

ODE TO JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.

"I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."



H, Mr. Hume, thy name
 Is travelling post upon the road to fame,
 With four fast horses and two sharp postillions ;
 Thy reputation
 Has friends by numeration,
 Units, Tens, Hundreds, Thousands, Millions.
 Whenever public men together dine,
 They drink to thee
 With three times three—
 That's nine.
 And oft a votary proposes then
 To add unto the cheering one cheer more—
 Nine and one are ten ;
 Or somebody for thy honour still more keen
 Insists on four times four—
 Sixteen !

In Parliament no star shines more or bigger,
 And yet thou dost not care to cut a figure ;
 Equally art thou eloquent and able,
 Whether in showing how to serve the nation,
 Or laying its petitions on the Table
 Of Multiplication.

In motion thou art second unto none,
 Though fortune on thy motions seems to frown,
 For though you set a number down
 You seldom carry one,
 Great at speech thou art, though some folks cough,
 But thou art greatest at a *paring* off !

But never blench,
 Although in stirring up corruption's worms,
 You make some factions
 Vulgar as certain fractions,
 Almost reduced unto their lowest terms.
 Go on, reform, diminish, and retrench ;
 Go on, for ridicule not caring ;
 Lift on from from one to nine with all their noughts
 And make state cyphers eat up their own orts,
 And only in thy serving be unsparing ;
 At soldiers' uniforms make awful rackets,
 Don't trim though, but untrim their jackets.
 Allow the tin mines no tin tax,
 Cut off the Great Seal's wax !
 Dock all the dock yards, lower masts, and sails,

Search foot by foot the Infantry's amounts,
 Look into all the Cavalry's accounts,
 And crop their horses tails,
 Look well to Woolwich and each money vote,
 Examine all the cannon's charges well,
 And those who found the Artillery compel
 To forge twelve pounders for a five pound note.
 Watch Sandhurst too, its debts and its Cadets—
 Those Military pets.
 Take Army—no take Leggy Tailors
 Down to the Fleet, for no one but a nincum
 Out of our nation's narrow income
 Would furnish such wide trousers to the Sailors.
 Next take, to wonder him,
 The Master of the Horse's horse from under him ;
 Retrench from those who tend on Royal ills
 Wherewith to gild their pills.
 And tell the Staghound's Master he must keep
 The deer so cheap.
 Close as new brooms
 Scrub the Bedchamber Grooms ;
 Abridge the Master of the Ceremonies
 Of his very moneys ;
 In short at every salary have a pull,
 And when folks come for pay,
 On quarter day,
 Stop half, and make them give receipts in full.

Oh, Mr. Hume, don't drink,
 Or eat, or sleep, or wink,
 Till you have argued over each reduction ;
 Let it be food to you, repose and suction ;
 Though you should make more motions by one half
 Than any telegraph,
 Item by item all these things enforce,
 Be on your legs till lame, and talk till hoarse ;
 Have lozenges—mind Dawson's—in your pocket,
 And swing your arms till aching in their socket ;
 Or if awake you cannot keep,
 Talk of retrenchment in your sleep ;
 Expose each Peachum, and show up each Locket,
 Go down to the M.P.'s before you sup,
 And while they're sitting, blow them up,
 As Guy Fawkes could not do with all his *nous* ;
 But now we live in different Novembers,
 And safely you may walk into the House,
 First split its ears, and then divide its members !

ODE TO ADMIRAL GAMBIER, G.C.B.

"Well, if you reclaim such as Hood, your Society will deserve the thanks of the country."—*Temperance Society's Herald*, vol. 1, No. 7, p. 8.

"My father, when last I from Guinea
Came home with abundance of wealth,
Said 'Jack, never be such a ninny
As to drink'—says I, 'Father, your health?'"
Nothing like Grog.



H! Admiral Gam—I dare not mention bier
In such a temperate ear—
Oh! Admiral Gam—an Admiral of the Blue,
Of course to read the Navy List aright,
For strictly shunning wine of either hue,
You can't be Admiral of the Red or White :
Oh, Admiral Gam! consider ere you call
On merry Englishmen to wash their throttles
With water only; and to break their bottles,
To stick, for fear of trespass, on the wail
Of Exeter Hall!

Consider, I beseech, the contrariety
Of cutting off our brandy, gin, and rum,
And then, by tracts, inviting us to come
And "mix in your society!"
In giving rules to dine, or sup, or lunch,
Consider Nature's ends before you league us
To strip the Isle of Rum of all its punch—
To dock the Isle of Mull of all its negus—
Or doom—to suit your milk and water view—
The Isle of Skye to nothing but sky-blue.

Consider—for appearance' sake—consider
The sorry figure of a spirit-ridder,
Going on this crusade against the sutler;
A sort of Hudibras—without a Butler!

Consider ere you break the ardent spirits
Of father, mother, brother, sister, daughter;
What are your beverage's washy merits?
Gin may be low—but I have known low-water!

Consider, well, before you thus deliver,
With such authority, your sloppy cannon;
Should British tars taste nothing but the river,
Because the Chesapeake once fought the Shannon!

Consider too—before all Eau-de-vie,
Schiedam, or other drinkers, you rebut—
To bite a bitten dog all curs agree;
But who would cut a man because he's cut?

Consider—ere you bid the poor to fill
 Their murmuring stomach with the “murmuring rill”—
 Consider that their streams are not like ours,
 Reflecting heaven, and margined by sweet flowers ;
 On their dark pools by day no sun reclines,
 By night no Jupiter, no Venus shines ;
 Consider life’s sour taste, that bids them mix
 Their rum with Acheron, or gin with Styx ;
 If you must pour out water to the poor, oh !
 Let it be aqua d’oro !

Consider—ere as furious as a griffin,
 Against a glass of grog you make such work.
 A man may like a stiff ’un,
 And yet not be a Burke !

Consider, too, before you bid all skinkers
 Turn water-drinkers,
 What sort of fluid fills their native rivers !
 Their Mudiboos, and Niles, and Guadalquivers.
 How should you like, yourself, in glass or mug,
 The Bog—the Bug—
 The Maine—the Weser—or that freezer Neva ?
 Nay, take the very rill of classic ground—
 Lord Byron found
 Even Castaly better for Geneva.

Consider—if to vote Reform’s arrears,
 His Majesty should please to make you peers,
 You titles would be very far from trumps,
 To figure in a book of blue and red :—
 The Duke of Draw-well—what a name to dread !
 Marquis of Main-pipe ! Earl New-River-Head !
 And Temperance’s chief, the Prince of Pumps !

TO SPENCER PERCEVAL, ESQ., M.P.

Mr. SPENCER PERCEVAL made himself notorious by a motion in the House of Commons (January 26, 1832) for presenting an humble address to the King, to order a day for a general fast and humiliation, which he supported in a most extraordinary speech. This speech was made with a preliminary flourish, as follows :—

“ Mr. Perceval, being called upon to bring forward the motion of which he had given notice, rose, and said : I perceive that strangers are in the House.

“ The Speaker : Strangers must withdraw.

“ The gallery was then cleared, and the House proceeded, with closed doors, to take into consideration Mr. Perceval’s motion for a general fast.”

The doors being closed, Mr. Perceval delivered himself of an harangue, in which he denounced his brethren in the House as "infidels all"—denounced the "blasphemous proposition to admit the Jew into this House"—and predicted the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah upon all Christendom.

He read copious extracts from the Bible in illustration of his views, and described himself as speaking in the name of the Lord.

When he had concluded, Lord Althorp mildly stated that he was of the opinion that such discussions did not tend to the honour of religion; and that it was the intention of Government to appoint a day of fasting. Thereupon Mr. Perceval withdrew his motion—strangers were re-admitted—and business proceeded as usual.—*Note to American Edition.*



H, Mr. Spencer!

I mean no offence, sir—

Retrencher of each trencher—man or woman's;
 Maker of days of ember,
 Eloquent Member

Of the House of Com—I mean to say short commons—
 Thou Long Tom Coffin singing out, "Hold Fast"—
 Avast!

Oh, Mr. Perceval! I'll bet a dollar, a
 Great growth of Cholera,
 And new deaths reckon'd,
 Will mark thy Lenten Twenty-first and second.
 The best of our physicians, when they con it,
 Depose the malady is in the air:
 Oh, Mr. Spencer! if the ill is there,
 Why should you bid the people live upon it?

Why should you make discourses against courses,
 While doctors, though they bid us rub and chafe,
 Declare of all resources,
 The man is safest who gets in the safe?
 And yet you bid suicidal sinners
 Discard their dinners,
 Thoughtless how heav'n above will look upon't,
 For man to die so wantonly of want!

By way of a variety,
 Think of the ineffectual piety
 Of London's Bishop, at St. Faith's or Bride's,
 Lecturing such chameleon insides,
 Only to find
 He's preaching to the wind.

Whatever others do,—or don't,—
 I cannot—dare not—must not fast, and won't,

Unless by night your day you let me keep,
 And fast asleep ;
 My constitution can't obey such censors :
 I must have meat
 Three times a-day to eat ;
 My health's of such a sort,—
 To say the truth, in short,
 The coats of my stomach are not Spencers !

ODE TO MISS KELLY.

ON HER OPENING THE STRAND THEATRE.



H, Betty—I beg pardon—Fanny K. !
 (I was just thinking of your Betty Finikim)
 Permit me thus to say,
 In quite a friendly way—
 I like your theatre, though but a minikin ;
 For tho' small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
 Renounce me ! if I don't agree with Downton,
 The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.
 For me, I never can
 Find wisdom in the plan
 That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes where the audience sit
 A family circle ; and your little pit ;
 I like your little stage, where you discuss
 Your pleasant bill of fare,
 And show us passengers so rich and rare,
 Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,
 Dimly remembering dramatic codgers.
 The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame !
 Lord ! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers !
 I like your Savage of a one horse power ;
 And Terence, done in Irish from the Latin ;
 And Sally—quite a kitchen garden flower ;
 And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky blue Latin !
 I like your Girl as speechless as a mummy—
 It shows you can play dummy !—
 I like your Boy deprived of every gleam
 Of light for ever—a benighted being !
 And really think—though Irish it may seem—
 Your blindness is worth seeing !

I like your Governess ; and there's a striking
 Tale of Two Brothers that sets tears a-flowing—
 But I'm not going
 All through the bill to tell you of my liking.
 Suffice it, Fanny Kelly ! with your art
 So much in love, like others, I have grown,
 I really mean myself to take a part
 In "Free and Easy" at my own bespeak—
 And shall three times a week.
 Drop in and make your pretty house my own !

ADDRESS TO MR. CROSS, OF EXETER CHANGE,
 ON THE DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT.

" 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."



H, Mr. Cross,
 Permit a sorry stranger to draw near,
 And shed a tear
 (I've shed my shilling) for thy recent loss !
 I've been a visitor
 Of old—a sort of a Buffon inquisitor
 Of thy menagerie, and knew the beast,
 That is deceased.
 I was the Damon of the gentle giant,
 And oft have been,
 Like Mr. Kean,
 Tenderly fondled by his trunk compliant.
 Whenever I approached, the kindly brute
 Flapped his prodigious ears, and bent his knees—
 It makes me freeze
 To think of it. No chums could better suit,
 Exchanging grateful looks for grateful fruit,—
 For so our former dearness was begun,
 I bribed him with an apple, and beguiled
 The beast of his affection like a child ;
 And well he loved me till his life was done
 (Except when he was wild).
 It makes me blush for human friends—but none
 I have so truly kept, or cheaply won.
 Here is his pen !
 The casket—but the jewel is away ;
 The den is rifled of its denizen,—
 Ah, well-a-day !
 This fresh free air breathes nothing of his grossness,

And sets me sighing even for its closeness.

This light one-story,
Where like a cloud I used to feast my eyes on
The grandeur of his Titan-like horizon,
Tells a dark tale of its departed glory ;—
The very beasts lament the change like me.

The shaggy Bison
Leaneth his head dejected on his knee ;
The Hyena's laugh is hushed ; the Monkeys pout ;
The Wild Cat frets in a complaining whine ;
The Panther paces restlessly about,

To walk her sorrow out ;
The Lions in a deeper bass repine ;
The Kang'roo wrings its sorry short forepaws ;
Shrieks come from the Macaws ;
The old bald Vulture shakes his naked head,

And pineth for the dead ;
The Boa writhes into a double knot ;
The Keeper groans,
Whilst sawing bones,

And looks askance at the deserted spot ;
Brutal and rational lament his loss,
The flower of the beastly family ;—

Poor Mrs. Cross
Sheds frequent tears into her daily tea,
And weakens her Bohea !

Oh ! Mr. Cross, how little it gives birth
To grief when human greatness goes to earth ;
How few lament for Czars,—
But oh, the universal heart o'erflowed
At his " high mass,"

Lighted by gas,
Where, like Mark Antony, the Keeper showed
The Elephantine scars ;
Reporters' eyes
Were of an egg-like size ;

Men that had never wept for murdered Mars,
Hard-hearted editors with iron faces,
Their sluices all unclosed,—
And discomposed

Compositors went fretting to their cases.
That grief has left its traces ;
The poor old Beef-eater has grown much greyer,
With sheer regret ;
And the Gazette
Seems the least trouble of the Beasts' purveyor.

And I too weep ! a dozen of great men
 I could have spared without a single tear ;
 But then,
 They are removable from year to year.
 Fresh gents would rise though Gent resigned the pen ;
 I should not wholly
 Despair for six months of another C****,
 Nor, though F***** lay on his small bier,
 Be melancholy.
 But when will such an elephant appear ?
 Though Penley were destroyed at Drury Lane,
 His like might come again ;
 Fate might supply
 A second Powell, if the first should die ;
 Another Bennet, if the sire were snatched ;
 Barnes might be matched ;
 And Time fill up the gap,
 Were Parsloe laid upon the green earth's lap ;
 Even Claremont might be equalled,—I could hope
 (All human greatness is alas, so puny !)
 For other Egertons—another Pope,
 But not another Chunec.

Well ! he is dead !
 And there's a gap in Nature of eleven
 Feet high, by seven—
 Five living tons !—and I remain nine stone
 Of skin and bone !
 It is enough to make me shake my head,
 And dream of the grave's brink—
 'Tis worse to think
 How like the Beast's the sorry life *I've* led !—
 A sort of show
 Of my poor public self, and my sagacity,
 To profit the rapacity
 Of certain folks in Paternoster Row,
 A slavish toil to win an upper story—
 And a hard glory
 Of wooden beams about my weary brow !
 Oh, Mr. C. !
 If ever you behold me twirl my pen
 To earn a public supper, that is, eat
 In the bare street,—
 Or turn about their literary den—
 Shoot *me* !

ODE TO THE LATE LORD MAYOR.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS "VISIT TO OXFORD."

See the published work of the Rev. Dr. Dillon, the Lord Mayor's Chaplain, who, in his zealous endeavour to stamp immortality upon the civic expedition to Oxford, has outrun every production in the annals of burlesque, even the long-renowned "Voyage from Paris to St. Cloud." It was entitled: The Lord Mayor's Visit to Oxford in the month of July, 1826, written by the desire of the party, by the Chaplain to the Mayoralty."

"Now, night descending, the proud scene is o'er,
But lives in Settle's numbers one day more."

POPE.—*On the Lord Mayor's Show.*



WORTHY Mayor!—I mean to say Ex-Mayor!
Chief Luddite of the ancient town of Lud!
Incumbent of the City's easy chair!
Conservator of Thames from mud to mud,
Great river-bank director!
And dam-inspector!
Great guardian of small sprats that swim the flood!
Lord of the scarlet gown and furry cap!
King of Mogg's map!
Keeper of Gates that long have "gone their gait!"
Warder of London Stone and London Log!
Thou first and greatest of the civic great,
Magog or Gog!

O Honourable Ven—
(Forgive this little liberty between us),
Augusta's first Augustus!—Friend of men
Who wield the pen!
Dillon's Mæcenas!
Patron of learning where she ne'er did dwell,
Where literature seldom finds abettors,
Where few—except the postman and his bell—
Encourage the bell-lettres!—
Well hast thou done, Right Honourable Sir—
Seeing that years are such devouring ogresses,
And thou hast made some little journeying stir,—
To get a Nichols to record thy Progresses!

Wordsworth once wrote a trifle of the sort;
But for diversion,
For truth—for nature—everything in short—
I own I do prefer thy own "Excursion."
The stately story
Of Oxford glory—

The Thames romance—yet nothing of a fiction—
 Like thine own stream it flows along the page—
 "Strong without rage,"
 In diction worthy of thy jurisdiction!
 To future ages thou wilt seem to be
 A second Parry;
 For thou didst carry
 Thy navigation to a fellow crisis.
 He penetrated to a Frozen Sea,
 And thou—to where the Thames is turned to Isis!*

I like thy setting out!
 Thy coachman and thy coachmaid boxed together!†
 I like thy Jarvey's serious face—in doubt‡
 Of "four fine annuals"—no Cobbetts either!
 I like the slow state pace—the pace allowed
 The best for dignity || and for a crowd,
 And very July weather,
 So hot that it let off the Hounslow powder!§
 I like the She-Mayor's proffer of a seat
 To poor Miss Magnay, fried to a white heat; ¶
 'Tis well it didn't chance to be Miss Crowder!

I like the steeples with their weathercocks on,
 Discerned about the hour of three p.m.;
 I like thy party's entrance into Oxon,
 For oxen soon to enter into them!
 I like the ensuing banquet better far,
 Although an act of cruelty began it;—

* The Chaplain doubts the correctness of the Thames being turned into the Isis at Oxford: of course he is right. According to the course of the river, it must be the Isis that is turned into the Thames.

† "As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away."—*Visit*.

‡ "The coachman's countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried."—*Visit*.

|| "The carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders, but at that steady and majestic pace which is always an indication of real greatness."

§ "On approaching Hounslow, there was seen at some distance a huge volume of dark smoke." The Chaplain thought it was only a blowing-up for rain, but it turned out to be the spontaneous combustion of a powder-mill.

¶ "The Lady Mayoress, observing that they (the Magnays) must be somewhat crowded in the chaise, invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat."

For why—before the dinner at the Star—
 Why was the poor Town-clerk sent off to plan it?
 I like your learned rambles not amiss,
 Especially at Bodley's, where ye tarried
 The longest—doubtless because Atkins carried
 Letters (of course from Ignorance) to Bliss !*
 The other Halls were scrambled through more hastily ;
 But I like this—
 I like the Aldermen who stopped to drink
 Of Maudlin's " classic water " very tastily, †
 Although I think—what I am loth to think—
 Except to Dillon, it has proved no Castaly !

I like to find thee finally afloat ;
 I like thy being barg'd and Water Bailiff'd,
 Who gave thee a lift
 To thy state-gallery in his own state-boat.
 I like thy small sixpennyworths of largess
 Thrown to the urchins at the City's charges ;
 I like the sun upon thy breezy fanners,
 Ten splendid scarlet, silken, stately banners !
 Thy gilded bark shines out quite transcendental !
 I like dear Dillon still,
 Who quotes from " Cooper's Hill,"
 And Birch, the cookly Birch, grown sentimental ; ‡
 I like to note his civic mind expanding
 And quoting Denham, in the watery dock
 Of Iffley lock—
 Plainly no Locke upon the Understanding !
 I like thy civic deed
 At Runnymede,
 Where ancient Britons came in arms to barter
 Their lives for right—Ah, did not Waithman grow
 Half mad to show
 Where his renowned forefathers came to bleed—
 And freeborn Magnay triumph at his charter?
 I like full well thy ceremonious setting
 The justice-sword (no doubt it wanted whetting !)

* " The Rev. Dr. Bliss, of St. John's College, the Registrar of the University, to whom Mr. Alderman Atkins had letters of introduction." —Page 32.

† " The buttery was next visited, in which some of the party tasted the classic water." —Page 57.

‡ " Mr. Alderman Birch here called to the recollection of the party the beautiful lines of Sir John Denham on the river Thames :—' Tho' deep, yet clear, &c.'" —Page 90.

Thy head, distract 'twixt weal and woe,
 Feels the *last* Lottery like a blow
 From malice—aimed at thee ;
 No prizes pass in decent rank,
 Nothing is left thee but a blank,
 And worthy Mrs. B.

Perchance at times thy wits may strive
 With cards to keep the game alive,
 And mock the old arena,
 By fighting Fortune at Ecarté.
 Thou Charing Cross's Buonaparté,
 In little St. Helena.

Thou'rt out of luck—for to thy share,
 Not as of old falls blank despair ;
 The thought oft gives the vapours.
 In some "cursed cottage of content"
 Thy baffled hopeless hours are spent
 Spelling the daily papers.

No more thy name in column stares
 On the lured reader unawares ;
 The voice of fame is o'er.
 No more it breathes thee into print ;
 What is Fame's breath ? There's nothing in't—
 The merest puff—no more.

The puff to others now belongs,
 The Wrights have risen upon thy wrongs,
 Rowlands to Hunt's recoil !
 The wheel of Fortune, now forlorn,
 Turns out to grind the roasted corn,
 Greased with Macassar oil.

Election chances seemed a vent
 For thy desires—but Parliament
 Is not so easy won.
 Numbers were once to thee a treat,
 But now by numbers thou wert beat,
 And Rowland Stephenson.

At Drury, too, the chance was thine ;
 But thou shalt in past glory shine,
 Not as th' uncertain actor ;
 Not as the man that opens wide
 The floodgate for the public tide,
 But as the great contractor.

And when—but Heaven protract the day—
 The time is come for Life's decay,
 Prolonged shall be thy joys.
 A favourite wheel shall carry thee,
 And like thy darling Lottery,
 Be drawn by Blue Coat boys.

A tumulus shall cover thee
 And thine. A barrow it will be,
 Sacred to thy one wheel.
 And genuine tears, my Bish, from eyes
 Of those who never get a prize,
 At morn and eve shall steal.

ODE TO EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, ESQ.



H, Mr. Gibbon,
 I do not mean the chronicler of Rome ;
He would have told thee loftily, that no man
 In modern times may play the antique Roman,
 And tear a Sabine virgin from her home ;—
 But, Mr. Gibbon,
 Thou, with the surreptitious rib on,
 What shall I say to thee, thou Jason, nay,
 What will our Wilberforce and Stephen say,
 Thou cruel kidnapper of young *white* woman !
 Were there no misses, — none
 All on the start and ready for a run
 To Gretna Smithy—love by the mail,
 That thou must go befooling
 A quiet maiden at her country schooling,
 And stop her lessons with an idle tale,—
 Sully the happy hue
 Of her calm thoughts, and trouble her sky-blue—
 Spoil her embroideries, and falsely wheedle
 Her pretty hand from the delightful needle,
 Merely to mar her *piece*,
 Planting those stitches in her maiden heart,
 That only should have made Rebecca smart,
 Or robed young Isaac in a silken fleece ?
 Was there no willing Love,
 With roving eyes
 More gay than wise,
 To bind with thy removal to remove ?
 Couldst thou not calm the doubt
 Of Foote twice asked in vain, and ask her out ?

There's Madame Vestris—but she has a mate,
 And Paton hath as bad—
 But thou might'st add
 A single Cubitt to thy single state,
 Take such, and welcome to more wives than Buncle,
 Or gentle Olive, that Princess of No-land,
 She owns some great expectancies in Poland,
 And has no follower—I mean no uncle!

ELEGY ON DAVID LAING, ESQ.,*

BLACKSMITH AND JOINER (WITHOUT LICENCE) AT GRETNA GREEN.

AH me! what causes such complaining breath,
 Such female moans, and flooding tears to flow?
 It is to chide with stern, remorseless Death,
 For laying Laing low!

From Prospect House there comes a sound of woe—
 A shrill and persevering loud lament,
 Echoed by Mrs. J.'s Establishment

“For Six Young Ladies,
 In a retired and healthy part of Kent.”
 All weeping, Mr. L— gone down to Hades!
 Thoughtful of grates, and convents, and the veil!
 Surrey takes up the tale,

And all the nineteen scholars of Miss Jones,
 With the two parlour-boarders and th' apprentice—
 So universal this mis-timed event is—

Are joining sobs and groans!
 The shock confounds all hymeneal planners,
 And drives the sweetest from their sweet behaviours;
 The girls at Manor House forget their manners,
 And utter sighs like pavours!

Down—down through Devon and the distant shires
 Travels the news of Death's remorseless crime;
 And in all hearts, at once, all hope expires
 Of *matches* against time!

Along the northern route
 The road is water'd by postilions' eyes;
 The topboot paces pensively about,
 And yellow jackets are all strained with sighs;

* On the 3d inst., died in Springfield, near Gretna Green, David Laing, aged seventy-two, who had for thirty-five years officiated as high-priest at Gretna Green. He caught cold on his way to Lancaster, to give evidence on the trial of the Wakefields, from the effects of which he never recovered.—*Newpapers, July, 1827.*

There is a sound of grieving at the Ship,
 And sorry hands are ringing at the Bell,
 In aid of David's knell.
 The postboy's heart is cracking—not his whip—
 To gaze upon those useless empty collars
 His way-worn horses seem so glad to slip—
 And think upon the dollars
 That used to urge his gallop—quicker ! quicker !
 All hope is fled,
 For Laing is dead—
 Vicar of Wakefield—Edward Gibbon's vicar !
 The barristers shed tears
 Enough to feed a snipe (snipes live on suction),
 To think in after years
 No suits will come of Gretna Green abduction,
 Nor knaves inveigle
 Young heiresses in marriage scrapes or legal.
 The dull reporters
 Look truly sad and seriously solemn
 To lose the future column
 On Hymen-Smithy and its fond resorters !
 But grave Miss Daulby and the teaching brood
 Rejoice at quenching the clandestine flambeau—
 That never real beau of flesh and blood
 Will henceforth lure young ladies from their *Chambaud*.
 Sleep—David Laing—sleep
 In peace, though angry governesses spurn thee !
 Over thy grave a thousand maidens weep,
 And honest postboys mourn thee !
 Sleep, David !—safely and serenely sleep,
 Be-wept of many a learned legal eye !
 To see the mould above thee in a heap
 Drowns many a lid that heretofore was dry ;
 Especially of those that, plunging deep
 In love, would "ride and tie!"—
 Had I command, thou shouldst have gone thy ways
 In chaise and pair—and lain in *Père-la Chaise* !

ODE TO W. JERDAN, ESQ.

"I'll give him dash for dash."

JERDAN, farewell ! farewell to all
 Who ever praised me, great or small,
 Your poet's course is run !
 A weekly—no an every day
 Reviewer takes my fame away,
 And I am all undone !

I cannot live an author long !
 When I did write, O I did wrong
 To aim at being great ;
 A Diamond Poet in a pin
 May twinkle on in peace, and win
 No diamond critic's hate !

No small inditer of reviews
 Will analyse his tiny muse,
 Or lay his sonnets waste ;
 Who strives to prove that Richardson,
 That calls himself a diamond one,
 Is but a bard of paste ?

The smallest bird that wings the sky
 May tempt some sparrow-shot, and die ;
 But midges still go free !
 The peace that shuns my board and bed
 May settle on a lowlier head,
 And dwell " St. John with thee ! "

I aimed at higher growth ; and now
 My leaves are withered on the bough,
 I'm choked by bitter shrubs !
 Oh ! Mr. F. C. W. !
 What can I christen thy review
 But one of " Wormwood Scrubs ? "

The very man that sought me once—
 (Can I so soon be grown a dunce ?)
 He now derides my verse ;
 But who, save me, will fret to find
 The editor has changed his mind,—
 He can't have got a worse.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CLAPHAM
 ACADEMY.*

AH me ! those old familiar bounds !
 That classic house, those classic grounds,
 My pensive thought recalls !
 What tender urchins now confine,
 What little captives now repine.
 Within yon irksome walls ?

Ay, that's the very house ! I know
 Its ugly windows, ten a-row !
 Its chimneys in the rear !

* No connection with any other ode.

And there's the iron rod so high,
That drew the thunder from the sky
And turn'd our table-beer !

There I was birch'd ! there I was bred !
There like a little Adam fed
From Learning's woeful tree !
The weary tasks I used to con !—
The hopeless leaves I wept upon !—
Most fruitless leaves to me !—

The summon'd class !—the awful bow !—
I wonder who is master now,
And wholesale anguish sheds !
How many ushers now employs,
How many maids to see the boys
Have nothing in their heads !

And Mrs. S—— ?—Doth she abet
(Like Pallas in the parlour) yet
Some favour'd two or three,—
The little Crichtons of the hour,
Her muffin-medals that devour,
And swill her prize—bohea ?

Ay, there's the playground ! there's the lime,
Beneath whose shade in summer's prime
So wildly I have read !—
Who sits there *now*, and skims the cream
Of young Romance, and weaves a dream
Of Love and Cottage-bread ?

Who struts the Randall of the walk ?
Who models tiny heads in chalk ?
Who scoops the light canoe ?
What early genius buds apace ?
Where's Poynter ? Harris ? Bowers ? Chase ?
Hal Baylis ? blithe Carew ?

Alack ! they're gone—a thousand ways !
And some are serving in the "Greys,"
And some have perish'd young !—
Jack Harris weds his second wife ;
Hal Baylis drives the *wane* of life ;
And blithe Carew—is hung !

Grave Bowers teaches A B C
To savages at Owhyee !
Poor Chase is with the worms !—

All, all are gone—the olden breed!—
 New crops of mushroom boys succeed,
 “And push us from our *forms!*”

Lo! where they scramble forth, and shout,
 And leap, and skip, and mob about,
 At play where we have play'd!
 Some hop, some run, (some fall,) some twine
 Their crony arms; some in the shine,—
 And some are in the shade!

Lo there what mix'd conditions run!
 The orphan lad; the widow's son;
 And Fortune's favour'd care—
 The wealthy-born, for whom she hath
 Mac-Adamised the future path—
 The Nabob's pamper'd heir!

Some brightly starr'd—some evil born,—
 For honour some, and some for scorn,—
 For fair or foul renown!
 Good, bad, indiff'rent—none may lack!
 Look, here's a White, and there's a Black,
 And there's a Creole brown!

Some laugh and sing, some mope and weep,
 And wish *their* “frugal sires would keep
 Their only sons at home;”—
 Some tease the future tense, and plan
 The full-grown doings of the man,
 And pant for years to come!

A foolish wish! There's one at hoop;
 And four at *fives!* and five who stoop
 The marble taw to speed!
 And one that curvets in and out,
 Reining his fellow Cob about,—
 Would I were in his *steed!*

Yet he would gladly halt and drop
 That boyish harness off, to swop
 With this world's heavy van—
 To toil, to tug. O little fool!
 While thou canst be a horse at school,
 To wish to be a man!

Perchance thou deem'st it were a thing
 To wear a crown,—to be a king!
 And sleep on regal down!

ODE IMITATED FROM HORACE.

Alas ! thou know'st not kingly cares ;
Far happier is thy head that wears
That hat without a crown !


And dost thou think that years acquire
New added joys ? Dost think thy sire
More happy than his son ?
That manhood's mirth ?—Oh, go thy ways
To Drury-lane when —— * *plays* ;
And see how *forced* our fun !

Thy taws are brave !—thy tops are rare !—
Our tops are spun with coils of care,
Our *dumps* are no delight !—
The Elgin marbles are but tame,
And 'tis at best a sorry game
To fly the Muse's kite !

Our hearts are dough, our heels are lead,
Our topmost joys fall dull and dead
Like balls with no rebound !
And often with a faded eye
We look behind, and send a sigh
Towards that merry ground !

Then be contented. Thou hast got
The most of heaven in thy young lot ;
There's sky-blue in the cup !
Thou'lt find thy Manhood all too fast—
Soon come, soon gone ! and Age at last
A sorry *breaking-up* !

ODE IMITATED FROM HORACE.

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

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

* This blank exists in the original.

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

Oh ! but to hear the milkmaid blithe,
 Or early mower whet his scythe
 The dewy meads among !
 My grass is of that sort—alas !
 That makes no hay,—called sparrow-grass
 By folks of vulgar tongue !

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

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

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

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

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

Sweet are the little brooks that run
 O'er pebbles glancing in the sun
 Singing in soothing tones :
 Not thus the city streamlets flow ;
 They make no music as they go,
 Tho' never " off the stones."

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

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

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

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

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

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



COMIC POEMS.

EPPING HUNT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

STRIDING in the Steps of Strutt—the historian of the old English Sports—the author of the following pages has endeavoured to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its Deer will be Fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon.

In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing:—

“Sir,—About the Hunt. In answer to your Innquiries, there has been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody almost. We did a near nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, which is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be said to be in the last Stag of a decline.

“I am, Sir,

“With respects from your humble Servant,

“BARTHOLOMEW RUTT.”

“On Monday they began to hunt.”—*Chevy Chase.*

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glos'ter flat,—
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat*.

Six days a week beheld him stand,
 His business next his heart,
 At *counter* with his apron tied
 About his *counter-part*.

The seventh in a sluice-house box,
 He took his pipe and pot ;
 On Sundays for *eel-piety*,
 A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
 Beyond its rural shed !
 One Easter-tide, some evil guide
 Put Epping in his head ;

Epping for butter justly famed,
 And pork in sausage popt ;
 Where winter time, or summer time,
 Pig's flesh is always *chopt*.

But famous more, as annals tell,
 Because of Easter Chase ;
 There ev'ry year, 'twixt dog and deer,
 There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
 And slapt his leather thigh,
 And sang the burthen of the song,
 " This day a stag must die."

For all the livelong day before,
 And all the night in bed,
 Like Beckford, he had nourished " Thoughts
 On Hunting" in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
 And echo's answering sounds,
 All poets' wit hath every writ
 In *dog-rel* verse of *hounds*.

Alas ! there was no warning voice
 To whisper in his ear,
 Though art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
 To go and hunt the *deer* !

No thought he had of twisted spine,
 Or broken arms or legs ;
 Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'
 'Twas whispered of his *eggs* !

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
 Nor dreamt of ending ill ;
 Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
 And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
 Of lustre superfine ;
 The liquid black they wore that day,
 Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
 As once upon a stag ;
 Thus well equipt he gaily skipt,
 At once, upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein,
 A crown he nimbly flung ;
 For holding of the horse ?—why, no—
 For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own,
 Would only be a brag ;
 His neighbour Fig and he went halves,
 Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the grey,
 Unknown to brother cit ;
 The horse he knew would never tell,
 Altho' it was a *tit*.

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
 As he began to show,
 By quickly "rearing up within
 The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
 Was ne'er from saddle cast ;
 Resolved, by going very slow,
 On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
 An ancient town well known,
 Where Edward wept for Eleanor
 In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
 To play on such a loss ;
 Wherever she set down her *orts*,
 Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
That lived beside the way ;
One that had promised sure to be
His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had changed his mind,
Meanwhile upon the case !
And meaning not to hunt at all,
Had gone to Enfield Chase.

For why, his spouse had made him vow
To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood,
May break a bit of bone.

" Now, be his wife a plague for life !
A coward sure is he :"
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on thro' Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box,—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Tho' followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclined,
And minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig ;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-eared jacks, some knacker's hacks,
(However odd it sounds,)
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds !

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it :
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart ;
Here rolled along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart !

And lo ! a cart that held a squad
 Of costermonger line ;
 With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
 That slaved for all the Nine !

Yet marvel not at any load,
 That any horse might drag ;
 When all, that morn, at once were drawn
 Together by a stag !

Now when they saw John Huggins go
 At such a sober pace ;
 "Hallo !" cried they ; "come, trot away,
 You'll never see the chase !"

But John, as grave as any judge,
 Made answers quite as blunt ;
 "It will be time enough to trot,
 When I begin to hunt !"

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
 Where many a horseman met,
 And letting go the *reins*, of course,
 Prepared for *heavy wet*.

And lo ! within the crowded door,
 Stood Rounding, jovial elf ;
 Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
 But frame the man himself.

A snow-white head, a merry eye,
 A cheek of jolly blush ;
 A claret tint laid on by health,
 With Master Reynard's brush ;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
 The prince he learned it from ;
 His age about threescore and ten,
 And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
 So many guests to boast ;
 So certain congregations meet,
 And elevate the host.

"Now welcome, lads," quoth he, "and prads,
 You're all in glorious luck :
 Old Robin has a run to-day,
 A noted forest buck.

“ Fair Mead’s the place, where Bob and Tom,
 In red already ride ;
 ’Tis but a *step*, and on a horse
 You soon may go a *stride*.”

So off they scampered, man and horse,
 As time and temper pressed —
 But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
 To join with Tom and Bob,
 All in Fair Mead, which held that day
 Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
 Of Tattlers in a squeeze ;
 Ramblers, in heavy carts and vans,
 Spectators, up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers’ hacks,
 That shambled to and fro !
 Bakers intent upon a buck,
 Neglectful of the *dough* !

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
 As usual, for a fall ;
 And green and scarlet runners, such
 As never climbed a wall !

’Twas strange to think what difference
 A single creature made ;
 A single stag had caused a whole
Stagnation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
 And in the stirrups stood :
 And lo ! a little cart that came
 Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse,—tho’ not
 For corpses in the least ;
 For this contained the *deer alive*,
 And not the *deer deceased* !

And now began a sudden stir,
 And then a sudden shout,
 The prison-doors were opened wide,
 And Robin bounded out !

His antlered head shone blue and red,
 Bedecked with ribbons fine ;
 Like other bucks that come to 'list
 The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
 He turned and shortly took ;
 Then gently ran adown the mead,
 And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
 Had never seen the deer,
 Till all at once he saw the beast
 Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
 Of riders did the same,
 On horse and ass—like high and low
 And Jack pursuing game !

Good Lord ! to see the riders now,
 Thrown off with sudden whirl,
 A score within the purling brook,
 Enjoyed their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
 And beavers fell in showers ;
 There was another *Floorer* there,
 Beside the Queen of Flowers !

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
 Some had no caps to show ;
 But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
 Rode on in *Statue quo*.

"O dear ! O dear !" now might you hear,
 "I've surely broke a bone ;"
 "My head is sore,"—with many more
 Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
 The wide Satanic clan,
 Who grinned, as once the Devil grinned,
 To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
 Their laughter knew no bounds,
 To see the horses "throwing off,"
 So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
 Like men the Courts among ;
 Before those Barristers the dogs
 Proceed to "giving tongue."

And now Old Robin's foes were set,
 That fatal taint to find,
 That always is scent after him,
 Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
 A different temper shows,
 What hound resents that he is sent
 To follow his own nose ?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all,
 No single tongue was mute ;
 The stag had led a hart, and lo !
 The whole pack followed suit.

No spur he lacked, fear stuck a knife
 And fork in either haunch ;
 And every dog he knew had got
 An eye-tooth to his paunch !

Away, away ! he scudded like
 A ship before the gale ;
 Now flew to "hills we know not of,"
 Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
 Went off at furious pitch ;—
 A perfect Tam o' Shanter mob,
 Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
 A hunter did endorse,
 And like a poet seemed to ride
 Upon a wingèd horse,—

A whipper in ?—no whipper in :
 A huntsman ? no such soul .
 A connoisseur, or amateur ?
 Why yes,—a Horse Patrol.

A member of police, for whom
 The county found a nag,
 And, like Acteon in the tale,
 He found himself in stag !

Away they went then dog and deer,
 And hunters all away,—
 The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they !

Some gave a shout, some rolled about,
 And anticked as they rode,
 And butchers whistled on their curs,
 And milkmen *tally-hoed*

About two score there were, not more,
 That galloped in the race ;
 The rest, alas ! lay on the grass,
 As once in Chevy Chase !

But even those that galloped on,
 Were fewer every minute,—
 The field kept getting more select,
 Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
 Some fell in miry bogs,
 And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
 To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
 Were left bereft of sense,
 What else could be premised of blades
 That never learned to fence ?

But Rounding, Tom, and Bob, no gate,
 Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay ;
 O'er all they went, and did the work
 Of leap years in a day.

And by their side see Huggins ride,
 As fast as he could speed ;
 For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
 At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
 The gallop to remit,
 For firm and fast, between his teeth,
 The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
 Beneath him as he sate,—
 He never saw a county go
 At such a county rate !

“ Hold hard ! hold hard ! you'll lame the dogs : ”
 Quoth Huggins, “ So I do,—
 I've got the saddle well in hand,
 And hold as hard as you ! ”

Good Lord ! to see him ride along,
 And throw his arms about,
 As if with stitches in the side,
 That he was drawing out !

And now he bounded up and down,
 Now like a jelly shook :
 Till bumped and galled—yet not where Gall
 For bumps did ever look !

And rowing with his legs the while,
 As tars are apt to ride ;
 With every kick he gave a prick,
 Deep in the horse's side !

But soon the horse was well avenged,
 For cruel smart of spurs,
 For, riding through a moor, he pitched
 His master in a furze !

Where sharper set than hunger is
 He squatted all forlorn ;
 And like a bird was singing out
 While sitting on a thorn !

Right glad was he, as well might be,
 Such cushion to resign :
 “ Possession is nine points,” but his
 Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
 That entered in his skin,
 His nag was running off the while
 The thorns were running in !

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
 Thus laid upon the shelf,
 Altho' no horse he had to cross,
 He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
 That none can say is fair ;
 A jolly wight there was, that rode
 Upon a sorry mare !

A sorry mare, that surely came
 Of pagan blood and bone ;
 For down upon her knees she went
 To many a stock and stone !

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
 This farmer, shrewd and sage,
 Resolved, by changing horses here,
 To hunt another stage !

Tho' felony, yet who would let
 Another's horse alone,
 Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
 By riding on his own ?

And yet the conduct of the man
 Seemed honest-like and fair ;
 For he seemed willing, horse and all,
 To go before the *mare* !

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
 And swiftly rode away,
 While Huggins mounted on the mare,
 Done brown upon a bay !

And off they set, in double chase,
 For such was fortune's whim,
 The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
 And Huggins hunted him !

Alas ! with one that rode so well
 In vain it was to strive ;
 A dab was he, as dabs should be—
 All leaping and alive !

And here of Nature's kindly care
 Behold a curious proof,
 As nags are meant to leap, she puts
 A frog in every hoof !

Whereas the mare, altho' her share
 She had of hoof and frog,
 On coming to a gate stopped short
 As stiff as any log ;

Whilst Huggins in the stirrup stood
 With neck like neck of crane,
 As sings the Scottish song—"to see
 The *gate* his *hart* had gane."

And lo ! the dim and distant hunt
 Diminished in a trice :
 The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
 Seemed dwindling into mice ;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
 Soon flitted like a spark,—
 Tho' still the forest murmured back
 An echo of the bark !

But sad at soul John Huggins turned :
 No comfort could he find ;
 Whilst thus the " Hunting Chorus " sped,
 To stay five bars behind.

For tho' by dint of spur he got
 A leap in spite of fate—
 Howbeit there was no toll at all,
 They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
 And sorely cursed the day,
 And mused a new Gray's elegy
 On his departed grey !

Now many a sign at Woodford town
 Its Inn-vitation tells :
 But Huggins, full of ills, of course
 Betook him to the Wells,

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
 With many a merry laugh :
 But Huggins thought of neighbour Fig,
 And called for half-and-half.

Yet, 'spite of drink, he could not blink
 Remembrance of his loss ;
 To drown a care like his, required
 Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
 Struck up without the door,—
 The mounted mob were all returned ;
 The Epping Hunt was o'er !

And many a horse was taken out
 Of saddle and of shaft ;
 And men, by dint of drink, became
 The only "*beasts of draught* !"

For now begun a harder run
 On wine, and gin, and beer ;
 And overtaken man discussed
 The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
 And how at bay he stood,
 Deerlike, resolved to sell his life
 As dearly as he could ;

And how the hunters stood aloof,
 Regardful of their lives,
 And shunned a beast, whose very horns
 They knew could *handle* knives !

How Huggins stood when he was rubbed
 By help and ostler kind,
 And when they cleaned the clay before,
 How worse " remained behind."

And one, how he had found a horse
 Adrift—a goodly grey !
 And kindly rode the nag, for fear
 The nag should go astray.

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
 Jumped up with sudden glee ;
 " A goodly grey ! why, then, I say
 That grey belongs to me !

" Let me endorse again my horse,
 Delivered safe and sound ;
 And, gladly, I will give the man,
 A bottle and a pound !"

The wine was drunk,—the money paid,
 Tho' not without remorse,
 To pay another man so much,
 For riding on his horse.

And let the chase again take place,
 For many a long, long year,
 John Huggins will not ride again
 To hunt the Epping Deer !

MORAL.

Thus pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
 Just when we think to grip her ;
 And hunting after happiness,
 We only hunt a slipper.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION OF EPPING HUNT.

The Publisher begs leave to say that he has had the following letter from the Author of this little book :—

Dear Sir,—I am much gratified to learn from you, that the Epping Hunt has had *such a run* that it is *quite exhausted*, and that you intend, therefore, to give the work what may be called "*second wind*," by a new impression.

I attended the last Anniversary of the Festival, and am concerned to say that the sport does not improve, but appears an ebbing as well as Epping custom. The run was miserable indeed ; but what was to be expected ? The chase was a Doe, and, consequently, the Hunt set off with the *Hind* part before. It was, therefore, quite in character for so many Nimrods to start, as they did, before the hounds, but which, as you know, is quite contrary to the *Lex Tallyho-nis*, or Laws of Hunting.

I dined with the Master of the Revel, who is as hale as ever, and promises to reside some time in the *Wells* ere he *kicks the bucket*. He is an honest, hearty, worthy man, and when he dies there will be "a cry of dogs" in his kennel.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

T. HOOD.

Winchmore Hill, June, 1830.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

I.

ALACK ! 'tis melancholy theme to think
 How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
 And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
 In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied ;
 Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
 Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
 But with one lonely priest compelled to hide,
 In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
 In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen !

II.

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
 Because it hath a cast in windows twain ;
 Crazy and cracked they be, and wind doth blow
 Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
 Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
 With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach
 To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
 Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"
 Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

III.

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written,

“CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE:”

And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teaches them to speak.

IV.

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And so win academical degree ;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small.
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knocked off by ruthless cannon ball.

V.

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six ;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour-boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,—
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

VI.

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family ;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominic,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

VII.

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread :

Large, as a dome for learning, seemed his head,
 And like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
 Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
 And stand abroad in many several ways :—
 No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize.

VIII.

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
 O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
 That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
 A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue ;
 His nose,—it is a coral to the view ;
 Well nourished with Pierian Potheen,—
 For much he loves his native mountain dew ;
 But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
 A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

IX.

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
 As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales ;
 But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
 So that the wind his airy breast assails ;
 Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
 Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee ;—
 Thence further down the native red prevails,
 Of his own naked fleecy hosiery :—
 Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pee.

X.

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
 His function in a magisterial gown,
 That shows more countries in it than a map,—
 Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,
 Besides some blots, standing for country town ;
 And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide ;
 But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
 He turns the garment of the other side,
 Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied !

XI.

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
 That look for shady or for sunny noon,
 Within his visage, like an almanack,—
 His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon :
 But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
 With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
 Knowing that infant show'rs will follow soon,
 And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
 They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

XII.

Ah ! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat,
 " Corduroy Colloquy,"—or " Ki, Kæ, Kod,"—
 Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
 More sodden, though already made of sod,
 For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
 Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
 He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
 But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
 And soe with holy rule deems he is reconciled.

XIII.

But, surely, the just sky will never wink
 At men who take delight in childish throe,
 And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
 Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe ;
 Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
 By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
 Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
 Will hell not seem designed for their distress,—
 A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse ?

XIV.

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
 Of needful discipline, in due degree.
 Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
 Whene'er the twig untrained grows up a tree.
 This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
 Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
 And Learning's help be used for infamie,
 By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
 In murdered English write Rock's murderous commands.

XV.

But ah ! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
 The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
 All sudden fluttering from the brandished arm,
 And cackling chorus with the human scream ;
 Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam,
 In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
 Like traitor cap in warlike fort, I deem,
 That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
 Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

XVI.

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries ;—
 Alas ! his parent dear is far aloof,
 And deep his Seven-Dial cellar lies,
 Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof ;

Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
 Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
 Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
 Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim smile ;
 Ah me ! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while !

XVII.

Ah ! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
 When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,
 And mounts her rugged steep, enforced to climb,
 Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
 From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
 Wherein, alas ! no sugared juices dwell,
 For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain
 Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
 Always upon the heel, yet never to be well !

XVIII.

Anon a third, for his delicious root,
 Late ravished from his tooth by elder chit,
 So soon is human violence afoot,
 So hardly is the harmless biter bit !
 Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
 And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
 Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
 Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
 But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

XIX.

For lo ! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
 Smites his scald head, that is already sore,—
 Superfluous wound,—such is misfortune's rub !
 Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
 And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
 That still with backward fist he strives to dry ;
 Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
 His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
 Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

XX.

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
 And with his natural untender knack,
 By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
 Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,
 That sets the mournful visage all awrack ;
 Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
 Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
 For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
 This keeps, and that decays, when duly soaked in brine.

XXI.

Now all is hushed, and with a look profound,
 The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
 (So be it called) although he doth expound
 Without a book both Greek and Latin sage;
 Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
 How Romulus was bred in savage wood
 By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
 And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
 But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

XXII.

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
 How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
 And stout Achilles at his jaunting-car
 Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown:
 And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
 In garb of Greece most beggar-like and torn,
 He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down,
 Because, at once, in seven cities born;
 And so, of parish rights, was all his days forlorn.

XXIII.

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
 Of gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
 But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
 How Plato wise, and clear-eyed Socrates,
 Confessed not to those heathen hes and shes;
 But through the clouds of the Olympic cope
 Beheld St Peter, with his holy keys,
 And owned their love was naught, and bowed to Pope,
 Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope.

XXIV.

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
 To new philosophies, that still are green,
 And shows what railroads have been track'd to guide
 The wheels of great political machine;
 If English corn should go abroad, I ween,
 And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
 How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
 And ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
 With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat!

XXV.

Here, he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
 That stood around with serious look intense,
 Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
 Which they had opened to his eloquence,

As if their hearing were a threefold sense ;
 But now the current of his words is done,
 And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
 In future time, with any mother's son,
 It is a thing, God wot ! that can be told by none.

XXVI.

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
 The hour is come to lay aside their lore ;
 The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it soon,
 And cries, " Begone ! " unto the imps, —and four
 Snatch their two hats, and struggle for the door,
 Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
 All blithe and boisterous, —but leave two more,
 With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
 To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask,

XXVII.

Like sportive Elfin, on the verdant sod,
 With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
 That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
 So soothly kind is Erin to her own !
 And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone, —
 For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow ;
 Ah ! Phelim's step-dame is a cankered crone !
 Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
 And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow !

XXVIII.

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
 Now changeth ferula for rural hoe ;
 But first of all, with tender hand doth shift
 His college gown, because of solar glow,
 And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow :
 Meanwhile he plants in earth the dappled bean,
 Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
 Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
 With that crisp curly herb called Kale in Aberdeen.

XXIX.

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
 Linked each to each by labour, like a bee ;
 Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs ;
 Would there were many more such wights as he,
 To sway each capital academie
 Of Cam and Isis, for, alack ! at each
 There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie ;
 That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
 But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech !

THE SEA-SPELL.

"*Cauld, cauld, he lies beneath the deep.*"
Old Scotch Ballad.

I.

T was a jolly mariner !
 The tallest man of three,—
 He loosed his sail against the wind
 And turned his boat to sea :
 The ink-black sky told every eye
 A storm was soon to be !

II.

But still that jolly mariner
 Took in no reef at all,
 For, in his pouch, confidingly
 He wore a baby's caul ;
 A thing, as gossip-nurses know,
 That always brings a squall !

III.

His hat was new, or newly glazed,
 Shone brightly in the sun ;
 His jacket, like a mariner's,
 True blue, as e'er was spun ;
 His ample trousers, like St. Paul,
 Bore forty stripes save one.

IV.

And now the fretting, foaming tide
 He steered away to cross ;
 The bounding pinnace played a game
 Of dreary pitch and toss :
 A game that on the good dry land
 Is apt to bring a loss !

V.

Good Heaven befriend that little boat,
 And guide her on her way !
 A boat, they say, has canvas wings,
 But cannot fly away !
 Though like a merry singing bird,
 She sits upon the spray !

VI.

Still east by south the little boat,
 With tawny sail kept beating :
 Now out of sight, between two waves,
 Now o'er th' horizon fleeting :

THE SEA-SPELL.

Like greedy swine that feed on mast,—
The waves her mast seemed eating !

VII.

The sullen sky grew black above,
The wave as black beneath :
Each roaring billow showed full soon
A white and foamy wreath ;
Like angry dogs that snarl at first,
And then display their teeth.

VIII.

The boatman looked against the wind,
The mast began to creak,
The wave, per saltum, came and dried,
In salt upon his cheek !
The pointed wave against him reared,
As if it owned a pique !

IX.

Nor rushing wind, nor gushing wave,
That boatman could alarm,
But still he stood away to sea,
And trusted in his charm ;
He thought by purchase he was safe,
And armed against all harm !

X.

Now thick and fast and far aslant,
The stormy rain came pouring,
He heard upon the sandy bank
The distant breakers roaring,—
A groaning intermitting sound,
Like Gog and Magog snoring !

XI.

The seafowl shrieked around the mast,
Ahead the grampus tumbled,
And far off, from a copper cloud,
The hollow thunder rumbled ;
It would have quailed another heart,
But his was never humbled.

XII.

For why ? he had that infant's caul ;
And wherefore should he dread ?
Alas ! alas ! he little thought,
Before the ebb-tide sped,

That like that infant he should die,
And with a watery head !

XIII.

The rushing brine flowed in apace ;
His boat had ne'er a deck ;
Fate seemed to call him on, and he
Attended to her beck ;
And so he went, still trusting on,
Though reckless—to his wreck !

XIV.

For as he left his helm, to heave
The ballast bags a-weather,
Three monstrous seas came roaring on,
Like lions leagued together.
The two first waves the little boat
Swam over like a feather.

XV.

The two first waves were past and gone,
And sinking in her wake ;
The hugest still came leaping on,
And hissing like a snake,
Now helm a-lee ! for through the midst
The monster he must take !

XVI.

Ah me ! it was a dreary mount !
Its base as black as night,
Its top of pale and livid green,
Its crest of awful white,
Like Neptune with a leprosy,—
And so it reared upright !

XVII.

With quaking sails the little boat
Climbed up the foaming heap,
With quaking sails it paused awhile,
At balance on the steep :
Then rushing down the nether slope,
Plunged with a dizzy sweep !

XVIII.

Look how a horse, made mad with fear,
Disdains his careful guide ;
So now the headlong, headstrong boat,
Unmanaged, turns aside,

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

And straight presents her reeling flank
Against the swelling tide !

XIX.

The gusty wind assaults the sail ;
Her ballast lies a-lee !
The sheets to windward, taut and stiff !
Oh ! the Lively—where is she ?
Her capsized keel is in the foam,
Her pennon's in the sea !

XX.

The wild gull sailing overhead,
Three times beheld emerge
The head of that bold mariner,
And then she screamed his dirge !
For he had sunk within his grave,
Lapped in a shroud of surge !

XXI.

The ensuing wave, with horrid foam,
Rushed o'er and covered all,—
The jolly boatman's drowning scream
Was smothered by the squall ;
Heaven never heard his cry, nor did
The ocean heed his *caul*.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.



ALI BEN ALI (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one !

'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own moth—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother

And sister too—but happily that none
 Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
 Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
 To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
 And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
 Made Ali wicked—to a fault :—'tis fit
 Monarchs should have some check-strings ; but he had
 No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
 Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
 His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
 And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

Until he got a sage-bush of a beard,
 Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
 Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshar'd,
 Grew downward like old women and cow's tail :
 Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
 Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale ;
 But yet not so poetic as when Time
 Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
 His royal bosom that he had no son,
 No living child of the more noble sex,
 To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
 To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
 When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
 To leave the very city of his fame
 Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
 Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear ;
 So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
 All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear ;
 Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
 And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
 Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
 Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *motherly*, and ladies fair
 Will grow like beer ; so did that stag-eyed dame :
 Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
 Boy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name
 Of mighty hero that his child should bear ;
 He made so certain ere his chicken came
 But oh ! all worldly wit is little worth,
 Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
 A little daughter to this world of sins ;—
 Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
 Brought on another, like a pair of twins :
 Twins ! female twins !—it was enough to stun
 Their little wits and scare them from their skins
 To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
 Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
 This his paternal rage, and thus address
 “ O ! Most Serene ! why dost thou stamp and frown,
 And box the compass of the royal chest ?
 Ah ! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
 I love to gaze on !—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
 Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
 Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin ! ”

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
 The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew :
 He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
 Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
 Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
 At this sad order ; but their slaveships knew
 When any dared demur, his sword so bending
 Cut off the “ head and front of their offending.”

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
 A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
 The trophies it had lopped from many an elf
 Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
 Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
 But jested with it, and his wit cut sore ;
 So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
 He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
 Came with the sack the lady to enclose ;
 In vain from her stag-eyes “ the big round tears
 Coursed one another down her innocent nose ” ;
 In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears ;
 Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
 Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
 Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
 Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
 To a kind of Moorish Serpentine ; for she
 Was doom'd to have a *winding sheet of water*.

Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
 Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
 She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
 Like a bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
 All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
 Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
 A ring above her, like a water-knell;
 A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
 And not a guilty heave was left to tell
 That underneath its calm and blue transparence
 A dame lay drowned in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
 The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
 Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor—
 The lady's natal star with pale affright
 Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
 Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light
 And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
 And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night a head—a little lady head,
 Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
 With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
 Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
 Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
 A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
 Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
 Her *aqualine* nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
 So pale it seem'd near drowned to a white,—
 She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
 Of music bubbling through the surface light;
 The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
 To listen to the air—and through the night
 There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
 Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
 The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave;
 The *Mussul*-man coming to fish in this water,
 Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
 This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall ;
 And, stranger, O stranger ! this song that you hear
 Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all !

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
 My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
 She's a corpse, the poor body ! and lies in this basin,
 And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

BIANCA'S DREAM.

A VENETIAN STORY.

I.

BIANCA !—fair Bianca !—who could dwell
 With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
 Nor find there lurked in it a witching spell,
 Fatal to balmy nights and blessèd days ?
 The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
 She turned to gas, and set it in a blaze ;
 Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
 That he could light his link at in a minute.

II.

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
 A thousand breasts were kindled into flame ;
 Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
 And beaux were turned to flambeaux where she came ;
 All hearts indeed were conquered but her own,
 Which none could ever temper down or tame :
 In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
 She might have written over it—"from Flints."

III.

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
 At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown,
 Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
 An amorous gentle with a needless frown ;
 Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
 And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
 Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
 Some have considered a Venetian blind.

IV.

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
 Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailer,
 To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
 With each new moon his hatter and his tailor ;
 In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
 And went in brand-new beaver to assail her—
 As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
 All over—and not merely round his heart.

V.

In vain he laboured thro' the sylvan park
 Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
 Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
 The twisted cipher of her maiden name,
 Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark ;
 No one was touched or troubled by his flame,
 Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
 In trees—like wooden dolls in embryo.

VI.

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
 And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
 And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
 Constant beneath her lattice with each eve ;
 She mocked his wooing with her wicked wit,
 And slashed his suit so that it matched his sleeve,
 Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
 And quite despairing, hamstrunged his guitar.

VII.

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
 With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet ;
 But his was red within him, like the core
 Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat ;
 And oft he longed internally to pour
 His flames and glowing lava at her feet :
 But when his burnings he began to spout,
 She stopped his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

VIII.

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
 So thin, he seemed a sort of skeleton-key
 Suspended at Death's door—so pale—and then
 He turned as nervous as an aspen-tree ;
 The life of man is threescore years and ten,
 But he was perishing at twenty-three,
 For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
 "It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

IX.

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
 Nor relished any kind of mirth below ;
 Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
 Love had become his universal foe,
 Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed ;
 At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
 A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
 Of hope—made up his mind to cut her girth !

X.

For hapless lovers always died of old,
 Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud ;
 So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told
 The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood ;
 And so poor Sappho, when her boy was cold,
 Drowned her salt tear-drops in a salter flood,
 Their fame still breathing, tho' their breath be past,
 For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

XI.

So Julio went to drown—when life was dull,
 But took his corks, and merely had a bath ;
 And once, he pulled a trigger at his skull,
 But merely broke a window in his wrath ;
 And once, his hopeless being to annul,
 He tied a packthread to a beam of lath,
 A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
 'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

XII.

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
 His sorrows thro'—'tis horrible to die !
 And come down with our little all of dust,
 That dun of all the duns to satisfy :
 To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
 In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
 Where even all our personals must go
 To pay the debt of Nature that we owe !

XIII.

So Julio lived :—'twas nothing but a pet
 He took at life—a momentary spite ;
 Besides, he hoped that time would some day get
 The better of love's flame, however bright ;
 A thing that time has never compassed yet,
 For love, we know, is an immortal light ;
 Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
 Was always in—for none have found it out.

XIV.

Meanwhile, Bianca dreamed—'twas once when Night
 Along the darkened plain began to creep,
 Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
 Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep :
 The flowers had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
 Was gone, for it had rocked the leaves to sleep ;
 And all the little birds had laid their heads
 Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

XV.

Lone in her chamber sat the dark-eyed maid,
 By easy stages jaunting thro' her prayers,
 But list'ning sidelong to a serenade,
 That robbed the saints a little of their shares :
 For Julio underneath the lattice played
 His *Deh Vieni*, and such amorous airs,
 Born only underneath Italian skies,
 Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

XVI.

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter—
 Praising ner eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
 With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
 The hackney poets overcharge their fair.
 Her shape was like Diana's, but completer ;
 Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare :
 Cupid, alas ! was cruel Sagittarius,
 Julio—the weeping water-man, Aquarius.

XVII.

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
 'Twas very natural indeed to go—
 What if she did postpone one little prayer—
 To ask her mirror, "if it was not so?"
 'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
 Reflecting her at once from top to toe :
 And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
 That showed her front face tho' it "gave her back."

XVIII.

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
 By that dear page where first the woman reads :
 That Julio was no flatterer, none at all,
 She told herself—and then she told her beads ;
 Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
 Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds ;
 For Sleep had crept and kissed her unawares,
 Just at the half-way milestone of her prayers.

XIX.

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
 Till her bowed head upon her hand reposed ;
 But still she plainly saw, or seemed to see,
 That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,
 A beauty-bright as it was wont to be,
 A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed :
 'Tis very natural, some people say,
 To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

XX.

Still shone her face—yet not, alas ! the same,
 But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
 And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
 Her eyes resigned their light, her lips their bloom,
 Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
 Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum ;
 There was a throbbing at her heart within,
 For oh ! there was a shooting in her chin.

XXI.

And lo ! upon her sad desponding brow,
 The cruel trenches of besieging age,
 With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
 Her place was booking for the seventh stage :
 And where her raven tresses used to flow,
 Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
 And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
 A compound (like our Psalms) of tête and braidy.

XXII.

Then for her shape—alas ! how Saturn wrecks,
 And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
 Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks
 Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout.
 Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex ;
 Witness those pensioners called In and Out,
 Who all day watching first and second rater,
 Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

XXIII.

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
 Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow ;
 His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
 And twisted all awry her “winsome marrow,”
 In truth it was a change !—she had obeyed
 The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
 But spectacles and palsy seemed to make her
 Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

XXIV.

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
 And she had ample reason for her trouble ;
 For what sad maiden can endure to seem
 Set in for singleness, tho' growing double.
 The fancy maddened her ; but now the dream,
 Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
 Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
 That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

XXV.

And here—just here—as she began to heed
 The real world, her clock chimed out its score ;
 A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
 That cried the hour from one to twenty-four ;
 The works moreover standing in some need
 Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more ;
 A warning voice that clenched Bianca's fears,
 Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

XXVI.

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
 By twenty she had quite renounced the veil ;
 She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
 And thirty made her very sad and pale,
 To paint that ruin where her charms would run ;
 At forty all the maid began to fail,
 And thought no higher, as the late dream crossed her,
 Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

XXVII.

And so Bianca changed ;—the next sweet even,
 With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
 Rowed slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
 Just sounding from the tower of old St. Mark.
 She sat with eyes turned quietly to heav'n,
 Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
 That veiled her blushing cheek—for Julio brought her,
 Of course—to break the ice upon the water.

XXVIII.

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
 To open ;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
 Are not so difficult and disinclined ;
 And Julio felt the declaration stick
 About his throat in a most awful kind ;
 However, he contrived by bits to pick
 His trouble forth—much like a rotten cork
 Groped from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

XXIX.

But love is still the quickest of all readers ;
 And Julio spent besides those signs profuse
 That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
 In help of language, are so apt to use ;
 Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
 Nods, shrugs, and bends—Bianca could not choose
 But soften to his suit with more facility,
 He told his story with so much agility.

XXX.

“ Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,
 (So he began at last to speak or quote ;)
 Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,
 (For passion takes this figurative note ;)
 Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier ;
 Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote :
 My lily be, and I will be thy river ;
 Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver.”

XXXI.

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
 He poured into her small and shell-like ear,
 That timidly against his lids inclined ;
 Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere
 That even now began to steal behind
 A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
 Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
 Just like a virgin putting on the veil :

XXXII.

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
 That erst had wooed and worshipped in her train,
 Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
 Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
 Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
 Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
 But turned to Julio at the dark eclipse,
 With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

XXXIII.

He took the hint full speedily, and, backed
 By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
 Bestowed a something on her cheek that smacked
 (Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness,
 That made her think all other kisses lacked
 Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness :
 Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
 Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

XXXIV.

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
 The pretty fingers all instead of one ;
 Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
 About her waist that had been clasped by none ;
 Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
 Since cold description would but be outrun :
 For bliss and Irish watches have the pow'r,
 In twenty minutes to lose half an hour !

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

I.

I WAS in the reign of Lewis, called the Great,
 As one may read on his triumphal arches,
 The thing befell I'm going to relate,
 In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
 He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
 Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

II.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
 To drop a visit at an old chateau,
 Quite unexpected, with his courtly train ;
 The monarch liked it—but it happened so,
 That Death had got before them by a post,
 And they were "reckoning without their *host*,"

III.

Who died exactly as a child should die,
 Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
 Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
 Sliding composedly from sleep—to death :
 A corpse so placid ne'er adorned a bed,
 He seemed not quite—but only rather dead.

IV.

All night the widowed Baroness contrived
 To shed a widow's tears ; but on the morrow
 Some news of such unusual sort arrived,
 There came strange alteration in her sorrow :
 From mouth to mouth it passed, one common humming
 Throughout the house—the King ! the King is coming !

V.

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
 A loyal woman, (now called ultra-loyal),
 Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
 And only thought about a banquet-royal !
 In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
 The visit quite dismissed the visitation.

VI.

And, 'spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
 There was a secret hope she could not smother,
 That some one, early, might replace "the late,"
 It was too soon to think about another ;
 Yet let her minutes of despair be reckoned
 Against her hope, which was but for a second.

VII.

She almost thought that being thus bereft
 Just then, was one of Time's propitious touches ;
 A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left
 Free opportunity to be a duchess ;
 Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
 But as for tears—she dropped them—for the present.

VIII.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
 Looked like their lady—anything but sad,
 And giggled even that they might not cry,
 To damp fine company ; in truth they had
 No time to mourn, thro' choking turkeys' throttles,
 Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

IX.

Oh, what a hubbub for the house of woe !
 All, resolute to one irresolution,
 Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
 Just like another French mob-revolution.
 There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
 But all the rest seemed Chaos in a bustle.

X.

The Monarch came ; oh ! who could ever guess
 The Baroness had been so late a weeper !
 The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
 Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper,—
 Could he have had a glance—alas, poor being !
 Seeing would certainly have led to D—ing.

XI.

For casting round about her eyes to find
 Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
 The comfortable dame at last inclined
 To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse ;
 He was so gay—so tender—the complete
 Nice man—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

XII.

He saw at once and entered in the lists—
 Glance unto glance made amorous replies ;
 They talked together like two egotists,
 In conversation all made up of *eyes* :
 No couple ever got so right consort-ish
 Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

XIII.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
 The courtly company began "nid noddin" ;
 The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
 Instantly followed by the course he trod in.
 I shall not please the scandalous by showing
 The order, or disorder of their going.

XIV.

The old chateau, before that night, had never
 Held half so many underneath its roof ;
 It tasked the Baroness's best endeavour,
 And put her best contrivance to the proof,
 To give them chambers up and down the stairs,
 In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

XV.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely :
 And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
 Lay on spare beds that served them very sparsely ;
 However, there were beds enough for all ;
 But living bodies occupied so many,
 She could not let the dead one take up any !

XVI.

The act was certainly not over decent :
 Some small respect, e'en after death, she owed him,
 Considering his death had been so recent ;
 However, by command, her servants stowed him,
 (I am ashamed to think how he was slubbered,)
 Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard !

XVII.

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
 With no more pillow than an oaken shelf :
 Just like a kind, accommodating host,
 Taking all inconvenience on himself ;
 None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
 A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger :

XVIII.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
 Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
 Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
 About the hungry middle of the night ;
 So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
 Hopeful of some stray pasty or cold meat.

XIX.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
 Bright'ning some antique ornaments of brass,
 Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
 Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas !
 He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
 Of time it opened to a little force.

XX.

He put one hand in, and began to grope ;
 The place was very deep and quite as dark as
 The middle night ;—when lo ! beyond his hope,
 He felt a something cold, in fact, the carcase ;
 Right overjoyed, he laughed, and blest his luck
 At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck !

XXI.

Then striding back for his *couteau-de-chasse*,
 Determined on a little midnight lurching,
 He came again and probed about the mass,
 As if to find the fattest bit for munching ;
 Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
 But only to abstract a little collop.

XXII.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
 His hand fell down quite powerless and weak ;
 For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
 As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak ;
 No wonder that his hand could go no further—
 Whose could?—to carve cold meat that bellowed,
 "Murther !"

XXIII.

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
 The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
 And bawled enough to waken up a town ;
 Some thought that *they* were murdered, some, the King,
 And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
 But stand upon the spot, and bellow, "Treason !"

XXIV.

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,
 Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
 It seemed so dark and perilous a job ;
 The Baroness came trembling like a feather
 Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
 Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

XXV.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
 Well lighted and well watched, began to clamber ;
 They sought the door—they found it—they were there—
 A dozen heads went poking in the chamber ;
 And lo ! with one hand planted on his hurt,
 There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

XXVI.

No passive corse—but like a duellist
 Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
 One hand advanced, and ready to resist ;
 In fact, the Baron doffed the apparition,
 Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
 And for the second time "gave up the ghost !"

XXVII.

A living miracle !—for why !—the knife
 That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
 Had only kindly carved him into life :
 How soon it changed the posture of affairs !
 The difference one person more or less
 Will make in families, is past all guess.

XXVIII.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet :
 Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still :
 There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
 Choking with disappointment's bitter pill.
 To see the hope of his reversion fail,
 Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

XXIX.

The Baron lived—'twas nothing but a trance :
 The lady died—'twas nothing but a death :
 The cupboard-cut served only to enhance
 This postscript to the old Baronial breath :
 He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
 A little *chop* intended for a *steak* !

THE DEMON SHIP.

WAS off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked
 black and grim,
 For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering
 at the brim ;
 Titanic shades ! enormous gloom !—as if the solid night
 Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light !
 It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
 With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky !
 Down went my helm—close reefed—the tack held freely in my
 hand—
 With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
 Loud hissed the sea beneath her lea—my little boat flew fast,
 But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
 Lord ! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail !
 What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail !
 What darksome caverns yawned before ! what jagged steeps
 behind !
 Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
 Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the chase,
 But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place ;
 As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the
 cloud
 A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud :
 Still flew my boat ; alas ! alas ! her course was nearly run !
 Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one !
 With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
 As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last !
 Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave ;
 It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a
 wave !
 Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
 I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base !
 I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine !
 Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine !

Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home ;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the
foam !

Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

“ Where am I?—in the breathing world, or in the world of death? ”
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath ;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around ?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft ;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft ?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone ;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own ?
Oh, never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursèd night !
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever ; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light !
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their
tombs—

All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast !

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as
dark :

His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark ;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked
beneath,

His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves !
Oh horror ! e'en the ship was black that ploughed the inky
waves !


“ Alas ! ” I cried, “ for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake !
Where am I ? in what dreadful ship ? upon what dreadful lake ?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal ?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul !
Oh, mother dear ! my tender nurse ! dear meadows that
beguiled

My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see :
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea ! ”

Loud laughed that SABLE MARINER, and loudly in return
 His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
 A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
 As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once :
 A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
 With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit,
 They crowed their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the
 whole ;—

“ Our skins,” said he, “ are black, ye see, because we carry coal ;
 You’ll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
 For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields !”

A TRUE STORY.

 F all our pains, since man was curst,
 I mean of body, not the mental,
 To name the worst, among the worst,
 The dental sure is transcendental ;
 Some bit of masticating bone,
 That ought to help to clear a shelf,
 But let its proper work alone,
 And only seems to gnaw itself ;
 In fact, of any grave attack
 On victual there is little danger,
 ’Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
 As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seemed a fit retort
 Of justice on his grinding ways—
 Possessed a grinder of the sort,
 That troubled all his latter days.
 The best of friends fall out, and so
 His teeth had done some years ago,
 Save some old stumps with ragged root,
 And they took turn about to shoot ;
 If he drank any chilly liquor,
 They made it quite a point to throb ;
 But if he warmed it on the hob,
 Why then they only twitched the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
 Had never killed him in his youth—
 One tooth he had with many fangs,
 That shot at once as many pangs,
 It had a universal sting ;
 One touch of that ecstatic stump
 Could jerk his limbs and make him jump,
 Just like a puppet on a string ;

And what was worse than all, it had
 A way of making others bad.
 There is, as many know, a knack,
 With certain farming undertakers,
 And this same tooth pursued their track,
 By adding *achers* still to *achers*!

One way there is, that has been judged
 A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
 To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
 To lose his tooth and money both ;
 In fact, a dentist and the wheel
 Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
 For after all is drawn, you feel
 It's paying for a blank at last ;
 So Hunks went on from week to week,
 And kept his torment in his cheek ;
 Oh ! how it sometimes set him rocking,
 With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
 His moans and groans were truly shocking,
 And loud,—altho' he held his jaw.
 Many a tug he gave his gam
 And tooth, but still it would not come,
 Tho' tied to string by some firm thing,
 He could not draw it, do his best,
 By draw'rs, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
 He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
 Like his, to have their troubles out.
 Sad sight it was to look about
 At twenty faces making faces,
 With many a rampant trick and antic,
 For all were very horrid cases,
 And made their owners nearly frantic.
 A little wicket now and then
 Took one of these unhappy men,
 And out again the victim rushed,
 While eyes and mouth together gushed ;
 At last arrived our hero's turn,
 Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
 And down he sat, prepared to learn
 How teeth are charmed to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
 Alone can guess the sort of ache,
 When his old tooth began to break
 The thread of old associations ;

It touched a string in every part,
 It had so many tender ties ;
 One cord seemed wrenching at his heart,
 And two were tugging at his eyes ;
 " Bone of his bone," he felt, of course,
 As husbands do in such divorce ;
 At last the fangs gave way a little,
 Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
 And lo ! the cause of all this work,
 Went—where it used to send his victual !

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
 Had not so numbed his miser wit,
 But in this slip he saw a hit
 To save, at least, his purse from bleeding ;
 So when the dentist sought his fees,
 Quoth Hunks, " Let's finish, if you please."
 " How, finish ! why, it's out !"—" Oh ! no—
 'Tis you are out, to argue so ;
 I'm none of your before-hand tippers.
 My tooth is in my head no doubt,
 But, as you say you pulled it out,
 Of course it's there—between your nippers."
 " Zounds, sir ! d'ye think I'd sell the truth
 To get a fee ? no, wretch, I scorn it !"
 But Hunks still asked to see the tooth,
 And swore by gum ! he had not drawn it.

His end obtained, he took his leave,
 A secret chuckle in his sleeve ;
 The joke was worthy to produce one,
 To think, by favour of his wit
 How well a dentist had been bit
 By one old stump, and that a loose one !
 The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
 Is still the frailest thing on earth :
 Alas ! how often when a joke
 Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
 There comes some unexpected stroke,
 And hangs a weeper on the cuff !

Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
 When, planted right against a stile,
 There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
 A vagrant reaper, Irish born,
 That helped to reap our miser's corn,
 But had not helped to reap his money,
 A fact that Hunks remembered quickly ;
 His whistle all at once was quelled,

And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking ;
However, Mike began to stickle
In words before he used the sickle ;
But mercy was not long attendant :
From words at last he took to blows,
And aimed a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper ;
There lay the severed nose, alas !
Beside the daisies on the grass,
" Wee, crimson-tipt " as well as they,
According to the poet's lay :
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter.
Away went Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decoctor ;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man hot,—
" What ! Hunks again within my door !
I'll pull his nose ; " quoth Hunks, " You cannot."

The doctor looked and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.

“ Oh ! hum—ha—yes—I understand.”
 But then arose a long demur,
 For not a finger would he stir
 Till he was paid his fee in hand ;
 That matter settled, there they were,
 With Hunks well strapped upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
 His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—
 Are always something very awful,
 And give the heart the strangest throb ;
 But never patient in his funks
 Looked half so like a ghost as Hunks,
 Or surgeon half so like a devil
 Prepared for some infernal revel :
 His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
 Just like a bolus in a box :
 His fury seemed above controlling,
 He bellowed like a hunted ox :
 “ Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
 We treat such cheating knaves as thou ;
 Oh ! sweet is this revenge to sup ;
 I have thee by the nose—it's now
 My turn—and I will turn it up.”

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
 And cruel way of venting passion ;
 The snubbing folks in this new fashion
 Seemed quite to turn him topsy-turvy ;
 He uttered prayers, and groans, and curses,
 For things had often gone amiss
 And wrong with him before, but this
 Would be the worst of all *reverses* !
 In fancy he beheld his snout
 Turned upwards like a pitcher's spout ;
 There was another grievance yet,
 And fancy did not fail to show it,
 That he must throw a summerset,
 Or stand upon his head to blow it.

And was there then no argument
 To change the doctor's vile intent,
 And move his pity ?—yes, in truth,
 And that was—paying for the tooth.
 “ Zounds ! pay for such a stump ! I'd rather——”
 But here the menace went no farther,
 For with his other ways of pinching,
 Hunks had a miser's love of snuff.
 A recollection strong enough

To cause a very serious flinching ;
 In short, he paid and had the feature
 Replaced as it was meant by nature ;
 For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle,
 (No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
 And white just like an end of candle,
 The doctor deemed and proved it too,
 That noses from the nose will do
 As well as noses from the forehead ;
 So, fixed by dint of rag and lint,
 The part was bandaged up and muffled.
 The chair unfastened, Hunks arose,
 And shuffled out, for once unshuffled ;
 And as he went, these words he snuffled—
 " Well, this *is* ' paying thro' the nose.' "

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF
 ST. PAUL'S.

I.

HE man that pays his pence, and goes
 Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
 Looks over London's naked nose,
 Women and men :
 The world is all beneath his ken,
 He sits above the *Ball*.
 He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
 Among the Gods, by Jupiter ! and lets drop
 His eyes from the empyreal clouds
 On mortal crowds.

II.

Seen from these skies,
 How small those emmets in our eyes !
 Some carry little sticks—and one
 His eggs—to warm them in the sun :
 Dear ! what a hustle,
 And bustle !
 And there's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
 So long and thin,
 And so pinched in,
 Just in the pismire taste.

III.

Oh ! what are men ?—Beings so small,
 That should I fall

A VALENTINE.

Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust !

IV.


And what is life ? and all its ages—
There's seven stages !
Turnham Green ! Chelsea ! Putney ! Fulham !
Brentford ! and Kew !
And Tooting, too !
And oh ! what very little nags to pull 'em.
Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we'd got 'em ;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high cross !
Since he would be,—as near the sky,—
Fourteen hands high.

V.

What is this world with London in its lap ?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames that ebbs and flows in its broad channel ?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks ?
Stone planks.
Oh me ! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition !
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *ball* !

A VALENTINE.

I.

 H ! cruel heart ! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath ;
Those cruel eyes, like two funeral tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapours,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost ; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

II.

Ah ! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,
It seemed an omen that we must expect

The sprites of lovers : and it boded true,
 For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect ;
 Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
 With my last pen—before that I effect
 My exit from the stage ; just stopped before
 The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

III.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
 Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
 They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
 Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave ;
 These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
 These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
 Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
 Must bid farewell, a long farewell, to flesh !

IV.

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
 As broken victuals to the worms will go ;
 And all the world will dine again but me—
 For I shall have no stomach ;—and I know,
 When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
 As now thou art ; but will not tears of woe
 Water thy spirits, with remorse adjunct,
 When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct ?

V.

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
 In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
 Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep
 Within thy presence in such dismal seeming ?
 Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
 And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming,
 And pray, with mingled penitence and dread,
 That I were less alive—or not so dead.

VI.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
 This wilful homicide which thou hast done :
 And the sad epitaph of so much love
 Will eat into thy heart, as if in stone :
 And all the lovers that around thee move,
 Will read my fate, and tremble for their own ;
 And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
 " Man, born of woman, must of woman die !"

VII.

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
 And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
 Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
 My hand is destined for another deed.
 But one last word wrung from its aching core,
 And my lone heart in silentness will bleed ;
 Alas ! it ought to take a life to tell
 That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well !

LOVE.



LOVE ! what art thou, Love ? the ace of hearts,
 Trumping earth's kings and queens, and all its
 suits ;

A player, masquerading many parts
 In life's odd carnival ;—A boy that shoots,
 From ladies' eyes, such mortal wounded darts ;
 A gardener, pulling heart's-ease up by the roots ;
 The Puck of Passion—partly false—part real—
 A marriageable maiden's " beau-ideal."

O Love, what art thou, Love ? a wicked thing,
 Making green misses spoil their work at school ;
 A melancholy man, cross-gartering ?
 Grave ripe-faced wisdom made an April fool ?
 A youngster tilting at a wedding-ring ?
 A sinner sitting on a cuttie stool ?
 A Ferdinand de Something in a hovel,
 Helping Matilda Rose to make a novel ?

O Love ! what art thou, Love ? one that is bad
 With palpitations of the heart—like mine—
 A poor bewildered maid, making so sad
 A necklace of her garters—fell design !
 A poet, gone unreasonably mad,
 Ending his sonnets with a hempen line ?
 O Love !—but whither now ? forgive me, pray ;
 I'm not the first that Love hath led astray.

“PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE.”

I.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :
 So he call'd upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

II.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,
 Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
 Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

III.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;
 For the moment will come when such comers must go :
 So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
 “ The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring.”

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILIZATION.

The following Poem—is from the pen of Dr. KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of Authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan,—a real *Homo-genius*, or a Genius of a Man! in the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual, *boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see *The Cook's Oracle*)—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying-Pan in the other,—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic, —as if in the ingredients of Versification, he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation :—And cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*, —without still being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *The Immortal Bard of Avon!*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY those sages err who teach
 That man is known from brutes by speech,
 Which hardly severs man from woman,
 But not th' inhuman from the human,—
 Or else might parrots claim affinity,
 And dogs be doctors by latinity,—
 Not t' insist, (as might be shown,)
 That beasts have gibberish of their own,
 Which once was no dead tongue, though we
 Since Æsop's days have lost the key ;

Nor yet to hint dumb men,—and, still, not
 Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
 But play at dummy like the monkeys,
 For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
 Neither can man be known by feature
 Or form, because so like a creature,
 That some grave men could never shape
 Which is the aped and which the ape,
 Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
 Nor yet because he's black or white,
 But *rational*,—for so we call
 The only COOKING ANIMAL !
 The only one who brings his bit
 Of dinner to the pot or spit,
 For where's the lion e'er was hasty
 To put his ven'son in a pasty?
 Ergo, by logic, we repute,
 That he that cooks is not a brute,—
 But *Equus brutum est*, which means,
 If a horse had sense he'd boil his beans,
 Nay, no one but a horse would forage
 On naked oats instead of porridge,
 Which proves if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
 The difference is culinary.
 Further, as man is known by feeding
 From brutes,—so men from men, in breeding,
 Are still distinguished as they eat,
 And raw in manners raw in meat,—
 Look at the polished nations hight
 The civilized—the most polite
 Is that which bears the praise of nations
 For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
 Whereas, at savage feeders look,—
 The less refined the less they cook ;
 From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
 Across a steak and warm their saddle,
 Down to the Abyssinian squaw,
 That bolts her chops and collops raw,
 And, like a wild beast, cares as little
 To dress her person as her victual,—
 For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
 Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
 And not by shamble bodies put on,
 But those who roast and boil their mutton ;
 So Eve and Adam wore no dresses
 Because they lived on watercresses,
 And till they learned to cook their crudities,

Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
 For niceness comes from th' inner side,
 (As an ox is drest before his hide,)

And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
 The outward man will soon cull rarity,
 For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
 To make a man look like his meat,
 As insects show their food's complexions ;
 Thus foplings' clothes are like confections :
 But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
 Would have an Abyssinian ox come ?—
 Or serve a dish of fricassees,
 To clodpoles in a coat of frieze ?
 Whereas a black would call for buffalo
 Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
 Now (this premised) it follows then
 That certain culinary men
 Should first go forth with pans and spits
 To bring the heathens to their wits,
 (For all wise Scotchmen of our century
 Know that first steps are alimentary ;
 And, as we have proved, flesh-pots and saucepans
 Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans ;)
 But Bunyan erred to think the near gate
 To take man's soul was battering Ear gate,
 When reason should have worked her course
 As men of war do —when their force
 Can't take a town by open courage,
 They steal an entry with its forage.
 What reverend bishop, for example,
 Could preach horned Apis from his temple ?
 Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
 And make his own churchwardens eat him.
 Not Irving could convert those vermin,
 Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon ;
 Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
 Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
 And raise them such a savoury smother,
 No Negro would devour his brother,
 But turn his stomach round as loth
 As Persians, to the old black broth,—
 For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
 As well as true love, through the pantry,
 Where beaux that came at first for feeding
 Grow gallant men and get good breeding ;—
 Exempli gratia—in the West,

* Cook to the late Sir Joseph Banks.

Ship-traders say there swims a nest
 Lined with black natives, like a rookery,
 But coarse as carrion crows at cookery,—
 This race, tho' now called O. Y. E. men,
 (To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
 Was once so ignorant of our knacks
 They laid their mats upon their backs,
 And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
 On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
 As for their bodies, they were coated,
 (For painted things are so denoted ;)
 But, the naked truth is stark primevals,
 That said their prayers to timber devils,
 Allowed polygamy—dwelt in wigwams,—
 And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams,—
 And why?—because their savage nook
 Had ne'er been visited by Cook,—
 And so they fared till our great chief
 Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
 In tubs,—and taught them how to live,
 Knowing it was too soon to give,
 Just then, a homily on their sins,
 (For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
 Or hand his tracts to the untractable
 Till they could keep a more exact table—
 For nature has her proper courses,
 And wild men must be backed like horses,
 Which, jockeys know, are never fit
 For riding till they've had a bit
 I' the mouth ; but then, with proper tackle,
 You may trot them to a tabernacle.
 Ergo (I say) he first made changes
 In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
 And taught the king's cook, by convincing
 Process, that chewing was not mincing,
 And in her black fist thrust a bundle
 Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,
 Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
 She saw the spareness of her habits,
 And round her loins put on a striped
 Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
 And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
 (For aprons lead of course to bibs,)
 And, by the time she had got a meat-
 Screen, veiled her back, too, from the heat—
 As for her gravies and her sauces,
 (Though they reformed the royal fauces,)

Her forcemeats and ragouts,—I praise not,
 Because the legend further says not,
 Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
 And once upon a fat good Fry-day
 Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
 That turn'd the spit, to chop up Dagon !

THE LAST MAN.

' **I** WAS in the year two thousand and one,
 A pleasant morning of May,
 I sat on the gallows'-tree all alone,
 A chaunting a merry lay,—
 To think how the pest had spared my life,
 To sing with the larks that day!

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
 Like a scarecrow, all in rags :
 It made me crow to see his old duds
 All abroad in the wind, like flags :—
 So up he came to the timber's foot
 And pitched down his greasy bags.

Good Lord ! how blithe the old beggar was !
 At pulling out his scraps,—
 The very sight of his broken orts
 Made a work in his wrinkled chaps :
 "Come down," says he, "you Newgate bird,
 And have a taste of my snaps !"——

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
 I slid, and by him stood ;
 But I wished myself on the gallows again
 When I smelt that beggar's food,
 A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust ;
 "Oh !" quoth he, "the heavens are good !"

Then after this grace he cast him down :
 Says I, "You'll get sweeter air
 A pace or two off, on the windward side,"
 For the felons' bones lay there.
 But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
 And offer'd them part of his fare.

"I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me :
 Let the proud and the rich be cravens !"
 I did not like that strange beggar man,
 He looked so up at the heavens.

Anon he shook out his empty old poke ;
 " There's the crumbs," saith he, " for the ravens !"

It made me angry to see his face,
 It had such a jesting look ;
 But while I made up my mind to speak,
 A small case-bottle he took :
 Quoth he, " Though I gather the green watercress,
 My drink is not of the brook !"

Full manners-like he tendered the dram ;
 Oh, it came of a dainty cask !
 But whenever it came to his turn to pull,
 " Your leave, good sir, I must ask ;
 But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
 When a hangman sups at my flask !"

And then he laughed so loudly and long,
 The churl was quite out of breath ;
 I thought the very Old One was come
 To mock me before my death,
 And wished I had buried the dead men's bones
 That were lying about the heath !

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
 " Come, let us pledge each other,
 For all the wide world is dead beside,
 And we are brother and brother—
 I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
 As if we had come of one mother.

" I've a yearning for thee in my heart
 That almost makes we weep,
 For as I passed from town to town
 The folks were all stone asleep,—
 But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
 It made me both laugh and leap !"

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
 And a curse upon his mirth,—
 An' if it were not for that beggar man
 I'd be the King of the earth,—
 But I promised myself an hour should come
 To make him rue his birth.—

So down we sat and boused again
 Till the sun was in mid-sky,
 When, just when the gentle west-wind came,
 We hearkened a dismal cry ;

"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,
"Till these horrible dogs go by!"

And lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk down at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turned, and looked at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight;
Anon, saith he, "Let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozy barn for to-night!"

With that he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we fared that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest.
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best;—

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds:
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knocked at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turned to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorned so humble a mate!

So *he* turned right, and *I* turned left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;

And for three brave holidays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a proper vest ;
It was purple velvet, stitched o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast !—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest !

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass ;
In vain I watched, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass !
But sheep and kine wandered up the street,
And browsed on the new-come grass.

When lo ! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing !—
His rags were lapped in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King ;
So he stepped right up before my gate
And danced me a saucy fling !

Heaven mend us all !—but, within my mind,
I had killed him then and there ;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws !
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

Oh, how gaily I doffed my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes ;
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,—
And never was one of the sloths ;

But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

So I hauled him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags ;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doomed man always lags ;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind, and airing his rags !

So there he hung, and there I stood,
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth ;
Quoth I, now I shall thrive !
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive ?

My conscience began to gnaw my heart,
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun !—
But it seemed as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one !

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie ;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me !
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bade me up the tree !

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean brim :—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim !

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord !
But the beggar man, where was he ?—
There was naught of him but some ribbons or rags
Below the gallows'-tree.
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me !—

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And covered the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone !

For the lion and Adam were company,
 And the tiger him beguiled :
 But the simple kine are foes to my life,
 And the household brutes are wild.
 If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
 I could love it like a child !

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dream
 At night, to make me madder,—
 And my wretched conscience within my breast
 Is like a stinging adder ;
 I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
 And look at the rope and ladder !—

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas ! in vain
 My desperate fancy begs,—
 I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
 And drink it to the dregs,—
 For there is not another man alive,
 In the world, to pull my legs !

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

AN OLD BALLAD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
 A carpenter by trade ;
 And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
 That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetched a walk one day,
 They met a press-gang crew ;
 And Sally she did faint away,
 Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
 Enough to shock a saint,
 That though she did seem in a fit,
 'Twas nothing but a feint.

“ Come, girl,” said he, “ hold up your head,
 He'll be as good as me ;
 For when your swain is in our boat,
 A boatswain he will be.”

So when they'd made their game of her,
 And taken off her elf,
 She roused, and found she only was
 A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"

She cried, and wept outright :

"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,

"Now, young woman," said he,

"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben

To sail with old Benbow ;"

And her woe began to run afresh,

As if she'd said Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him

To the Tender ship, you see ;"

"The Tender ship," cried Sally Brown,

"What a hard-ship that must be !

"Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,

For then I'd follow him ;

But oh ! I'm not a fish-woman,

And so I cannot swim.

"Alas ! I was not born beneath

The Virgin and the Scales,

So I must curse my cruel stars,

And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place

That's underneath the world ;

But in two years the ship came home,

And all her sails were furled.

But when he called on Sally Brown,

To see how she went on,

He found she'd got another Ben,

Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,

How could you serve me so ?

I've met with many a breeze before,

But never such a blow."

Then reading on his 'bacco box,

He heaved a bitter sigh,


And then began to eye his pipe,

And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
 But could not though he tried :
 His head was turned, and so he chewed
 His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happened in his berth,
 At forty-odd befell :
 They went and told the sexton, and
 The sexton toll'd the bell.

BACKING THE FAVOURITE.

 H a pistol, or a knife !
 For I'm weary of my life,—
 My cup has nothing sweet left to flavour it ;
 My estate is out at nurse,
 And my heart is like my purse,—
 And all through backing of the favourite !

At dear O'Neil's first start,
 I sported all my heart,—
 Oh, Becher, he never marred a braver hit !
 For he crossed her in her race,
 And made her lose her place,
 And there was an end of that Favourite !

Anon to mend my chance,
 For the Goddess of the Dance*
 I pined, and told my enslaver it !—
 But she wedded in a canter,
 And made me a Levanter,
 In foreign lands to sigh for the Favourite !

The next Miss M. A. Tree
 I adored, so sweetly she
 Could warble like a nightingale and quaver it,—
 But she left that course of life
 To be Mr. Bradshaw's wife,
 And all the world lost on the Favourite !


* The late favourite of the King's Theatre, who left the pas seul of life for a perpetual *Ball*: Is not that her effigy now commonly borne about by the Italian image vendors—an ethereal form holding a wreath with both hands above her head—and her husband, in emblem, beneath her foot?

But out of sorrow's surf
 Soon I leaped upon the turf,
 Where fortune loves to wanton it and waver it ;—
 But standing on the pet,
 " O my bonny, bonny Bet !"
 Black and yellow pulled short up with the Favourite !

Thus flung by all the crack,
 I resolved to cut the pack,—
 The second-raters seemed then a safer hit !
 So I laid my little odds
 Against Memnon ! O ye Gods !
 Am I always to be floored by the Favourite !

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

" Alas ! what perils do environ
 That man who meddles with a siren !"—*Hudibras.*

 N Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
 And the sentimental reads ;
 Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes
 Like the ocean—to cast her weeds ;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
 And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
 Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
 And the Chandler for watery dips ;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
 As lovely and fair as sin !
 But woe, deep water and woe to him,
 That she snareth like Peter Fin !

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,
 And her locks are golden and loose,
 And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
 To stand, of course, in her shoes !

And all day long she combeth them well,
 With a sea-shark's prickly jaw ;
 And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,
 The fairest that man e'er saw !

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
 Hath planted his seat by her side ;
 " Good even, fair maid ! Is thy lover at sea,
 To make thee so watch the tide ?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand ;
“ Come, love, with me ; I’ve a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin sand.”

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e’er was sweeter ;
Poor wretch ! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter :

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo ;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide ;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair began to stiffen ;
For when he looked where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen !

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin’s growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak :
At last she opened her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke :

“ You crimpt my father, who was a skate,—
And my sister you sold—a maid ;
So here remain for a fish’ry fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed !”

And away she went, with a seagull’s scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail ;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail !

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other’s back !

Ah me ! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round ;
But the green water-hillocks all seem’d to him
Like those in a churchyard ground ;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
 Not in watery graves to be ;
 Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
 On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
 Encroached on every hand,
 And the ground decreased,—his moments of life
 Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand ;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
 In front, and on either flank,
 He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
 There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
 The surges came tumbling in,
 He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
 And thought of every sin !

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
 As cold as his marble slab ;
 And he thought he felt, in every part,
 The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
 And the little potted shrimps,
 All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
 Gnawed into his soul, like imps !

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
 And the glorious sun was sunk,
 And Day, getting black in the face, as though
 Of the night-shade she had drunk !

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
 One tub, or keg, to be seen,
 It might have given his spirits a lift
 Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
 To raft him from that sad place ;
 Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
 Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
 He saw a sail and a mast,
 And called " Ahoy ! "—but it was not a hoy,
 And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,
 The wild bird about him flew,
 With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
 "Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
 Oh! his heart began to freeze,
 And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
 The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,
 And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
 And washed away the other salt drops
 That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
 And the surges above him broke,
 He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat
 Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
 And chafed his shivering skin;
 And the Angel returned that was flying away
 With the spirit of Peter Fin!

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.



H! What's befallen Bessy Brown,
 She stands so squalling in the street;
 She's let her pitcher tumble down,
 And all the water's at her feet!

The little schoolboys stood about,
 And laughed to see her pumping, pumping;
 Now with a curtesy to the spout,
 And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours
 To have their turns:—but she must lose
 The watery wages of her labours,—
 Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
 And ugly transport in her face;
 All like a jugless nightingale,
 She thinks of her bereavèd case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams!—
 And pours her flood of sorrows out,
 From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
 Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
 Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
 That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
 Must be dry-rubbed with huck-a-back !

A FAIRY TALE.



N Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road,
 As western travellers may oft have seen,—
 A little house some years ago there stood,
 A minikin abode ;

And built like Mr. Birkbeck's all of wood :
 The walls of white, the window-shutters green,—
 Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West,
 (Though now at rest)

On which it used to wander to and fro,
 Because its master ne'er maintained a rider,
 Like those who trade in Paternoster Row ;
 But made his business travel for itself,
 Till he had made his pelf,
 And then retired—if one may call it so,
 Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
 Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
 Made him more relish the repose and quiet
 Of his now sedentary caravan ;
 Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
 And so he might impale a strip of soil
 That furnished, by his toil,

Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ;—
 And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower :
 Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
 His peace, unless, in some unlucky hour,
 A stray horse came, and gobbled up his bow'r.

But tired of always looking at the coaches,
 The same to come,—when they had seen them one day !
 And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
 Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
 And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
 So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
 They turned themselves, like other folks, to reading ;

But setting out where others nigh have done,
 And being ripened in the seventh stage,
 The childhood of old age,
 Began, as other children have begun,—
 Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
 Or Bard of Hope,
 Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
 But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
 And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
 Or Valentine and Orson—
 But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
 And being easily melted in their dotage,
 Slobber'd,—and kept
 Reading,—and wept
 Over the white Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
 They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
 In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
 If talking Trees and Birds revealed to him,
 She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggons,
 And magic fishes swim
 In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
 Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons ;
 When as it fell upon a summer's day,
 As the old man sat a feeding
 On the old-babe reading,
 Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
 A hideous roar
 Proclaimed a drove of beasts was coming by the way,
 Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
 Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
 Or Durham feed ;
 With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
 From nether side of Tweed,
 Or Firth of Forth ;
 Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
 With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
 When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
 Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank ;
 Or whether
 Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
 However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
 Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
 Kicked out a passage through the beastly rabble ;
 And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
 Horn-pipe before the basket-maker's villa,

Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
 Backed his beefsteaks against the wooden gable,
 And thrust his brawny bell-ropé of a tail
 Right o'er the page,
 Wherein the sage
 Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
 Could not peruse,—who could?—two tales at once ;
 And being huffed
 At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft ;
 Banged-to the door,
 But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
 Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel :—
 The monster gave a roar,
 And bolting off with speed increased by pain,
 The little house became a coach once more,
 And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again !

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
 The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
 Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
 Was getting up some household herbs for supper ;
 Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
 And quaintly wondering if magic shifts
 Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
 To turn it to a coach ;—what pretty gifts
 Might come of cabbages, and curly kale ;
 Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
 Nor turned, till home had turned a corner, quite
 Gone out of sight !

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
 Weary of sitting on her russet clothing
 And looking round
 Where rest was to be found,
 There was no house—no villa there—no nothing !
 No house !

The change was quite amazing ;
 It made her senses stagger for a minute,
 The riddle's explication seemed to harden ;
 But soon her superannuated *nous*
 Explain'd the horrid mystery ;—and raising
 Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
 On which she meant to sup,—
 "Well ! this *is* Fairy work ! I'll bet a farden,
 Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
 And set me down in some one else's garden !"

THE FALL OF THE DEER.

[From an old MS.]

NOW the loud Crye is up, and harke !
 The barkye Trees give back the Bark ;
 The House Wife heares the merrie rout,
 And runnes,—and lets the beere run out,
 Leaving her Babes to weepe,—for why ?
 She likes to heere the Deer Dogges crye,
 And see the wild Stag how he stretches
 The naturall Buck-skin of his Breeches,
 Running like one of Human kind
 Dogged by fleet Bailiffes close behind—
 As if he had not payde his Bill
 For Ven'son, or was owing still
 For his two Hornes, and soe did get
 Over his Head and Ears in Debt ;—
 Wherefore he strives to paye his Waye
 With his long Legges the while he maye :—
 But he is chased, like Silver Dish,
 As well as anye Hart may wish
 Except that one whose Heart doth beat
 So faste it hasteneth his Feet ;—
 And runninge soe he holdeth Death
 Four Feet from him;—till his Breath
 Faileth, and slacking Pace at last,
 From runninge slow he standeth faste,
 With hornie Bayonettes at baye
 To baying Dogges around, and they
 Pushing him sore, he pusheth sore,
 And goreth them that seek his Gore,—
 Whatever Dogge his Horne doth rive
 Is dead—as sure as he's alive !
 So that courageous Hart doth fight
 With Fate, and calleth up his might,
 And standeth stout that he may fall
 Bravelye, and be avenged of all,
 Nor like a Craven yeeld his Breath
 Under the Jaws of Dogges and Death !

DECEMBER AND MAY.

" Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."—SHAKSPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
 " Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely
 eyes away ?
 You ought to be more fortified." " Ah, brute, be quiet, do,
 I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you !

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me you swore, and I—I took you at your word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've made;
To live and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober
truth,

You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you
huff."

"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old
enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet
hive;

I'll be the best of men—I mean, I'll be the best *alive!*

Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."

"I thank ye, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the more."

A WINTER NOSEGAY.



H, withered winter blossoms,
Dowager-flowers,—the December vanity,
In antiquated visages and bosoms,—
What are ye planned for,
Unless to stand for
Emblems, and peevish morals of humanity?
There is my Quaker Aunt,
A Paper-Flower,—with a formal border
No breeze could e'er disorder,
Pouting at that old beau—the Winter Cherry,
A puckered berry;
And Box, like a tough-lived annuitant,—
Verdant alway—
From quarter-day even to quarter-day;
And poor old Honesty, as thin as want,
Well named—God-wot;
Under the baptism of the water-pot,
The very apparition of a plant;
And why,
Dost hold thy head so high,
Old Winter-Daisy;—
Because thy virtue never was infirm,
Howe'er thy stalk be crazy?
That never wanton fly, or blighting worm,
Made holes in thy most perfect indentation?
'Tis likely that sour leaf,
To garden thief,

Forcepp'd or winged, was never a temptation ;—
 Well,—still uphold thy wintry reputation ;
 Still shalt thou frown upon all lovers' trial :
 And when, like Grecian maids, young maids of ours
 Converse with flow'rs,
 Then thou shalt be the token of denial.
 Away ! dull weeds,
 Born without beneficial use or needs !
 Fit only to deck out cold winding-sheets ;
 And then not for the milkmaid's funeral bloom,
 Or fair Fidele's tomb—
 To tantalize,—vile cheats !
 Some prodigal bee, with hope of after-sweets,
 Frigid and rigid,
 As if ye never knew
 One drop of dew,
 Or the warm sun resplendent ;
 Indifferent of culture and of care,
 Giving no sweets back to the fostering air,
 Churlishly independent—
 I hate ye, of all breeds !
 Yea, all that live so selfishly—to self,
 And not by interchange of kindly deeds—
 Hence !—from my shelf !

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

IT was a young maiden went forth to ride,
 And there was a wooer to pace by her side ;
 His horse was so little, and hers so high,
 He thought his angel was up in the sky.

His love was great, though his wit was small ;
 He bade her ride easy—and that was all.
 The very horses began to neigh,—
 Because their betters had nought to say.

They rode by elm, and they rode by oak,
 They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke :
 “ My pretty maiden, if you'll agree,
 You shall always amble through life with me.”

The damsel answered him never a word,
 But kicked the grey mare, and away she spurred.
 The wooer still followed behind the jade,
 And enjoyed—like a wooer—the dust she made.

They rode thro' moss, and they rode thro' moor,—
 The gallant behind and the lass before :—
 At last they came to a miry place,
 And there the sad wooer gave up the chase.

Quoth he, " If my nag was better to ride,
 I'd follow her over the world so wide.
 Oh, it is not my love that begins to fail,
 But I've lost the last glimpse of the grey mare's tail ! "

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.


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

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

 TIM TURPIN.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I.


 IM Turpin he was gravel blind,
 And ne'er had seen the skies ;
 For Nature when his head was made,
 Forgot to dot his eyes.

II.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forced to do—
Look out for pupils; for he had
A vacancy for two.

III.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small :
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

IV.

Now Tim he wooed a servant maid,
And took her to his arms ;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

V.

By day she led him up and down,
Where'er he wished to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The life of any dog,

VI.

But just when Tim had lived a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

VII.

But when his eyes were opened thus,
He wished them dark again :
For when he looked upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

VIII.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat :
For she was anything but like
A grace before his meat.

IX.

Now Tim he was a feeling man ;
For when his sight was thick
It made him feel for everything—
But that was with a stick.

TIM TURPIN.

X.

So, with a cudgel in his hand—
 It was not light or slim—
 He knocked at his wife's head until
 It opened unto him.

XI.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
 He took his slaughtered spouse,
 And laid her in a heap with all
 The ashes of her house.

XII.

But like a wicked murderer,
 He lived in constant fear
 From day to day, and so he cut
 His throat from ear to ear.

XIII.

The neighbours fetched a doctor in;
 Said he, "This wound I dread
 Can hardly be sewed up—his life
 Is hanging on a thread."

XIV.

But when another week was gone,
 He gave him stronger hope—
 Instead of hanging on a thread,
 Of hanging on a rope.

XV.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work
 In ashes round about,
 How little he supposed the truth
 Would soon be sifted out.

XVI.

But when the parish dustman came,
 His rubbish to withdraw,
 He found more dust within the heap
 Than he contracted for!

XVII.

A dozen men to try the fact
 Were sworn that very day;
 But though they all were jurors, yet
 No conjurers were they.

XVIII.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
 You need not waste your breath,
 For I confess myself at once
 The author of her death.

XIX.

And, oh ! when I reflect upon
 The blood that I have spilt,
 Just like a button is my soul,
 Inscribed with double *guilt* !

XX.

Then turning round his head again,
 He saw before his eyes,
 A great judge, and a little judge,
 The judges of a-size !

XXI.

The great judge took his judgment cap,
 And put it on his head,
 And sentenced Tim by law to hang
 Till he was three times dead.

XXII.

So he was tried, and he was hung
 (Fit punishment for such)
 On Horsham-drop, and none can say
 It was a drop too much.

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERNE.

TIS strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
 Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers ;
 But there are many shallow politicians,
 Who take their bias from bewildered journals—
 Turn State physicians,
 And make themselves fools'-caps of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
 Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
 That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
 And man a tyrant over all his breed.
 He could not read

Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
 But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
 And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers.
 His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
 And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,

To sever chains vexatious.

In fact, he thought that all his injured line
 Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
 Till they had cleared a road to Freedom's shrine,—
 Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop 'em.

Full of this rancour,
 Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,

It came into his brains

To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;
 Where certain solemn sages of the nation
 Were at that moment in deliberation
 How to relieve the wide world of its chains,

Pluck despots down,

And thereby crown

Whitee as well as blackee-man-cipation.

Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
 And gazed with pride upon the Liberators';

To see mere coalheavers

Such perfect Bolivars—

Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators—

And slaters dignified as legislators—

Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
 Of liberty) an universal licence—

And patten-makers easing Freedom's clogs—

The whole thing seemed

So fine, he deemed

The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
 Walked out at last, and turned into the Strand,

To the left hand,

Conning some portions of the previous twaddle,
 And striding with a step that seemed designed

To represent the mighty March of Mind,
 Instead of that slow waddle

Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined.
 No wonder, then, that he should quickly find

He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
 Where Cross keeps many a kind

Of bird confined,

And free-born animal, in durance vile—

A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile.

The window stood ajar—
 It was not far,
 Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
 The hour was verging on the supper-time,
 And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
 Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
 And soon crept in,
 Unnoticed in the din
 Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
 With all the harshest notes that they could bring ;
 For, like the Jews,
 Wild beasts refuse
 In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord ! how it made him chafe,
 Full of his new emancipating zeal,
 To look around upon this brute-bastile,
 And see the king of creatures in—a safe !
 The desert's denizen in one small den,
 Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
 A bear in bars unbearable. And then
 The fretful porcupine, with all its quills
 Imprisoned in a pen !
 A tiger limited to four feet ten,
 And, still worse lot,
 A leopard to one spot !
 An elephant enlarged,
 But not discharged,
 (It was before the elephant was shot ;)
 A doleful wanderer, that wandered not ;
 An ounce much disproportioned to his pound.
 Pug's wrath waxed hot
 To gaze upon these captive creatures round ;
 Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
 They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter
 Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
 Of hapless fowls—
 Cranes, vultures, owls ;
 In fact, it was a sort of Poultry Compter,
 Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop :
 Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
 Not from the skies, but his impending roof ;
 And there aloof,
 A pining ostrich, moping in a coop ;
 With other samples of the bird creation,

All caged against their powers and their wills ;
 And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
 Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
 In truth, it was a very ugly scene
 To fall to any liberator's share,
 To see those wingèd fowls, that once had been
 Free as the wind, no freer than fixed air.

His temper little mended,
 Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
 Unto the lion and the elephant,
 His bosom in a pant
 To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
 And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
 They could not even prey
 In their own way—
 A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.
 Thus he revolved,
 And soon resolved
 To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night there were no country cousins, raw
 From Wales, to view the lion and his kin :
 The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw ;
 The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin ;
 Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
 Pug hastened to withdraw
 The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
 Now, monarch of the forest ! thou shalt win
 Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone ;
 Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
 But loose to roam with liberty and nature,
 And free of all the jungles about London—
 All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee !
 Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
 Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
 And turn a ranger
 Of Hounslow Forest and the Regent's Park—
 Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger,
 And gobble parish watchmen after dark :—
 Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
 Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave). Alas,
 That such bright visions should not come to pass !
 Alas, for freedom, and for freedom's hero !
 Alas, for liberty of life and limb !
 For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
 When Nero *bolted him !*

DEATH'S RAMBLE.



NE day the dreary old King of Death
 Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
 So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
 And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
 His body was lean and lank,
 His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
 Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
 This goblin of grisly bone?
 He dabbled and spilled man's blood, and he killed
 Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughtered it made him laugh,
 (For the man was a coffin-maker,)
 To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
 Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
 Quoth he, "We shall not differ."
 And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
 For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
 In fear they could not smother;
 And he shot one through at once—for he knew
 They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
 And he gave a snore infernal;
 Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep
 Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach,
 So slow, that his fare grew sick;
 But he let him stray on his tedious way,
 For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
 In the spirit of his fraternity;
 But he knew that sort of man would extort
 Though summoned to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
 But he let him write no further;
 For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
 Is jealous of all self-murder!

Death saw a patient that pulled out his purse,
 And a doctor that took the sum ;
 But he let them be—for he knew that the “ fee ”
 Was a prelude to “ faw ” and “ fum.”

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
 And he gave him a mortal thrust ;
 For himself, by law, since Adam’s flaw,
 Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
 And he marked him out for slaughter ;
 For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
 And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
 But the game wasn’t worth a dump,
 For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
 To wait for the final trump !

CRANIOLOGY.

HIS strange how like a very dunce,
 Man—with his bumps upon his scone,
 Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
 Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
 A science that by simple dint of
 Head-combing he should find a hint of,
 When scratching o’er those little poll-hills,
 The faculties throw up like mole-hills ;
 A science that, in very spite
 Of all his teeth, ne’er came to light,
 For though he knew his skull had *grinders*,
 Still there turned up no *organ finders*,
 Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
 And no man’s head came in his head—
 Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
 Knew aught about its *pia mater*.
 At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
 I don’t know but it might be Spurzheim—
 Tho’ native of a dull and slow land,
 And makes partition of our Poll-land ;
 At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
 And all those necessary *nesses*
 Indicative of human habits,
 All burrowing in the head like rabbits.

Thus Veneration, he made known,
 Had got a lodging at the Crown ;
 And Music (see Deville's example)
 A set of chambers in the Temple ;
 That Language taught the tongues close by,
 And took in pupils thro' the eye,
 Close by his neighbour Computation,
 Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
 Terms—having struggled from its nit,
 Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
 Those scientific hotch-potch men,
 Who have at least a penny dip,
 And wallop in all doctorship,
 Just as in making broth they smatter
 By bobbing twenty things in water :
 These men, I say, made quick appliance
 And close, to phrenologic science ;
 For of all learnèd themes whatever,
 That schools and colleges deliver,
 There's none they love so near the bodles,
 As analysing their own noddles ;
 Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
 Had got his fingers in his shock head,
 And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
 Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse ;
 Till having been sufficient rangers
 Of their own heads, they took to strangers'
 And found in Presbyterians' polls
 The things they hated in their souls !
 For Presbyterians hear with passion
 Of organs joined with veneration.
 No kind there was of human pumpkin
 But at its bumps it had a bumpkin ;
 Down to the very lowest gullion,
 And oiliest skull of oily scullion.
 No great man died but this they *did* do,
 They begged his cranium of his widow :
 No murderer died by law disaster,
 But they took off his sconce in plaster ;
 For thereon they could show depending,
 " The head and front of his offending :"
 How that his philanthropic bump
 Was mastered by a baser lump ;
 For every bump (these wags insist)
 Has its direct antagonist,

Each striving stoutly to prevail,
 Like horses knotted tail to tail !
 And many a stiff and sturdy battle
 Occurs between these adverse cattle,
 The secret cause, beyond all question,
 Of aches ascribed to indigestion,—
 Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
 Tugging together like sheer devils,
 Till one gets mastery, good or sinister,
 And comes in like a new prime-minister.


Each bias in some master node is :—
 What takes M'Adam where a road is,
 To hammer little pebbles less ?
 His organ of Destructiveness.
 What makes great Joseph so encumber
 Debate ? a lumping lump of Number :
 Or Malthus rail at babies so ?
 The smallness of his Philopro—
 What severs man and wife ? a simple
 Defect of the Adhesive pimple :
 Or makes weak women go astray ?
 Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
 By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border,
 To make them for some months eternal,
 Were entered monthly in a journal,
 That many a northern sage still writes in,
 And throws his little Northern Lights in,
 And proves and proves about the phrenos,
 A great deal more than I or he knows :
 How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
 By wearing tight hats round the temple ;
 What ills great boxers have to fear
 From blisters put behind the ear ;
 And how a porter's Veneration
 Is hurt by porter's occupation ;
 Whether shillelaghs in reality
 May deaden Individuality ;
 Or tongs and poker be creative
 Of alterations in th' Amative ;
 If falls from scaffolds make us less
 Inclined to all Constructiveness :
 With more such matters, all applying
 To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."—*Rogers.*

I.

OME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil ;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

II.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

III.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh ! what ages and pages there are to revise !
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes !"

IV.

What a sweet pretty innocent, half a yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make !
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

V.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh ! how little they dreamt they were driving them in !

VI.

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allowed to indulge in its note ;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat ?

VII.

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce ?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same ?
Oh ! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails" with a child, an unpleasantish game !

VIII.

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight ;
Why should weeks have an end ?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath to follow each Saturday night.

IX.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub ?
 Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand ?
 Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub,
 And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand ?

X.

Then a schoolboy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
 For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
 But how well I remember that “pepper and salt,”
 That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees !

XI.

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke !
 With a lanky right leg duly planted before ;
 Whilst I told of the chief that was killed by my stroke,
 And extended *my* arms as “the arms that he wore !”

XII.

Next a Lover—Oh ! say, were you ever in love ?
 With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot !
 Have you bowed to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove ?
 Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot ?

XIII.

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
 Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men ?
 When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
 Oh ! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then !

XIV.

I am withered and worn by a premature care,
 And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days ;
 Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
 And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays.

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

THERE'S some is born with their legs straight by
 natur—
 And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
 And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,
 But they were badly nursed,
 And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
 Astride of casks and kegs.
 I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard
 And starboard,
 And this is what it was that warped my legs :

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
 That fouled my cable when I ought to sli? ;
 But on the tenth of May,
 When I gets under weigh,
 Down there in Hartfordshire, to join my ship,
 I sees the mail
 Get under sail,
 The only one there was to make the trip.
 Well, I gives chase,
 But as she run
 Two knots to one,
 There warn't no use in keeping on the race !

Well, casting round about, what next to try on,
 And how to spin,
 I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
 And bears away to leeward for the inn,
 Beats round the gable,
 And fetches up before the coach-horse stable.
 Well, there they stand, four kickers in a row,
 And so
 I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
 But riding isn't in a seaman's natur ;
 So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,
 And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
 To splice me, heel to heel,
 Under the she-mare's keel,
 And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn !

My eyes ! how she did pitch !
 And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
 Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
 But always making lee-way to the ditch,
 And yawed her head about all sorts of ways.
 The devil sink the craft !
 And wasn't she tremendous slack in stays !
 We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft !
 Well, I suppose
 We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
 (What will you have on it ?)—but off she goes,
 Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond !
 There I am ! all a-back !
 So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
 To heave her head round on the t'other tack ;
 But when I starts,
 The leather parts,
 And goes away right over by the ears !

What could a fellow do,
 Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
 But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
 And square his yard-arms and brace up his elbows,
 In rig all snug and clever,
 Just while his craft was taking in her water ?
 I didn't like my berth, though, howsomdever,
 Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter.
 Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter !

The chase had gained a mile
 Ahead, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking :
 Now, all the while
 Her body didn't take, of course, to shrinking.
 Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking ;
 And so she swelled and swelled,
 And yet the tackle held,
 Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
 My eyes, but she took in enough to founder !
 And there's my timbers straining every bit,
 Ready to split,
 And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder !

Well, there— off Hartford Ness,
 We lay both lashed and water-logged together,
 And can't contrive a signal of distress.
 Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
 Tho' sick of riding out, and nothing less ;
 When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn .
 " Hollo ! " says I, " come underneath her quarter ! "
 And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
 So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
 And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
 A-standing by the water.
 If I get on another, I'll be blowed !
 And that's the way, you see, my legs got bowed !

 JACK HALL.

I.

TIS very hard when men forsake
 This melancholy world, and make
 A bed of turf, they cannot take
 A quiet doze,
 But certain rogues will come and break
 Their " bone repose."

JACK HALL.

VIII.

Night after night, with crow and spade,
 He drove this dead but thriving trade,
 Meanwhile his conscience never weighed
 A single horsehair ;
 On corses of all kinds he preyed,
 A perfect corsair !

IX.

At last—it may be, Death took spite,
 Or jesting, only meant to fright—
 He sought for Jack night after night
 The churchyards round ;
 And soon they met, the man and sprite,
 In Pancras' ground.

X.

Jack, by the glimpses of the moon,
 Perceived the bony knacker soon,
 An awful shape to meet at noon
 Of night and lonely ;
 But Jack's tough courage did but swoon
 A minute only.

XI

Anon he gave his spade a swing
 Aloft, and kept it brandishing,
 Ready for what mishaps might spring
 From this conjunction ;
 Funking indeed was quite a thing
 Beside his function.

XII.

“Hollo !” cried Death, “d'ye wish your sands
 Run out ? the stoutest never stands
 A chance with me,—to my commands
 The strongest truckles ;
 But I'm your friend—so let's shake hands,
 I should say—knuckles.”

XIII.

Jack, glad to see th' old sprite so sprightly,
 And meaning nothing but uprightly,
 Shook hands at once, and bowing slightly,
 His mull did proffer :
 But Death, who had no nose, politely
 Declined the offer.

XX.

Jack nothing loth, with friendly ease
 Spoke up at once :—" Why, what ye please ;
 Hard by there is the Cheshire Cheese,
 A famous tap."
 But this suggestion seemed to tease
 The bony chap.

XXI.

" No, no !—your mortal drinks are heady,
 And only make my hand unsteady ;
 I do not even care for Deady,
 And loathe your rum ;
 But I've some glorious brewage ready,
 My drink is—mum !"

XXII.

And off they set, each right content—
 Who knows the dreary way they went ?
 But Jack felt rather faint and spent,
 And out of breath ;
 At last he saw, quite evident,
 The Door of Death.

XXIII.

All other men had been unmanned
 To see a coffin on each hand,
 That served a skeleton to stand
 By way of sentry ;
 In fact, Death has a very grand
 And awful entry.

XXIV.

Throughout his dismal sign prevails,
 His name is writ in coffin nails ;
 The mortal darts make area rails ;
 A skull that mocketh
 Grins on the gloomy gate, and quails
 Whoever knocketh.

XXV.

And lo ! on either side, arise
 Two monstrous pillars—bones of thighs ;
 A monumental slab supplies
 The step of stone
 Where, waiting for his master, lies
 A dog of bone.

XXXII.

One skip and hop and he was clear,
 And running like a hunted deer,
 As fleet as people run by fear
 Well spurred and whipped,
 Death, ghosts, and all in that career
 Were quite outstripped.

XXXIII.

But those who live by death must die ;
 Jack's soul at last prepared to fly ;
 And when his latter end drew nigh,
 Oh ! what a swarm
 Of doctors came,—but not to try
 To keep him warm.

XXXIV.

No ravens ever scented prey
 So early where a dead horse lay,
 Nor vultures sniffed so far away
 A last convulse :
 A dozen " guests " day after day
 Were " at his pulse."

XXXV.

'Twas strange, although they got no fees,
 How still they watched by twos and threes :
 But Jack a very little ease
 Obtained from them ;
 In fact, he did not find M.D.s
 Worth one D—M.

XXXVI.

The passing bell with hollow toll
 Was in his thought—the dreary hole !
 Jack gave his eyes a horrid roll,
 And then a cough.
 " There's something weighing on my soul
 I wish was off :

XXXVII.

" All night it roves about my brains,
 All day it adds to all my pains ;
 It is concerning my remains
 When I am dead."
 Twelve wigs and twelve gold-headed canes
 Drew near his bed.

XXXVIII.

"Alas!" he sighed, "I'm sore afraid,
 A dozen pangs my heart invade;
 But when I drove a certain trade
 In flesh and bone,
 There was a little bargain made
 About my own."

XXXIX.

Twelve suits of black began to close,
 Twelve pairs of sleek and sable hose,
 Twelve flowing cambric frills in rows,
 At once drew round;
 Twelve noses turned against his nose,
 Twelve snubs profound.

XL.

"Ten guineas did not quite suffice,
 And so I sold my body twice;
 Twice did not do—I sold it thrice:
 Forgive my crimes!
 In short, I have received its price
 A dozen times!"

XLI.

Twelve brows got very grim and black,
 Twelve wishes stretched him on the rack,
 Twelve pairs of hands for fierce attack
 Took up position,
 Ready to share the dying Jack
 By long division.

XLII.

Twelve angry doctors wrangled so,
 That twelve had struck an hour ago,
 Before they had an eye to throw
 On the departed;
 Twelve heads turned round at once, and lo!
 Twelve doctors started.

XLIII.

Whether some comrade of the dead,
 Or Satan took it in his head,
 To steal the corpse—the corpse had fled!
 'Tis only written,
 That "*there was nothing in the bed,*
 But twelve were bitten!"

THE WEE MAN.

A ROMANCE.

IT was a merry company,
 And they were just afloat,
 When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
 Came up and hailed the boat.

“ Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
 And will you let me in?
 A slender space will serve my case,
 For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
 And very small and thin;
 Not seven such would matter much,
 And so they took him in.

They laughed to see his little hat,
 With such a narrow brim;
 They laughed to note his dapper coat,
 With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
 When, gravely, one and all
 At once began to think the man
 Was not so very small:

His coat had got a broader skirt,
 His hat a broader brim;
 His leg grew stout, and soon plumped out
 A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
 More rough the billows grew,—
 And rose and fell, a greater swell,
 And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
 For six there scarce was space!
 For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
 Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
 They crowded by degrees—
 Ay—closer yet, till elbows met,
 And knees were jogging knees.

" Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in !"
Without a word he gravely stirred,
Another seat to win.

" Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee !"
With smiling face and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord ! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in ;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dewdrop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
" P the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what ?"

Loud laughed the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
" When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*"

A BUTCHER.

MHOE'ER has gone thro' London street
Has seen a Butcher gazing at his meat,
And how he keeps
Gloating upon a sheep's
Or bullock's personals, as if his own ;
How he admires his halves
And quarters—and his calves,
As if in truth upon his own legs grown ;
His fat ! his suet !
His kidneys peeping elegantly thro' it !
His thick flank !
And his thin !
His shank !
His shin !
Skin of his skin, and bone too of his bone !

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

With what an air
 He stands aloof, across the thoroughfare
 Gazing—and will not let a body by,
 Tho' buy ! buy ! buy ! be constantly his cry.
 Meanwhile with arms akimbo, and a pair
 Of Rhodian legs, he revels in a stare
 At his Joint Stock—for one may call it so,
 Howbeit without a *Co.*
 The dotage of self-love was never fonder
 Than he of his brute bodies all a-row ;
 Narcissus in the wave did never ponder
 With love so strong,
 On his "portrait charmant,"
 As our vain Butcher on his carcass yonder.

Look at his sleek round skull !
 How bright his cheek, how rubicund his nose is !
 His visage seems to be
 Ripe for beef-tea ;
 Of brutal juices the whole man is full.
 In fact, fulfilling the metempsychosis,
 The Butcher is already half a Bull.

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

I.

RUN!—run for St. Clement's engine !
 For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
 And the pledges are frying and singeing—
 Oh ! how the poor pawners will craze !
 Now where can the turncock be drinking ?
 Was there ever so thirsty an elf ?
 But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
 That the plugs are as dry as himself.

II.

The engines ! I hear them come rumbling ;
 There's the Phoenix ! the Globe ! and the Sun !
 What a row there will be and a grumbling,
 When the water don't start for a run !
 See ! there they come racing and tearing,
 All the street with loud voices is filled ;
 Oh ! it's only the firemen a-swearing
 At a man they've run over and killed !

III.

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
 And twinkle like stars in the sky.
 It's a wonder the engines don't play now ;
 But I never saw water so shy !
 Why, there isn't enough for a snipe,
 And the fire it is fiercer, alas !
 Oh ! instead of the New River pipe,
 They have gone—that they have—to the gas !

IV.

Only look at the poor little P——'s
 On the roof. Is there anything sadder ?
 My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
 And they won't be an hour with the ladder !
 But if anyone's hot in their feet,
 And in very great haste to be saved,
 Here's a nice easy bit in the street,
 That M'Adam has lately unpaved.

V.

There is some one—I see a dark shape
 At that window, the hottest of all,—
 My good woman, why don't you escape ?
 Never think of your bonnet and shawl :
 If your dress isn't perfect, what is it
 For once in a way to your hurt ?
 When your husband is paying a visit
 There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt !

VI.

Only see how she throws out her *chaney* !
 Her basins, and teapots, and all
 The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
 But they all break in breaking their fall :
 Such things are not surely the best
 From a two-storey window to throw—
 She might save a good iron-bound chest,
 For there's plenty of people below !

VII.

O dear ! what a beautiful flash !
 How it shone through the window and door !
 We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
 When the woman falls thro' with the floor !
 There ! there ! what a volley of flame,
 And then suddenly all is obscured !—
 Well—I'm glad in my heart that I came ;
 But I hope the poor man is insured !

THE VOLUNTEER.

"The clashing of my armour in my ears
 Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
 In mind of a bier; this, my broadside, a pickaxe
 To dig my grave."—*The Lover's Progress.*

I.

I WAS in that memorable year
 France threatened to put off in
 Flat-bottomed boats, intending each
 To be a British coffin,
 To make sad widows of our wives,
 And every babe an orphan:—

II.

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
 And heads were dredged with flour,
 I 'listed in the Lawyers' Corps,
 Against the battle hour;
 A perfect Volunteer—for why?
 I brought my "will and pow'r."

III.

One dreary day—a day of dread,
 Like Cato's, over-cast—
 About the hour of six, (the morn
 And I were breaking fast,)
 There came a loud and sudden sound,
 That struck me all aghast!

IV.

A dismal sort of morning roll,
 That was not to be eaten:
 Although it was no skin of mine
 But parchment that was beaten,
 I felt tattooed through all my flesh,
 Like any Otaheitan.

V.

My jaws with utter dread enclosed
 The morsel I was munching,
 And terror locked them up so tight,
 My very teeth went crunching
 All through my bread and tongue at once,
 Like sandwich made at lunching.

VI.

My hand that held the teapot fast,
 Stiffened, but yet unsteady,
 Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
 The cup in one long eddy,
 Till both my hose were marked with *tea*,
 As they were marked already.

VII.

I felt my visage turn from red
 To white—from cold to hot ;
 But it was nothing wonderful
 My colour changed, I wot,
 For, like some variable silks,
 I felt that I was shot.

VIII.

And looking forth with anxious eye,
 From my snug upper storey,
 I saw our melancholy corps
 Going to beds all gory ;
 The pioneers seemed very loth
 To axe their way to glory.

IX.

The captain marched as mourners march,
 The ensign too seemed lagging,
 And many more, although they were
 No ensigns, took to flagging—
 Like corpses in the Serpentine,
 Methought they wanted dragging.

X.

But while I watched, the thought of death
 Came like a chilly gust,
 And lo! I shut the window down,
 With very little lust
 To join so many marching men,
 That soon might be March dust.

XI.

Quoth I, " Since Fate ordains it so,
 Our foe the coast must land on ;"
 I felt so warm beside the fire
 I cared not to abandon ;
 Our hearths and homes are always things
 That patriots make a stand on.

XII.

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one ;
Let those that have no home at all
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirmed me this
Reflection, by a strong one :

XIII.

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death itself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

XIV.

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me ! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

XV.

My plume seemed borrowed from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest ;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates ;
My belt so heavy pressed,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seemed to lie
At once upon my breast.


XVI.

My brazen breastplate only lacked
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dressed,
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

XVII.

This funeral show inclined me quite
To peace :—and here I am !
Whilst better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthened life, that might have been
A martial epigram.

THE WIDOW.

 NE widow at a grave will sob
 A little while, and weep, and sigh !
 If two should meet on such a job,
 They'll have a gossip by-and-by.
 If three should come together—why,
 Three widows are good company !
 If four should meet by any chance,
 Four is a number very nice,
 To have a rubber in a trice—
 But five will up and have a dance !
 Poor Mrs. C— (why should I not
 Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
 Was one of those the “common lot”
 Had left to weep “no common loss”;
 For she had lately buried then
 A man, the “very best of men,”
 A lingering truth, discovered first
 Whenever men “are at the worst.”
 To take the measure of her woe,
 It was some dozen inches deep—
 I mean in crape, and hung so low,
 It hid the drops she did *not* weep :
 In fact, what human life appears,
 It was a perfect “veil of tears.”
 Though ever since she lost “her prop
 And stay”—alas ! he wouldn't stay—
 She never had a tear to mop,
 Except one little angry drop
 From Passion's eye, as Moore would say,
 Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
 It looked so very like a spite—
 He died upon a washing-day !

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
 As if “to wet a widow's cheek,”
 And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy—
 'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
 She might as well have hoped to grieve
 Enough of brine to float a navy ;
 And yet she often seemed to raise
 A cambric kerchief to her eye—
 A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
 Its work was all so very dry.

The springs were locked that ought to flow—
 In England or in widow-woman—
 As those that watch the weather know,
 Such “backward Springs” are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains
 To call upon the “dear remains”—
 Remains that could not tell a jot
 Whether she ever wept or not,
 Or how his relict took her losses?
 Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
 But still the naughty world must learn,
 There was a little German came
 To shed a tear in “Anna’s Urn,”
 At the next grave to Mr. Cross’s!
 For there an angel’s virtues slept,
 “Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!”
 But still her painted face he kept,
 “Encompassed in an angel’s frame.”

He looked quite sad and quite deprived,
 His head was nothing but a hat-band;
 He looked so lone, and so *unwived*,
 That soon the Widow Cross contrived
 To fall in love with even *that* band!
 And all at once the brackish juices
 Came gushing out thro’ sorrow’s sluices—
 Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
 Tho’ sopped, and sopped, and sopped again—
 No leak in sorrow’s private pipe,
 But like a bursting on the main!
 Who’er has watched the window-pane—
 I mean to say in showery weather—
 Has seen two little drops of rain,
 Like lovers very fond and fain,
 At one another creeping, creeping,
 Till both, at last, embrace together:
 So fared it with that couple’s weeping!
 The principle was quite as active—
 Tear unto tear
 Kept drawing near,
 Their very blacks became attractive.
 To cut a shortish story shorter,
 Conceive them sitting *tête-à-tête*—
 Two cups—hot muffins on a plate—
 With “Anna’s Urn” to hold hot water!

The brazen vessel for awhile
 Had lectured in an easy song,
 Like Abernethy—on the bile—
 The scalded herb was getting strong ;
 All seemed as smooth as smooth could be,
 To have a cozy cup of tea.
 Alas ! how often human sippers
 With unexpected bitters meet,
 And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
 Like sugar, only meet the nippers !

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
 Had seen three husbands to the mould :
 She never sought an Indian pyre,
 Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves ;
 But, with a proper sense of fire,
 Put up, instead, with " three removes."
 Thus, when with any tender words
 Or tears she spoke about her loss,
 The dear departed Mr. Cross
 Came in for nothing but his thirds ;
 For, as all widows love too well,
 She liked upon the list to dwell,
 And oft ripped up the old disasters.
 She might, indeed, have been supposed
 A great *ship* owner ; for she prosed
 Eternally of her Three Masters !

Thus, foolish woman ! while she nursed
 Her mild souçhong, she talked and reckoned
 What had been left her by her first,
 And by her last, and by her second.
 Alas ! not all her annual rents
 Could then entice the little German—
 Not Mr. Cross's Three per Cents,
 Or Consols, ever make him *her* man.
 He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
 But not that dismal bit of land
 She always settled on her spouses.
 So taking up his hat and band,
 Said he, " You'll think my conduct odd—
 But here my hopes no more may linger ;
 I thought you had a wedding-finger,
 But oh !—it is a curtain-rod !"

JOHN TROT

A BALLAD.

I.

JOHN TROT he was as tall a lad
 As York did ever rear—
 As his dear Granny used to say,
 He'd make a grenadier.

II.

A sergeant soon came down to York,
 With ribbons and a frill ;
 My lads, said he, let broadcast be,
 And come away to drill.

III.

But when he wanted John to 'list,
 In war he saw no fun,
 Where what is called a raw recruit
 Gets often over-done.

IV.

Let others carry guns, said he,
 And go to war's alarms,
 But I have got a shoulder-knot
 Imposed upon my arms.

V.

For John he had a footman's place
 To wait on Lady Wye—
 She was a dumpy woman, tho'
 Her family was high.

VI.

Now when two years had passed away,
 Her lord took very ill,
 And left her to her widowhood,
 Of course more dumpy still.

VII.

Said John, I am a proper man,
 And very tall to see ;
 Who knows, but now her lord is low,
 She may look up to me ?

VIII.

A cunning woman told me once,
 Such fortune would turn up ;
 She was a kind of sorceress,
 But studied in a cup !

IX.

So he walked up to Lady Wye,
 And took her quite amazed,—
 She thought, tho' John was tall enough,
 He wanted to be raised.

X.

But John—for why? she was a dame
 Of such a dwarfish sort—
 Had only come to bid her make
 Her mourning very short.

XI.

Said he, your lord is dead and cold,
 You only cry in vain ;
 Not all the cries of London now
 Could call him back again !

XII.

You'll soon have many a noble beau,
 To dry your noble tears—
 But just consider this, that I
 Have followed you for years.

XIII.

And tho' you are above me far,
 What matters high degree,
 When you are only four foot nine,
 And I am six foot three !

XIV.

For tho' you are of lofty race,
 And I'm a low-born elf ;
 Yet none among your friends could say,
 You matched beneath yourself.

XV.

Said she, such insolence as this
 Can be no common case ;
 Tho' you are in my service, sir,
 Your love is out of place.

XVI.

O Lady Wye ! O Lady Wye !
 Consider what you do ;
 How can you be so short with me.
 I am not so with you !

CONVEYANCING.

XVII.

Then ringing for her serving men,
 They showed him to the door :
 Said they, you turn out better now,
 Why didn't you before ?

XVIII.

They stripped his coat, and gave him kicks
 For all his wages due ;
 And off, instead of green and gold,
 He went in black and blue.

XIX.

No family would take him in,
 Because of his discharge ;
 So he made up his mind to serve
 The country all at large.

XX.

Huzza ! the sergeant cried, and put
 The money in his hand,
 And with a shilling cut him off
 From his paternal land.

XXI.

For when his regiment went to fight
 At Saragossa town,
 A Frenchman thought he looked too tall,
 And so he cut him down !

CONVEYANCING.



H London is the place for all,
 In love with locomotion !
 Still to and fro the people go
 Like billows of the ocean ;
 Machine, or man, or caravan,
 Can all be had for paying,
 When great estates, or heavy weights,
 Or bodies want conveying.

There's always hacks about in packs,
 Wherein you may be shaken,
 And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
 Tho' always *overtaken* ;

In racing tricks he'll never mix,
 His nags are in their last days,
 And *slow* to go, altho' they show
 As if they had their *fast days*!

Then if you like a single horse,
 This age is quite a *cab-age*,
 A car not quite so small and light
 As those of our queen *Mab* age;
 The horses have been *broken well*,
 All danger is rescinded,
 For some have *broken both their knees*,
 And some are *broken winded*.

If you've a friend at Chelsea end,
 The stages are worth knowing—
 There is a sort, we call 'em short,
 Although the longest going—
 For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,
 Till you grow faint and sicky,
 Perched up behind, at last to find
 Your dinner is all *dickey*!

Long stages run from every yard:
 But if you're wise and frugal,
 You'll never go with any Guard
 That plays upon the bugle,
 "Ye banks and braes," and other lays,
 And ditties everlasting,
 Like miners going all your way,
 With *boring* and with *blasting*.

Instead of *journeys*, people now
 May go upon a *Gurney*,
 With steam to do the horses' work,
 By *powers of attorney*;
 Tho' with a load it may explode,
 And you may all be *un-done*!
 And find you're going *up to heaven*,
 Instead of *up to London*!

To speak of every kind of coach,
 It is not my intention;
 But there is still one vehicle
 Deserves a little mention;
 The world a sage has called a stage,
 With all its living lumber,
 And Malthus swears it always bears
 Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
 For ever and a day hence,
 For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
 You'll never want conveyance ;
 Ho ! stop the thief ! my handkerchief !
 It is no sight for laughter—
 Away it goes, and leaves my nose
 To join in running after !

EPICUREAN REMINISCENCES OF A
 SENTIMENTALIST.

"My Tables! Meat it is, I set it down!"—*Hamlet.*

THINK it was Spring—but not certain I am—
 When my passion began first to work ;
 But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
 And the season was over for pork.

'Twas at Christmas, I think, when I met with Miss Chase,
 Yes,—for Morris had asked me to dine,—
 And I thought I had never beheld such a face,
 Or so noble a turkey and chine.

Placed close by her side, it made others quite wild
 With sheer envy to witness my luck ;
 How she blushed as I gave her some turtle, and smiled
 As I afterwards offered some duck.

I looked and I languished, alas to my cost,
 Through three courses of dishes and meats ;
 Getting deeper in love—but my heart was quite lost,
 When it came to the trifle and sweets !

With a rent-roll that told of my houses and land
 To her parents I told my designs—
 And then to herself I presented my hand,
 With a very fine pottle of pines !

I asked her to have me for weal or for woe,
 And she did not object in the least ;
 I can't tell the date—but we married, I know,
 Just in time to have game at the feast.

We went to —, it certainly was the seaside;
 For the next, the most blessed of morns,
 I remember how fondly I gazed at my bride,
 Sitting down to a plateful of prawns.

O never may memory lose sight of that year,
 But still hallow the time as it ought,
 That season the "grass" was remarkably dear,
 And the peas at a guinea a quart.

So happy, like hours, all our days seemed to haste,
 A fond pair, such as poets have drawn,
 So united in heart—so congenial in taste,
 We were both of us partial to brawn!

A long life I looked for of bliss with my bride,
 But then Death—I ne'er dreamt about that!
 Oh there's nothing certain in life, as I cried,
 When my turbot eloped with the cat!

My dearest took ill at the turn of the year,
 But the cause no physician could nab:
 But something it seemed like consumption, I fear,
 It was just after supping on crab.

In vain she was doctored, in vain she was dosed,
 Still her strength and her appetite pined;
 She lost relish for what she had relished the most,
 Even salmon she deeply declined.

For months still I lingered in hope and in doubt,
 While her form it grew wasted and thin;
 But the last dying spark of existence went out,
 As the oysters were just coming in!

She died, and she left me the saddest of men
 To indulge in a widower's moan,
 Oh, I felt all the power of solitude then,
 As I ate my first natives alone!

But when I beheld Virtue's friends in their cloaks,
 And with sorrowful crape on their hats,
 O my grief poured a flood! and the out-of-door folks
 Were all crying—I think it was sprats!

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOYLE.

"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

I.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow
 Would make me find all women-kind
 Such unkind women now !
 They need not, sure, as *distant* be
 As Java or Japan,—
 Yet every Miss reminds me this—
 I'm not a single man !

II.

Once they made choice of my bass voice
 To share in each duet ;
 So well I danced, I somehow chanced
 To stand in every set :
 They now declare I cannot sing,
 And dance on Bruin's plan ;
 Me draw !—me paint ! me any thing !—
 I'm not a single man !

III.

Once I was asked advice, and tasked
 What works to buy or not,
 And " would I read that passage out
 I so admired in Scott ?"
 They then could bear to hear one read ;
 But if I now began,
 How they would snub, " My pretty page,"—
 I'm not a single man !

IV.

One used to stitch a collar then,
 Another hemmed a frill ;
 I had more purses netted then
 Than I could hope to fill.
 I once could get a button on,
 But now I never can—
 My buttons then were Bachelor's—
 I'm not a single man !

V.

Oh, how they hated politics
 Thrust on me by papa :
 But now my chat—they all leave that
 To entertain mamma.

Mamma, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

VI.

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlour and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran ;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I'm not a single man!

VII.

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks ;
She daily sought my Cabinet
To study my antiques.
Well, now she doesn't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I'm not a single man!

VIII.

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing ;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring :
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine—
I'm not a single man!

IX.

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan ;
Compelled to own, though left alone
I'm not a single man!

X.

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
At compliments of mine :

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

She should have seen that I have been
 Her sex's partisan,
 And really married all I could—
 I'm not a single man !

XI.

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
 Whilst I rejected stand,—
 Will no one take my arm because
 They cannot have my hand ?
 Miss Parry, that for some would go
 A trip to Hindostan,
 With me don't care to mount a stair—
 I'm not a single man !

XII.

Some change, of course, should be in force,
 But, surely, not so much—
 There may be hands I may not squeeze,
 But must I never touch ?
 Must I forbear to hand a chair,
 And not pick up a fan ?
 But I have been myself picked up—
 I'm not a single man !

XIII.

Others may hint a lady's tint
 Is purest red and white—
 May say her eyes are like the skies,
 So very blue and bright—
 I must not say that she *has eyes*,
 Or if I so began,
 I have my fears about my ears—
 I'm not a single man !

XIV.

I must confess I did not guess
 A simple marriage vow
 Would make me find all women-kind
 Such unkind women now ;
 I might be hashed to death, or smashed,
 By Mr. Pickford's van,
 Without, I fear, a single tear—
 I'm not a single man !

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE-LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal."—*Hist. Eng.*

NO morning ever seemed so long !
I tried to read with all my might !
In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
And threepence ready in my right.

'Twas twelve at last—my heart beat high !
The Postman rattled at the door—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor !"

I seized the note—I flew upstairs—
Flung-to the door, and locked me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal—
And kissed the B in Benjamin !

'Twas full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring !

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke—
Without a Parson and a Clerk !

THE SUB-MARINE.

HT was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he looked marine
All downward from the waist ;
His trousers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste !

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught ;
He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaffed,
The more he drank, the more the Ship
Seemed pitching fore and aft !

The Ship seemed pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall ;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
Head-foremost in his fall !
Three times he did not rise, alas !
He never rose at all !

But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived,
He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived !
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived !

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand !
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand !
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand !

And lo ! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass !
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass ;
A mermaid she must surely be
If ever mermaid was !

Her fish-like mouth was open wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by a gale ;
Thought he, " Beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail !"

She looked as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue,—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chilled him through and through !

With either hand he stopped his ears
 Against her evil cry ;
 Alas, alas, for all his care,
 His doom it seemed to die,
 Her voice went ringing through his head,
 It was so sharp and high !

He thrust his fingers further in
 At each unwilling ear,
 But still, in very spite of all,
 The words were plain and clear :
 " I can't stand here the whole day long,
 To hold your glass of beer !"

With opened mouth and opened eyes,
 Up rose the Sub-marine,
 And gave a stare to find the sands
 And deeps where he had been :
 There was no siren with her glass !
 No waters ocean-green !

The wet deception from his eyes
 Kept fading more and more,
 He only saw the barmaid stand
 With pouting lip before—
 The small green parlour of The Ship,
 And little sanded floor !

PAIN IN A PLEASURE BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

" I apprehend you !"—*School of Reform.*

Boatman.—Shove off there !—ship the rudder, Bill—cast
 off ! she's under way !

Mrs. F.—She's under what ?—I hope she's not ! good
 gracious, what a spray !

Boatman.—Run out the jib, and rig the boom ! keep clear
 of those two brigs !

Mrs. F.—I hope they don't intend some joke by running of
 their rigs !

Boatman.—Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she's rather
 out of trim !

Mrs. F.—Great bags of stones ! they're pretty things to help
 a boat to swim !

Boatman.—The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it's not the breeze's fault!

Mrs. F.—Wind fresh, indeed! I never felt the air so full of salt!

Boatman.—That schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

Mrs. F.—If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

Boatman.—It's neap, ye see, she's heavy lade, and couldn't pass the bar.

Mrs. F.—The bar! what, roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

Boatman.—Ho! Brig ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

Mrs. F.—Yes, yes—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger's near!

Lord, there's a wave! it's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

Boatman.—Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

Mrs. F.—What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must go down!

Boatman.—Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it's coming off the town!

Steady your helm! we'll clear the *Pint!* lay right for yonder pink!

Mrs. F.—Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they've got a pint of drink!

Boatman.—Bill, give that sheet another haul—she'll fetch it up this reach.

Mrs. F.—I'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!

I wonder what it is, now, but—— I never felt so queer!

Boatman.—Bill, mind your luff—why, Bill, I say, she's yawing—keep her near!

Mrs. F.—Keep near! we're going further off; the land's behind our backs.

Boatman.—Be easy, Ma'am, it's all correct, that's only 'cause we tacks;

We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill, keep her out to sea.

Mrs. F.—Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

Boatman.—It's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

Mrs. F.—Off with her head! who's? where? what with?—an axe I seem to spy!

Boatman.—She can't keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

Mrs. F.—They'll drown me, and take all I have ! my life's not worth a pin !

Boatman.—Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand !

Mrs. F.—The sand—O Lord ! to stop my mouth ! how everything is planned !

Boatman.—The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand ! now Ma'am, just step ashore !

Mrs. F.—What ! ain't I going to be killed—and weltered in my gore ?

Well, Heaven be praised ! but I'll not go a-sailing any more !

LITERARY AND LITERAL.

THE March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,
(A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,)
In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,
Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,

Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,
A thing that, only in our proper youth,
We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,
A *Conversazione* at Hog's Norton !

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
Has always by an adage been affronted,
And that it is all *gutterals*, is now
Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—
If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both !

O shades of Shakspeare ! Chaucer, Spenser !
Milton ! Pope ! Gray ! Warton !
O Colman ! Kenny ! Planché ! Poole ! Peake !
Pocock ! Reynolds ! Morton !
O Grey ! Peel ! Sadler ! Wilberforce ! Burdett !
Hume ! Wilmot Horton !
Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in
Hog's Norton !

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum
Framed her society
With some variety
From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum ;
Not a mere picnic, for the mind's repast,
But, tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,

It held its sessions in the house that last
Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,
One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,
A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,
Which made of course a literary high day,—
Not that our Farmer was a man to go
With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,
When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,
Or *Lalla-Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em !
In fact in letter, he was quite a log,
With him great Bacon
Was literally taken,

And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog !
As to all others on the list of Fame,
Although they were discussed and mentioned daily,
He only recognised one classic name,
And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie* !

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter
Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer—
(Though men that deal in water-colour cakes
May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing's truer)

She got the *bluer*

The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes*.
The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
At future Authorship was apt to hint,
Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,
Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily
Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley ;
And Fancy hinting that she had the better
Of L. E. L. by one initial letter,
She thought the world would quite enraptured see

“LOVE LAYS AND LYRICS

BY

A. P. I. G.”

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
She joined the H. N. B. and double S.,
That is—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society ;
And saving when her Pa his pigs prohibited,
Contributed

Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
 When Farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
 Screwing his courage to the “sticking place,”
 Stuck a large knife into a grunter’s throat:—
 A kind of murder that the law’s rebuke
 Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
 Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*
 With *pig-wigs*!

The swine—poor wretch!—with nobody to speak for it,
 And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it;
 So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
 And, thus, there issued from the farmer’s yard
 A note that notified without a card,
 An invitation to the evening rout.
 And when the time came duly,—“at the close of
 The day,” as Beattie has it, “when the ham—”
 Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
 And pettitoes and chit’lings too, to cram,—
 Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.’s
 All in appropriate and swinish dresses,
 For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,
 Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,
 They came—each “Pig-faced Lady,” in that bonnet
 We call a *poke*.

The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman
 At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman*;
 In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,
 Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
 She always named the authoress of “*Psyche*,”—
 As Mrs. *Tiggey*!

And now arose a question of some moment,—
 What author for a lecture was the richer,
 Bacon or Hogg? there were no votes for Beaumont,
 But some for *Flitcher*;
 While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
 Proposed another work,
 And thought their pork
 Would prove more relishing from Thomson’s Season-ing!

But, practised in Shakspearian readings daily,—
 O! Miss Macaulay! Shakspeare at Hog’s Norton!—
 Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
 Selected *him* that evening to snort on.
 In short, to make our story not a big tale,
 Just fancy her exerting
 Her talents, and converting

The Winter's Tale to something like a pig-tale !
 Her sister auditory,
 All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
 Were very plauditory,
 Of course, and clapped her at the proper places ;
 Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,
 She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.
 But Happiness, alas ! has blights of ill,
 And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode ;—
 There is no travelling through life but still
 The ship will meet with breakers on the road !
 With that peculiar voice
 Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,
 Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
 Of birds and blossoms for her summer posies,
 When coming to that line, where Proserpine
 Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis ;
 Imagine this—
 Uprose on his hind legs, old Farmer Grayley,
 Grunting this question for the club's digestion,
 " Do Dis's waggon go from the Ould Bäaley ? "

 THE PROGRESS OF ART.

I.



HAPPY time !—Art's early days !
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
 Narcissus-like I hung !
 When great Rembrandt but little seemed,
 And such Old Masters all were deemed
 As nothing to the young !

II.

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
 So easily and swift I drew,
 Sufficed for my design ;
 My sketchy, superficial hand
 Drew solids at a dash—and spanned
 A surface with a line.

III.

Not long my eye was thus content,
 But grew more critical—my bent
 Essayed a higher walk ;
 I copied leaden eyes in lead—
 Rheumatic hands in white and red,
 And gouty feet—in chalk.

IV.

Anon my studious art for days
 Kept making faces—happy phrase,
 For faces such as mine!
 Accomplished in the details then,
 I left the minor parts of men,
 And drew the form divine.

V.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
 Figures—long after the antique,
 Great Ajax justly feared;
 Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
 And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
 Bird-nesters to his beard.

VI.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
 A Pallas that out-stared her owl,
 A Vulcan—very lame;
 A Dian stuck about with stars,
 With my right hand I murdered Mars—
 (One Williams did the same).

VII.

But tired of this dry work at last,
 Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
 And gave my brush a drink!
 Dipping—"as when a painter dips
 In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
 That is—in Indian ink.

VIII.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
 Crested with soot, and not with snows:
 What clouds of dingy hue!
 In spite of what the bard has penned,
 I fear the distance did not "lend
 Enchantment to the view."

IX.

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
 Black Forests half so black as mine,
 Or lakes so like a pall;
 The Chinese cake dispersed a ray
 Of darkness, like the light of Day
 And Martin over all.

X.

Yet urchin pride sustained me still,
 I gazed on all with right good will,
 And spread the dingy tint ;
 " No holy Luke helped me to paint,
 The devil surely, not a Saint,
 Had any finger in't ! "

XI.

But colours came !—like morning light,
 With gorgeous hues, displacing night,
 Or Spring's enlivened scene :
 At once the sable shades withdrew ;
 My skies got very, very blue ;
 My trees extremely green.

XII.

And washed by my cosmetic brush,
 How Beauty's cheek began to blush ;
 With lock of auburn stain—
 (Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
 That made her loveliest of the fair ;
 Not " loveliest of the plain ! "

XIII.

Her lips were of vermilion hue :
 Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
 Set all my heart in flame !
 A young Pygmalion, I adored
 The maids I made—but time was stored
 With evil—and it came !

XIV.

Perspective dawned—and soon I saw
 My houses stand against its law ;
 And " keeping " all unkept !
 My beauties were no longer things
 For love and fond imaginings ;
 But horrors to be wept !

XV.

Ah ! why did knowledge ope my eyes ?
 Why did I get more artist wise ?
 It only serves to hint,
 What grave defects and wants are mine ;
 That I'm no Hilton in design—
 In nature no De Wint !

XVI.

Thrice happy time !—Art's early days !
 When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise
 Narcissus-like I hung !
 When great Rembrandt but little seemed,
 And such Old Masters were all deemed
 As nothing to the young !

NUMBER ONE.

Versified from the Prose of a Young Lady.

IT'S very hard! and so it is
 To live in such a row,—
 And witness this, that every Miss
 But me has got a Beau.
 For Love goes calling up and down,
 But here he seems to shun ;
 I'm sure he has been asked enough
 To call at Number One.

I'm sick of all the double knocks
 That come to Number Four !
 At Number Three, I often see
 A lover at the door ;
 And one in blue, at Number Two,
 Calls daily like a dun,—
 It's very hard they come so near
 And not to Number One !

Miss Bell I hear has got a dear
 Exactly to her mind,—
 By sitting at the window pane
 Without a bit of blind ;
 But I go in the balcony,
 Which she has never done,
 Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
 Don't take at Number One !

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
 And plenty passing by,—
 There's nice young men at Number Ten,
 But only rather shy ;
 And Mrs. Smith across the way
 Has got a grown-up son,
 But la ! he hardly seems to know
 There is a Number One !

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
 But he's intent on pelf,
 And though he's pious will not love
 His neighbour as himself.
 At Number Seven there was a sale—
 The goods had quite a run !
 And here I've got my single lot
 On hand at Number One !

My mother often sits at work
 And talks of props and stays,
 And what a comfort I shall be
 In her declining days :
 The very maids about the house
 Have set me down a nun,
 The sweethearts all belong to them
 That call at Number One.

Once only, when the flue took fire,
 One Friday afternoon,
 Young Mr. Long came kindly in
 And told me not to swoon :
 Why can't he come again without
 The Phoenix and the Sun !
 We cannot always have a flue
 On fire at Number One !


I am not old ! I am not plain !
 Nor awkward in my gait—
 I am not crooked like the bride
 That went from Number Eight :
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any bun—
 But even beauty has no chance,
 I think, at Number One !

At Number Six they say Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts,
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts.
 The Imp they show with bended bow,
 I wish he had a gun !
 But if he had, he'd never deign
 To shoot with Number One !

It's very hard ! and so it is
 To live in such a row !

And here's a ballad singer come
 To aggravate my woe :
 O take away your foolish song,
 And tones enough to stun—
 There is " Nae luck about the house,"
 I know, at Number One !

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

 H, when I was a tiny boy
 My days and nights were full of joy
 My mates were blithe and kind,
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the teardrop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind !

A hoop was an eternal round
 Of pleasure. In those days I found
 A top a joyous thing ;
 But now those past delights I drop,
 My head, alas ! is all my top,
 And careful thoughts the string !

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
 Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
 With Theseus for a taw !
 My playful horse has slipt his string,
 Forgotten all his capering,
 And harnessed to the law !

My kite—how fast and far it flew !
 Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
 My pleasure from the sky !
 'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
 The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
 Will never soar so high !

My joys are wingless all and dead ;
 My dumps are made of more than lead ;
 My flights soon find a fall ;
 My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
 Joy never cometh with a hoop,
 And seldom with a call !

My football's laid upon the shelf ;
 I am a shuttlecock myself
 The world knocks to and fro ;
 My archery is still unlearned,
 And grief against myself has turned
 My arrows and my bow !

No more in noontide sun I bask ;
 My authorship's an endless task,
 My head's ne'er out of school :
 My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
 I have too many foes to fight,
 And friends grown strangely cool !

The very chum that shared my cake
 Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
 It makes me shrink and sigh :
 On this I will not dwell and hang,
 The changeling would not feel a pang
 Though these should meet his eye !

No skies so blue or so serene
 As then ;—no leaves look half so green
 As clothed the playground tree !
 All things I loved are altered so,
 Nor does it ease my heart to know
 That change resides in me !

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,
 The trousers made of corduroy,
 Well inked with black and red ;
 The crownless hat, ne'er deemed an ill—
 It only let the sunshine still
 Repose upon my head !

Oh, for the riband round the neck !
 The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
 My book and collar both !
 How can this formal man be styled
 Merely an Alexandrine child,
 A boy of larger growth ?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew !
 And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
 That washed my sweet meals down ;
 The master even !—and that small Turk
 That fagged me !—worse is now my work—
 A fag for all the town !

Oh, for the lessons learned by heart !
 Ay, though the very birch's smart
 Should mark those hours again ;
 I'd " kiss the rod," and be resigned
 Beneath the stroke, and even find
 Some sugar in the cane !

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,
 The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
 By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun !
 The angel form that always walked
 In all my dreams, and looked and talked
 Exactly like Miss Brown !

The *omne bene*—Christmas come !
 The prize of merit, won for home—
 Merit had prizes then !
 But now I write for days and days,
 For fame—a deal of empty praise,
 Without the silver pen !

Then home, sweet home ! the crowded coach—
 The joyous shout—the loud approach—
 The winding horns like rams' !
 The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
 The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
 No " satis " to the " jams !"—

When that I was a tiny boy
 My days and nights were full of joy,
 My mates were blithe and kind,—
 No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
 And dash the teardrop from my eye,
 To cast a look behind !

A GOOD DIRECTION.



CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek
 Proclaimed he had not been in living quite
 An Anchorite—

Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day ;
 At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
 A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.
 A very famous Author upon Diet,
 Who, better starred than Alchemists of old,
 By dint of turning mercury to gold,
 Had settled at his country house in quiet.

MARY'S GHOST.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,
At last, to make inquiry had the *nous*,—

“Here, my good man,
Just tell me if you can,
Pray which is Mr. Aberfeldie's house?”
The man thus stopped—perusing for awhile
The yellow visage of the man of bile,
At last made answer, with a broadish grin:
“Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it.”
“But stop—my worthy fellow!—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it?”
“How!—why, you'll see *blue pillars* at the door!”

MARY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I.

I WAS in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried;
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

II.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

III.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

IV.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

V.

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone,
They've come and boned your Mary.

VI.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse ;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

VII.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial ;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

VIII.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the City.

IX.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can ;
As for my trunk it's all packed up
To go by Pickford's van.

X.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride ;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

XI.

The cock it crows—I must be gone !
My William, we must part !
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

XII.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be ;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD.

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
 Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond !
 And whiles His flatteryng Vowes She drank
 Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond !

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
 For She was Fayre and He was Kinde ;
 The Sunne went down before She wist
 Another Sonne had sett behinde !

With angrie Hands and frownyng Browe,
 That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,
 She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
 Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
 With Shrikes that Echo answered round—
 O ! foolishe Mayd to be soe sadde
 The Momente that her Care was drownd !

A REPORT FROM BELOW.

“ Blow high, blow low.”—*Sea Song.*

AS Mister B. and Mistress B.
 One night were sitting down to tea,
 With toast and muffins hot—
 They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
 That made the very china flounce ;
 They could not for a time pronounce
 If they were safe or shot—
 For Memory brought a deed to match
 At Deptford done by night—
 Before one eye appeared a Patch
 In t'other eye a Blight !

To be belaboured out of life
 Without some small attempt at strife,
 Our nature will not grovel ;
 One impulse moved both man and dame,
 He seized the tongs—she did the same,
 Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
 The poker and the shovel.
 Suppose the couple standing so,
 When rushing footsteps from below.

Made pulses fast and fervent,
 And first burst in the frantic cat,
 All steaming like a brewer's rat,
 And then—as white as my cravat—
 Poor Mary May, the servant !

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,
 Master and Mistress both flew at her,
 "Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"
 Till Mary getting breath,
 Upon her tale began to touch
 With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
 As if she thought she had too much
 To tell before her death :—

"We was both, ma'am, in the wash-house, ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,

And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs ;
 'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and there she stops for coughin',
 'That dratted copper flue has took to smoking very often,
 But please the pigs,'—for that's her way of swearing in a passion,
 'I'll blow it up, and not be set a-coughin' in this fashion !'
 Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,

And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.
 'Lawk, Mrs. Round !' says I, and stares, 'that quantum is unproper,

I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper ;
 You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,'
 But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.
 Well, when the pinch is over—'Teach your grandmother to suck
 A powder-horn,' says she—'Well,' says I, 'I wish you luck.'
 Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
 'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your tongue inside
 your lips ;

Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these ;
 I shall put it in the grate, and let it turn up by degrees.'
 So in it goes, and bounce—O Lord ! it gives us such a rattle,
 I thought we both were canonized, like sogers in a battle !
 Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
 And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
 Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
 But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
 I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
 As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as anything in existance ;
 All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper
 slap

Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.

Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
 As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather :
 But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
 She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
 Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed
 mother,
 Well, she'll wash no more in this world, what ever she does in
 t'other.
 So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
 Lawk, sich a shirt ! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't in it ;
 Oh ! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin' ;
 Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—
 Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
 And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black
 with dirt ;
 But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt !
 Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
 When, mercy on us ! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
 And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
 A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky ;
 Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
 And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
 For, poor soul ! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew ;
 Well, Ma'am, you wont believe it, but it's Gospel fact and true,
 But these words is all she whispered—"Why, where *is* the
 powder blew ?"

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—*Life of Nelson.*



MUSH ! silence in School—not a noise !
 You shall soon see there's nothing to jeer at,
 Master Marsh, most audacious of boys !
 Come !—"Palnam qui meruit ferat !"

So this morn in the midst of the Psalm,
 The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at,
 You're complained of—Sir ! hold out your palm—
 There !—"Palnam qui meruit ferat !"

You wilful young rebel, and dunce !
 This offence all your sins shall appear at,
 You shall have a good caning at once—
 There !—"Palnam qui meruit ferat !"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
 And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
 But you're forward enough to disturb—
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You said Master Twig stole the plums,
 When the orchard he never was near at,
 I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs—
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You make Master Taylor your butt,
 And this morning his face you threw beer at,
 And you struck him—do *you* like a cut?
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
 You are always his hair or his ear at—
 He's my *Opt*, Sir, and you are my *Pess*:
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then you had a pitched fight with young Rouse,
 An offence I am always severe at!
 You discredit to Cicero House!
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have made too a plot in the night,
 To run off from the school that you rear at!
 Come, your other hand, now, Sir—the right,
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!
 Such pictures as I'm looking here at!
 "Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have run up a bill at a shop,
 That in paying you'll be a whole year at—
 You've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop!
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then at dinner you're quite cock-a-hoop,
 And the soup you are certain to sneer at—
 I have sipped it—it's very good soup—
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

T'other day when I fell o'er the form,
 Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at?
 Well for you that my temper's not warm—
 There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Why, you rascal ! you insolent brat !
 All my talking you don't shed a tear at,
 There—take that, Sir ! and that ! that ! and that !
 There !—“ *Palmam qui meruit ferat !* ”

 THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.

A PAIR of married kangaroos
 (The case is oft a human one too)
 Were greatly puzzled once to choose
 A trade to put their eldest son to :
 A little brisk and busy chap,
 As all the little K's just then are—
 About some two months off the lap,—
 They're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
 Betrayed the hardship of the puzzle—
 So much the flavour of life's cup
 Is framed by early wrong or right,
 And kangaroos we know are quite
 Dependent on their “ rearing up.”
 The question, with its ins and outs,
 Was intricate and full of doubts ;
 And yet they had no squeamish carings
 For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
 Such notions never had an entry,
 For they had no armorial bearings.
 Howbeit they're not the last on earth
 That might indulge in pride of birth ;
 Whoe'er has seen their infant young
 Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
 Would own, with very ready tongue,
 They are not born like common folks.
 Well, thus the serious subject stood,
 It kept the old pair watchful nightly,
 Debating for young hopeful's good,
 That he might earn his livelihood,
 And go through life (like them) uprightly.
 Arms would not do at all ; no, marry,
 In that line all his race miscarry ;
 And agriculture was not proper,
 Unless they meant the lad to tarry
 For ever as a mere clod-hopper.

He was not well cut out for preaching,
 At least in any striking style :
 And as for being mercantile—
 He was not formed for over-reaching.

The law—while there still fate ill-starred him,
 And plainly from the bar debarred him :
 A doctor—who would ever fee him ?
 In music he could scarce engage,
 And as for going on the stage,
 In tragic socks I think I see him !

He would not make a rigging-mounter ;
 A haberdasher had some merit,
 But there the counter still ran counter,
 For just suppose
 A lady chose
 To ask him for a yard of ferret !

A gardener digging up his beds ?
 The puzzled parents shook their heads.

“ A tailor would not do because—”
 They paused and glanced upon his paws.
 Some parish post,—though fate should place it
 Before him, how could he embrace it ?
 In short, each anxious kangaroo
 Discussed the matter through and through ;
 By day they seemed to get no nearer,
 ’Twas posing quite—
 And in the night
 Of course they saw their way no clearer !
 At last thus musing on their knees—
 Or hinder elbows if you please—
 It came—no thought was ever brighter !
 In weighing every why and whether,
 They jumped upon it both together—
 “ Let’s make the imp a *shorthand writer* !”

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
 Would argue what their sons are fit for :
 Some would-be critics that I know
 Would be in trades they have more wit for.

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,
 How many a tale their music tells,—
 Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
 And letters only just in time !

The Muffin-boy has passed away,
 The Postman gone—and I must pay,
 For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
 And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,
 That tuneful peal will still ring on,
 And other maids with timely yells
 Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

THE DROWNING DUCKS.

AMONGST the sights that Mrs. Bond
 Enjoyed yet grieved at more than others,
 Were little ducklings in a pond,
 Swimming about beside their mothers—
 Small things like living water-lilies,
 But yellow as the daffo-dillies.

“ It’s very hard,” she used to moan,
 “ That other people have their ducklings
 To grace their waters—mine alone
 Have never any pretty chucklings.”
 For why !—each little yellow navy
 Went down—all downy—to old Davy !

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
 Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
 She had two ducks, their napes were green—
 She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
 Yet 'spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
 No little ducks had Mrs. Bond !

The birds were both the best of mothers—
 The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
 The infant D’s came forth like others—
 But there, alas ! the matter stuck !
 They might as well have all died addle
 As die when they began to paddle !

For when, as native instinct taught her,
 The mother set her brood afloat,
 They sank ere long right under water,
 Like any overloaded boat ;
 They were web-footed too to see,
 As ducks and spiders ought to be !

No peccant humour in a gander
 Brought havoc on her little folks,—
 No poaching cook—a frying pander
 To appetite,—destroyed their yolks,—
 Beneath her very eyes, Od rot 'em !
 They went, like plummets, to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction
 It seemed of nature and her works !
 For little ducks, beyond conviction,
 Should float without the help of corks :
 Great Johnson it bewildered him !
 To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond ! what could she do
 But change the breed—and she tried divers
 Which dived as all seemed born to do ;
 No little ones were e'er survivors—
 Like those that copy gems I'm thinking,
 They all were given to die-sinking !

In vain their downy coats were shorn ;
 They floundered still!—Batch after batch went!
 The little fools seemed only born
 And hatched for nothing but a hatchment !
 Whene'er they launched—O sight of wonder !
 Like fires the water “ got them under !”

No woman ever gave their lucks
 A better chance than Mrs. Bond did ;
 At last quite out of heart and ducks,
 She gave her pond up, and desponded ;
 For Death among the water-lilies,
 Cried “ *Duc ad me* ” to all her dillies !

But though resolved to breed no more,
 She brooded often on this riddle—
 Alas ! 'twas darker than before !
 At last about the summer's middle,
 What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
 To clear the matter up the Sun did !

A TRUE STORY.

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank
 So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
 The shallow waters sank and sank,
 And lo, from out the wasted pool,
 Too hot to hold them any longer,
 There crawled some eels as big as conger !

I wish all folks would look a bit,
 In such a case below the surface ;
 And when the eels were caught and split
 By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
 In each inside at once to spy
 A duckling turned to giblet-pie !

The sight at once explained the case,
 Making the Dame look rather silly,
 The tenants of that *Eely Place*
 Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
 And so, by under-water suction,
 Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

A TRUE STORY.

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face
 The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
 May form a notion of old Colonel Case
 With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case,—as the case is many a time with folks
 From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,
 Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say,
 And showed two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.

Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
 In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
 And might indeed have claimed akin to *that*,
 Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
 Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
 Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
 And then do penance in a yellow coat.

Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,
 A stain of nature's staining—one of those
 We call *fast* colours—merely, I suppose,
 Because such colours never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,
 Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a penniless beginner,
 From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
 With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
 And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
 Deemed *Wicklow* was the very place that ought
 To harbour one whose *wick* was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
 Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
 A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
 Things Case was not accustomed to peruse,
 Careless of news ;

But Pompey always read those bloody journals,
 Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,
 The freaks of some O'Shaunnessy's shillaly,
 Or morning frays by some O'Brien Burke,
 Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly ;
 How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle
 Would fall upon the harmless skull and knock it,
 And if he found an infant in the cradle
 Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it ;
 In fact, he read of burner and of killer,
 And Irish ravages, day after day,
 Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say,
 That " Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar*."

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
 To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
 That Case, his master,—was a packing case
 For Ireland !

He saw in fearful reveries arise,
 Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
 Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
 Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
 " Those *Emmets*," not so " little in his eyes "
 As Doctor Watts's !

He felt himself piked, roasted,—carved and hacked,
 His big black burly body seemed in fact
 A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles,—
 Oh, how he wished himself beneath the sun
 Of Afric— or in far Barbadoes— one
 Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beadles*.

Full of this fright,
 With broken peace and broken English choking,
 As black as any raven and as croaking,
 Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,
 Plumped on his knees, and clasped his sable digits,
 Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets —

“ O Massa !—Massa !—Colonel !—Massa Case,—
 Not go to Ireland !—Ireland dam bad place ;
 Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
 Oh why for Massa go so far a distance
 To have him life ? ”—here Pompey made a stop,
 Putting an awful period to existence.

“ Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,
 And murdered—why should I be murdered, sirrah ? ”
 Cried Case, with anger’s tinge upon his yellow,—
 Pompey for answer, pointing in a mirror,
 The Colonel’s saffron, and his own Japan—
 “ Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright, boy ? ”
 “ O Massa ”—(so the explanation ran)
 “ Massa be killed—’cause Massa *Orange Man*,
 And Pompey killed—’cause Pompey not a *white Boy* ! ”

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

I WAS August—Hastings every day was filling—
 Hastings, that “ greenest spot on memory’s waste ! ”
 With crowds of idlers willing and unwilling
 To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
 And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
 Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
 “ Accommodation bills ” kept coming down,
 Gladding “ the world of letters ” in that town.

Each day poured in new coachfuls of new cits,
 Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
 Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
 And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying,
 Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
 And Quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
 A morning’s reading by the ocean’s rim,
 That sect delighting in the sea’s broad brim.

And lo ! amongst all these appeared a creature,
 So small, he almost might a twin have been
 With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
 Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,
 His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
 So short and sweet a man was never seen—
 All thought him charming at the first beginning—
 Alas. ere long they found him far too winning !

He seemed in love with chance—and chance repaid
 His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
 The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
 He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
 It stirred of many a man and many a maid,
 To see at every venture how that vile
 Small gambler snatched—and how he won them too—
 A living Pam, omnipotent at loo !

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
 'Twas handsome rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
 And dreamt three times she garnished it with stocks
 Of needles, silks, and cottons—but, alas !
 She lost it wide awake. We thought Miss Cox
 Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
 To that small imp ;—no living luck could loo him !
 Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him !

And so ne climbed—and rode—and won—and walked,
 The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
 That haunted the Parade. Many were baulked
 Of notoriety by that small form
 Pacing it up and down : some even talked
 Of ducking him—when lo ! a dismal storm
 Stepped in—one Friday, at the close of day—
 And every head was turned another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seemed to rise
 Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
 Of the horizon—fanned by sultry sighs—
 So black and threatening, I cannot think
 Of any simile, except the skies
 Miss Wiggins sometimes *shades* in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
 They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
 And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
 The stony-hearted beach ;—some bards would have
 It always rampant, in that idle fashion—
 Whereas the waves rolled in, subdued and grave,
 Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
 Who meekly settle in and take their places,
 With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
 Like troubled table-beer—and make it bounce,

And froth, and roar, and fling—but this, I've said,
 Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce :
 But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
 With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
 Something more awful in the serious ear,
 As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar : so the hoarse thunder
 Growled long—but low—a prelude note of death,
 As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
 But still it muttered to the sea beneath
 Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
 It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
 Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
 And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watched the surly advent of the storm,
 Much as the brown-cheeked planters of Barbadoes
 Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :
 Meantime it steered, like Odin's old Armadas,
 Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;
 Many proud gaits were quelled—and all bravadoes
 Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
 Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed. In all their days
 The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
 And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
 To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing
 With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays :
 And truly one could think, without much lashing
 The fancy, that those coasting clouds, so awful
 And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
 Vanished—as if they knew their own attractions,—
 For now the lightning through a near hand cloud
 Began to make some very crooked fractions—
 Only some few remained that were not cowed,
 A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
 And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
 Lest it should *blow*,—were pulling up the *Rose* :

(No flower, but a boat)—some more were hauling
 The *Regent* by the head :—another crew
 With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—
 Were heaving up the *Hope* :—and as they knew
 The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
 In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew

The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic power,
Had all usurped the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
Fell like huge teardrops from a giant's eyes—
But then this sprinkle thickened in a trice
And rained much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh ! for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us !
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us :—
But ev'n his music seemed composed and low,
When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus ;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits rolled along the ground—

As big as bullets :—Lord ! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles :—and now the lightning flashed
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two !—the gust too dashed
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did,—and first it smashed
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm :—Oh ! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these "loopholes of retreat"—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize !

By which, the cloud had passed o'erhead, but played
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had arrayed
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud ;—the clouds themselves,
 Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
 Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
 That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.
 We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
 Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
 Huge fragments loose,—and that we *felt* the sound
 They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowled away,—and soon
 Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
 We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
 Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
 Flashing its silver sides,—how sweet a boon
 Seemed her sweet light, as though it would beget,
 With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
 Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze !

Meantime the hail had ceased :—and all the brood
 Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains ;
 At every window there were maids who stood
 Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,—
 Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
 Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
 Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt :
 The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
 No greenhouse but the same mishap befell ;
Bow-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt,—
 No sex in glass was spared !—For those who dwell
 On each hill-side, you might have swum a punt
 In any of their parlours ;—Mrs. Snell
 Was slopped out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
 Had a *flower-garden* washed into a *Kitchen*.

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaimed
 The recent violence.—Each after each
 The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
 Tapping, like woodpeckers, the hollow beach.
 Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aimed
 Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
 A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
 There was a gale—“quite equal to bespoke.”

Before high water—(it were better far
 To christen it not *water* then but *waiter*,

For then the tide is *serv'ing at the bar*)
 Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater !
 Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
 Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter,
 With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
 Like stout poured out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,
 Or launched that morn on seven-shilling trips ;
 No bathing woman waded—none would dare
 A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips ;
 No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
 And all the dreary coast was clear of ships ;
 For two *lea shores* upon the River Lea
 Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
 Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
 A boiling ocean of mixed black and green,
 A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
 When lo, in that vast hollow scooped between
 Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly !
 We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
 Much like a first or last attempt at swimming !

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
 Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair
 Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view,
 Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
 At last a frightful summerset he threw
 Right on the shingles. Anyone could swear
 The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
 And battered by the surge beyond all surgery !

However, we snatched up the corpse thus thrown,
 Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
 And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
 Then curiosity began with *her* fit ;
 And lo ! the features of the Small Unknown !
 'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit !
 And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
 We found a contract signed with Mephistopheles.

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
 His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
 Providing in this world he was to have
 A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
 He might control the course of cards and brave
 All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
 The juggling demon, in his usual vein,
 Seized the last cast—and *Nicked* him in the *main* !

LINES TO A LADY

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

GO where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
 And tempests make a soda-water sea,
 Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
 And think of me !

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
 A wine more praised than it deserves to be !
 Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
 And think of me !

Go where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,
 Making a midnight meal of he and she ;
 Go where the lion in his hunger howleth,
 And think of me !

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
 Or lies along at full length like a tree,
 Go where the Sutte in her own soot broileth,
 And think of me !

Go where with human notes the parrot dealeth
 In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
 And, like a woman, all she can revealeth,
 And think of me !

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
 And parasols of straw where hats should be
 Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
 And think of me !

Go to the land of jungles and of vast hills,
 And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee !
 Go gaze upon their elephants and castles,
 And think of me !

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
 And parch the peppered palate like a pea,
 Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier,
 And think of me !

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
 Consigned for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
 Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
 And think of me !

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
 Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
 Where every black will be your slave and servant
 And think of me !

TO FANNY.

"Gay being, born to flutter!"—SALE'S *Glee*.

IS this your faith, then, Fanny !
 What, to chat with every Dun !
 I'm the one, then, but of many,
 Not of many, but the *One* !

Last night you smiled on all, ma'am,
 That appeared in scarlet dress ;
 And your Regimental Ball, ma'am,
 Looked a little like a *Mess*.

I thought that of the Sogers
 (As the Scotch say) one might do,
 And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,
 Was the chosen man and true.

But 'Sblood ! your eye was busy
 With that ragamuffin mob—
 Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—
 And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,
 Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with
 Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,
 And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—Major Dowdrum—
 Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—
 Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,
 Captain Anyone—but I !

Deuce take it ! when the regiment
 You so praised, I only thought
 That you loved it in abridgment,
 But I now am better taught !

I went, as loving man goes,
 To admire thee in quadrilles ;
 But Fan, you dance fandangoes
 With just any fop that wills !

I went with notes before us,
 On the lay of Love to touch ;
 But with all the corps in chorus,
 Oh ! it is indeed too much !

You once—ere you contracted
 For the army—seemed my own ;
 But now you laugh with all the staff,
 And I may sigh alone !

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

I know not how it chances,
 When my passion ever dares,
 But the warmer my advances,
 Then the cooler are your airs.

I am, I don't conceal it,
 But I am a little hurt ;
 You're a Fan, and I must feel it,
 Fit for nothing but a *Flirt* !

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty
 On myself alone did fall ;
 But, alas ! " *Così Fan Tutti* !"
 It is thus, Fan, thus with all !

You have taken quite a mob in
 Of new military flames ;
 They would make a fine Round Robin
 If I gave you all their names !

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

" Resigned, I kissed the rod."

WELL ! I think it is time to put up !
 For it does not accord with my notions,
 Wrist, elbow, and chine,
 Stiff from throwing the line,
 To take nothing at last by my motions .

I ground-bait my way as I go,
 And dip in at each watery dimple ;
 But however I wish
 To inveigle the fish,
 To my *gentle* they will not play *simple* !

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
 My bad luck never seems to diminish ;
 It would seem that the Bream
 Must be scarce in the stream,
 And the *Chub*, tho' it's chubby, be *thinnish* !

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
 Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
 And although at my hook
 With *attention* I look,
 I can ne'er see my hook with a *Tench* on !

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
 But they seem upon different terms now ;
 Have they taken advice,
 Of the "*Council of Nice*,"
 And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now ?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
 Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching ;
 For the gut I have brought,
 I had better have bought
 A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching*!

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
 It is vain in this river to search then ;
 I may wait till it's night,
 Without any bite,
 And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then !

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
 Save what in the air is so sharp now ;
 Not a Dace have I got,
 And I fear it is not
 "*Carpe diem*," a day for the Carp now !

Oh ! there is not a one-pound prize
 To be got in this fresh water-lottery !
 What then can I deem
 Of so fishless a stream
 But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery* !

For an Eel I have learned how to try,
 By a method of Walton's own showing—
 But a fisherman feels
 Little prospect of Eels,
 In a path that's devoted to towing !

I have tried all the water for miles,
 Till I'm weary of dipping and casting,
 And hungry and faint—
 Let the Fancy just paint
 What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting* !

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
 While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell—
 So, wet to the skin,
 I'll e'en back to my inn,
 Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell* !

SEA SONG.

After Dibdin.

PURE water it plays a good part in
 The swabbing the decks and all that—
 And it finds its own level for sartin—
 For it sartinly drinks very flat :
 For my part a drop of the creatur
 I never could think was a fault,
 For if Tars should swig water by natur,
 The sea would have never been salt !
 Then off with it into a jorum,
 And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
 For if I've any sense of decorum,
 It never was meant to be neat !

One day when I was but half sober—
 Half measures I always disdain—
 I walked into a shop that sold Soda,
 And axed for some Water Champagne :
 Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys,
 Till I'd shipped my six bottles or more,
 And blow off my last limb but it's true boys,
 Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore !
 Then off with it into a jorum,
 And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
 For if I've any sense of decorum,
 It never was meant to be neat.

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."
Picture of Isle of Wight.

NE close of day—'twas in the Bay
 Of Naples, bay of glory !
 While light was hanging crowns of gold
 On mountains high and hoary,
 A gallant bark got under weigh,
 And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
 With wine and oil for cargo,
 Her crew of men some nine or ten,
 The captain's name was Jago ;
 A good and gallant bark she was,
 La Donna (call'd) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were hers to view,
 With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
 Dark shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
 Meet heads for painter's study ;
 But midst their tan there stood one man,
 Whose cheek was fair and ruddy ;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
 Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
 His hair, a little scant, and when
 He doff'd his cap or bonnet,
 One saw that Grey had gone beyond
 A premiership upon it !

His eye—a passenger was he,
 The cabin he had hired it,—
 His eye was grey, and when he look'd
 Around, the prospect fired it,
 A fine poetic light, as if
 The Appe-Nine inspir'd it.

His frame was stout, in height about
 Six feet—well made and portly ;
 Of dress and manner just to give
 A sketch, but very shortly,
 His order seem'd a composite
 Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaff'd, and joked and laughed,
 And chatted with the seamen,
 And often task'd their skill and ask'd,
 “ What weather is't to be, man ? ”
 No demonstration there appear'd
 That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
 Could raise a stormy rumpus,
 Like Prospero make breezes blow,
 And rocks and billows thump us,—
 But little we supposed what he
 Could with the needle compass !

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
 Seem'd lying almost fallow—
 When lo ! full crash, with billowy dash,
 From clouds of black and yellow,
 Came such a gale as blows but once
 A cent'ry like the aloe !

Our stomachs we had just prepared
 To vest a small amount in ;
 When, gush ! a flood of brine came down
 The skylight—quite a fountain,
 And right on end the table rear'd
 Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,
 Each roll, its rôle repeating,
 Roll'd down—the round of beef declar'd
 For parting—not for meating !
 Off flew the fowls, and all the game
 Was “ too far gone for eating ! ”

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
 The lamb too broke its tether ;
 Down mustard went—each condiment—
 Salt—pepper—all together !
 Down everything like craft that seek
 The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
 Her timbers seem'd to sever ;
 Down, down, a dreary derry down,
 Such lurch she had gone never ;
 She almost seem'd about to take
 A bed of down for ever !

Down dropt the captain's nether 'aw,
 Thus robb'd of all its uses,
 He thought he saw the Evil One
 Beside Vesuvian sluices,
 Playing at dice for soul and ship,
 And throwing sink and deuces.

Down fell the steward on his face,
 To all the Saints commending ;
 And candles to the Virgin vow'd,
 As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
 Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
 Check-mate was close impending !

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
 Their beads with fervour telling,
 While Alps of surge, with snowy verge,
 Above the yards came yelling.
 Down fell the crew, and on their knees
 Shudder'd at each white swelling !

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave :
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the god, seemed tossing in
A raging scarlet fever !

Sore, sore afraid, each papist pray'd
To Saint and Virgin Mary ;
But one there was that stood compos'd
Amid the waves' vagary ;
As staunch as rock, a true game-cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary !

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him :
His step still bold—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him :
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

Relaxed at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing ;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing ;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The stranger took to pacing.

And as he walked to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In undertone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
" You're welcome, Charlie," " Cowdenknowes,"
" Kenmure," or " Campbells' Coming."

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical ;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle :
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
" The Devil's in the binnacle !"

" The Saints be near," the helmsman cried,
His voice was quite a falter—
" Steady's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter ;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar !"

The captain stared aghast at mate,
 The pilot at th' apprentice ;
 No fancy of the German Sea
 Of Fiction the event is :
 But when they at the compass look'd,
 It seem'd non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
 The wavering point was shaken,
 'Twas past the whole philosophy
 Of Newton, or of Bacon ;
 Never by compass, till that hour,
 Such latitudes were taken !

With fearful speech, each after each
 Took turns in the inspection ;
 They found no gun—no iron—none—
 To vary its direction ;
 It seem'd a new magnetic case
 Of Poles in Insurrection !

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
 And all their household riches ;
 Oh ! while they thought of girl or boy,
 And dear domestic niches,
 All down the side which holds the heart,
 That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed
 To see them so white livered :
 And walked abaft the binnacle,
 To know at what they shivered ;
 But when he stood beside the card,
 St. Josef ! how it quivered !

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
 In eye of timid dreamer—
 The nervous finger of a sot
 Ne'er showed a plainer tremor ;
 To every brain it seemed too plain,
 There stood th' Infernal Schemer !

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew
 Just like a pullet's gizzard ;
 Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
 From tacking like an izzard,
 Bore down in this plain course at last,
 " It's Michael Scott—the Wizard !"

A smile passed o'er the ruddy face :
 " To see the poles so falter
 I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
 For with no friends I palter !
 Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
 My Christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
 On all the fearful faction ;
 The captain's head (for he had read)
 Confess'd the Needle's action,
 And bow'd to Him in whom the North
 Has lodged its main attraction !

A BLOW UP.

" Here we go up, up, up ! "

The Lay of the First Minstrel.

NEAR Battle, Mr. Peter Baker
 Was Powder maker,
 Not Alderman Flower's flour,—the white that puffs
 And primes and loads heads, bald, or grey, or chowder,
 Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby, Crowder,—
 Not vile apothecary's pounded stuffs,
 But something blacker, bloodier, and louder,
 Gunpowder !

This stuff, as people know, is *semper*
Eadem ; very hasty in its temper—
 Like Honour that resents the gentlest taps,
 Mere semblances of blows, however slight ;
 So Powder fires, although you only p'rhaps
 Strike light.

To make it, therefore, is a ticklish business,
 And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,
 For as all human flash and fancy minders,
 Frequenting fights and Powder-works well know,
 There seldom is a mill without a blow
 Sometimes upon the grinders.
 But then—the melancholy phrase to soften.
 Mr. B.'s mill *transpired* so very often !
 And advertised—than all Price Currents louder,
 " Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder,"
 So frequently, it caused the neighbours' wonder,—
 And certain people had the inhumanity
 To lay it all to Mr. Baker's vanity,
 That he might have to say—" That was my thunder ! "

One day—so goes the tale,
Whether, with iron hoof,
Not sparkle-proof,

Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail,—
Whether some glowworm of the Guy Faux stamp,
Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—
One day this mill that had by water ground,
Became a sort of windmill and blew round.
With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it
Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky ;
Besides some visitors who gained thereby,
What they had asked—permission “to go over it !”

Of course it was a very hard and high blow,
And somewhat differed from what's called a fly-blow.

At Cowes' Regatta, as I once observed,
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start ;
If such a sound could terrify oak's heart,
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.

In fact it was a very awful thing,—
As people know that have been used to battle,
In springing either mine or mill, you spring

A precious rattle !

The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf ;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,

Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner—her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long ;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish :
The “ Best of Sons ” was taken unawares,
And kicked the “ Best of Parents ” down the stairs :
The steadiest servant dropped the China dish ;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish !

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Tossed it just like a haymaker at work ;
Her sister not in any better case,

For, taking wine,
With nervous Mr. Pyne,

He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.
Poor Mistress Davy,

Bobbed off her brand-new turban in the gravy :

While Mr. Davy at the lower end,
 Preparing for a goose a carver's labour,
 Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbour,
 As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nursemaid telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
 "Bo-peep," and "Blue-cap," at the house's top,
 Screamed, and let Master Jeremiah drop

From a fourth storey !

Nor yet did matters any better go
 With cook and housemaid in the realms below ;
 As for the laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
 Expressing faintness and her fears by fits
 And starts,—she came at last but to her wits,
 By falling in the ale that John left running.
 Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
 Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
 Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,

Then coming to his mind,

Was shocked to find,

Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
 Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's !
 From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,
 Hearing the awful noise,
 Out rushed a flood of boys,
 Floating a man in black, without a wig ;
 Some carried out one treasure, some another,—
 Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
 Some saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray,
 But little Tiddy carried his big brother !

Sick of such terrors,

The Tunbridge folks resolved that truth should dwell
 No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,
 But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors ;
 Accordingly, to bring the point to pass,
 They called a meeting of the broken glass,
 The shattered chimney-pots, and scattered tiles,
 The damage of each part,
 And packed it in a cart,

Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles ;
 While Dr. Babbleshorpe, the worthy Rector,
 And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
 And some few more, whose names would only vex,
 Went as a deputation to the Ex-
 Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker's dwelling-house had pleased
 Along with mill-materials to roam,
 And for a time the deputies were teased,
 To find the noisy gentleman at home ;
 At last they found him with undamaged skin,
 Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.
 The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
 Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
 A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban,—
 The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,

And then unfolded,
 By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban ;
 He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding
 Knocked down a lot without a bidding,—
 How Mr. Miles, in fright, had given his mare,
 The whip she wouldn't bear,
 At Prospect House, how Dr. Oates, not Titus,
 Danced like St. Vitus,—
 And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,
 Cut off his nose whilst shaving ;
 When suddenly, with words that seemed like swearing,
 Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—
 Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gammage—
 " Who is to pay us, sir "—he argued thus,
 " For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—
 Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage ? "

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
 By such assailants, and completely muzzled ;
 Baker, however, was not dashed with ease—
 But proved he practised after their own system,
 And with small ceremony soon dismissed 'em,
 Putting these words into their ears like fleas :
 " If I do have a blow, well, where's the oddity ?
 I merely do as other tradesmen do,
 You, sir,—and you—and you !
 I'm only puffing off my own commodity ! "

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

" An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that
 could only belong to a *Boney-partie*."—*Life of Napoleon*.



IME was, I always had a drop
 For any tale or sigh of sorrow ;
 My handkerchief I used to sop
 Till often I was forced to borrow ;

I don't know how it is, but now
My eyelids seldom want a drying ;
The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me how—
I fear my heart is ossifying !

O'er Goethe I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kissed and cleaned by Charlotte
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying !

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling ;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying ;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying !

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,
And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter's savings of my pocket :
I never wish—as I did *then* !—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen :
I fear my heart is ossifying !

We've had some serious things of late
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melodrames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow ;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing,
But Lord ! so little have I felt,
I'm sure my heart is ossifying !

DOMESTIC ASIDES ; OR, TRUTH IN
PARENTHESES.

" **I** REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner !
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

“ Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
 What heads for painters’ easels !
 Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it perhaps the measles !)

“ Your charming boys I see are home
 From Reverend Mr. Russell’s ;
 ’Twas very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels !)

“ What ! little Clara left at home ?
 Well now I call that shabby :
 I should have loved to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby, babby !)

“ And Mr. S., I hope he’s well,
 Ah ! though he lives so handy,
 He never now drops in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy !)

“ Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda’s marriage ;
 You’re come of course to spend the day !
 (Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage !)

“ What ! must you go ? next time I hope
 You’ll give me longer measure ;
 Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure !)

“ Good-bye ! good-bye ! remember all,
 Next time you’ll take your dinners !
 (Now, David, mind I’m not at home
 In future to the Skinners !”)

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

“ Good heaven ! Why, even the little children in France speak French !”
 ADDISON.

I.

NEVER go to France
 Unless you know the lingo,
 If you do, like me,
 You will repent, by jingo.
 Staring like a fool,
 And silent as a mummv,
 There I stood alone,
 A nation with a dummy !

II.

Chaises stand for chairs,
 They christen letters *Billies*,
 They call their mothers *mares*,
 And all their daughters *fillies*;
 Strange it was to hear,
 I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
 They call their leather *queer*,
 And half their shoes are wooden.

III.

Signs I had to make
 For every little notion,
 Limbs all going like
 A telegraph in motion ;
 For wine I reeled about,
 To show my meaning fully,
 And made a pair of horns,
 To ask for "beef and bully."

IV.

Moo ! I cried for milk ;
 I got my sweet things snugger,
 When I kissed Jeannette,
 'Twas understood for sugar.
 If I wanted bread,
 My jaws I set a-going,
 And asked for new-laid eggs
 By clapping hands and crowing ?

V.

If I wished a ride,
 I'll tell you how I got it ;
 On my stick astride
 I made believe to trot it ;
 Then their cash was strange,
 It bored me every minute.
 Now here's a *hog* to change,
 How many *sows* are in it !

VI.

Never go to France,
 Unless you know the lingo ;
 If you do, like me,
 You will repent, by jingo ;
 Staring like a fool,
 And silent as a mummy,
 There I stood alone,
 A nation with a dummy !

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

IN Brentford town, of old renown,
 There lived a Mister Bray,
 Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
 And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
 By all it was allowed,
 Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
 Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
 You choose to rival me,
 And court Miss Bell, but there your court
 No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
 You may repent your love ;
 I who have shot a pigeon match,
 Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
 Consider what you do ;
 If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—
 I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
 Your threats I quite explode ;
 One who has been a volunteer
 Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
 Your passion quiet keeps,
 I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
 May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
 And that for copper red ;
 But these two went away to give
 Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,
 This pleasant thought to give—
 When they were dead, they thus should have
 Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
 The seconds then forebore,
 And having taken one rash step,
 They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
 Against the deadly strife,
 By putting in the prime of death
 Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
 But when they took their stands,
 Fear made them tremble so they found
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
 Here one of us may fall,
 And like St. Paul's Cathedral now
 Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
 Misconduct to your name ;
 If I withdraw the charge, will then
 Your ramrod do the same ?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
 But think of Honour's Courts !
 If we go off without a shot,
 There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
 Though cloudy it begun ;
 Why can't we aim above, as if
 We had called out the sun ?

So up into the harmless air
 Their bullets they did send ;
 And may all other duels have
 That upshot in the end !

 TO A BAD RIDER.

I.

WHY, Mr. Rider, why
 Your nag so ill indorse, man ?
 To make observers cry,
 You're mounted, but no horseman ?

MY SON AND HEIR.

II.

With elbows out so far,
 This thought you can't debar me—
 Though no Dragoon—Hussar—
 You're surely of the army !

III.

I hope to turn M.P.
 You have not any notion,
 So awkward you would be
 At "seconding a motion !"

MY SON AND HEIR.

I.

MY mother bids me bind my heir,
 But not the trade where I should bind ;
 To place a boy—the how and where—
 It is the plague of parent-kind !

II.

She does not hint the slightest plan,
 Nor what indentures to indorse ;
 Whether to bind him to a man,
 Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

III.

What line to choose of likely rise,
 To something in the stocks at last,—
 "Fast bind, fast find," the proverb cries,
 I find I cannot bind so fast !

IV.

A Statesman James can never be ;
 A Tailor?—there I only learn
 His chief concern is cloth, and he
 Is always cutting his concern.

V.

A Seedsman?—I'd not have him so ;
 A Grocer's plum might disappoint ;
 A Bucher?—no, not that—although
 I hear "the times are out of joint !"

VI.

Too many of all trades there be,
 Like Pedlars, each has such a pack ;
 A merchant selling coals?—we see
 The buyer send to cellar back.

VII.

A Hardware dealer?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

VIII.

A Soldier?—there he has not nerves,
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf :
A Baker?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

IX.

Dresser of hair?—that's not the sort ;
A Joiner jars with his desire—
A Churchman?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

X.

A Lawyer?— that's a hardish term !
A Publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once "in medias Rees."

XI.

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise ;
A builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—maybe lies !

XII.

A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing ;
A Publican?—no father sure
Would be the author of his being !

XIII.

A Paper-maker?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet ;
A Miller?—all his toil is just
To make a meal he does not eat.

XIV.

A Currier?—that by favour goes—
A Chandler gives me great misgiving—
An Undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living !

XV.

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not :
An Auctioneer I never did—

COCKLE *v.* CACKLE.

The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid!

XVI.

A Broker watching fall and rise
Of stock?—I'd rather deal in stone:
A Printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

XVII.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jim
Have any taste or turn for that—
A Fish retailer?—but with him
One part of trade is always flat.

XVIII.

A Painter?—long he would not live,
An Artist's a precarious craft—
In trade, Apothecaries give,
But very seldom take a draught.

XIX.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives "a roaring trade."

XX.

Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

XXI.

But what to do?—my temples ache
From evening's dew to morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
O could I make my boy—a girl!

COCKLE *v.* CACKLE.

THOSE who much read advertisements and bills,
Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
Called Anti-bilious—
Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,
But which we are assured, if timely taken,
May save your liver and bacon;

Whether or not they really give one ease,
 I, who have never tried,
 Will not decide ;
 But no two things in union go like these—
 Viz., Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Peas.
 Now Mrs. W. was getting fallow,
 Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,
 And friends portended was preparing for
 A human Pâté Périgord ;
 She was indeed so very far from well,
 Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box
 Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks—
 And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—
 To save her by a Cockle from a shell!

But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,
 Who very vehemently bids us "throw
 Bark to the Bow-wows," hated physic so,
 It seemed to share "the bitterness of death":
 Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
 Senna—Steel—Assafœtida, and Squills—
 Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined
 To give a course to Boluses or Pills ;
 No—not to save her life in lung or lobe,
 For all her lights' or all her liver's sake,
 Would her convulsive thorax undertake,
 Only one little uncelestial globe!

Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
 If she put by the pill-box in a place
 For linen rather than for drugs intended—
 Yet for the credit of the pills let's say
 After they thus were stowed away,
 Some of the linen mended ;
 But Mrs. W., by disease's dint,
 Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
 When lo! her second son, like elder brother,
 Marking the hue on the parental gills,
 Brought a new charge of Anti-turmeric Pills,
 To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
 Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

"Deeper and deeper still," of course,
 The fatal colour daily grew in force ;
 Till daughter W., newly come from Rome,
 Acting the self-same filial, pillial, part,
 To cure Mamma, another dose brought home
 Of Cockles ;—not the Cockles of her heart!

These going where the others went before,
 Of course she had a very pretty store;
 And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
 The Medicine so good must be,
 They brought her dose on dose, which she
 Gave to the upstairs cupboard, "night and morning."
 Till wanting room at last for other stocks,
 Out of the window one fine day she pitched
 The pillage of each box, and quite enriched
 The teed of Mister Burrell's hens and cocks,—
 A little Barber of a bygone day,
 Over the way,
 Whose stock-in-trade, to keep the least of shops,
 Was one great head of Kemble—that is, John,
 Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
 And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash
 She gave the physic wings,
 To find the very things
 So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
 For thoughtless cock and unreflecting pullet!
 But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
 Each pecked itself into a peck of troubles,
 And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
 They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
 For long before the night—ah! woe betide
 The Pills! each suicidal Bantam died
 Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrell's shock,
 Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
 And laid in death as Everlasting Layers
 With Bantam's small ex-Emperor, the Cock,
 In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
 Giving, undone by Cockle, a last Cackle!
 To see as stiff as stone his unlive stock,
 It really was enough to move his block.

Down on the floor he dashed, with horror big,
 Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;
 And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
 Burst out with natural emphasis enough,

And voice that grief made tremble,
 Into that very speech of sad Macduff—
 "What! all my pretty chickens and their dam,
 At one fell swoop!

Just when I'd bought a coop
 To see the poor lamented creatures cram!"

After a little of this mood,
 And brooding over the departed brood,
 With razor he began to ope each craw,
 Already turning black, as black as coals ;
 When lo ! the undigested cause he saw—
 “ Pisoned by goles ! ”

To Mrs. W.'s luck a contradiction,
 Her window still stood open to conviction ;
 And by short course of circumstantial labour,
 He fixed the guilt upon his adverse neighbour ;
 Lord ! how he railed at her : declaring now,
 He'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
 Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
 He'd make her do pill-penance in a pillory !
 She, meanwhile, distant from the dimmest dream
 Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
 Lapped in a paradise of tea and cream ;
 When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
 “ Here's Mr. Burrell, ma'am, with all his farmyard ! ”
 Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
 With all the warmth that iron and a barber
 Can harbour ;

To dress the head and front of her offending,
 The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking ;
 In short, he made her pay him altogether,
 In hard cash, very *hard*, for every feather,
 Charging, of course, each Bantam as a Dorking ;
 Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple
 So the sad dame, unpocketing her loss,
 Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
 And see her poultry “ going down ten couple.”
 Now birds by poison slain,
 As venomed dart from Indian's hollow cane,
 Are edible ; and Mrs. W.'s thrift,—

She had a thrifty vein,—
 Destined one pair for supper to make shift,—
 Supper as usual at the hour of ten :
 But ten o'clock arrived and quickly passed,
 Eleven - twelve—and one o'clock at last,
 Without a sign of supper even then !
 At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
 Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
 Came up at a white heat—
 “ Well, never I see chicken like them chicken !
 My saucepans they have been a pretty while in 'em !
 Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
 To flesh and bones, and perfect rags ; but drat
 Those Anti-biling Pills ! there is no bile in 'em ! ”

STANZAS TO TOM WOODGATE, OF HASTINGS.

I.

TOM!—are you still within this land
 Of livers—still on Hastings' sand,
 Or roaming on the waves,—
 Or has some billow o'er you rolled,
 Jealous that earth should lap so bold
 A seaman in her graves?

II.

On land the rushlight lives of men
 Go out but slowly; nine in ten,
 By tedious long decline,—
 Not so the jolly sailor sinks,
 Who founders in the wave, and drinks
 The apoplectic brine!

III.

Ay, while I write, mayhap your head
 Is sleeping on an oyster-bed,—
 I hope 'tis far from truth!
 With periwinkle eyes;—your bone
 Beset with mussels, not your own,
 And corals at your tooth!

IV.

Still does the "Chance" pursue the chance
 The main affords—the "Aidant" dance
 In safety on the tide?
 Still flies that sign of my goodwill
 A little *bunting* thing—but still
 To thee a flag of pride?

V.

Does that hard, honest hand now clasp
 The tiller in its careful grasp—
 With every summer breeze
 When ladies sail, in lady-fear—
 Or, tug the oar, a gondolier
 On smooth Macadam seas?

VI.

Or are you where the flounders keep,
 Some dozen briny fathoms deep,
 Where sands and shells abound—
 With some old Triton on your chest
 And twelve grave mermen for a 'quest.
 To find that you are—drowned?

VII.

Swift is the wave, and apt to bring
A sudden gloom—perchance I sing
A mere funereal strain ;
You have endured the utter strife—
And are—the same in death or life,
A good man in the main !

VIII.

Oh, no—I hope the old brown eye
Still watches ebb and flood and sky ;
That still the old brown shoes
Are sucking brine up—pumps indeed !
Your tooth still full of ocean weed,
Or Indian—which you choose.

IX.

I like you, Tom ! and in these lays
Give honest worth its honest praise,
No puff at honour's cost ;
For though you met these words of mine,
All letter-learning was a line
You somehow never crossed !

X.

Mayhap, we ne'er shall meet again,
Except on that Pacific main,
Beyond this planet's brink ;
Yet as we erst have braved the weather,
Still we may float awhile together,
As comrades on this ink !

XI.

Many a scudding gale we've had
Together, and, my gallant lad,
Some perils we have passed ;
When huge and black the wave careered,
And oft the giant surge appeared
The master of our mast :

XII.

'Twas thy example taught me how
To climb the billow's hoary brow,
Or cleave the raging heap—
To bound along the ocean wild,
With danger only as a child
The waters rocked to sleep.

XIII.

Oh, who can tell that brave delight,
 To see the hissing wave in might,
 Come rampant like a snake !
 To leap his horrid crest, and feast
 One's eyes upon the briny beast,
 Left couchant in the wake !

XIV.

The simple shepherd's love is still
 To bask upon a sunny hill,
 The herdsman roams the vale—
 With both their fancies I agree ;
 Be mine the swelling, scooping sea,
 That is both hill and dale !

XV.

I yearn for that brisk spray—I yearn
 To feel the wave from stem to stern
 Uplift the plunging keel.
 That merry step we used to dance,
 On board the “Aidant” or the “Chance,”
 The ocean “toe and heel.”

XVI.

I long to feel the steady gale,
 That fills the broad distended sail—
 The seas on either hand !
 My thought, like any hollow shell,
 Keeps mocking at my ear the swell
 Of waves against the land.

XVII.

It is no fable—that old strain
 Of sirens !—so the witching main
 Is singing—and I sigh !
 My heart is all at once inclined
 To seaward—and I seem to find
 The waters in my eye !

XVIII.

Methinks I see the shining beach ;
 The merry waves, each after each,
 Rebounding o'er the flints ;
 I spy the grim preventive spy !
 The jolly boatmen standing nigh !
 The maids in morning chintz !

XIX.

And there they float—the sailing craft !
 The sail is up—the wind abaft—
 The ballast trim and neat.
 Alas ! 'tis all a dream—a lie !
 A printer's imp is standing by,
 To haul my mizzen sheet !

XX.

My tiller dwindles to a pen—
 My craft is that of bookish men—
 My sale—let Longman tell !
 Adieu the wave ! the wind ! the spray !
 Men—maidens—chintzes—fade away !
 Tom Woodgate, fare thee well !

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

“ Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified ! ”—SHAKSPEARE.

I.

WAS twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
 When all in hungry trim,
 Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
 With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II.

Said he, “ Upon this dainty cod
 How bravely I shall sup ”—
 When, whiter than the tablecloth,
 A GHOST came rising up !

III.

“ O father dear, O mother dear,
 Dear Kate, and brother Jim—
 You know when some one went to sea—
 Don't cry—but I am him !

IV.

“ You hope some day with fond embrace
 To greet your absent Jack,
 But oh, I am come here to say
 I'm never coming back !

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

V.

“ From Alexandria we set sail,
 With corn, and oil, and figs,
 But steering ‘too much Sow,’ we struck
 Upon the Sow and Pigs!

VI.

“ The ship we pumped till we could see
 Old England from the tops ;
 When down she went with all our hands,
 Right in the Channel’s Chops.

VII.

“ Just give a look in Norey’s chart,
 The very place it tells ;
 I think it says twelve fathoms deep,
 Clay bottom, mixed with shells.

VIII.

“ Well, there we are till ‘hands aloft,’
 We have at last a call ;
 The pug I had for brother Jim,
 Kate’s parrot too, and all.

IX.

“ But oh, my spirit cannot rest
 In Davy Jones’s sod,
 Till I’ve appeared to you and said—
 Don’t sup on that ‘ere cod!

X.

“ You live on land, and little think
 What passes in the sea ;
 Last Sunday week, at 2 P.M.,
 That cod was picking me!

XI.

“ Those oysters, too, that look so plump,
 And seem so nicely done,
 They put my corpse in many shells,
 Instead of only one.

XII.

“ Oh, do not eat those oysters then,
 And do not touch the shrimps ;
 When I was in my briny grave,
 They sucked my blood like imps!

XIII.

"Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat!"

XIV.

The spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack!
At last up started brother Jim,
"Let's try if Jack was Jack!"

XV.

They called the dog, they called the cat,
And little kitten too,
And down they put the cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

XVI.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munched the cod—and little kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

XVII.

The thing was odd, and minus cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
Oh, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BEN Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray ;
So he went to pay her his devours
When he'd devoured his pay !

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff ;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off !

" O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !
Is this your love so warm ?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform ! "

She said, " I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave ;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave !

" Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now ! "

" O Nelly Gray ! O Nelly Gray !
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches* ! "

" Why, then," said she, " you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms ! "

" O, false and fickle Nelly Gray ;
I know why you refuse :—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes !

" I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;
But now a long farewell !
For you will be my death ;—alas !
You will not be my *Nell* ! "

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot !

So round his melancholy neck
 A rope he did entwine,
 And, for his second time in life,
 Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
 And then removed his pegs,
 And, as his legs were off,—of course
 He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung till he was dead
 As any nail in town,—
 For though distress had cut him up,
 It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
 To find out why he died—
 And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
 With a *stake* in his inside!

SHOOTING PAINS.

“The charge is prepar’d.”—*Macheath.*

IF I shoot any more I'll be shot,
 For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
 I have march'd the whole day
 With a gun,—for no pay—
 Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
 To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
 With confidence fraught
 My two pointers I brought,
 But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
 Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
 Not far, were his words,
 I could go without birds:
 If my legs could cry out, they'd cry “Walker!”

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
 My appointments are modern and Mantony;
 And I've brought my own man,
 To mark down all he can,
 But I can't find a mark for my Anthony!

SHOOTING PAINS.

The partridges,—where can they lie?
 I have promis'd a leash to Miss Jervas,
 As the least I could do;
 But without even two
 To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they're preserv'd!—
 My sport's not a jot more beholden,
 As the birds are so shy,
 For my friends I must buy,
 And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
 Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
 With toil unrelax'd,
 Till my patience is tax'd,
 But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats,
 In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
 But still vainly I court
 The percussing sport,
 I find nothing for "setting my cap at!"

A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
 Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
 With well-loaded double,
 But 'spite of my trouble,
 Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
 But they lurk in their burrows so lowly;
 This day's the eleventh,
 It is not the seventh,
 But they seem to be keeping it hole—y.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
 And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh!
 Mine is not the luck,
 To obtain thee, O Duck,
 Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
 Large or small I am never to sack bird,
 Not a thrush is so kind
 As to fly, and I find
 I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I am hungry, I'm dry,
 Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
 And so weary an elf,
 I am sick of myself,
 And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
 And look out for a cock or a hen there ;
 I have search'd round and round,
 All the Baronet's ground,
 But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there !

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
 But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
 And it's really too bad,
 Not a shot I have had
 With Hall's Powder renown'd for " quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
 Oh ! of sporting I can't have a high sense ;
 And there still remains one
 More mischance on my gun—
 " Fined for shooting without any licence."

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

" Alone I did it !—Boy !"—*Coriolanus*.

SAY, little boy at the Nore,
 Do you come from the small Isle of Man?
 Why, your history a mystery must be,
 Come, tell us as much as you can,
 Little Boy at the Nore !

You live, it seems, wholly on water,
 Which your Gambier calls living in clover ;—
 But how comes it, if that is the case,
 You're eternally half-seas over,—
 Little Boy at the Nore ?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
 Never mind your imperfect orthography ;—
 But give us as well you can,
 Your watery auto-biography,
 Little Boy at the Nore !

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE (*loquitur*).

I'm the tight little boy at the Nore,
 In a sort of sea-negus I dwells ;

THE FALL.

'Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep.'—*Count Fathom.*

WHO does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;

Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
While hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to vale or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!

Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream:
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rush'd in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I viewed the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore!
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;
Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,

The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death sweat gathering round.

O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet,
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,

Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge to ledge,

From crag to crag,—in speechless pain,—from midnight deep to deep;

I did not die,—but anguish stunn'd my senses into sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
And through my brain there thrill'd a cry,—a cry as shrill as birds,

Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:
"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares;
He's been a-walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the stairs!"

THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT!

"So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, sir, here is the picture!"

Lydia Languish.



DAYS of old, O days of knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was baulk'd and valour stalk'd
On high heroic stilts—

Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,
The world gets tame and flat,
We've nothing now but New Police—
There's no romance in that.

I wish I ne'er had learned to read,
Or Radclyffe how to write;
That Scott had been a boor, on Tweed,
And Lewis cloister'd quite!
Would I had never drunk so deep,
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life and weep—
There's no romance in that!

No bandits lurk—no turban'd Turk,
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night,
Except my mother's cough.
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house,
No shape—but owl or bat
Come flitting after moth or mouse—
There's no romance in that!

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess—
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. F. Newman's press;
Instead of looking thin and pale,
I'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There's no romance in that!

It's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That's worth a pen's report;
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vow'd, and rail'd, and came home safe—
There's no romance in that!

The only time I had a chance
 At Brighton one fine day,
 My chestnut mare began to prance,
 Took fright, and ran away ;
 Alas ! no Captain of the Tenth
 To stop my steed came pat ;
 A butcher caught the rein at length—
 There's no romance in that !

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
 A railway sort of track—
 No flinty sire, no jealous Don !
 No hearts upon the rack ;
 No Polidore, no Theodore,
 His ugly name is Mat,
 Plain Matthew Pratt, and nothing more—
 There's no romance in that !

He is not dark, he is not tall,
 His forehead's rather low,
 He is not pensive—not at all,
 But smiles his teeth to show ;
 He comes from Wales, and yet in size
 Is really but a sprat ;
 With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
 There's no romance in that !

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
 Or long sword hanging down ;
 He dresses much like other folks,
 And commonly in brown ;
 His collar he will not discard,
 Or give up his cravat,
 Lord Byron-like—he's not a bard—
 There's no romance in that !

He's rather bald, his sight is weak,
 He's deaf in either drum ;
 Without a lisp he cannot speak,
 But then—he's worth a plum.
 He talks of stocks and three per cents
 By way of private chat,
 Of Spanish bonds, and shares, and rents—
 There's no romance in that !

I sing—no matter what I sing,
 Di Tanti—or Crudel,
 Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
 Di piacer—All's well,

He knows no more about a voice
 For singing than a gnat—
 And, as to music, "has no choice,"—
 There's no romance in that !

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
 He never serenades;
 He writes, and sends it by the post,
 He doesn't bribe the maids :
 No stealth, no hempen ladder—no !
 He comes with loud rat-tat,
 That startles half of Bedford Row—
 There's no romance in that !

He comes at nine in time to choose
 His coffee—just two cups,
 And talks with Pa about the news,
 Repeats debates, and sups.
 John helps him with his coat aright,
 And Jenkins hands his hat ;
 My lover bows and says good-night—
 There's no romance in that !

I've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
 My aunt she quite approves,
 My brother wishes joy from Kent,
 None try to thwart our loves ;
 On Tuesday Reverend Mr. Mace
 Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
 Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
 There's no romance in that !

OUR VILLAGE.

BY A VILLAGER.



OUR village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village,
 but our village of Bullock's Smithy,
 Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards,
 two elders, and a withy ;
 And in the middle there's a green, of about not exceeding an
 acre and a half ;
 It's common to all and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies,
 three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf !
 Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a sort of common
 law lease,

And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two
 dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.
 Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for
 bowling when the little village boys play at cricket ;
 Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to
 come and stand right before the wicket.
 There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and work-
 shops, and pigsties, and poultry huts, and such-like sheds,
 With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man,
 three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
 The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that
 for love or money can raise
 A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses,
 and a ramshackle " neat postchaise !"
 There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever may
 be their ranks in life or their degrees.
 Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, little
 Methodist Chapel of Ease ;
 And close by the churchyard, there's a stonemason's yard,
 that when the time is seasonable
 Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble^s urns and
 cherubims, very low and reasonable.
 There's a cage comfortable enough ; I've been in it with Old
 Jack Jeffery and Tom Pike ;
 For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or
 anything else you like.
 I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but
 the upright post ;
 But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse
 as is always there almost.
 There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap in
 his way, Old Joe Bradley,
 Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and shoes
 horses very badly.
 There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by the
 widow of Mr. Task ;
 But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of everything
 you ask.
 You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about
 the old sugary cask :
 There are six empty houses and not so well papered inside
 as out,
 For bill stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales and
 election placards all about.
 That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots
 in the window is seen ;
 A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium,
 and a teaplant with five black leaves, and one green.

As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles and
 jasmynes, you may go and whistle ;
 But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock, a
 ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle !
 There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the school-
 master's is the chief—
 With two pear trees that don't bear ; one plum, and an apple
 that every year is stripped by a thief.
 There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable
 Mrs. Gaby,
 A select establishment for six little boys, and one big, and
 four little girls and a baby ;
 There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange odd
 chimneys that never smokes,
 For the Rector don't live on his living like other Christian
 sort of folks ;
 There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough black-
 bearded, shock-headed churls,
 And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two
 masculine ladies in false curls ;
 There's a butcher, and a carpenter's, and a plumber, and a
 small greengrocer's, and a baker,
 But he won't bake on a Sunday ; and there's a sexton that's
 a coal merchant besides, and an undertaker ;
 And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't
 compare with the London shops ;
 One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls,
 and the other sells malt and hops.
 And Mrs. Brown in domestic economy not to be a bit behind
 her betters,
 Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a ratcatcher, a cob-
 bler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
 Now I've gone through all the village—aye, from end to end,
 save and except one more house,
 But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and
 that's the village Poor House !

 THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

 "I'll be your second."—*Liston*.

IN Middle Row, some years ago,
 There lived one Mr. Brown ;
 And many folks considered him
 The stoutest man in town.