, gentlemen, this is a waste of powder, I never heard any thing so bad as—there, again—now! gentlemen, fire!—Really, I never heard such irregular firing among a regular regiment.—Fishing-rods, I never heard your report. Eh! why, gentlemen, what are you all dancing about in that manner for!—stand at ease!—attention!—damn the muskitoes—shoulder arms!—march.

Bravo, Militia muster folk,  
 Friends and neighbours,  
 Glory's labours  
 Call upon us, 'tis no joke—  
 Then bay for guns and sabres.

## THE FARMER AND THE BARRISTER.

*(Horace Smith.)*

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,  
 Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,  
 Upon the strength of a chance hit,  
 Amid a thousand slippancies,  
 And his occasional bad jokes,  
 In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,  
 Ridiculing and maltreating  
 Women, or other timid folks;  
 In a late cause resolved to hoax  
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one  
 Who by his uncouth look and gait,  
 Appeared expressly meant by Fate,  
 For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those  
 In the back rows,  
 Who kept their laughter bottled down  
 Until our wag should draw the cork,  
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,  
 And went to work.

'Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?  
 'Why—not, Sir, as they do with you,  
 But on four legs instead of two.'  
 'Officer!' cried the legal elf,  
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,  
 'Do pray keep silence down below there;  
 Now, look at me, clown, and attend,  
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?'  
 'Yees—very like—I often go there.'

'Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,'  
 The counsel cried with grin sardonic.  
 'I wish I'd known this prodigy,  
 This genius of the clods when I  
 On circuit was at York residing.—  
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,  
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you  
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,  
 Are there as many fools as ever  
 In the West Riding?'  
 'Why no, Sir, no; we've got our share,  
 But not so many as when you were there.'

## TWO FRIENDS.

Two friends, who had not seen each other for a length of time, met one day by accident.—‘How do you do?’ says one. ‘So so,’ replies the other; ‘and yet I was *married* since you and I were together.’—‘That is good news.’—‘Not very *good*—for it was my lot to choose a *termagent*.’—‘It is a pity.’—‘I hardly think it so—for she brought me *two thousand pounds*.’—‘Well, there is comfort!’—‘Not so much—for with her fortune I purchased a quantity of sheep, and *they are all dead of the rot*.’—‘That is indeed distressing!’—‘Not so distressing as you may imagine—for, by the sale of their skins, *I got more than the sheep cost me*.’—‘In that case you are indemnified.’—‘By no means; for *my house and all my money have been destroyed by fire*!’—‘Alas! that was a dreadful misfortune!’—‘Faith, not so dreadful, for *my termagent wife and my house were burnt together*.’

## MY WIFE AND THE PAIR OF SHOES.

A FELLOW, famous for his birth,  
 For witty tricks, sir, and for mirth,  
 Once roam'd about a country fair,  
 And carried in his hands a pair  
 Of shoes:  
 That they were water-proof he swore,  
 And never once had they been wore  
 Upon the toes.  
 From what he said, there was no doubt  
 But that the shoes were very good;  
 Indeed, he swore they'd ne'er wear out,  
 Let them be trode in how they would.

To hear this fellow talk and joke,  
 A gaping crowd soon gather'd round him,  
 Swallowing the very words he spoke,  
 For none with questions could confound him.  
 ‘Gentlemen,’ says he, ‘I carry here  
 A pair of shoes for him to wear  
 Who will upon the gospel swear  
 His lawful wife he does not fear.’  
 Conscience, that fierce disarming pow'r,  
 Made many of them look quite sour,  
 As if the devil possess'd them:

Indeed there was not one that could  
 Swear, even by his flesh and blood,  
 His rib, sir, had not dress'd him.  
 Again the shoes that fellow wav'd in air,  
 But all was disappointment and despair.  
 Some time elaps'd—at length a clown appear'd,  
 Who said he nothing fear'd;  
 'Nothing!' the fellow cried, 'have not you a wife?'  
 'I have, and love her as my life;  
 She's comely, sprightly, dresses tight and clean,  
 And, zooks! I think the very shoes I've seen  
 Will fit  
 Her feet.'

'You're sure,' the wag replied, 'you're speaking truth?'  
 'Upon my soul, I an't afraid of Ruth,'  
 The bumpkin cried, and with a frown  
 Offer'd to back his answer with a crown.  
 'Then swear it,' quoth the wag, upon this book;  
 John doff'd his hat, and straight the oath he took;  
 And then, with simpr'ing jaws and goggle eyes,  
 He scratch'd his moppy-head, and claim'd the prise.

'Take thou the shoes,' the wag replied anon,  
 For thou dost certainly deserve them, John;  
 But to preserve them,  
 Let me advise you that you take  
 Of blacking, John, this patent cake,  
 And frequently and freely use  
 The liquid it will make, about the shoes.'

'Odds rabbit!' the bumpkin said,  
 Look'd at his bran-span coat, and scratch'd his head.

'Why, what's the matter?' gravely ask'd the wag;  
 'Why, now I think on't, if I take the blacking,  
 And hap to dirt my pocket with the same;'  
 'What then? friend John.'—'Odds clouts, my dame  
 Would give me what she calls a *shacking*.

John now becomes the public butt—the wag,  
 Popping the shoes into a bag,  
 Exclaim'd,  
 'Go home, and let thy courage be reclaim'd,  
 And learn from me, my friend, it is my plan,  
 That any man,  
 Whether he lives in poverty or riches,  
 Before he puts these shoes upon his feet,  
 Shall wear what makes the married man complete—  
 The *breeches*.'



### THE SAILOR AND THE JEW; OR, THE KNOWING ONE TAKEN IN.

AN honest Jack Tar, after buffeting the tempestuous ocean, return'd joyfully to Portsmouth, determined to spend his prize money and wages, to which he was so justly entitled, as jovially as he had obtained them laboriously; accordingly, having entirely new rigg'd himself, he sallied forth in quest of adventures; a coach from London presented itself; he immediately resolved to visit that place, and enjoy every luxury and amusement it could afford; when on the point of bargaining with the coachman for his passage, a thought occurred, worthy of him and every Englishman, which was to provide for a future contingency:—for judging that he should not return over burthens'd with cash, he premeditated a scheme which should answer his future demands at his return, by paying both the coach and expenses on the road double the value, which he put in execution; and at every inn, he agreed with them to serve him in the same manner, free of expense, on his return again: 'But,' says the landlord of each house, 'how am I to know you from any other man?' 'Why, bark ye,' says Jack, 'do you see this old hat? I will put it on my stick and give it a twirl, saying, what have I to pay, dam'me—then you will know it is Jack Capstan.'

Having settled agreeably to all parties, he took his departure, and soon found himself in the scenes of riot and dissipation: and to his sorrow, presently he found himself devoid of money, not having a penny left.

His stay of course was short, without friends, money, or any thing to subsist on: he, as the only expedient left, thought of returning to his ship; but here a fresh obstacle arose, for being totally out of money, he began to revolve in his mind what plan to pursue, when crossing the street he espied the very coachman who drove him to town; then, and not till then, did his providential provision occur to his memory, his heart expanded at the thought, and accosting him with, 'What cheer, my lad?' and twirling his hat, presently brought him to his recollection, and agreed to go with him that day.

In the coach he was joined by an old son of Israel, who soon asked him where he was going. Jack answered, to Portsmouth to join his ship. The Jew, finding he was to accompany the tar throughout, said to himself, 'Dare you'd be great credit in outwitting him;' so he set his wits to work; but the biter was bit, and Jack came off triumphant.

The first inn they stopped at, Jack had what refreshment he

was entitled to for the twirl of his hat: the Jew being present when this happened at every house they baited at, thought he must be in possession of Fortunatus's wishing hat, envied his good fortune, and took a great fancy to the hat, and offered him more than double the value of it, and thereby gain a cool bargain, and outwit the Christian. 'No, dam'ne,' says Jack, 'this is an old family affair—at any rate, I will not sell it under one hundred guineas.' Poor Moses did not relish the demand, but was resolved not to let slip so good an opportunity of enriching himself and travelling at free cost.

After a great deal of *pro* and *con*, he paid Jack fifty pounds, and a draft for the like sum on demand, and departed greatly delighted with his bargain. Jack, no less so, hastened to convert his paper into gold, and live jovially on it till spent, and then be off to sea.

But to return to poor Moses, who hastened to impart his good luck to his dear Rebecca, but she suspecting some deception, was not so elated as he hoped to find her; he said but little, but having a journey to perform the following week, resolved to take no cash with him, thinking his hat would defray all expenses; he accordingly takes a place for London; at the first inn, orders a sumptuous repast, with the best wines, &c. but on calling to know what he had to pay, the landlord gave him a long bill.—Moses smiled and twirled his hat—'Now, what haff I to pay!'—so much, replied the landlord. After repeating the same to no manner of purpose, he turned it the contrary way, saying, 'vat haff I cot to pay dis vay, den?'—The landlord began to be enraged, and taking him by the collar, swore if he did not pay that instant, he would send him to jail; which so frightened the poor Israelite, that he left his watch, and made the best of his way home to his dear Rebecca.

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### THE DYING CHIEF.

THE stars looked down on the battle plain,  
Where night-winds were deeply sighing,  
And with shattered lance near his war-steed slain,  
Lay a youthful chieftain dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast  
The banner once o'er him streaming,  
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest  
On the couch that knows no dreaming.

## GENERAL RECITRE.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,  
 By the rushing Guadalquivir,  
 While, dark with the blood of his last red field,  
 Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wound,  
 There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping,  
 But he raised his head from the dewy ground,  
 Where the land's high hearts were sleeping!

And 'Away!' he cried—'your aid is vain,  
 My soul may not brook recalling,—  
 I have seen the stately flower of Spain  
 Like the Autumn vine-leaves falling.

'I have seen the Moorish banners wave  
 O'er the halls where my youth was cherished;  
 I have drawn a sword that could not save;  
 I have stood where my king hath perished!

'Leave me to die with the free and brave,  
 On the banks of my own bright river!  
 Ye can give me nought but a warrior's grave,  
 By the chainless Guadalquivir!'

## GENERAL ELECTION.

*Air.—'Downfall of Paris.'*

Oh! what a kick-up, what a hubbub and devilry,  
 Is an election, where all's fun and revelry;  
 Voters all roll  
 In time to the poll,  
 And 'twould make you laugh to see 'em, by gods,  
 Mobs upon mobs in a trice now collecting are,  
 Their favourite candidate in haste they selecting are,  
 Quick,—quick, there; make way,  
 Let's have no delay!  
 Flambeau for ever! 'tis he'll win the day.

*Spoken.]* Liberty and independence!—Vote for Sir Frederick Flambeau, he is a man who will stick by you;—he'll say to you—Damn you, where are you coming!—Can't you see? No, I can't see; don't you see I'm blind? Blind! then a blind man ought always to have his *eyes open* when he comes to a place like this. Vote for Botherem. I shan't vote for he; I shall vote for who I like. You can't vote. Vy? aint I got a tene-

ment?—I'm a rat-catcher—they'll let me vote;—there's plenty of rats in parliament. What a crowded state the hustings are in. Aye, it's a hot canvass, as my wife says, when she takes the bag off the puddun. Sir, who do you give your vote for? Mr. Botherem. Why don't you wote for Sir Frederick Flambeau! I won't wote for he.—Why not? Why, I hates a man as goes and turns every thing into money. To what do you allude, sir? Why, sir, it's wery well known that Sir Frederick Flambeau last year accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and how do I know whether he won't this year go and accept of *thousands!*  
Oh, what a kick-up, &c.

Queer notions to their good, the mob oft imbibe awry,  
Each one suspects his neighbour of bribery;  
Each thinks t'other cribs,  
By planning, the dibbs,  
And truth when asserted is thought to be fibs.  
The mob on the hustings in numbers so gathers,  
Each hat deck'd with gay ribbons and feathers;  
Squibs fly about,  
The 'unwash'd' shout,  
Candidates bellow, and orators spout.

*Spoken.]* Ulloa! there's a cat thrown on the hustings. Pray, Mr. High Constable, what are we to consider that! A *poll-cat*, I should think. I hope Sir Frederick Flambeau will lose—I saw him in a cab, this morning, riding as if the old one was behind him, and I knew he'd be *thrown out*. I say, Tomkins, where's your father?—aint he coming to the poll? He would come, sir, but he's got no hat, and he says he won't come with-out one. Do you hear that, Mr. Botherem?—send him yours. Certainly,—poor man—hasn't he got a hat?—here, run home to the poor man, and take him mine; my name's inside. Now then, silence for a speech from Sir Frederick Flambeau? Gentlemen, I rise to give you my congratulations, and to receive—what's that! a rotten orange. See, there, somebody's thrown a cabbage at him. Gentlemen, allow me to declare that at this moment I feel—too bad to pelt the man with oyster-shells. I feel convinced gentlemen, that from the patient manner you have listened to me, that this is the happiest day of my life.—Bo quiet with them lettuces, will you. Gentlemen, this august assembly. *August* assembly—it's an *April* assembly, shame!—shame!—Gentlemen—order. Gentlemen, if I am selected, I shall strive to take the tax off spectacles.—It is an imposition!—a sort of window tax:—spectacles are the windows of the eyes,—people must be blind not to see through it. I shall

also strive to take off the tax on bald heads—'tis a disgrace to the land—'tis as bad as a *poll-tax*. People can't help being bald, gentlemen; no, I maintain that in many cases 'tis hereditary—'tis handed down from generation to generation, as an *heir-loom*. Gentlemen, I shall conclude by thanking you for the civility you have shown to me, and trust you will act exactly in the *same way* to my opponent.

Oh, what a kick-up, &c.

The row's universal, all o'er the metropolis,  
Never was seen such ado with the populace;

Coaches and gigs,  
Policemen and prigs,

All in some way are playing their riga.  
Candidate vowing if Parliament in he stits,  
He'll do his best to o'erthrow the ministers:

But when he's got your vote,  
He'll soon change his note.

And like others before him, he soon turns his coat.

*Spoken.*] Gentlemen, do not vote for Flambeau; he is rich—is not the man to feel for you.—What does the man of money care for you, your wives, or your children?—Let us view the rich man, sitting on his recumbent sofa, with his velvet cap and gold tassel on his head—with his leopard-skin morning-gown upon his back, and his bright scarlet red slippers on his feet, looking at the brightness of his fender and his fire-irons; drinking his best chocolate out of his best china, and stirring it with his silver tea-spoon.—He can care nothing for you; he walks in his orange groves, his shrubberies of cocoa-trees, and what does he care for them sleeping under a hay-stack?—He eats his venison, and his currant-jelly sauce, and what does he care for them wot dines off bread and cheese?—Now I comes to the man of poverty, that is, gentlemen, the man wot is poor;—he stands divested of worldly pomp; he feels for all things,—the worm and the hedge-hog excite his sympathy; he walks about upon the moor without a penny in his pocket, and he *must* feel for them wot can't pay coach hire.—He doesn't drink champagne and Burgundy, therefore he *must* feel for them wot drinks beer.—He doesn't dismiss turtle-soup, therefore he *must* feel for those wot dines off scrag of mutton. Vote for Botherem, he's a philanthropist—he feels, in the divine words of the inspired poet, for all women labouring with children, sick persons, and old age. Bravo! bravo! Here comes Mr. Quotem.—I'll interrupt him—he never says nothing of his own;—I'll tell him who he robs his ideas from. Gentlemen, I stand

before you to-day to say that 'party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.' Ha! Pope, ha! Silence. Gentlemen, I stand for you all; for without you, what could be done—

'For a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.'

Ha! Goldsmith! ha! Order! order! I shall mark you, sir, for the interruption:—Give me your card. There it is, sir. Hello! what's this?—[*Reads.* 'Smoky chimnies effectually cured.' Let me hear from you, sir. You shall, sir: when the wind's in the east, my chimney smokes, and then I'll send to you. I say, gentlemen, you're a set of noisy, rascally, a dirty, vile crew. Ha! that's his own at last. Bravo! I'm for universal *sausages*. Gentlemen, for the extraordinary attention you've paid to me to-day, I'm sensitively obliged, and if ever you come to Ireland, within a mile of my house, you may stay there as long as you like. Mr. M'Pringle, you promised me your vote for Botherem, and you've just given it to Sir Frederick Flambeau, and I suspect you of double-dealing. Upon my conscience, I never accepted one thing of Sir Frederick, but a hare. Bribery! And then it was so high, I couldn't eat it. Corruption.

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### THE RETORT; OR, TIT FOR TAT.

A SUBRCLIOUS nabob of the East,  
Haughty and grave, and purse-proud, being rich,  
A Governor or General at least,  
I have forgotten which,  
Had in his family a humble youth,  
Who went to India in his patron's suite;  
An unassuming body, and in truth  
A lad of decent parts and good repute;  
This youth had sense and spirit,  
Yet with all his sense  
Excessive diffidence  
Obscured his merit.

One day at table, flush'd with pride and wine,  
His honour proudly free, severely merry;  
Conceived it would be vastly fine  
To crack a joke upon his Secretary.  
'Young man,' said he, 'by what art, craft, or trade,  
Did your good father earn his livelihood?'  
'He was a saddler, Sir,' Modestus said,  
'And in his line was reckon'd good.'

' A saddler, eh ! and taught you Greek  
 Instead of teaching you to sew ;  
 And pray, Sir, why didn't your father make  
 A saddler, Sir, of you ?  
 Each Parasite, as in duty bound,  
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus bowing low,  
 Said, craving pardon if too free he made,  
 ' Sir, by your leave I fain would know,  
 Your father's trade.'  
 ' My father's trade ?—Why, Sir, that's too bad,  
 My father's trade ! Why blockhead art thou mad !  
 My father, Sir, did never stoop so low,  
 He was a gentleman, I'd have you know ;'  
 ' Excuse the liberty,' Modestus said, ' I take ;'  
 With archness in his brow,  
 ' Pray, Sir, why did not then your father make,  
 A *Gentleman* of you ?'

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### JOHN ANDERSON.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquaint ;  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was bent ;  
 But now your brow is bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snaw ;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither ;  
 And mony a canty day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither :  
 But we maun totter down, John,  
 But hand in hand we'll go ;  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson my jo.

## A BACHELOR IS HIS OWN MASTER.

I THINK I had better get married,  
 But before the point is carried,  
 I'll argue it pro and con.  
 If he meets with any disaster,  
 A bachelor is his own master,  
 He's accountable to none.  
 No wife, to add to the strife;  
 No sighing, fainting, and dying;  
 No row, promise, or vow;  
 Stay out without any rout;  
 Supper and tea, take the key.  
 For a bachelor,  
 A bachelor is his own master.

*Spoken.]* Liberty is delightful! and why should it be sacrificed for a woman! besides, what possible use have we for women at all! A bachelor may go out, walk about, stay out, and no questions asked. If married, you must run about with your wife tied to ye, like a kettle to a dog's tail, clattering in one's ears, and treading on one's heels. If a man loses his wife, his friends will soon supply his loss, but let him lose any thing of value, and he'll see the difference. A bachelor may eat what he likes, drink what he likes, wear what he likes, and kiss who he likes. But a married man—only let him try the last!

A bachelor is his own master.

Yet I think I'd better get married,  
 For some so long have married,  
 They can't get a wife at all.  
 Once gouty or rheumatic,  
 Toothless or asthmatic,  
 Your chance of a wife is small.  
 Many joys, girls and boys,  
 Puddings, pies, kisses, and sighs,  
 Shirts aired, money spared,  
 Chaste embraces, pretty faces,  
 All right, if home at night,  
 And besides,  
 And besides, something nice for supper.

*Spoken.]* What man would live alone, when he might have a pretty, obliging, kind, gentle, loving woman to comfort him, and be covey with! When a man has a wife, he has always buttons on his shirts, and never any holes in his stockings; besides, how



miserable for a man to come home at night, let himself in, every body gone to bed, nobody waiting for him but the rushlight. Who can take care of persons and purses like a wife ! Who can give gentle advice with such force as a wife, and how can a man ever be said to be starving when he has a rib. Oh, the delights of wedlock ! tea and buttered toast.

I'm resolved,  
I'm resolved, this moment to be married.

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### THE MARCH OF INTELLECT IN THE BUTCHERING LINE.

I KEEP a snug shop, which had once a good stock in,  
But the life I now lead is indeed very shocking ;  
I contrive to get money by industry's plan,  
My family spend it as fast as they can.  
My spouse, who once work'd hard as any wife going,  
By this "march of intellect's" so genteel growing,  
She dresses herself and her daughters up fine,  
Although I am but in the butchering line.

*Spoken.*]—She takes in all the penny publications, though she can't read without spelling the hard words—makes poetry, though she can't write ; and as to blank verse, makes nothing of it—she has made herself a *halbum* out of a old day-book,—and my eldest daughter writes down all the good things they can scrape together—if she goes into the shop to serve a quarter of a pound of suet, or a pennyworth of lights, she puts on a pair of white kid gloves, with the fingers cut off—and it's all through the march of intellect.

She dresses herself and her daughters so fine,  
Although I am but in the butchering line.

I get back from market each morning at seven,  
But wifey ne'er rises till after eleven :  
She don't condescend to take breakfast with me,  
For chocolate's much more genteeler than tea.  
She quarrels with what she calls my vulgar manner ;  
She's just order'd home a bran new *pye anner* ;  
Of course we must have a music master so fine,  
Although I am but in the butchering line.

*Spoken.*]—We've got two daughters and one son—Georgiana Matilda learns the *pye-anner* and singing, 'cause she's got a

voice ; and there she is strumming and sol fa-ing from morning till night, enough to drive all the customers out of the shop—Isabella Caroline, she learns French and parly vous like a good un, only we dont understand her. The music-master has hard cash for his notes ; but the French teacher having got on the books, “ For sundry legs of mutton and beef,” we takes it out in lessons—the girls are all the mother’s delight—while the poor little boy, Augustus Henry William, runs about in ragged breeches ; and his mother don’t like him at all, because he never wipes his nose—and it’s all through the march of intellect.

The mother and daughters together combine,  
And cock up their noses at the butchering line.

In vain ’bout extravagant whims I do rate her,  
Tis useless, for if I go to the theatre,  
In dress-circle boxes her feathers she nods,  
While I *has* a sixpen’worth along with the gods.  
Though my daughters are young, they have each got a lover ;  
They wear long frill’d trousers, their aukles to cover,  
Their mother’s determin’d to make them both shine,  
Although I am but in the butchering line.

*Spoken.*—She scolds me for drinking porter, ’cause it’s so vulgar ; drinks Cape Madeira at eighteen-pence the bottle—she puts all the washing out ’cause the stean’s unwholesome—all her gowns are made like frocks, and all the girls’ frocks like gowns—milliners’ bills come in by the dozen—she has a new front from the barber’s every month, ’cause the fashion changes so—and she wants me to order a pair of false whiskers for Sundays, and ’cause I won’t she never gives me a civil word—and what d’ye think ? though we’ve been married eighteen years, she says it’s very vulgar to sleep together—and so we have separate beds—and it’s all through the march of intellect.

These genteel ideas may be very fine,  
But she’ll soon make an end of the butchering line.

## PENN, NATHAN, AND THE BAILIFF.

(*Dr. Watcot.*)

As well as I can recollect,  
It is a story of famed William Penn,  
By bailiffs oft beset without effect,  
Like numbers of our lords and gentlemen.

William had got a private hole to spy  
 The folk who oft with writs, or 'How d'ye do?'  
 Possessing too a penetrating eye,  
 Friends from his foes the quaker quickly knew.

A bailiff in disguise one day,  
 Though not disguised to our friend Will,  
 Came to Will's mansion compliments to pay,  
 Concealed the catchpoise thought with wondrous skill.

Holdly he knocked at William's door,  
 Dress'd like a gentleman from top to toe,  
 Expecting quick admittance to be sure——  
 But ——no ——

Will's servant, Nathan, with a straight-haired head,  
 Unto the window gravely stalked, not ran,  
 'Master at home?'—the bailiff sweetly said,  
 'Thou canst not speak to him,' replied the man.

'What!' said the bailiff, 'won't he see me then?'  
 'Nay,' snuffled Nathan, 'let it not thus strike thee,  
 Know, verily, that William Penn  
 Hath seen thee, but he doth not *like* thee.'

### JOE STANDFAST'S DESCRIPTION OF A SEA-FIGHT.

We were cruising off the Lizard: on Saturday, the 29th of October, at seven minutes past six, A.M. a sail hove in sight, bearing south-south-west, with her larboard tacks on board; clear decks; up sails, away we stood; the wind right east as it could blow; we saw she was a Monsieur of superior force and damn'd heavy metal. We received her fire without a wince, and returned the compliment; till about five-and-twenty minutes past eight we open'd our lower deck ports, and, as we crossed, plump'd it right into her.—We quickly wore round her stern, and gave her a second part of the same tune: ditto repeated (as our doctor writes on his doses).—My eyes! how she rolled! she looked like a floating mountain! —'T'other broadside, my boys,' says our captain, 'and, damme, you'll make the mountain a mole-hill!'—We followed it up, till her lantern-ribs were as full of holes as a pigeon-box. By nine, she had shivered our canvass so, I thought she'd have got off, for which she crowded all sail. We turned to, however, and wore; and in half an hour, got along side a second time; we saw all her mouths were open, and we drench'd her sweetly! She swallowed our English

pills by dozens : but they griped her damnably ! At forty minutes after nine, we brought all our guns to bear at once ; bang—she had it ! Oh ! dam'me, 'twas a settler ! in less than two minutes after, she cried, 'Peccavi !' in five more she took fire abaft ! and just as we were going to board her, and clap every lubber upon his beam-end—whush !—down she went by the head !—My eyes ! what a screech was there !—Out boats ; not a man was idle ! we picked up two hundred and fifty odd, sound and wounded ; and if I did not feel more joy of heart at saving their lives, than at all the victories I ever had a share in, dam'me !

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### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

HABITS are stubborn things,  
 And by the time a man's turn'd out of forty,  
 His ruling passion's grown so haughty,  
 There is no clipping off its wings.  
 The truth will best be shown  
 By a familiar instance of our own.  
 Dick Stripe  
 Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe—  
 He often used to say,  
 One pipe of 'Wishart's best'  
 Gave life a zest ;  
 To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,  
 To see the friendly vapour  
 Curl round the midnight taper ;  
 And the black funne  
 Clothe all the room  
 In clouds as dark as science metaphysic ;  
 And had he single tarried  
 He might have smoked and still grown old in smoke,  
 But——Richard——married !  
 His wife was one who carried  
 The female virtues almost to a vice,  
 She was so very nice,  
 That thrice a week, above—below—  
 The house was scoured from top to toe,  
 And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,  
 You dar'nt walk upright  
 For fear of sliding—  
 But that she took a pride in,  
 Of all things else, Rebecca Stripe  
 Could least endure a pipe—  
 She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,

Protested that the noisome vapour  
 Had spoil'd her best chintz curtains and the paper,  
 And cost her many pounds in stucco—  
 And then she quoted our King James, who saith,  
 'Tobacco hath the devil's breath.'  
 When wives will govern, husbands must obey;  
 For many a day  
 Dick mis'd and mourn'd his favourite tobacco,  
 And—curs'd Rebecca!  
 At length the time did come his wife must die—  
 Imagine now the doleful cry  
 Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,  
 Who to her fun'ral flock'd in dozens;  
 The undertaker, men and mates,  
 Stood at the gate in sable suits,  
 With mournful looks,  
 Just like so many melancholy rooks.  
 Now cakes and wine and all are handed round,  
 Folks sigh and drink, and drink and sigh!  
 For grief makes people dry.  
 But Dick was missing, nowhere to be found,  
 Above—below—about—  
 They search'd the house throughout,  
 Each hole and secret entry,  
 Quite from the garret to the pantry—  
 In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf;  
 And all concluded he had hang'd himself.  
 At length they found him—guess you where—  
 'Twill make you stare—  
 Close by Rebecca's coffin at his rest,  
 Smoking a pipe of 'Wishart's best.'

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## NO GRUMBLING.

### A TALE.

AN odd whim once possessed a country squire, that he would not hire any servant whatever, until ten pounds should be deposited between the master and servant; and the first that grumbled at any thing, let it be what it might, was to forfeit the money. Being in want of a coachman, not one round the country would venture to go after the place. Now it happened that one Thomas Winterbourn, a coachman of London, who had been discharged from a nobleman's family, was in that part of the country on a visit, and being acquainted with the oddity of the

'squire's whim, resolved to accept of the place, and, on application, was admitted into the family.

Thomas was greatly surprised, after living there for two months, that nothing was allowed him for breakfast, dinner, or supper, but bread and cheese and small beer. Being heartily tired of this kind of fare, he applied to the cook: 'Cookee,' says Thomas, 'is it the standing rule of this family to keep their servants on nothing but bread and cheese?' 'What!' says the cook, 'do you grumble?' 'No, no, by no means, cookee,' replied Thomas, being fearful of forfeiting the money. But recollecting his master's park was stocked with fine deer, he took a musket and shot a fawn, skinned it, and brought it to the cook. 'Here, cookee,' said Thomas, 'take and roast this fawn for me immediately; for I have an acquaintance or two coming down from London to pay me a visit.' The cook seemed to object to it, having some meat to dress directly for her master; 'What,' says Thomas, 'cookee, do you grumble?' 'No,' replied the cook; so down to roast went the fawn.

The appointed time arrived that the master ordered dinner, and no sign of any coming to his table occasioned him to ring the bell, to know the reason of it; the cook acquainted the 'squire with all Thomas's proceeding, who in a great hurry bolted down stairs into the kitchen, where he found Thomas very busy in basting the fawn. 'How got you that fawn?' says the 'squire. 'Shot it,' replied Thomas. 'Where?' says the 'squire. 'In your park,' replied Thomas. 'By whose orders?' quoth the 'squire. 'Do you grumble?' says Thomas. 'No, Thomas,' says the 'squire; and retired to his dining-room, greatly perplexed at Thomas's proceedings.

He instantly wrote a letter to a gentleman who lived near six miles from his house, and ordered that Thomas should carry it immediately. Poor Thomas was obliged to comply, though with a sorrowful heart to leave the fawn. After his departure, the 'squire ordered the fawn, when dressed, to be brought to his table, which was done accordingly. On Thomas's return, he found himself fairly tricked out of the fawn; and instead of it, to his mortification, bread and cheese, and small beer, his old diet; however Thomas vowed within himself to revenge it the first opportunity.

A little while after, the 'squire (who was going to pay his addresses to a young lady) gave orders to Thomas to get the carriage, together with the horses and harness, well cleaned. Thomas obeyed the order, and on the road from the stable to the 'squire's house, he met a man with a small sand-cart, drawn by two remarkable fine jack-asses. Thomas insisted upon an

exchange, the horses for the asses, which being obtained, he cut all his master's fine harness to pieces to fit these Arabian ponies, as he styled them. Matters being completed, he drove up boldly to the 'squire's, and knocked at the gate; the porter perceiving the droll figure his master's equipage cut, burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter! 'Cup cup,' says Thomas, 'what's the fool laughing at!—Go and acquaint the 'squire his carriage is ready.'

Shortly after the 'squire came, and seeing his carriage so beautifully adorned with cattle, was struck with astonishment. 'Why, what the devil,' quoth the 'squire, 'have you got harnessed to my carriage?' 'I will tell you,' says Thomas. 'As I was driving from your stables to the gate, I met a fellow driving a sand cart, drawn by these two fine Arabian ponies, and knowing you to be fond of good cattle, I gave your horses for these two fine creatures; they draw well, and are ornaments to your carriage; only observe what fine ears they have got!' 'D—n their ears and ornaments too,' says the 'squire: 'why, the fellow's mad!' 'What?' cries Thomas, 'do you grumble?' 'Grumble,' quoth the 'squire, 'by G—d I think it is high time to grumble: the next thing, I suppose my carriage is to be given away for a sand-cart!'

On Thomas procuring the horses again, he paid him his wages and forfeit-money, being heartily tired of the oddity of his whims, and declared that Thomas the London coachman, was the drollest dog he ever met with.

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## THE SPOUTING CLUB.

(Garrick.)

To show no smuggled scenes from France we show;  
 'Tis English—English, sirs, from top to toe.  
 Our hero is a youth—by fate design'd  
 For culling simples—but whose stage-struck mind  
 Nor fate could rule—nor his indentures bind—  
 A place there is, where such young Quixotes meet;  
 'Tis called the *Spouting-club*—a glorious treat!  
 Where prenticed kings alarm—the gaping street!—  
 There, Brutus starts and stares, by midnight taper,  
 Who, all the day, enacts—a Woollen-drapeer!  
 There, Hamlet's ghost stalks forth, with doubled fist;  
 Cries out, with hollow voice, 'List, list! O list!  
 And frightens Denmark's Prince—a young Tobaccoist!

sed, bene  
p. 10  
p. 11  
p. 12  
p. 13  
p. 14

p. 15  
p. 16  
p. 17  
p. 18  
p. 19  
p. 20  
p. 21  
p. 22  
p. 23  
p. 24  
p. 25

p. 26  
p. 27  
p. 28





THE GENERAL CONFLAGATION. P. 314.



DUQUIAS AND LORD RANDOLPH. P. 309.

The spirit too, clear'd from his dead'y xlate,  
 Rises—a Haberdasher to the sight!  
 Not young Attorneys have this rage withstood;  
 But change their pens for trunchcons, ink for blood;  
 And (strange reverse) !—die for their country's good!  
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,  
 To bring them back to reason and their shop,  
 Our author wrote. O you, Tom, Dick, Jack, Will,  
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;  
 Who wield the yard, and, simpering, pay your court,  
 And, at each flourish, snip an inch too short!  
 Quit not your shops: there thrift and profit call;  
 While, here, young gentlemen are apt to fall.  
 But, hark! I'm call'd. Be warn'd by what you see,  
 O spout no more!—Farewell! 'Remember me.'

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### DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flock; a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.  
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;  
 And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
 Yon moon, which rose last night round as my shield,  
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
 For safety and for succour. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows  
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends,  
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
 We fought, and conquer'd: ere a sword was drawn,  
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard  
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
 To lead their warriors to the Carron's side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps--

You trembling coward, who forsook his master!  
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,  
 And, heaven directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

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THE GENERAL CONFLAGRATION.

At the destined hour,
 By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
 See all the formidable sons of fire,
 Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings play
 Their various engines: all at once discharge
 Their blazing magazines; and all take by storm,
 This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

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YOUNG.

### IT'S ON THE MORN OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Act. — Corporal Jenkins.

It's on the morn of St. Valentine's day,  
 With letters the ladies may roast, man;  
 The fools take them in, and the twopences pay.  
 So there's plenty of work for the postman.  
 Then Miss in her teens gets up early,  
 And creates a rare hurley burley,  
 Gets up at seven  
 Instead of eleven,  
 To take in her letters on Valentine's day.

*Spoken.*] Oh! mamma, do lend me twopence; here's a valentine come. How dare you ask me such a thing! Go up into the nursery; ask the maid to wash your face and put you on a clean pinafore. I'll valentine you, you little baggage—Jane! Yes, marm. Run and put these seventeen letters in the post; and, do you hear? *don't say a word to your master.* (*Man's voice.*) Jane! Jane! I say, some *hot water* here directly. Oh, Lord! what shall I do! Here's master coming down stairs—what shall I do with the letters? I think my mistress will get into the *hot water* now. How now, Jane, how dare you not to answer when I call! what are you going to do with those letters? answer me—Speak—are you dumb?—by—Oh! sir, don't swear; mistress told me *not* to say a word to you. Is this the way, madam, to behave, after we've been married a matter of fifteen years! Well, my dear, don't be jealous; it's only a little frolic—for,

It's on the morn, &c.

This is the day that poor swells get served out,  
 And laughed at, and jeered by the lasses ;  
 Each failing, each fault's sure to be found out,  
 Some are monkeys, some fools, and some asses.  
 Each woman then boasts of her power,  
 She a valentine gets ev'ry hour.  
 Yes, if she is pretty,  
 Good-natured, and witty,  
 She's lots of amusement on Valentine's day.

[Spoken.] Ha ! my dear Julia, do you know I've not received one valentine all this blessed morning, and I'm dying for a husband. I don't wonder at that, for it's not very likely any one would marry or send a valentine to a girl with a *rice pudding face*, and two squinting eyes—really, my dear, I'm very sorry for you, but I've had a score myself, one in particular—let me look ! bless me ; I think this *Valentine* must have come from some *Orson*. Why so ! Because it's evidently written by a *Wild Man*. (*Fop's voice.*) Charles, tell James to bring up my chocolate. Yes, sir. And, Charles, should any letters arrive, let me have them on the instant. Yes, sir. And, Charles, tell the man to call again for the money ; as, should there be any hoax, he must take them back. Yes, sir. And, Charles, if he won't leave them, pay the postage yourself. Yes, sir ; I wish you may get it. And, Charles. Yes, sir. Oh ! nothing ; you may go. Dear me ! I know I shall be pestered with some hundred valentines ; the dear creatures are so *infernally* fond of me. (*A knock.*) Come in. A letter, sir. Paid ? No sir. So much the worse, then. Now for it ; this is from Fanny, or Susan, or Henrietta, or—(opens a letter, and holds it out, containing an ass's head with long ears, &c.) The devil ! Here John—Thomas—Charles ; who dared to take this in ! I'll—but I suppose I must take it in good part ; for

It's on the morn, &c.

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### NED BOLTON.

A JOLLY comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea ;  
 When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be !  
 And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,  
 If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name !  
 Up, up, my lads !—his memory !—we'll give it with a cheer—  
 Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer !

Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor speck;  
 Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter deck;  
 He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,  
 And Spanish planters cross'd themselves at whisper of his name;  
 But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely smile—  
 His bark will take no prize again, nor e'er touch Indian isle.

'Sblood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave,—  
 The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!  
 With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the case,  
 No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes again;  
 But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on shore,  
 And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—  
 The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef;  
 Upon a cutting coral reef—scarce a good league from land—  
 But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the strand;  
 His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and with an old canoe,  
 Even had he number'd ten for one, what could Ned Bolton do!

Six days and nights the vessel lay upon the coral reef,  
 Nor favouring gale, nor friendly flag, brought prospect of relief;  
 For a land-breeze the wild one pray'd, who never pray'd before,  
 And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore;  
 The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture near,  
 Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer!

A calm!—a calm!—a hopeless calm!—the red sun burning high,  
 Glared blisteringly and wearily in a transparent sky,  
 The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the song,  
 The only pastime at an hour when rest seem'd far too long.  
 So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded deck,  
 They look'd like men who had escap'd, not fear'd a sudden wreck.

Up sprang the breeze the seventh day—away! away! to sea  
 Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free;  
 Their battle-flag, these rovers bold then hoisted top-mast high,  
 And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.  
 "One last broadside!" Ned Bolton cried—deep boom'd the cannon's roar,  
 And echo's hollow growl return'd an answer from the shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad tumultuous cheer,  
 Chas'd not, so long as ocean spared the shatter'd privateer:  
 I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning in the gale;  
 We strove to save, we tack'd, and fast we slacken'd all our sail:—  
 I knew the wave of Ned's right hand—farewell!—you strive in vain,  
 And he, or one of his ship's crew, ne'er entered port again!

## THE TWO MISERS.

Two neighbouring gentlemen of equal fortune, and remarkable for their avarice, were distinguished in their parish by the names of Cribb and Starve-gut. Mr. Cribb often visited his neighbour, and was as often visited by him; but as they had both the same end in view, they never asked each other to eat or drink; and they went on together very amicably, till Cribb one day was present at his friend's, when a man came to pay the interest of a thousand pounds, which raised Cribb's envy so much, that he left the room and went home; but return'd in the evening to Mr. Starve-gut, in order to learn some of his saving maxims. When Cribb came in, he found him writing a letter by a farthing candle; he was no sooner sat down, but Mr. Starve-gut put it out. 'How now?' says Cribb, 'what's that for?' To which Starve-gut replied, 'Cannot we two talk as well in the dark?' 'Faith, neighbour,' says Cribb, 'you are an excellent economist; I wish you would teach me some of your rules?' 'Why, friend,' says Starve-gut, 'one of my chief maxims is, never to spend more than is necessary: witness the candle!' 'Right!' quoth Cribb. 'I remember,' says Starve-gut, 'the saying of an old philosopher, which ought to be wrote in letters of gold—namely, that whatever is unnecessary is too dear at a farthing.' 'Right,' quoth Cribb, 'thank you, neighbour—egad, I'll set this down.' 'Now we are talking of saving,' says Starve-gut, let me ask you one question, for you must know there is a great difference between being covetous and being saving; for my part, there's nothing I hate more than a stingy man; but to my question—'Pray, friend Cribb, do you shave yourself?' Quoth Cribb, 'what, do you take me for a fool?' 'Well,' says Starve-gut, 'do not be in a passion; I did but ask. But what do you do with your lather?' 'Why, fling it away,' says Cribb, 'what do you think?' 'Why, there it is now,' says Starve-gut, 'that is enough to ruin a man; why I always wash half a dozen handkerchiefs and a night-cap in mine, and then save it to wash my stockings!'

---

 THE COUNTRYMAN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market town,  
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,  
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen pence:

2 E

Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,  
 And for the money quite a heap,  
 As ev'ry man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard--  
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a thick black beard,  
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose,  
 With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,  
 And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
 ' This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

' No matter if the fellow be a knave:  
 Provided that the razors shave,  
 It sartainly will be a monstrous prize.'  
 So home the clown with his good fortune went,  
 Smiling in heart and soul content,  
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub  
 Just like a hedger cutting furze:  
 'Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he tried--  
 All were impostors! ' Ah!' Hodge sigh'd,  
 ' I wish my eighteen pence within my purse.'

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and win'd and swore;  
 Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry faces,  
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle form'd of opposition stuff,  
 Firm as a Foxite, would not lose his ruff;  
 So kept it laughing at the steel and suds.  
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,  
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,  
 On the vile cheat that sold the goods.  
 ' Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,  
 Not fit to scrape a hog!'

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun,  
 ' Perhaps Master razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,  
 That people slave themselves out o' their lives:--  
 You rascal! for an hour I have been grubbing,  
 Giving my scoundrel whiskers, here, a scrubbing,  
 With razors just like oyster-knives!  
 Sirrah! I tell you you're a knave,  
 To cry up razors that can't shave!'

'Friend,' quoth the razor-man, 'I am no knave;  
 As for the razors you have bought,  
 Upon my soul, I never thought  
 That they would shave.'  
 'Not think they'd shave!' quoth Hodge, with wond'ring eyes,  
 And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;  
 'What were they made for, then, you dog?' he cries,  
 'Made!' quoth the fellow, with a smile, 'to sell.'

---

### THE CONCERT.

Oh! what mirth and melody now meet my ear!  
 The glasses are sparkling on the board:  
 Yonder a young *buck* strives eagerly to please his *dear*,  
 And Mr. Dedimus's song is eucored.

*Spoken.* } I say, Waiter! Waiter! bring me a glass of brandy and water, as cool as a zephyr and as bright as a flash of lightning.—Well, shiver my timbers, if ever I heard a better than that. Howsomdever, I'll rig the milksop—may I never get spliced to pretty Sue else! Holloa, Waiter! Come, steer a head here, yard-arm and yard-arm, nor dare weigh anchor till I give you sailing orders. Now, ye lubber, fetch me a can of brandy as hot as hell and as stroug as my old messmate Jack Junk. Alas! poor Jack! I shall never forget thy bleeding remains as we lowered thee over the sides of the gallant *Ariel*. Splash! splash! the waves closed over thee; and although hid in the bosom of the ocean, you are always present to the recollection of your brother sailors. Why, shiver my topsails, not off yet! Spread all canvass and away. If you don't return with a good cargo of brandy, sugar, and lemons, why damme, I'll spoil your figure-head without more palaver—that's all, my water spaniel.—Now, Mr. Chairman, I, as president of this august meeting, call upon you for the next song, and I'll in the meantime accordingly give my orders, and command order.—And I beg to make one remark, as the poet says—and that is, that you have committed an egregious error in the delivery of your speech, or address, inasmuch as you called this an *August* meeting, when in fact and in truth it is now the month of July; that, you'll allow, is not according to Cocker.—Ladies and Gentlemen, your polite attention is particularly requested, as Miss Alice Grey is on the eve of obliging us with a sentimental song.—Bravo! bravo! a sentimental song, by all means.—[*Sings.*



I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,  
Where roses and lilies are pretty and sweet:  
Roving for—

Ladies and Gentlemen, I really must claim your kind indulgence, as I am greatly suffering under the prevailing epidemic, which has thrown a transient cloud over the vocal abilities which I am acknowledged by all parties to possess. But lest you should for an instant imagine that I flatter myself into any such belief, I'll e'en make my obeisance. Bravo! the lady's excuse is accepted, and—

Oh, what fun, what mirth! oh, what jollity,  
What sparkling eyes! what sparkling wine! and angel faces dear!  
Our old friend December, to sing a song his best he'll try—  
He who would see life must come and see it here.

*Spoken.*] Now, Mr. Chairman, I rise to propose a national toast—The King, Army, and Navy.—Bravo! pass it along—we can't have too much of a good thing. May it be re-echoed from pole to pole—the King, Army, and Navy!—Who are you, sir, that talks so loudly of poles? Remember, sir, that I am de grand friseur to his Majesty; and, sare, if you dare to offer any insult to my profession, I will have de satisfacteng.—What now, mounseer, do you think I meant such *poles* as you have to exercise your shears on! No, no, you cannot excite me to destroy such a butterfly as you are: live on, and enjoy your soup meagre and frogs, while England's sons keep up their strength by her good roast beef and rich gravy.—Well, sir, I shall never forget the last battle I was in; that was the memorable Waterloo! In the heat of the engagement, we found that we were without ammunition, having discharged all but a small quantity of powder. What was to be done? General consulted general—officer consulted officer—and the enemy was pressing forward in all directions. In a moment a brilliant thought struck across my mind which illuminated all present—in an instant the orders were given, and a thousand bright swords glittered in the sun, and we mowed down our prisoners in all directions—the trenches by which we were surrounded were filled with blood, which formed an impassable river, and which would have been certain death, had the enemy attempted to ford it!—Prodigious! But where was the use of this slaughter, otherwise than as forming a *red* sea around you, which, by your own account, only served to keep the enemy at a respectable distance.—Why it served to—

With songs, recitations, glees, and choruses, to make  
 The time fly swiftly, and drive dull care away,—  
 I've strived to please, but if I've failed I'll your kind indulgence take,  
 And hope success may crown my wishes on some other day.

---

### THE GAMESTER.

#### A DRAMATIC RECITATION.

THE heavy bell proclaim'd the hour of one,  
 No noise throughout Sir Edward's mansions ran,  
 Except the thunder, which anon on high  
 Roll'd in loud peals, and lightning lit the sky.  
 'Twas such a night when nature's mighty Lord  
 To devastation seems to give the word;  
 To rule o'er all with overpowering sway,  
 And his own noble works in ruins lay.  
 Yet there was one whose mind was sore oppress'd,  
 Within the house unknown, alas! to rest;  
 'Twas poor Ophelia, who, in mournful mood,  
 With eager looks, pale, at the casement stood;  
 The vivid lightning fiercely blaz'd on high,  
 Flash after flash unheeded pass'd her by,  
 Loud thunder shook in peals the troubled air,  
 Their sounds were noiseless to her list'ning ear;  
 For other sounds her deep attention sought,  
 But they, alas! no gen'rous fortune brought.  
 Still does she listen, and oft think she hears  
 The husband's welcome feet upon the stairs;  
 Now joy dilates her heart—she pants, she smiles  
 Now disappointment all her bliss reviles;  
 'Alas! he comes not now—where can he be?'  
 'Twas morning since Ophelia did him see;  
 And now the dismal truth shot o'er her brain,  
 Gaming had lur'd him to his haunts again;  
 The haunts of folly where too oft he'd been,  
 And many a victim unto guilt had seen;  
 There on the rock of wild destruction toss'd,  
 His better riches long, long since he'd lost.  
 Still roll'd the thunder, still the lightning blaz'd,  
 And the wild wind the forest subjects rais'd.  
 Still did Ophelia mark the abbey's chime  
 That told the quick elapse of airy time!  
 Now two o'clock responded from the bell,  
 Now three—now four—their warning moments toll;  
 'Still, still he comes not!' poor Ophelia cries,  
 While tears of anguish trickled from her eyes.

'Where can he be?' when a loud voice she hears,  
 'Ophelia!' burst upon her attentive ears;  
 "'Tis he, 'tis he!' she utter'd then in joy,  
 Which but a moment served to destroy;  
 A pistol's loud report then shook the air;  
 Ophelia fled—half trembling with her fear;  
 And now she reach'd the spot from whence it came,  
 Now hope, now fear, her bosom doth inflame;  
 She trembled to advance—a flash reveal'd  
 A well-known form—the sight her blood congeal'd;  
 'Twas Edward's form—stiff, mangl'd, red with blood,  
 O'er which Ophelia in distraction stood!  
 Too soon the truth appeared—that night he'd lost  
 At the curs'd gaming-table all his boat;  
 Beggard—and ruin'd—in despair he fled,  
 And, conscience-struck, he rushed to join the dead!  
 What more remains to tell? Since that sad night,  
 Ophelia's mind ne'er felt soft Reason's light.  
 Reader, beware! to gain a noble name,  
 Shun the base gamester's haunts, which lead to shame.

---

#### RECEIPT TO BREW A STORM.

*Husband.* Woman—ay!

*Wife.* You are always railing at our sex.

*Husband.* And without reason!

*Wife.* Without either rhyme or reason; you'd be miserable beings without us, for all that.

*Husband.* Sometimes; there is no general rule without an exception. I could name some very good women—

*Wife.* Without the head, I suppose!

*Husband.* With a head, and with a heart too.

*Wife.* That's a wonder!

*Husband.* It would be a still greater if I could not; for instance, there is Mrs. Dawson, the best of wives; always at home, whenever you call, always in good humour, always neat and clean, sober and discreet.

*Wife.* I wish you were tied to her. Always at home! the greatest gossip in the parish; she may well smile, she has nothing to ruffle her temper; neat and clean—she has nothing else to do; sober—she can take a glass as well as her neighbours; discreet—that's another word, she can tip a wink—but I detest scandal; I am surprised you didn't say she was handsome!

*Husband.* So she is, in my eye.

*Wife.* You have a fine eye, to be sure ; you're an excellent judge of beauty ; what do you think of her nose ?

*Husband.* She's a fine woman in spite of her nose !

*Wife.* Fine feathers make fine birds ; she can paint her withered cheeks, and pencil her eyebrows.

*Husband.* You can do the same, if you please.

*Wife.* My cheeks don't want paint, nor my eyebrows pencilling.

*Husband.* True ; the rose of youth and beauty is still on your cheeks, and your brow is the brow of Cupid.

*Wife.* You once thought so ; but that moving mummy, Molly Dawson, is your favourite. She's, let me see, no gossip, and yet she's found in every house but her own ; and so silent, too, when she has all the clack to herself ; her tongue is as thin as a sixpence with talking ; with a pair of eyes buried into the bargain ; and then as to scandal—but her tongue is no scandal.

*Husband.* Take care, there's such a thing as standing in a white sheet !

*Wife.* Curse you ! you would provoke a saint.

*Husband.* You seem to be getting into a passion.

*Wife.* Is it any wonder ! A white sheet ! You ought to be toss'd in a blanket. Handsome ! I can't forget that word : my charms are lost on such a tasteless fellow as you.

*Husband.* The charms of your tongue.

*Wife.* Don't provoke me, or I'll fling this dish at your head.

*Husband.* Well, I have done.

*Wife.* But I hav'n't done ; I wish I had drown'd myself the first day I saw you.

*Husband.* It's not too late.

*Wife.* I'd see you hung first.

*Husband.* You'd be the first to cut me down.

*Wife.* Then I ought to be tied up in your stead.

*Husband.* I'd cut you down.

*Wife.* You would !

*Husband.* Yes, but I'd be sure you were dead first.

*Wife.* I cannot bear this any longer.

*Husband.* Then 'tis time for me to withdraw ; I see by your eyes that the storm is collecting.

*Wife.* And it shall burst on your head.

*Husband.* I'll save my poor head, if I can. A good retreat is better than a bad battle.

[*Husband flies, the dish flies after him.*]

## THE BRUSH-MAKERS.

Two brush-makers, of some renown,  
 Long had been rivals in the town ;  
 Whate'er *Jones* ask'd you for a sweeper,  
 The other quick would sell you cheaper ;  
 This conduct, strange, so much oppress'd him,  
 That, meeting once, he thus address'd him ;  
 ' I *steals* the stuff, to save my pelf,  
 And then I *makes* them up myself ;  
 So cannot think, though oft I try,  
 How you can cheaper sell than I ?'  
 ' I'll tell you friend,' the other said,  
 ' I *steals* my brushes ready made !'

## THE LAWYER AND THE SWEEP.

A *roguish* old lawyer was planning new sin,  
 As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout ;  
 The morn'g and the daylight were just coming in,  
 The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out—  
 When a chimney-sweep's boy who had made a mistake,  
 Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,  
 And bawl'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,  
 ' My master's a coming to give you a brush.'  
 ' If that be the case,' said the cunning old elf,  
 ' There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee ;  
 Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,—  
 If I wait for the devil, the devil take me !'

## INDEX.

|                                                      | PAGE. |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Alexander's Feast .....                              | 104   |
| Alonzo the Brave .....                               | 72    |
| Antony's Address to the Romans .....                 | 118   |
| Arab's Farewell to his Horse, The .....              | 6     |
| Bachelor is his Own Master, A .....                  | 301   |
| Bachelor's Reasons for taking a Wife, The.....       | 201   |
| Bashful Man, The .....                               | 3     |
| Battle of Flodden Field and Death of Marmion .....   | 141   |
| Bard, The.....                                       | 164   |
| Bank Clerk and the Stable Keepers, The .....         | 237   |
| Barber's Shop, The .....                             | 260   |
| Beer Barrel, The; or, Job's Patience .....           | 262   |
| Bill's Birth Day .....                               | 41    |
| Brush-Makers, The .....                              | 320   |
| Bumpkin's Courtship, The .....                       | 13    |
| Captain's Whiskers, The .....                        | 31    |
| Characterus .....                                    | 15    |
| Cat's Packet, The.....                               | 115   |
| Catch Quotem's Shop.....                             | 171   |
| Celebrated Preacher, A.....                          | 76    |
| Choice of a Wife by Cheese, The .....                | 225   |
| Cicero's Oration against Verres .....                | 125   |
| Clerk Muggins .....                                  | 56    |
| Cockney Sportsman; or, Flash versus Pan .....        | 25    |
| Concert, The .....                                   | 315   |
| Corporal Trim's Eloquence .....                      | 236   |
| Countryman and Razor Seller, The.....                | 313   |
| Daniel versus Dishclout .....                        | 97    |
| Dead Donkey, The.....                                | 255   |
| Deaf Man's Grave, The.....                           | 81    |
| Death of Marmion, The .....                          | 63    |
| Death and Burial of a Child at Sea .....             | 110   |
| Death-scene in Gertrude of Wyoming .....             | 235   |
| Death of Carthage.—Ossian's Address to the Sun ..... | 239   |
| Death of Nelson, The .....                           | 287   |
| Delights of a Christening, The .....                 | 123   |
| Dialogue from "The Rivals" .....                     | 204   |
| Doctor Larrup .....                                  | 53    |
| Douglas to Lord Randolph.....                        | 309   |
| Downfall of Poland, On the.....                      | 29    |
| Drunkard's Soliloquy, The .....                      | 30    |
| Drunken Sailors, The .....                           | 276   |
| Dying Chief, The .....                               | 295   |
| Edwin and Emma .....                                 | 158   |
| Eliza .....                                          | 125   |
| Emancipation .....                                   | 300   |

|                                                   | PAGE. |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Entertaining Scene.....                           | 226   |
| Extract from Speed the Plough.....                | 251   |
| Farmer and the Barrister, The.....                | 291   |
| Fat Actor and the Rustic, The.....                | 12    |
| Felon, The.....                                   | 198   |
| Field of Waterloo, The.....                       | 34    |
| Flight of Xerxes, The.....                        | 188   |
| Fog and Rain; or Joys of Town.....                | 153   |
| Force of Habit, The.....                          | 305   |
| Frenchman and the Sheep's Trotters, The.....      | 50    |
| Funeral at Sea.....                               | 86    |
| Gamster, The.....                                 | 317   |
| German and the Widow, The.....                    | 17    |
| General Conflagration, The.....                   | 310   |
| General Election.....                             | 296   |
| Ginevra.....                                      | 258   |
| Grave Stones, The.....                            | 174   |
| Grave Diggers in Hamlet, The.....                 | 213   |
| Greece.....                                       | 58    |
| Hackney Coach, The.....                           | 167   |
| Hamlet's Meditation on Death.....                 | 84    |
| Hamlet's Instructions to the Players.....         | 52    |
| Hamlet, Horatio, and the Grave Digger.....        | 214   |
| Hannibal to his Soldiers.....                     | 48    |
| Hands <i>versus</i> Heads.....                    | 112   |
| Haunch of Venison, The.....                       | 257   |
| He vos a very Jonteel Man for all Dat.....        | 9     |
| Henry IV's Soliloquy on Sleep.....                | 181   |
| Hohenlinden.....                                  | 45    |
| Horse well Sold, A.....                           | 63    |
| How to Save One's Bacon.....                      | 83    |
| How to grow Rich.....                             | 231   |
| Homeward-bound Mariner, The.....                  | 250   |
| Honest Jew, The.....                              | 96    |
| Humours of a Country Fair, The.....               | 100   |
| Hypochondriasis.....                              | 210   |
| Idiot Boy, The.....                               | 170   |
| I'm a Merry Parish Beadle.....                    | 78    |
| Indian Warrior's Defence, The.....                | 92    |
| Irish Drummer, The.....                           | 274   |
| Isles of Greece, The.....                         | 229   |
| It's on the Morn of St. Valentine's Day.....      | 310   |
| I want to Fly.....                                | 22    |
| Jewish Mutton.....                                | 59    |
| Johanna.....                                      | 209   |
| John Anderson.....                                | 300   |
| Joe Standfast's Description of a Sea-Fight.....   | 304   |
| Junius Brutus over the Dead Body of Lucretia..... | 270   |

|                                                       | PAGE. |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Lawyer and the Sweep, The .....                       | 390   |
| Learned Apothecary, The .....                         | 179   |
| Liberty and Slavery .....                             | 257   |
| Life.....                                             | 286   |
| Lord Ullin's Daughter .....                           | 67    |
| Lord William.....                                     | 129   |
| Mail Coach, The .....                                 | 87    |
| Mansion-House .....                                   | 167   |
| Mary .....                                            | 151   |
| Mary the Maid of the Inn .....                        | 78    |
| March of Intellect in the Butchering Line, The .....  | 302   |
| Mister Daniel O'Rourke .....                          | 35    |
| Militia Muster Folk .....                             | 988   |
| Monk and the Jew, The; or the Catholic Convert .....  | 2     |
| Monied Man, The .....                                 | 184   |
| Mr. G—— and Jervas .....                              | 89    |
| "My New Pittayatees".....                             | 136   |
| My Wife and the Pair of Shoes.....                    | 292   |
| Napoleon at the Kremlin .....                         | 121   |
| Ned Bolton .....                                      | 311   |
| Night's Adventure, A .....                            | 74    |
| No Grumbling.....                                     | 306   |
| Nothing at All.....                                   | 79    |
| Nose and Eyes.....                                    | 183   |
| Number One .....                                      | 218   |
| Ocean, The .....                                      | 261   |
| One-legged Goose, The .....                           | 94    |
| Orphan Boy, The .....                                 | 99    |
| Paddy O'Gaffney's Wake.....                           | 156   |
| Paddy and the Bear .....                              | 320   |
| Pat and the Magistrate; or, all a Mistake.....        | 6     |
| Parody on the Trial Scene in Black Eyed Susan, A..... | 196   |
| Painter of Florence, The.....                         | 248   |
| Penn, Nathan, and the Bailiff .....                   | 303   |
| Peep at a Play, A .....                               | 17    |
| Pilgrim and the Peas, The .....                       | 271   |
| Pleasures of a Player.....                            | 189   |
| Popping the Question .....                            | 277   |
| Punning Society, The .....                            | 148   |
| Quack Doctor, A .....                                 | 70    |
| Ready-made Speech .....                               | 38    |
| Recitation from "The Rivals" .....                    | 178   |
| Receipt to Brew a Storm .....                         | 318   |
| Retort, The; or Tit for Tat .....                     | 259   |
| Reply of Rob Roy Macgregor to Mr. Osbaldiston.....    | 133   |
| Richard the Second in his Dungeon.....                | 207   |
| Richard and Betty at Hickleton Fair .....             | 48    |
| Rolla's Address to the Peruvians .....                | 276   |



|                                                            | PAGE. |
|------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Roderigo and Iago, from Othello .....                      | 243   |
| Satirical Wit, On .....                                    | 199   |
| Sailor's Journal, The .....                                | 66    |
| Sailor and the Jew, The; or the Knowing One taken in ..... | 294   |
| Seven Ages of Woman, The .....                             | 200   |
| Sermon on Malt, A .....                                    | 187   |
| Securing the Heart.....                                    | 284   |
| Shakspeare's Seven Ages.....                               | 30    |
| Shipwreck, The.....                                        | 177   |
| Sir Toby and the Brewer.....                               | 68    |
| Soliloquy of Macbeth.....                                  | 90    |
| Soliloquy of the King in Hamlet .....                      | 186   |
| Song for St. Cecilia's Day, A .....                        | 114   |
| Soldier's Return, The .....                                | 134   |
| Spanish Champion, The .....                                | 222   |
| Speech of Nicholas, The .....                              | 202   |
| Speech of Brutus on the Death of Cæsar, The.....           | 62    |
| Speech of Cataline before the Roman Senate.....            | 99    |
| Spectacles, The .....                                      | 70    |
| Spouting Club, The .....                                   | 300   |
| Stilton Cheese, The .....                                  | 76    |
| Sweeper and the Thieves, The .....                         | 47    |
| Sweet Mr. Levi .....                                       | 264   |
| Take it; or the Yorkshireman and the Jeweller .....        | 24    |
| Tailor, The .....                                          | 205   |
| Tam o' Shanter .....                                       | 279   |
| Tell's Speech.....                                         | 212   |
| Tinker and Glazier, The .....                              | 253   |
| To my Stick .....                                          | 102   |
| Tortoise-shell Tom-Cat, The .....                          | 145   |
| T. Quintus's Speech to the Roman People.....               | 223   |
| Tragic Reminiscences .....                                 | 182   |
| Two Friends .....                                          | 202   |
| Two Misers, The .....                                      | 313   |
| Two Stammers, The .....                                    | 268   |
| Unexpected Journey, The.....                               | 241   |
| Wandering Minstrel, The .....                              | 247   |
| Warrior's Dream, The .....                                 | 155   |
| Wedlock is a Ticklish Thing .....                          | 129   |
| Wolf and the Mastiff, The .....                            | 85    |
| Wounded Soldier, The .....                                 | 146   |
| Yankee Courtship .....                                     | 160   |
| Yorkshireman and his Family, The .....                     | 1     |
| Yorkshire Humphrey; or Two Heads better than One .....     | 91    |
| Yorick's Death.....                                        | 272   |

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