

But Brown and stout will both wear out—  
 One Friday he died hard,  
 And left a widow'd wife to mourn,  
 At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months  
 Thought mourning quite a tax ;  
 And wished, like Mr. Wilberforce,  
 To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet ;  
 The thing came thus about :  
 She asked him in at home, and then  
 At church, he asked her out !

Assurance such as this the man  
 In ashes could not stand ;  
 So like a Phœnix he rose up  
 Against the Hand in Hand !

One dreary night the angry sprite  
 Appeared before her view ;  
 It came a little after one,  
 But she was after two !

“ O Mrs. B., O Mrs. B. !  
 Are these your sorrow's deeds,  
 Already getting up a flame,  
 To burn your widow's weeds ?

“ It's not so long since I have left  
 For aye the mortal scene ;  
 My memory—like Rogers's—  
 Should still be bound in green !

“ Yet if my face you still retrace,  
 I almost have a doubt—  
 I'm like an old Forget-me-not,  
 With all the leaves torn out !

“ To think that on that finger joint  
 Another pledge should cling ;  
 Oh Bess ! upon my very soul  
 It struck like ‘ Knock and ring.’

“ A ton of marble on my breast  
 Can't hinder my return ;  
 Your conduct, ma'am, has set my blood  
 A-boiling in my urn !

“ Remember, oh ! remember how  
 The marriage rite did run,—  
 Ever, ever we one flesh should be  
 'Tis now—when I have none !

“ And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—  
 Of perjured faith convict,  
 As ghostly toe can give no blow,  
 Consider you are kick'd.

“ A hollow voice is all I have,  
 But this I tell you plain,  
 Marry come up !—you marry ma'am,  
 And I'll come up again.”

More he had said, but chanticleer  
 The spritely shade did shock:  
 With sudden crow,—and off he went,  
 Like fowling piece at cock !

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 BAILEY BALLADS.

To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or W. F. N.—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbour, a retired sea captain with a wooden leg, now literally a jury mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill Corporal was Sergeant Arabin, and when our muster-roll without butter was called over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be nonjurors—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit, and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number of deaf men who objected—the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The publishers of “Curtis on the Ear,” and “Wright on the Ear”—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stentorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common

jury. I heard, on the right hand, a judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match—with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf, only half discharged me,—committing me to the relay box—as a Juror in Waiting,—and from which I was only relieved by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dulness I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining sin and sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera-morbid sensibility of the present age and stage.

The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be—in the Strand—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful Dedication to the learned Serjeant.

## LINES TO MARY.

(At No. 1, Newgate. Favoured by Mr. Wontner.)



MARY, I believed you true,  
And I was blest in so believing;  
But till this hour I never knew—  
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,  
Or some such trifle when I courted,  
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,  
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—  
It would have been an unfair feeling  
To dream that you had pilfered lace—  
And Flint's had suffered from your stealing?

Or when my suit I first preferred,  
To bring your coldness to repentance,  
Before I hammer'd out a word,  
How could I dream you heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth  
I strove to prove my love no fiction,  
How could I guess I urged a truth  
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,  
Your hand—where I have look'd and lingered,  
Altho' it stole away my heart,  
Had been held up as one light-fingered!

In melting verse your charms I drew;  
The charms in which my muse delighted—  
Alas! the lay I thought was new,  
Spoke only what had been *indicted!*

Oh ! when that form, a lovely one,  
 Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,  
 I little thought that you had run  
 A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you pick'd me from the world,  
 My vanity it now must shock it—  
 And down at once my pride is hurled,  
 You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket!

Oh ! when our love had got so far,  
 The banns were read by Doctor Daly,  
 Who asked if there was any bar—  
 Why did not some one shout " Old Bailey " ?

But when you robed your flesh and bones  
 In that pure white that angel garb is,  
 Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,  
 Among the Joans that link with *Darbies* ?

And when the parson came to say,  
 My goods were yours, if I had got any,  
 And you should honour and obey,  
 Who could have thought—" O Bay of Botany ! "

But oh !—the worst of all your slips  
 I did not till this day discover—  
 That down in Deptford's prison ships,  
 Oh ! Mary ! you've a hulking lover !

## No. II.

" Love with a witness."

HE has shaved off his whiskers, and blackened his brows,  
 Wears a patch and a wig of false hair,—  
 But it's him—oh, it's him,—we exchanged lover's vows  
 When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,  
 And his voice was as soft as a flute—  
 Like a Lord or a Marquis he look'd when he came  
 To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,  
 I shall never forget what he told ;  
 How he lov'd me beyond the rich women of earth,  
 With their jewels of silver and gold !

When he kiss'd me and bade me adieu with a sigh,  
 By the light of the sweetest of moons,  
 Oh, how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye  
 To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons !

## No. III.

"I'd be a Parody."—BAILEY.

WE met—'twas in a mob—and I thought he had done me—  
 I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me ;  
 He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unaltered,  
 I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs faltered.  
 I wore my brand-new boots—and unrivalled their brightness,  
 They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness !  
 I call'd, but no one came, and my stride had a tether,  
 Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather !

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,  
 He swore, a something low—but 'twas no use to fear him,  
 I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,  
 And stopt, as he deserved—to cells wretched and lonely :  
 And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,  
 The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver ;  
 The world may think me gay—heart and feet ache together,  
 Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather !

## THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

**R**AT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,  
 "That hat, I know it !" cried the joyful girl ;  
 "Summers it is, I know him by his knock,  
 Comers like him are welcome as the day !  
 Lizzy ! go down and open the street door,  
 Busy I am to any one but *him* !  
 Know him you must—he's been so often here ;  
 Show him upstairs, and tell him I'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stairs ;  
 Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat ;  
 "Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—  
 Drury,—or Covent Garden—darling man !—  
 Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul  
 Tremble, in Richard or the frenzied Moor—  
 Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce  
 Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's child—  
 Kelly the natural—to witness whom  
 Jelly is nothing to the public's jam—  
 Cooper the sensible—and Walter Knowles  
 Super in William Tell—now rightly told.  
 Better—perchance from Andrews, brings a box,  
 Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—  
 Brocard ! Donzelli ! Taglioni ! Paul !  
 No card,—thank heaven,—engages me to-night !

Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—  
 Weather's against it, but I'll go in curls.  
 Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,  
 Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—  
 Cupid—the new Ballet I long to see—  
 Stupid ! why don't she go and ope the door ?”

Glisten'd her eye as the impatient girl  
 Listen'd low-bending o'er the topmost stair.  
 Vainly, alas ! she listens and she bends,  
 Plainly she hears this question and reply :—  
 “ Axes your pardon, sir, but what d'ye want ?”  
 “ Taxes,” says he, “ and shall not call again !”

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 BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

## A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

**E**VEN is come ; and from the dark Park, hark  
 The signal of the setting sun—one gun !  
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time  
 To go and see the Drury-lane Dane slain,—  
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,—  
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,  
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;—  
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride  
 Four horses as no other man can span ;  
 Or in the small Olympic Pit, sit split  
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.


Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things  
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;  
 The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,  
 And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,  
 About the streets, and take up Pall Mall Sal,  
 Who, hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,  
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,  
 But, frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,  
 And while they're going whisper low, “ no go !”  
 Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,  
 And sleepers waking, grumble,—“ drat that cat !”  
 Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls  
 Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.  
 Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize-size, rise  
 In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor  
 Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy-nilly ;—

But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest press'd,  
 Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,  
 And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns  
 And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice ;  
 White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,  
 That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows woes!

## THE UNDYING ONE.

“He shall not die.”—*Uncle Toby.*

F all the verses, grave or gay,  
 That ever whiled an hour,  
 I never knew a mingled lay  
 At once so sweet and sour,  
 As that my Ladye Norton spun,  
 And christened “The Undying One.”

I'm very certain that she drew  
 A portrait, when she penn'd  
 That picture of a perfect Jew,  
 Whose days will never end :  
 I'm sure it means my uncle Tunn,  
 For he is an Undying One.

These twenty years he's been the same.  
 And may be twenty more ;  
 But Memory's Pleasures only claim  
 His features for a score ;  
 Yet in that time the change is none—  
 The image of th' Undying One

They say our climate's damp and cold,  
 And lungs are tender things ;  
 My uncle's much abroad and old,  
 But when “King Cole” he sings,  
 A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,  
 Declares him an Undying One.

Others have died from needle-pricks,  
 And very slender blows,  
 From accidental slips or kicks,  
 Or bleedings at the nose ;  
 Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—  
 But he is the Undying One!

## THE UNDYING ONE.

A soldier once, he once endured  
 A bullet in the breast—  
 It might have killed—but only cured  
 An asthma on the chest :  
 He was not to be slain with gun,  
 For he is the Undying One.

In water once too long he dived,  
 And all supposed him beat,  
 He seemed so cold—but he revived,  
 To have another heat,  
 Just when we thought his race was run,  
 And came in fresh—th' Undying One !

To look at Meux's once he went,  
 And tumbled in the vat—  
 And greater Jobs their lives have spent  
 In lesser boils than that,—  
 He left the beer quite underdone,  
 No bier to the Undying One !

He's been from strangulation black,  
 From bile, of yellowish hue,  
 Scarlet from fever's hot attack,  
 From Cholera Morbus blue ;  
 Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—  
 He still is the Undying One !

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife  
 His three per cents to share ;  
 He never married in his life,  
 Or flirted with the fair ;  
 The sex he made a point to shun,  
 For beauty an Undying One.

To judge him by the present signs,  
 The future by the past,  
 So quick he lives, so slow declines,  
 The Last Man won't be last,  
 But buried underneath a ton  
 Of mould by the Undying One !

Next Friday week, his birthday boast,  
 His ninetieth year he spends,  
 And I shall have his health to toast  
 Amongst expectant friends,  
 And wish—it really sounds like fun—  
 Long life to the Undying One !



## JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A day after the fair."—*Old Proverb.*

**J**OHN DAY he was the biggest man  
Of all the coachman kind,  
With back too broad to be conceived  
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,  
When he was in the rear,  
And wished his box a Christmas box,  
To come but once a year.

Alas ! against the shafts of love,  
What armour can avail ?  
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through  
His scarlet coat of mail.

The barmaid of the Crown he loved,  
From whom he never ranged,  
For though he changed his horses there,  
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,  
So fondly love prefers ;  
And often, among twelve outsides,  
Deemed no outside like hers !

One day, as she was sitting down  
Beside the porter-pump—  
He came, and knelt with all his fat,  
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn  
To like so huge a man,  
So I must beg you will come here  
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit  
With vows, and sighs, and tears,  
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho'  
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued  
The maid was cold and proud,  
And sent him off to Coventry,  
While on his way to Stroud.

## EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,  
 And thence all back to town,  
 The course of love was never smooth,  
 So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine  
 To merely bones and skin,  
 But still he loved like one resolved  
 To love through thick and thin.

Oh ! Mary, view my wasted back,  
 And see my dwindled calf ;  
 Tho' I have never had a wife,  
 I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assail'd,  
 Her heart withstood the dint ;  
 Though he had carried sixteen stone  
 He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow  
 To break his being's link ;  
 For he was so reduced in size,  
 At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,  
 And waste a deal of breath,  
 But John, tho' he drank nothing else,  
 He drank himself to death !

The cruel maid that caused his love  
 Found out the fatal close,  
 For looking in the butt, she saw  
 The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,  
 But that is only talk—  
 For after riding all his life,  
 His ghost objects to walk !

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A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET  
 HOUSE.

" Our Crummie is a dainty cow."—*Scotch Song.*



N that first Saturday in May,  
 When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,  
 Repair to see what each R. A.  
 Has done since last they sought the Strand,

In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,  
 In short, what's called the private view,—  
 Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how  
 She got in there without a row—  
 There came a large and vulgar dame,  
 With arms deep red, and face the same,  
 Showing in temper not a Saint,  
 No one could guess for why she came,  
 Unless perchance to "scour the Paint."

From wall to wall she forced her way,  
 Elbowed Lord Durham—poked Lord Grey—  
 Stamped Stafford's toes to make him move,  
 And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;  
 The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,  
 She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,  
 And gave a pinch to Park, the judge.  
 As for the ladies in this stir,  
 The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,  
 She searched the pictures through and through,  
 On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,  
 And squatted down to see the shy ones.  
 And as she went from part to part,  
 A deeper red each cheek became,  
 Her very eyes lit up in flame,  
 That made each looker-on exclaim,  
 "Really an ardent love of art!"

Alas! amidst her inquisition,  
 Fate brought her to a sad condition;  
 She might have run against Lord Milton,  
 And still have stared at deeds in oil,  
 But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,  
 She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The keeper mute, with staring eyes,  
 Like a lay-figure for surprise,  
 At last this stammered out, "How now?  
 Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,  
 That ought to have let you through our wicket?"  
 Says woman, "Where is David's Cow?"

Said Mr. H— with expedition,  
 "There's no Cow in the Exhibition."  
 "No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity,  
 Set off with steam and rail celerity—

" No Cow ! there ain't no Cow, then the more's the shame  
and pity,

Hang you, and the R.A.s, and all the Hanging Committee!  
No Cow—but hold your tongue—for you needn't talk to me—  
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to  
be—

I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any how,  
Or in any of the rooms, to be compared with David's Cow !  
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers and  
your Wards,

Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here they  
are on cords !

They're only fit for window frames, and shutters and street  
doors,

David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars,—  
Why Morland was a fool to him,—at a little pig or sow—

It's really hard it ain't hung up,—I could cry about the Cow !  
But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of  
David's fame,

But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a  
shame,—

Do you think it might hang by-and-bye, if you cannot hang  
it now ?

David has made a party up, to come and see his Cow.

If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the  
learners,—

Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr.  
Turner's ?

Or do you think from Mr. Etty you need apprehend a row,  
If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow !  
I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such  
a creature,

Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than  
nature !

It must be hung—and shall be hung—for Mr. H —, I vow.  
I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got the Cow !  
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,  
If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the  
stair.

Or down there in the marble room where all the figures  
stand,

Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her  
hand—

Or may be Baily's Charity the favour would allow,  
It would really be a charity to hang up David's Cow.  
We haven't no where else to go if you don't hang it here,  
The Water Colour place allows no oilman to appear—

And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers and Gerard Douw,  
 And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow:  
 I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals  
 Till she was painted on the board, correct from head to heels:  
 His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,  
 He hardly whipped the boys at all,—or helped to nurse the baby.  
 And when he had her all complete and painted over red,  
 He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.  
 Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,  
 Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his Cow.  
 And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by half—  
 David sha'n't send next year except a very little calf!"

## HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL, AFTER POPE.

**T**WO swains or clowns—but call them swains—  
 Whilst keeping flocks on Salisbury plains,  
 For all that tend on sheep as drovers  
 Are turned to songsters or to lovers.  
 Each of the lass he call'd his dear,  
 Began to carol loud and clear.  
 First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,  
 In the way of ancient shepherd men;  
 Who thus alternate pitched in song,  
 "All things by turns, and nothing long."

*Huggins.*—Of all the girls about our place,  
 There's one beats all in form and face;  
 Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,  
 You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.


*Duggins.*—To groves and streams I tell my flame,  
 I make the cliffs repeat her name;  
 When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,  
 The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!

*Huggins.*—When I am walking in the grove,  
 I think of Peggy as I rove.  
 I carve her name on every tree,  
 But I don't know my A, B, C.

- Duggins.*—Whether I walk in hill or valley,  
I think of nothing else but Sally.  
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing  
No song, except "God save the King!"
- Huggins.*—My Peggy does all nymphs excel,  
And all confess she bears the bell,—  
Where'er she goes swains flock together,  
Like sheep that follow the bell wether.
- Duggins.*—Sally is tall and not too straight,—  
Those very poplar shapes I hate ;  
But something twisted like an S,—  
A crook becomes a shepherdess.
- Huggins.*—When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,  
I often wish my lot was hisn ;  
How often I should stand and turn,  
To get a pat from hands like hern.
- Duggins.*—I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,  
To stand about, and stare at she ;  
But when I look, she turns and shies,  
And won't bear none but their sheep's eyes !
- Huggins.*—Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—  
Beneath her smile the garden grows ;  
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,  
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts !
- Duggins.*—Where Sally goes it's always spring,  
Her presence brightens everything ;  
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,  
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.
- Huggins.*—For Peggy I can have no joy,  
She's sometimes kind and sometimes coy,  
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,  
As comfortless as sheep with ticks !
- Duggins.*—Sally is ripe as June or May,  
And yet as cold as Christmas Day ;  
For when she's asked to change her lot,  
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.
- Huggins.*—Only with Peggy and with health,  
I'd never wish for state or wealth ;  
Talking of having health and more pence,  
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence !
- Duggins.*—Oh, how that day would seem to shine,  
If Sally's banns were read with mine ;  
She cries, when such a wish I carry,  
"Marry come up !" but will not marry.

## GOG AND MAGOG.

A GUILDHALL DUET.

*Magog.* HY, Gog, I say, it's after One,  
And yet no dinner is carved;  
Shall we endure this sort of fun,  
And stand here to be starved?

*Gog.* I really think our City Lords  
Must be a shabby set:  
I've stood here since King Charles's time,  
And had no dinner yet!

*Magog.* I vow I can no longer stay;  
I say, are we to dine to-day?

*Gog.* My hunger would provoke a saint,  
I've waited till I'm sick and faint;  
I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both,  
I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth.

*Magog.* I wish I had a round of beef—  
My hungry tooth to charm;  
I've wind enough in my inside  
To play the Hundredth Psalm.

*Gog.* And yet they feast beneath our eyes  
Without the least remorse;  
This very week I saw the Mayor  
A-feeding like a horse!

*Magog.* Such loads of fish, and flesh, and fowl;  
To think upon it makes me growl!

*Gog.* I wonder where the fools were taught,  
That they should keep a giant short!  
They'll stop our growth, they'll stop our growth:  
They'll starve us both, they'll starve us both!

*Magog.* They said, a hundred years ago,  
That we should dine at One;  
Why, Gog, I say, our meat by this  
Is rather over-done.

*Gog.* I do not want it done at all,  
So hungry is my maw,  
Give me an Alderman in chains,  
And I will eat him raw!

*Magog.*—Of starving weavers they discuss,  
And yet they never think of us.  
I say, are we to dine to day;  
Are we to dine to-day?

*Gog.*—Oh dear, the pang it is to feel  
So mealy-mouthed without a meal!

*Magog.*—I'll tell you what, they'll stop our growth!

*Gog.*—I'll tell you what, they'll starve us both!

*Both.*—They'll stop our growth, they'll starve us both!

## LIEUTENANT LUFF.

A COMIC BALLAD.

**A**LL you that are too fond of wine,  
Or any other stuff,  
Take warning by the dismal fate  
Of one Lieutenant Luff.  
A sober man he might have been,  
Except in one regard,  
He did not like soft water,  
So he took to drinking hard!

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,  
And talk in praise of Tea,  
But I am no Bohemian,  
So do not like Bohea.  
If wine's a poison, so is Tea,  
Though in another shape:  
What matter whether one is kill'd  
By canister or grape!"

According to this kind of taste  
Did he indulge his drouth,  
And being fond of Port, he made  
A port-hole of his mouth!  
A single pint he might have sipp'd  
And not been out of sorts,  
In geologic phrase—the rock  
He split upon was quarts!

To "hold the mirror up to vice"  
With him was hard, alas!  
The worse for wine he often was,  
But not "before a glass."



No kind and prudent friend had he  
 To bid him drink no more,—  
 The only chequers in his course  
 Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this  
 His frame began to show,  
 For that old enemy the gout  
 Had taken him in toe!  
 And join'd with this an evil came  
 Of quite another sort—  
 For while he drank, himself, his purse  
 Was getting "something short."

For want of cash he soon had pawn'd  
 One half that he possessed,  
 And drinking showed him duplicates  
 Beforehand of the rest!  
 So now his creditors resolved  
 To seize on his assets;  
 For why,—they found that his half-pay  
 Did not half pay his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode  
 His creditors to chouse;  
 For his own execution he  
 Put into his own house!  
 A pistol to the muzzle charged  
 He took devoid of fear;  
 Said he, "This barrel is my last,  
 So now for my last bier!"

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,  
 And not against his brain,  
 So he blew out his lights—and none  
 Could blow them in again!  
 A Jury for a Verdict met,  
 And gave it in these terms:—  
 "We find as how as certain slugs  
 Has sent him to the worms!"

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A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"If the affairs of this world did not make us so sad,  
 'Twould be easy enough to be merry."—*Old Song.*

**H**ERE'S nothing but plague in the house!  
 There's the turbot is stole by the cat,  
 The Newfoundland has eat up the grouse,  
 And the haunch has been gnawed by a rat!

It's the day of all days when I wish  
 That our friends should enjoy our good cheer :  
 Mr. Wiggins—our dinner is dished—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

Mr. Rudge has not called, but he will,  
 For his Rates, Church, and Highway, and Poor :  
 And the butcher has brought in his bill—  
 Twice as much as the quarter before.  
 Little Charles has come home with the mumps,  
 And Matilda with measles, I fear ;  
 And I've taken two sov'reigns like dumps—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your brother is in the Gazette,  
 And your banker is off to New York ;  
 Mr. Bigsby has died in your debt,  
 And the "Wiggins" has foundered near Cork.  
 Mr. Merrington's bill is come back ;  
 You are chosen to serve overseer ;  
 The new wall is beginning to crack—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

The best dinner-set's fallen to the ground ;  
 The Militia's called out, and you're drawn ;  
 Not a piece of our plate can be found,  
 And there's marks of men's feet on the lawn :  
 Two anonymous letters have come,  
 That declare you shall die like a Weare ;  
 And it may—or may not be a hum—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

The old lawsuit with Levy is lost ;  
 You are fined for not cleansing the street ;  
 And the water-pipe's burst with the frost,  
 And the roof lets the rain in and sleet.  
 Your old tenant at seventy-four  
 Has gone off in the night with his gear,  
 And has taken the key of the door—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's the "Sun" and the "Phœnix" to pay,  
 For the chimney has blazed like Old Nick ;  
 The new gig has been jammed by a dray,  
 And the old horse has taken to kick.  
 We have hardly a bushel of small,  
 And now coal is extravagant dear ;  
 Your great-coat is stole out of the hall—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year

The whole greenhouse is smashed by the hail,  
 And the plants have all died in the night.  
 The magnolia's blown down by the gale,  
 And the chimney looks far from upright;  
 And—the deuce take the man from the shop,  
 That hung up the new glass chandelier!  
 It has come, in the end, to one drop—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

There's misfortune wherever we dodge—  
 It's the same in the country and town;  
 There's the porter has burned down his lodge,  
 While he went off to smoke at the Crown.  
 The fat butler makes free with your wine,  
 And the footman has drunk the strong beer,  
 And the coachman can't walk in a line—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

I have doubts if your clerk is correct—  
 There are hints of a mistress at Kew,  
 And some day he'll abscond, I expect;  
 Mr. Brown has built out your back view;  
 The new housemaid's the greatest of flirts—  
 She has men in the house, that is clear;  
 And the laundress has pawned all your shirts—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

Your "Account of a Visit to Rome"  
 Not a critic on earth seems to laud;  
 And old Huggins has lately come home,  
 And will swear that your Claude isn't Claude.  
 Your election is far from secure,  
 Though it's likely to cost very dear;  
 You're come out in a caricature—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

You've been christened an ass in the "Times,"  
 And the "Chronicle" calls you a fool:  
 And that dealer in boys, Dr. Ghimes,  
 Has engaged the next house for a school:  
 And the playground will run by the bower  
 Which you took so much trouble to rear;  
 We shall never have one quiet hour—  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

Little John will not take to his book,  
 He's come home black and blue from the cane;  
 There's your uncle is courting his cook,  
 And your mother has married again!

Jacob Jones will be tried with his wife,  
 And against them you'll have to appear;  
 If they're hung you'll be wretched for life--  
 But I wish you a happy New Year!

## A PUBLIC DINNER.

"Sit down and fall to, said the Barmecide."

*Arabian Nights.*

**A**T seven you just nick it,  
 Give card—get wine ticket;  
 Walk round through the Babel,  
 From table to table,  
 To find—a hard matter—  
 Your name in a platter;  
 Your wish was to sit by  
 Your friend Mr. Whitby,  
 But stewards' assistance  
 Has placed you at distance,  
 And, thanks to arrangers,  
 You sit amongst strangers,  
 But too late for mending;  
 Twelve sticks come attending  
 A stick of a Chairman,  
 A little dark spare man,  
 With bald, shining nob,  
 'Mid committee swell-mob;  
 In short, a short figure,  
 You thought the Duke bigger.  
 Then silence is wanted,  
*Non Nobis* is chanted;  
 Then Chairman reads letter,  
 The Duke's a regretter,  
 A promise to break it,  
 But chair, he can't take it;  
 Is grieved to be from us,  
 But sends friend Sir Thomas,  
 And what is far better,  
 A cheque in the letter.  
 Hear! hear! and a clatter,  
 And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,  
 And C \* \* \* brings a dish in;  
 Then rages the battle,  
 Knives clatter. forks rattle,

Steel forks with black handles,  
Under fifty wax candles ;  
Your soup-plate is soon full,  
You sip just a spoonful.  
Mr. Roe will be grateful  
To send him a plateful ;  
And then comes the waiter,  
" Must trouble for tæxer ? "  
And then you drink oîf  
With somebody—nine oîf ;  
Bucellas made handy,  
With Cape and bad Brandy,  
Of East India Sherry,  
That's very hot—very ;  
You help Mr. Myrtle,  
Then find your mock-turtle  
Went off while you lingered,  
With waiter light-fingered.  
To make up for gammon,  
You order some salmon,  
Which comes to your fauces,  
With boats without sauces.  
You then make a cut on  
Some lamb big as mutton ;  
And ask for some grass too,  
But that you must pass too ;  
It served the first twenty,  
But toast there is plenty.  
Then, while lamb gets coldish,  
A goose that is oldish—  
At carving not clever—  
You're begged to dissever,  
And when you thus treat it,  
Find no one will eat it.  
So, hungry as glutton,  
You turn to your mutton,  
But—no sight for laughter—  
The soup it's gone after.  
Mr. Green then is very  
Disposed to take Sherry ;  
And then Mr. Nappy  
Will feel very happy ;  
And then Mr. Conner  
Requests the same honour ;  
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,  
Will really feel pleasure ;  
Then waiter leans over  
To take off a cover

From fowls, which all beg of,  
 A wing or a leg of ;  
 And while they all peck bone,  
 You take to a neck-bone,  
 But even your hunger  
 Declares for a younger.  
 A fresh plate you call for,  
 But vainly you bawl for ;  
 Now taste disapproves it,  
 No waiter removes it.  
 Still hope, newly budding,  
 Relies on a pudding ;  
 But critics each minute  
 Set fancy agin it—  
 "That's queer Vermicelli."  
 "I say, Vizetelly,  
 There's glue in that jelly."  
 "Tarts bad altogether ;  
 That crust's made of leather."  
 "Some custard, friend Vesey ?"  
 "No—batter made easy."  
 "Some cheese, Mr. Foster ?"  
 "— Don't like single Glo'ster."  
 Meanwhile, to top table,  
 Like fox in the fable,  
 You see silver dishes,  
 With those little fishes,  
 The whitebait delicious,  
 Borne past you officious ;  
 And hear rather plainish  
 A sound that's champagnish,  
 And glimpse certain bottles  
 Made long in the throttles ;  
 And sniff—very pleasant !  
 Grouse, partridge, and pheasant.  
 And see mounds of ices  
 For patrons and vices,  
 Pine-apple, and bunches  
 Of grapes for sweet munches,  
 And fruits of all virtue  
 That really desert you,  
 You've nuts, but not crack ones,  
 Half empty, and black ones ;  
 With oranges sallow—  
 They can't be called yellow—  
 Some pippins well wrinkled,  
 And plums almond sprinkled,

Some rout cakes, and so on,  
Then with business to go on:  
Long speeches are stutter'd,  
And toasts are well butter'd,  
While dames in the gallery,  
All dressed in fallallery,  
Look on at the mummery,  
And listen to flummery.  
Hip, hip! and huzzaing,  
And singing and saying,  
Glees, catches, orations,  
And lists of donations.  
Hush! a song, Mr. Tinney—  
“ Mr. Benbow, one guinea;  
Mr. Frederick Manual,  
One guinea—and annual.”  
Song—Jockey and Jenny,  
“ Mr. Markham, one guinea.”  
“ Have you all filled your glasses?”  
Here's a health to good lasses.  
The subscription still skinny—  
“ Mr. Franklin—one guinea.”  
Franklin looks like a ninny;  
“ Mr. Boreham, one guinea—  
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,  
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,  
Mr. Merrington—twenty,”  
Rough music, in plenty.  
Away toddles Chairman,  
The little dark spare man,  
Not sorry at ending,  
With white sticks attending,  
And some vain Tomnoddy  
Votes in his own body  
To fill the void seat up,  
And get on his feet up,  
To say, with voice squeaking,  
“ Unaccustomed to speaking,”  
Which sends you off seeking  
Your hat, number thirty—  
No coach—very dirty.  
So, hungry and fever'd,  
Wet-footed, spoilt beaver'd,  
Eyes aching in socket,  
Ten pounds out of pocket,  
To Brook Street the Upper  
You haste home to supper.

## A CHARITY SERMON.

" 'I would have walked many a mile to have communed with you ; and, believe me, I will shortly pay thee another visit, but my friends, I fancy, wonder at my stay ; so let me have the money immediately.' Trulliber then put on a stern look, and cried out, 'Thou dost not intend to rob me?' . . . 'I would thee know, friend,' addressing himself to Adams, 'I shall not learn my duty from such as thee. I know what charity is, better than to give to vagabonds.' "—*Joseph Andrews*.

**M** an extremely charitable man—no collar and long hair, though a little caroty ;

Demure, half inclined to the unknown tongues, but I never gain'd anything by Charity.

I got a little boy into the Foundling, but his unfortunate mother was traced and baited,

And the overseers found her out—and she found me out—and the child was affiliated.

Oh, Charity will come home to roost—

Like curses and chickens is Charity.

I once, very near Whitehall's very old wall, when ballads danc'd over the whole of it,

Put a bad five-shilling piece into a beggar's hat, but the old hat had got a hole in it ;

And a little boy caught it in his little hat, and an officer's eye seem'd to care for it,

As my bad crown piece went through his bad crown piece, and they took me up to Queen's Square for it.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I let my very old (condemn'd) old house to a man, at a rent that was shockingly low,

So I found a roof for his ten motherless babes—all defunct and fatherless now ;

For the plaguy one-sided party-wall fell in, so did the roof, on son and daughter,

And twelve jurymen sat on eleven bodies, and brought in a very personal verdict of Manslaughter.

Oh, Charity, &c.

I pick'd up a young well-dress'd gentleman, who had fallen in a fit in St. Martin's Court

And charitably offer'd to see him home—for charity always seem'd to be my forte,

And I've had presents for seeing fallen gentlemen home, but this was a very unlucky job—

Do you know, he got my watch—my purse—and my handkerchief—for it was one of the swell mob.

Oh, Charity, &c.



Being four miles from Town, I stopt a horse that had run away  
 with a man, when it seem'd that they must be dash'd to pieces,  
 Though several kind people were following him with all their  
 might, but such following a horse his speed increases ;  
 I held the horse while he went to recruit his strength : and I  
 meant to ride it home, of course ;  
 But the crowd came up and took me up—for it turn'd out the  
 man had run away with the horse.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

I watch'd last month all the drovers and drivers about the  
 suburbs, for it's a positive fact,  
 That I think the utmost penalty ought always to be enforced  
 against everybody under Mr. Martin's Act ;  
 But I couldn't catch one hit over the horns, or over the shins,  
 or on the ears, or over the head ;  
 And I caught a rheumatism from early wet hours, and got five  
 weeks of ten swell'd fingers in bed.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

Well, I've utterly done with Charity, though I us'd so to preach  
 about its finest fount ;  
 Charity may do for some that are more lucky, but I can't  
 turn it to any account—  
 It goes so the very reverse way—even if one chirrups it up with  
 a dust of piety ;  
 That henceforth let it be understood, I take my name entirely  
 out of the List of Subscribers to the Humane Society.  
 Oh, Charity, &c.

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 THE CIGAR.

**S**OME sigh for this and that ;  
 My wishes don't go far ;  
 The world may wag at will,  
 So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death  
 With Whig and Tory jar,  
 I don't care which is in,  
 So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,  
 And so does Mr. Marr ;  
 I don't care how it goes,  
 So I have my cigar.

## THE CIGAR.

Some want a German row,  
 Some wish a Russian war ;  
 I care not—I'm at peace,  
 So I have my cigar.

I never see the "Post,"  
 I seldom read the "Star" ;  
 The "Globe" I scarcely heed,  
 So I have my cigar.

They tell me that Bank Stock  
 Is sunk much under par ;  
 It's all the same to me,  
 So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men  
 My juniors at the Bar ;  
 No matter—I can wait,  
 So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not :  
 A cab or glory's car  
 Are just the same to me,  
 So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,  
 But serve the household Lar ;  
 I'm sure to be at home,  
 So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,  
 A General with a scar ;  
 A private let me be,  
 So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among  
 The toys of life's bazaar,  
 The deuce may take them all,  
 So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost  
 By tempests like a tar ;  
 I always seem in port,  
 So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love  
 My bosom cannot char,  
 I smoke, but do not burn,  
 So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low  
 Has married Mr. R. ;  
 The jilt ! but I can live,  
 So I have my cigar.

## THE CHINA-MENDER.

**G**OOD-MORNING, Mr. What-d'ye-call ! Well ! here's  
 another pretty job !  
 Lord help my Lady !—what a smash !—if you had  
 only heard her sob !  
 It was all through Mr. Lambert : but for certain he was  
 winey,  
 To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiney.  
 “ Deuce take your stupid head ! ” says my Lady to his very  
 face ;  
 But politeness, you know, is nothing when there's Chiney in  
 the case ;  
 And if ever a woman was fond of Chiney to a passion,  
 It's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or old  
 fashion.  
 Her brother's a sea-captain, and brings her home shiploads—  
 Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty squatting things  
 like toads ;  
 And great nidnoddin' mandarins, with palsies in the head :  
 I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in  
 my bed.  
 But the frightfuller they are—lawk ! she loves them all the  
 better,  
 She'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiney if they'd let her.  
 Lawk-a-mercy ! break her Chiney, and it's breaking her very  
 heart ;  
 If I touched it, she would very soon say, “ Mary, we must  
 part.”  
 To be sure she is unlucky : only Friday comes Master  
 Randall,  
 And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup handle :  
 He's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger and touch,  
 And that's why my Lady doesn't take to children much.  
 Well, there's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two great-coat  
 flaps,  
 Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesse's laps,  
 As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in the  
 room !  
 I couldn't have made a greater sweep with the handle of the  
 broom.

Mercy on us! how my mistress began to rave and tear!  
Well, after all, there's nothing like good ironstone ware for wear.

If ever I marry, that's flat, I'm sure it won't be John Dockery—  
I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.

I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat and tidy,  
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday and Friday.

I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;  
The breaking the Chiney will be the breaking-off of his own match.

Missis wouldn't have an angel, if he was careless about Chiney;

She never forgives a chip, if it's ever so small and tiny.

Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;  
I could find it in my heart to pity him for all his mischief-making.

To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany;  
But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old Chaney!  
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's and Mr. Spode's,

He couldn't make amends for the crack'd mandarins and smash'd toads.

Well! every one has their tastes, but, for my part, my own self,

I'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grandmother's old shelf:

A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with brown ears of corns,

And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two gilt horns,  
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top-boots and sky-blue vest,  
And a frill and flower'd waistcoat, with a fine bow-pot at the breast.

God help her, poor old soul! I shall come into 'em at her death;

Though she's a hearty woman for her years, except her shortness of breath.

Well! you may think the things will mend—if they won't, Lord mend us all!

My Lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to call;  
I'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,  
He won't sit down again on Chiney the longest day he has to live.

Poor soul! I only hope it won't forbid his banns of marriage;  
Or he'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's carriage.

But you'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr. Lambert's friend,  
 I'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they mend.  
 To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs and cats,  
 Here's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its cocked hats.  
 Be particular with the pagoda: and then here's this pretty bowl—  
 The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of this hole;  
 And here's another Chinese man, with a face just like a doll,  
 Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.  
 But I needn't tell you what to do, only do it out of hand,  
 And charge whatever you like to charge—my Lady won't make a stand.  
 Well! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call, for it's time our gossip ended:  
 And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the Chiney's mended.

## THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

"It must be. So, Plato? Thou reasonest?—Well."—*School Cato*

**I**T'S very hard! Oh, Dick, my boy,  
 It's very hard one can't enjoy  
 A little private spouting;  
 But sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,  
 Up comes our master, bounce, and gives  
 The tragic muse a routing!  
 Ay, there he comes again! be quick!  
 And hide the book—A play-book, Dick,  
 He must not set his eyes on!  
 It's very hard, the churlish elf  
 Will never let one stab one's self,  
 Or take a bowl of p'ison.  
 It's very hard, but when I want  
 To die—as Cato did—I can't,  
 Or go non compos mentis—  
 But up he comes, all fire and flame;—  
 No doubt he'd do the very same  
 With Kemble for a 'prentice!  
 Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick! it was not so  
 Some half a dozen years ago!  
 Melpomene was no sneaker,  
 When, under Reverend Mister Poole,

Each little boy at Enfield's School  
Became an Enfield's speaker!

No cruel master-tailor's cane  
Then thwarted the theatric vein;  
The tragic soil had tillage.

O dear dramatic days gone by!  
You, Dick, were Richard then—and I  
Played Hamlet to the village.

Or, as Macbeth, the dagger clutch'd  
Till all the servant-maids were touch'd—  
Macbeth, I think, my pet is;  
Lord, how we spouted Shakespeare's works—  
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,  
And fifty Master Betties!

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,  
And Norval Sandy Philips—one  
Of elocution's champions—  
Genteelly taught by his mamma  
To say, not father, but papa,  
Kept sheep upon the Grampians.

Coriolanus Crumpe—and Fig  
In Brutus, with brown-paper wig,  
And Huggins, great in Cato;  
Only he broke so often off  
To have a fit of whooping-cough,  
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zangra too,—I shall not weep,  
If longer on this theme I keep,  
And let remembrance loose, Dick;  
Now forced to act—it's very hard—  
"Measure for Measure" with a yard—  
You Richard with a goose, Dick!

Zounds! Dick, it's very odd our dads  
Should send us there when we were lads  
To learn to talk like Tullies;  
And now, if one should just break out,  
Perchance into a little spout,  
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part  
Of schooling for the tailor's art?  
Alas! dramatic notes, Dick,  
So well record the sad mistake  
Of him who tried at once to make  
Both Romeo and Coates, Dick!

## MISS FANNY'S FAREWELL FLOWERS.

Not "the posie of a ring."—SHAKESPEARE (all but the not).



CAME to town a happy man :  
 I need not now dissemble  
 Why I return so sad at heart—  
 It's all through Fanny Kemble :  
 Oh ! when she threw her flowers away,  
 What urged the tragic slut on  
 To weave in such a wreath as that,  
 Ah me ! a bachelor's button.

None fought so hard, none fought so well,  
 As I to gain some token—  
 When all the pit rose up in arms,  
 And heads and hearts were broken ;  
 "Huzza !" said I, "I'll have a flow'r  
 As sure as my name's Dutton ;"—  
 I made a snatch—I got a catch—  
 By Jove ! a bachelor's button !

I've lost my watch—my hat is smashed—  
 My clothes declare the racket ;  
 I went there in a full dress coat,  
 And came home in a jacket.  
 My nose is swell'd—my eye is black—  
 My lip I've got a cut on !  
 Odd buds !—and what a bud to get—  
 The deuce ! a bachelor's button !

My chest's in pain, I really fear  
 I've somewhat hurt my bellows,  
 By pokes and punches in the ribs  
 From those herb-strewing fellows.  
 I miss two teeth in my front row ;  
 My corn has had a fut on ;  
 And all this pain I've had to gain  
 This cursed bachelor's button.

Had I but won a rose—a bud—  
 A pansy—or a daisy—  
 A periwinkle—anything—  
 But this—it drives me crazy !  
 My very sherry tastes like squills,  
 I can't enjoy my mutton ;  
 And when I sleep I dream of it  
 Still—still—a bachelor's button.

## ANSWER TO PAUPER.

My place is booked per coach to-night,  
 But oh, my spirit trembles  
 To think how country friends will ask  
 Of Knowleses and of Kembles  
 If they should breathe about the wreath,  
 When I go back to Sutton,  
 I shall not dare to show my share,  
 That's all!—a bachelor's button!

My luck in life was never good,  
 But this my fate will burden :  
 I ne'er shall like my farming more,—  
 I know I shan't the garden.  
 The turnips all may have the fly,  
 The wheat may have the smut on,  
 I care not,—I've a blight at heart,—  
 Ah me!—A bachelor's button!

## ANSWER TO PAUPER.

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

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

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



With seasons what have you to do?  
 If corn doth thrive, or wheat is harmed!  
 What's weather to the cropless? You  
 Don't farm—but you are farmed!  
 Why everlasting murmurs hurled,  
 With hardships for the text?  
 If such as you don't like this world,  
 We'll pass you to the next.

OVERSEER.

## JARVIS AND MRS. COPE.

A DECIDEDLY SERIOUS BALLAD.

**I**N Bunhill Row, some years ago,  
 There lived one Mrs. Cope;  
 A pious woman she was call'd,  
 As Pius as a Pope.

Not pious in its proper sense,  
 But chatt'ring like a bird  
 Of sin and grace—in such a case,  
 Mag-piety's the word.

Cries she, "The Reverend Mr. Trigg  
 This day a text will broach,  
 And much I long to hear him preach,  
 So, Betty, call a coach."

A bargain though she wished to make,  
 Ere they began to jog—  
 "Now, Coachman, what d'ye take me for?"  
 Says Coachman, "For a hog."

But Jarvis when he set her down,  
 A second hog did lack—  
 Whereas she only offered him,  
 One shilling, and a "tract."

Said he, "There ain't no tracts in Quaife,  
 You and your tracts be both —"  
 And, affidavit-like, he clenched  
 Her shilling with an oath.

Said she, "I'll have you fined for this,  
 And soon it shall be done,  
 I'll have you up at Worship Street,  
 You wicked one, naught one!"

And sure enough at Worship Street  
That Friday week they stood ;  
She said bad language he had used,  
And thus she "made it good."

"He said two shillings was his fare,  
And wouldn't take no less—  
I said one shilling was enough,  
And he said C—U—S.

"And when I raised my eyes at that,  
He swore again at them,  
And I said he was a wicked man  
And he said D—A—M."

Now Jarvey's turn was come to speak,  
So he stroked down his hair :  
"All what she says is false—cause why?  
I'll swear I never swear !

"There's old Joe Hatch, the waterman,  
Can tell you what I am !  
I'm one of seven children, all  
Brought up without a dam !

"He'll say from two year old and less,  
Since ever I were nust,  
If ever I said C—U—S,  
I wish I may be cust !

"At Sion Cottage I takes up,  
And raining all the while,  
To go to New Jerusalem,  
A wery long two mile.

"Well, when I axes for my fare,  
She rows me in the street,  
And uses words as is not fit  
For coachmen to repeat !

"Says she—I know where you will go,  
You sinner ! I know well—  
Your worship, it's the P—I—T  
Of E and double L."

Now here his worship stopped the case—  
Said he—"I'll fine you both !  
And of the two—why Mrs. Cope's  
I think the biggest oath."

## THE PAINTER PUZZLED.

"Draw, Sir!"—*Old Play.*

**W**ELL, something must be done for May,  
The time is drawing nigh,  
To figure in the Catalogue,  
And woo the public eye.

Something I must invent and paint ;  
But, oh ! my wit is not  
Like one of those kind substantives  
That answer—Who and What ?

Oh, for some happy hit ! to throw  
The gazer in a trance ;  
But *posé là*, there I am posed,  
As people say in France.

In vain I sit and strive to think,  
I find my head, alack !  
Painfully empty, still just like  
A bottle "on the rack."

In vain I task my barren brain  
Some new idea to catch,  
And tease my hair—ideas are shy  
Of "coming to the scratch."

In vain I stare upon the air,  
No mental visions dawn ;  
A blank my canvas still remains,  
And worse—a blank undrawn.

An "aching void" that mars my rest  
With one eternal hint,  
For, like the little goblin page,  
It still keeps crying "Tint !"

But what to tint ? ay, there's the rub,  
That plagues me all the while,  
As, Selkirk-like, I sit without  
A subject for my ile.

"Invention's seventh heaven" the bard  
Has written—but my case  
Persuades me that the creature dwells  
In quite another place.

Sniffing the lamp, the ancients thought  
 Demosthenes must toil ;  
 But works of art are works indeed,  
 And always " smell of oil."

Yet painting pictures, some folks think,  
 Is merely play and fun ;  
 That what is on an easel set  
 Must easily be done.

But, zounds, if they could sit in this  
 Uneasy easy-chair,  
 They'd very soon be glad enough  
 To cut the camel's hair.

Oh ! who can tell the pang it is  
 To sit as I this day—  
 With all my canvas spread, and yet  
 Without an inch of way.

Till, mad at last to find I am  
 Amongst such empty skullers,  
 I feel that I could strike myself,  
 But no—" I'll strike my colours."

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*ON A PICTURE OF HERO AND LEANDER.*

**W**HY, Lover, why  
 Such a water rover ?  
 Would she love thee more  
 For coming half seas over ?

Why, Lady, why  
 So in love with dipping ?  
 Must a lad of Greece  
 Come all over dripping ?

Why, Cupid, why  
 Make the passage brighter ?  
 Were not any boat  
 Better than a lighter ?

Why, Madam, why  
 So intrusive standing ?  
 Must thou be on the stair  
 When he's on the landing ?

## A BUNCH OF FORGET-ME-NOTS.

*(Written in an Album.)*

**F**ORGET-ME-NOT! It is the cry of clay,  
 From infancy to age, from ripe to rotten ;  
 For who, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey,"  
 Would be forgotten !

Hark the poor infant in the age of pap,  
 A little Laplander on nurse's lap,  
 Some strange, neglectful, gossiping old Trot,  
 Meanwhile on dull Oblivion's lap she lieth,  
 In her shrill Baby-lonish language crieth,  
 What?  
 "Forget-me-not !"

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

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

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

The hardy sailor parting from his wives,  
 Sharing among them all that he has got,  
 Keeps a fond eye upon their after-lives,  
 And says to seventeen—"If I am shot  
 "Forget-me-not."

Why all the mob of authors that now trouble  
 The world with cold-pressed volumes, and with hot  
 They all are seeking reputation's bubble,  
 Hopelessly hoping, like Sir Walter Scott,  
 To see in Fame's own handkerchief a double  
 "Forget-me-knot !"

## DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

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

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

## DEATH IN THE KITCHEN.

"Are we not here now?" continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly on the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—"and are we not" (dropping his hat upon the ground) "gone?—In a moment!"—*Tristram Shandy.*

**I**RIM, thou art right!—'Tis sure that I,  
 And all who hear thee, are to die,  
 The stoutest lad and wench  
 Must lose their places at the will  
 Of Death, and go at last to fill  
 The sexton's gloomy trench.

The dreary grave!—Oh, when I think  
 How close we stand upon its brink,  
 My inward spirit groans!  
 My eyes are filled with dismal dreams  
 Of coffins, and this kitchen seems  
 A charnel full of bones!

Yes, jovial butler, thou must fail,  
 As sinks the froth on thine own ale ;  
 Thy days will soon be done!  
 Alas! the common hours that strike  
 Are knells, for life keeps wasting, like  
 A cask upon the run.

Ay, helpless scullion! 'tis thy case,  
 Life travels at a scouring pace,  
 Far swifter than thy hand.  
 The fast-decaying frame of man  
 Is but a kettle or a pan  
 Time wears away with—sand!

Thou need'st not, mistress cook ! be told  
 The meat to-morrow will be cold  
     That now is fresh and hot ;  
 E'en thus our flesh will, by-and-by,  
 Be cold as stone :—Cook, thou must die ;  
     There's death within the pot.

Susannah, too, my lady's maid  
 Thy pretty person once must aid  
     To swell the buried swarm !  
 The "glass of fashion" thou wilt hold  
 No more, but grovel in the mould,  
     That's not the "mould of form !"

Yes, Jonathan, that drives the coach,  
 He too will feel the fiend's approach—  
     The grave will pluck him down ;  
 He must in dust and ashes lie,  
 And wear the churchyard livery,  
     Grass green, turned up with brown !

How frail is our uncertain breath !  
 The laundress seems full hale, but Death  
     Shall her "last linen" bring.  
 The groom will die, like all his kind ;  
 And e'en the stable boy will find  
     This life no *stable* thing.

Nay, see the household dog—even that  
 The earth shall take ; the very cat  
     Will share the common fall ;  
 Although she hold (the proverb saith)  
 A ninefold life, one single death  
     Suffices for them all !

Cook, butler, Susan, Jonathan,  
 The girl that scours the pot and pan,  
     And those that tend the steeds—  
 All, all, shall have another sort  
 Of *service* after this ;—in short  
     The one the parson reads !

The dreary grave !—Oh, when I think  
 How close we stand upon its brink,  
     My inward spirit groans !  
 My eyes are filled with dismal dreams  
 Of coffins, and this kitchen seems  
     A charnel full of bones !

## THE LOGICIANS.

"Metaphysics were a large field in which to exercise the weapons logic had put into their hands."—SCRIBLERUS.

**S**EE here two cavillers,  
 Would-be unravellers  
 Of abstruse theory and questions mystical,  
 In a tête-à-tête,  
 And deep debate,  
 Wrangling according to forms syllogistical.

Glowing and ruddy,  
 The light streams in upon their deep brown study,  
 And settles on our bald logician's skull ;  
 But still his meditative eye looks dull  
 And muddy,  
 For he is gazing inwardly, like Plato ;  
 But to the world without,  
 And things about,  
 His eye is blind as that of a potato :

In fact logicians  
 See but by syllogisms—taste and smell  
 By propositions ;  
 And never let the common dray-horse senses  
 Draw inferences.  
 How wise his brow ! how eloquent his nose !  
 The feature of itself is a negation !  
 How gravely double is his chin, that shows  
 Double deliberation ;  
 His scornful lip forestalls the confutation !  
 O this is he that wisely with a major  
 And minor proves a greengage is no gauger !—  
 By help of ergo.  
 That cheese of sage will make no mite the sager ;  
 And Taurus is no bull to toss up Virgo !  
 O this is he that logically tore his  
 Dog into dogmas—following Aristotle—  
 Cut up his cat into ten categories,  
 And cork'd an abstract conjuror in a bottle.  
 O this is he that disembodied matter,  
 And proved that incorporeal corporations  
 Put nothing in no platter,  
 And for mock-turtle only supp'd sensations !

O this is he that palpably decided,  
 With grave and mathematical precision,



How often atoms may be subdivided  
 By long division ;  
 O this is he that showed I is not I,  
 And made a ghost of personal identity,  
 Proved " Ipse " absent by an alibi,  
 And frisking in some other person's entity ;  
 He sounded all philosophers in truth,  
 Whether old schemes or only supplemental :  
 And had, by virtue of his wisdom tooth,  
 A dental knowledge of the transcendental !

The other is a shrewd severer wight,  
 Sharp argument hath worn him nigh the bone ;  
 For why ? he never let dispute alone,  
 A logical knight errant,  
 That wrangled ever—morning, noon, and night,  
 From night to morn : he had no wife apparent  
 But Barbara Celérent !

Woe unto him he caught in a dilemma,  
 For on the point of his two fingers full  
 He took the luckless wight, and gave with them a  
 Most deadly toss, like any baited bull.  
 Woe unto him that ever dared to breathe  
 A sophism in his angry ear ! for *that*  
 He took ferociously between his teeth,  
 And shook it—like a terrier with a rat !  
 In fact, old Controversy ne'er begat  
 One half so cruel  
 And dangerous as he, in verbal duel !  
 No one had ever so complete a fame  
 As a debater ;  
 And for art logical his name was greater  
 Than Dr. Watts's name !

Look how they sit together !  
 Two bitter desperate antagonists,  
 Licking each other with their tongues, like fists,  
 Merely to settle whether  
 This world of ours had ever a beginning,  
 Whether created,  
 Vaguely undated,  
 Or Time had any finger in the spinning :  
 When lo !—for they are sitting at the basement—  
 A hand, like that upon Belshazzar's wall,  
 Lets fall  
 A written paper through the open casement.

“O foolish wits!” (thus runs the document)  
 “To twist your brains into a double knot  
 On such a barren question! Be content  
 That there is such a fair and pleasant spot  
 For your enjoyment as this verdant earth.  
 Go eat and drink, and give your hearts to mirth,  
     For vainly ye contend;  
 Before you can decide about its birth,  
     The world will have an end!”

## REFLECTIONS ON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

**Y**ES, yes, it's very true, and very clear,  
 By way of compliment and common chat,  
 It's very well to wish me a New Year,  
     But wish me a new hat!

Although not spent in luxury and ease,  
 In course a longer life I won't refuse;  
 But while you're wishing, wish me, if you please,  
     A newer pair of shoes!

Nay, while new things and wishes are afloat,  
 I own to one that I should not rebut—  
 Instead of this old rent, to have a coat,  
     With more of the New Cut!

O yes, 'tis very pleasant, though I'm poor,  
 To hear the steeple make that merry din;  
 Except I wish one bell was at the door,  
     To ring new trousers in!

To be alive is very nice indeed,  
 Although another year at last departs;  
 Only with twelve new months, I rather need  
     A dozen of new shirts.

Yes, yes, it's very true, and very clear,  
 By way of compliment and common chat,  
 It's very well to wish me a New Year,  
     But wish me a new hat!

## RONDEAU.

*(Extracted from a well-known Annual.)*

**G**URIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er  
Behold a Worshipful Lord May'r  
Seated in his great civic chair  
So dear ?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,  
It is the ninth November day,  
And in his new-born state survey  
One here !

To rise from little into great  
Is pleasant ; but to sink in state  
From high to lowly is a fate  
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,  
Chill'd by the next November blast ;  
His blushing honours only last  
One year

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,  
And moults till not a plume remains—  
The next impending May distrains  
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—  
Ah—could his little splendour live  
Another twelvemonth—he would give  
One ear !

## I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

" Nothing venture, nothing have."—*Old Proverb.*

" Every Indiaman has at least two mates."—*Falconer's Marine Guide.*

**M**Y hair is brown, my eyes are blue,  
And reckoned rather bright ;  
I'm shapely, if they tell me true,  
And just the proper height ;  
My skin has been admired in verse,  
And called as fair as day—  
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,  
I'm going to Bombay.

*I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.*

At school I passed with some éclât ;  
 I learn'd my French in France ;  
 De Wint gave lessons how to draw,  
 And D'Egville how to dance ;—  
 Crevelli taught me how to sing,  
 And Cramer how to play—  
 It really is the strangest thing,  
 I'm going to Bombay !

I've been to Bath, and Cheltenham Wells,  
 But not their springs to sip,—  
 To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells,—  
 To Brighton—not to dip.  
 I've toured the lakes and scoured the coast  
 From Scarboro' to Torquay—  
 But though of time I've made the most,  
 I'm going to Bombay !

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told  
 To marry now's my time,  
 For though I'm very far from old,  
 I'm rather in my prime.  
 They say while we have any sun  
 We ought to make our hay—  
 And India has so hot a one,  
 I'm going to Bombay !

My cousin writes from Hydrapot  
 My only chance to snatch,  
 And says the climate is so hot,  
 It's sure to light a match,—  
 She's married to a son of Mars,  
 With very handsome pay,  
 And swears I ought to thank my stars  
 I'm going to Bombay !

She says that I shall much delight  
 To taste their Indian treats,  
 But what she likes may turn me quite,  
 Their strange outlandish meats.  
 If I can eat rupees, who knows ?  
 Or dine, the Indian way,  
 On doolies and on bungalows,—  
 I'm going to Bombay !

She says that I shall much enjoy,—  
 I don't know what she means,—

To take the air and buy some toy,  
 In my own palankeens,—  
 I like to drive my pony chair,  
 Or ride our dapple grey,—  
 But elephants are horses there,—  
 I'm going to Bombay !

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,  
 My friends, farewell to them !  
 And oh ! what costs a sadder tear,  
 Good-bye to Mr. M. !  
 If I should find an Indian vault,  
 Or fall a tiger's prey,  
 Or steep in salt, it's all *his* fault,—  
 I'm going to Bombay !

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,  
 A. i. Commander Bird,  
 Now lying in the London Docks,  
 Will sail on May the third ;  
 Apply for passage or for freight,  
 To Nichol, Scott, and Gray,—  
 Pa has applied, and seal'd my fate,—  
 I'm going to Bombay !

My heart is full, my trunks as well ;  
 My mind and caps made up,  
 My corsets shap'd by Mrs. Bell  
 Are promised ere I sup ;  
 With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,  
 And dresses by Ducé,  
 And a special license in my chest,  
 I'm going to Bombay !

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LINES TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

**T**IS pleasant, when we've absent friends,  
 Sometimes to hob and nob 'em,  
 With memory's glass—at such a pass,  
 Remember me at Cobham !

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,  
 But if you sigh and sob 'em,  
 And cannot eat your home-grown meat,  
 Remember me at Cobham !

Of hen and cock you'll have a stock,  
 And death will oft unthrob 'em,—  
 A country chick is good to pick—  
 Remember me at Cobham !

Some orchard trees of course you'll lease,  
 And boys will sometimes rob 'em,  
 A friend's (you know) before a foe—  
 Remember me at Cobham !

You'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,  
 And friends of course to mob 'em  
 Should you be short of such a sort,  
 Remember me at Cobham !

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### DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

BY AN OLD SERVANT.


It is not often when the Nine descend that they go so low as into areas ; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen of No. 189, Portland Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charwomen. At all events, as Winifred Jenkins says, " they were never ketched in the fact." Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner ; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John's verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered from his domestic duty to the Umphravilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar ; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing tea-spoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses by way of parenthesis ; and though John's poetry was of a decidedly serious and moralizing turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character, as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John ! the grave has put a period to his didactics, and the publication of his lays in the *Comic Annual*, therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament " to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in *Elegant Extracts*, or *Flowers of English Poetry*." The Editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers ; which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's, till his death discovered his propensity to poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character, which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus when his eye was " in fine frenzy rolling,"—bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being " bemused with beer ;" and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really

rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubtless nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage: but it appears that when deductions for damage were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a Poet with a Horseman, that he never dreamt of one as a Footman.

The Editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as a Bard—but he presumes to say thus much, that there are several Authors, of the present day, whom John ought not to walk behind.

## I.

## THE BROKEN DISH.

HAT'S life but full of care and doubt,  
With all it's fine humanities,  
With parasols we walk about,  
Long pigtails, and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,  
And go in gardens sporting,  
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,  
To painted ladies courting.


We gather flowers of every hue,  
And fish in boats for fishes,  
Build summer-houses painted blue,—  
But life's as frail as dishes!

Walking about their groves of trees,  
Blue bridges and blue rivers,  
How little thought them two Chinese,  
They'd both be smashed to shivers!

## II.

## ODE TO PEACE.

Written on the night of my Mistress's Grand Rout.

H Peace, oh come with me and dwell—  
But stop, for there's the bell.  
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches  
On Wednesday, when there's very few  
In loft or pew—  
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's,

## DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

Oh Peace ! for thee I have avoided marriage—  
 Hush ! there's a carriage.  
 Oh Peace ! thou art the best of earthly goods—  
 The five Miss Woods !  
 Oh Peace ! thou art the goddess I adore—  
 There come some more.  
 Oh Peace ! thou child of solitude and quiet—  
 That's Lord Dunn's footman, for he loves a riot !

Oh Peace !  
 Knocks will not cease.  
 Oh Peace ! thou wert for human comfort plann'd -  
 That's Weippart's band.  
 Oh Peace ! how glad I welcome thy approaches—  
 I hear the sound of coaches.  
 Oh Peace ! oh Peace !—another carriage stops—  
 It's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace ! with thee I love to wander,  
 But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander,  
 And now I've seen her up the stair,  
 Oh Peace !—but here comes Captain Hare.  
 Oh Peace ! thou art the slumber of the mind,  
 Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—  
 If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,  
 Alderman Gobble won't be far behind.  
 Oh Peace serene—the worldly shyness—  
 Make way there for his Serene Highness !

Oh Peace ! if you do not disdain  
 To dwell amongst the menial train,  
 I have a silent place and lone,  
 That you and I may call our own ;  
 Where tumult never makes an entry—  
 Susan ! what business have you in my pantry ?

Oh Peace ! but there is Major Monk,  
 At variance with his wife—oh Peace !  
 And that great German, Vander Trunk,  
 And that great talker, Miss Apreece ;  
 Oh Peace ! so dear to poet's quills—  
 Oh Peace ! our greatest renovator ;  
 I wonder where I put my waiter—  
 Oh Peace ! but here my Ode I'll cease,  
 I have no peace to write of Peace !



## III.

## A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

**W**HEN I reflect with serious sense,  
 While years and years run on,  
 How soon I may be summoned hence—  
 There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,  
 On sand and not on rocks,  
 We're hourly standing at Death's door—  
 There's some one double knocks.

All human days have settled turns,  
 Our fates we cannot force;  
 This flesh of mine will feed the worms—  
 They're come to lunch of course.

And when my body's turned to clay,  
 And dear friends hear my knell,  
 O let them give a sigh and say—  
 I hear the upstairs bell!

## IV.

## TO MARY HOUSEMAID ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

**M**ARY, you know, I've no love nonsense,  
 And though I pen on such a day,  
 I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,  
 Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't formed your feature,  
 It saves you p'rhaps from being vain,  
 And many a poor unhappy creature  
 May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,  
 Although your shape was two foot taller,  
 And wisely you let others pinch  
 Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands  
 From getting red by household duty,  
 But doing all that it commands,  
 Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms,  
 And at your old legs sneer and scoff,  
 But let her laugh, for you have charms  
 That nobody knows nothing of.

## PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

"Who'll serve the King?"

AN ILLUSTRATION.

**W**HAT little urchin is there never  
 Hath had that early scarlet fever,  
 Of martial trappings caught?  
 Trappings well call'd—because they trap  
 And catch full many a country chap  
 To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag  
 Hath never made a little flag,  
 (Our plate will show the manner,)  
 And wooed each tiny neighbour still,  
 Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,  
 To come beneath the banner!

Just like that ancient shape of mist,  
 In Hamlet, crying "'List, O-'list!"  
 Come, who will serve the king,  
 And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead,  
 And cut off Bonyparty's head?—  
 And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,  
 To march with military toy,  
 And ape the soldier's life;—  
 And with a whistle or a hum,  
 I thought myself a Duke of Drum  
 At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,  
 Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path  
 With regimental mates,

By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs—  
To 'sieve the washhouse—charge the tubs—  
Or storm the garden gates.

Ah me ! my retrospective soul !  
As over memory's muster-roll  
I cast my eyes anew,  
My former comrades all the while  
Rise up before me, rank and file,  
And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,  
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,  
And dark "Jamaeky Forde !"  
And limping Wood, and "Cockey Hawes,"  
Our captain always made, because  
He had a *real* sword !

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,  
Who said he had a gun at home,  
But that was all a brag ;  
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham  
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb  
That *would* hold up the flag !

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"  
Who never right-abouted right,  
For he was deaf and dumb ;  
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,  
And Dickey Bird, that wouldn't play  
Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,  
A chap that never kept the step—  
No more did "Surly Hugh ;"  
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—  
We often had to halt for him,  
To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,  
That kill'd the bantam cock, to stick  
The plumes within his hat ;  
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout,  
That got so thump'd for calling out  
"Eyes right !" to "Squinting Matt."

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,  
Was always in the awkward squad,  
And those two greedy Blakes  
That took our money to the fair,  
To buy the corps a trumpet there,  
And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war  
With open mouth declaring for?—  
Or fall'n in bloody fray?  
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,  
Their fights all ended with the sham,—  
Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,  
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,  
And Jepp now deals in wine;  
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,  
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,  
But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cockey Hawes's sword  
Is seen upon a broker's board:  
And as for "Fighting Jim,"  
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,  
His unresisting cheek I spied  
Beneath a Quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,  
For Ryder now your eye must search  
The marts of silk and lace—  
Bird's drums are filled with figs, and mute,  
And I—I've got a substitute  
To Soldier in my place!

"NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

A NEW VERSION.

**I**N his bed, bolt upright,  
In the dead of the night,  
The French Emperor starts like a ghost!  
By a dream held in charm,  
He uplifts his right arm,  
For he dreams of reviewing his host.

To the stable he glides,  
For the charger he rides ;  
And he mounts him, still under the spell ;  
Then, with echoing tramp,  
They proceed through the camp,  
All intent on a task he loves well.

Such a sight soon alarms,  
And the guard present arms,  
As he glides to the posts that they keep ;  
Then he gives the brief word,  
And the bugle is heard,  
Like a hound giving tongue in its sleep.

Next the drums they arouse,  
But with dull row-de-dows,  
And they give but a somnolent sound ;  
Whilst the foot and horse, both,  
Very slowly and loth,  
Begin drowsily mustering round.

To the right and left hand,  
They fall in, by command,  
In a line that might better be dress'd ;  
Whilst the steeds blink and nod,  
And the lancers think odd  
To be rous'd like the spears from their rest.

With their mouths of wide shape,  
Mortars seem all agape,  
Heavy guns look more heavy with sleep ;  
And, whatever their bore,  
Seem to think it one more  
In the night such a field day to keep.

Then the arms, christened small,  
Fire no volley at all,  
But go off, like the rest, in a doze ;  
And the eagles, poor things,  
Tuck their heads 'neath their wings,  
And the band ends in tunes through the nose.

Till each pupil of Mars  
Takes a wink like the stars—  
Open order no eye can obey :

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

If the plumes in their heads  
Were the feathers of beds,  
Never top could be sounder than they !

So, just wishing good-night,  
Bows Napoleon, polite ;  
But instead of a loyal endeavour  
To reply with a cheer,  
Not a sound met his ear,  
Though each face seemed to say, "*Nap* for ever !"

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.



WANDERER, Wilson, from my native land,  
Remote, O Rae, from godliness and thee,  
Where rolls between us the eternal sea,  
Besides some furlongs of a foreign sand,—  
Beyond the broadest Scotch of London Wall ;  
Beyond the loudest Saint that has a call ;  
Across the wavy waste between us stretch'd,  
A friendly missive warns me of a stricture,  
Wherein my likeness you have darkly etch'd ;  
And though I have not seen the shadow sketch'd,  
Thus I remark prophetic on the picture.

I guess the features :—in a line to paint  
Their moral ugliness, I'm not a saint.  
Not one of those self-constituted saints,  
Quacks—not physicians—in the cure of souls,  
Censors who sniff out mortal taints,  
And call the devil over his own coals—  
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,  
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibb'd,  
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,  
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribb'd,  
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax—  
Yet sure of heaven themselves, as if they'd cribb'd  
Th' impression of St. Peter's keys in wax !

Of such a character no single trace  
Exists, I know, in my fictitious face ;  
There wants a certain cast about the eye ;  
A certain lifting of the nose's tip ;  
A certain curling of the nether lip,  
In scorn of all that is, beneath the sky ;

In brief it is an aspect deleterious,  
 A face decidedly not serious,  
 A face profane, that would not do at all  
 To make a face at Exeter Hall,—  
 That Hall where bigots rant, and cant, and pray,  
 And laud each other face to face,  
 Till ev'ry farthing-candle ray  
 Conceives itself a great gas-light of grace.

Well!—be the graceless lineaments confest!  
 I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;  
 And dote upon a jest  
 “Within the limits of becoming mirth;”—  
 No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,  
 Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious—  
 Nor study in my sanctum supercilious  
 To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.  
 I pray for grace—repent each sinful act—  
 Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;  
 And love my neighbour far too well, in fact,  
 To call and twit him with a godly tract  
 That's turn'd by application to a libel.  
 My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,  
 All creeds I view with toleration thorough,  
 And have a horror of regarding heaven  
 As anybody's rotten borough.

What else? no part I take in party fray,  
 With tropes from Billingsgate's slang-whanging tartars  
 I fear no Pope—and let great Earnest play  
 At Fox and Goose with Fox's Martyrs!  
 I own I laugh at over-righteous men,  
 I own I shake my sides at ranters,  
 And treat sham-Abr'am saints with wicked banter;  
 I even own, that there are times—but then  
 It's when I've got my wine—I say d—— canters!

I've no ambition to enact the spy  
 On fellow-souls, a Spiritual Pry—  
 'Tis said that people ought to guard their noses,  
 Who thrust them into matters none of theirs;  
 And tho' no delicacy discomposes  
 Your Saint, yet I consider faith and pray'rs  
 Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.

I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
 And thus upon the public mind intrude it,

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
 No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.  
 On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk ;  
 Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk,—  
     For man may pious texts repeat,  
 And yet religion have no inward seat ;  
 'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
 A man has got his belly full of meat  
 Because he talks with victuals in his mouth !

Mere verbiage,—it is not worth a carrot !  
 Why, Socrates—or Plato—where's the odds?—  
 Once taught a jay to supplicate the Gods,  
 And made a Polly-theist of a Parrot !

A mere professor, spite of all his cant, is  
     Not a whit better than a Mantis,—  
 An insect, of what clime I can't determine.  
 That lifts its paws most parson-like, and thence,  
 By simple savages—thro' sheer pretence—  
 Is reckoned quite a saint amongst the vermin.

But where's the reverence, or where the *nous*,  
 To ride on one's religion thro' the lobby,  
     Whether a stalking-horse or hobby,  
 To show its pious paces to "the House" ?

I honestly confess that I would hinder  
 The Scottish member's legislative rigs,  
     That spiritual Pinder,  
 Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,  
     That must be lash'd by law, wherever found,  
 And driven to church, as to the parish pound.  
 I do confess, without reserve or wheedle,  
 I view that grovelling idea as one  
 Worthy some parish clerk's ambitious son,  
 A charity-boy, who longs to be a beadle.

On such a vital topic sure 'tis odd  
 How much a man can differ from his neighbour :  
 One wishes worship freely giv'n to God,  
 Another wants to make it statute-labour—  
 The broad distinction in a line to draw,  
 As means to lead us to the skies above,  
 You say—Sir Andrew and his love of law,  
 And I—the Saviour with his law of love.



Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
 Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;  
 But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
 Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,  
     Fresh from St. Andrews College,  
 Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

I do confess that I abhor and shrink  
 From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,  
 That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink  
 The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly—  
 My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,  
 And will not, dare not, fancy in accord  
 The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord  
     Of this world's aristocracy.  
 It will not own a notion so unholy,  
 As thinking that the rich by easy trips  
 May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly  
 Must work their passage as they do in ships.

One place there is—beneath the burial sod  
 Where all mankind are equalised by death;  
 Another place there is—the Fane of God,  
 Where all are equal, who draw living breath;  
 Juggle who will *elsewhere* with his own soul,  
 Playing the Judas with a temporal dole—  
 He who can come beneath that awful cope,  
 In the dread presence of a Maker just,  
 Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust  
 One even measure of immortal hope—  
 He who can stand within that holy door,  
 With soul unbow'd by that pure spirit-level,  
 And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—  
 Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil!

Such are the solemn sentiments, O Rae,  
 In your last Journey-Work, perchance you ravage,  
 Seeming, but in more courtly terms, to say  
 I'm but a heedless, creedless, godless savage;  
 A very Guy, deserving fire and faggots,—  
     A Scoffer, always on the grin,  
 And sadly given to the mortal sin  
 Of liking Mawworms less than merry maggots!

The humble records of my life to search,  
 I have not herded with mere pagan beasts;  
 But sometimes I have "sat at good men's feasts,"  
 And I have been "where bells have knoll'd to church."

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells  
 When on the undulating air they swim!  
 Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!  
 And trembling all about the breezy dells  
 As flutter'd by the wings of Cherubim.  
 Meanwhile the bees are chanting a low hymn;  
 And lost to sight, th' ecstatic lark above  
 Sings, like a soul beatified, of love,—  
 With, now and then, the coo of the wild pigeon;—  
 O Pagans, Heathens, Infidels, and Doubters!  
 If such sweet sounds can't woo you to religion,  
 Will the harsh voices of church cads and touters?

A man may cry "Church! Church!" at ev'ry word,  
 With no more piety than other people—  
 A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird  
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.  
 The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
 But quacking only gives it an ill savour;  
 While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
 And bring religion's self into disfavour!

Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,  
 Who, binding up his Bible with his Ledger,  
     Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,  
 A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,  
 Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,  
 Against the wicked remnant of the week,  
 A saving bet against his sinful bias—  
 "Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,  
 "I lie—I cheat—do anything for pelf,  
 But who on earth can say I am not pious?"

In proof how over-righteousness re-acts,  
 Accept an anecdote well based on facts.  
 One Sunday morning (at the day don't fret)  
 In riding with a friend to Ponder's End  
 Outside the stage, we happen'd to commend  
 A certain mansion that we saw To Let.  
 "Ay," cried our coachman, with our talk to grapple,  
 "You're right! no house along the road comes nigh it.  
 'Twas built by the same man as built yon chapel,  
     And master wanted once to buy it,—  
 But t'other driv the bargain much too hard—  
     He ax'd sure-ly a sum purdigious!  
 But being so particular religious,  
 Why, *that*, you see, put master on his guard!"

Church is "a little heav'n below,  
 I have been there, and still would go,"—  
 Yet I am none of those who think it odd  
 A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,  
 And, passing by the customary hassock,  
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,  
 And sue *in formâ pauperis* to God.

As for the rest, intolerant to none,  
 Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,  
 Ev'n the poor Pagan's homage to the Sun  
 I would not harshly scorn, lest even there  
 I spurn'd some elements of Christian pray'r—  
 An aim, tho' erring, at a "world ayont"—

Acknowledgment of good—of man's futility,  
 A sense of need, and weakness, and indeed  
 That very thing so many Christians want—  
 Humility.

Such, unto Papists, Jews, or turban'd Turks,  
 Such is my spirit—(I don't mean my wraith !)  
 Such, may it please you, is my humble faith ;  
 I know, full well, you do not like my *works* !  
 I have not sought, 'tis true, the Holy Land,  
 As full of texts as Cuddie Headrigg's mother,

The Bible in one hand,  
 And my own common-place-book in the other—  
 But you have been to Palestine—alas !  
 Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,

Resemble copper wire, or brass,  
 Which gets the narrower by going farther !  
 Worthless are all such Pilgrimages—very !  
 If Palmers at the Holy Tomb contrive  
 The human heats and rancour to revive  
 That at the Sepulchre they ought to bury,  
 A sorry sight it is to rest the eye on,  
 To see a Christian creature graze at Sion,  
 Then homeward, of the saintly pasture full,  
 Rush bellowing, and breathing fire and smoke,  
 At crippled Papistry to butt and poke,  
 Exactly as a skittish Scottish bull  
 Hunts an old woman in a scarlet cloak !

Why leave a serious, moral, pious home,  
 Scotland, renown'd for sanctity of old,  
 Far distant Catholics to rate and scold  
 For—doing as the Romans do at Rome ?  
 With such a bristling spirit wherefore quit  
 The Land of Cakes for any land of wafers,

About the graceless images to flit,  
 And buzz and chafe importunate as chafers,  
 Longing to carve the carvers to Scotch collops?—  
 People who hold such absolute opinions  
 Should stay at home, in Protestant dominions,  
 Not travel like male Mrs. Trollopes.

Gifted with noble tendency to climb,  
 Yet weak at the same time,  
 Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,  
 That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;  
 And as the climate and the soil may grant,  
 So is the sort of tree to which it clings.  
 Consider then, before, like Hurllothrumbo,  
 You aim your club at any creed on earth,  
 That, by the simple accident of birth,  
 You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo.  
 For me—thro' heathen ignorance perchance,  
 Not having knelt in Palestine,—I feel  
 None of that griffinish excess of zeal,  
 Some travellers would blaze with here in France.  
 Dolls I can see in Virgin-like array,  
 Nor for a scuffle with the idols hanker  
 Like crazy Quixote at the puppet's play:  
 If their "offence be rank," should mine be *rancour*!  
 Mild light, and by degrees, should be the plan  
 To cure the dark and erring mind;  
 But who would rush at a benighted man,  
 And give him two black eyes for being blind?

Suppose the tender but luxuriant hop  
 Around a canker'd stem should twine,  
 What Kentish boor would tear away the prop  
 So roughly as to wound, nay, kill the bine?  
 The images, 'tis true, are strangely dress'd,  
 With gauds and toys extremely out of season;  
 The carving nothing of the very best,  
 The whole repugnant to the eye of reason,  
 Shocking to taste, and to Fine Arts a treason—  
 Yet ne'er o'erlook in bigotry of sect  
 One truly *Catholic*, one common form,  
 At which uncheck'd

All Christian hearts may kindle or keep warm.  
 Say, was it to my spirit's gain or loss,  
 One bright and balmy morning, as I went  
 From Liege's lovely environs to Ghent,  
 If hard by the wayside I found a cross.

That made me breathe a pray'r upon the spot—  
 While Nature of herself, as if to trace  
 The emblem's use, had trail'd around its base  
 The blue significant forget-me-not?  
 Methought, the claims of Charity to urge  
 More forcibly, along with Faith and Hope,  
 The pious choice had pitch'd upon the verge  
     Of a delicious slope,  
 Giving the eye much variegated scope ;—  
 "Look round," it whisper'd, "on that prospect rare,  
 Those vales so verdant, and those hills so blue ;  
 Enjoy the sunny world, so fresh and fair,  
 But"—(how the simple legend pierced me thro'!)  
     "PRIEZ POUR LES MALHEUREUX."

With sweet kind natures, as in honey'd cells,  
 Religion lives, and feels herself at home ;  
 But only on a formal visit dwells  
 Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb  
 Shun pride, O Rae!—whatever sort beside  
 You take in lieu, shun spiritual pride!  
 A pride there is of rank—a pride of birth,  
 A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,  
 A London pride—in short, there be on earth  
 A host of prides, some better and some worse ;  
 But of all prides, since Lucifer's attain,  
 The proudest swells a self-elected Saint.

To picture that cold pride so harsh and hard,  
 Fancy a peacock in a poultry-yard.  
 Behold him in conceited circles sail,  
 Strutting and dancing, and now planted stiff,  
 In all his pomp of pageantry, as if  
 He felt "the eyes of Europe" on his tail!  
 As for the humble breed retain'd by man,  
     He scorns the whole domestic clan—  
     He bows, he bridles,  
     He wheels, he sidles,  
 At last, with stately dodgings in a corner  
 He pens a simple russet hen, to scorn her  
 Full in the blaze of his resplendent fan!  
     "Look here," he cries (to give him words),  
     "Thou feather'd clay—thou scum of birds!"  
 Flirting the rustling plumage in her eyes,—  
 "Look here, thou vile predestined sinner,  
     Doom'd to be roasted for a dinner,

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

Behold these lovely variegated dyes !  
 These are the rainbow colours of the skies  
 That Heav'n has shed upon me *con amore*—  
 A Bird of Paradise?—a pretty story !  
 I am that Saintry Fowl, thou paltry chick !

Look at my crown of glory !  
 Thou dingy, dirty, drabbed, draggled jill ! ”  
 And off goes Partlet, wriggling from a kick,  
 With bleeding scalp laid open by his bill !  
 That little simile exactly paints  
 How sinners are despised by saints.  
 By saints !—the Hypocrites that ope heav'n's door  
 Obsequious to the sinful man of riches—  
 But put the wicked, naked, barelegg'd poor,  
 In parish stocks instead of breeches.

The Saints !—the Bigots that in public spout,  
 Spread phosphorus of zeal on scraps of fustian,  
 And go like walking “Lucifers” about,  
 Mere living bundles of combustion.

The Saints !—the aping Fanatics that talk  
 All cant and rant, and rhapsodies highflown—  
 That bid you baulk  
 A Sunday walk,  
 And shun God's work as you should shun your own

The Saints !—the Formalists, the extra pious,  
 Who think the mortal husk can save the soul,  
 By trundling with a mere mechanic bias,  
 To church, just like a lignum-vitæ bowl !

The Saints !—The Pharisees, whose beadle stands  
 Beside a stern coercive kirk.  
 A piece of human mason-work,  
 Calling all sermons contrabands,  
 In that great Temple that's not made with hands.  
 Thrice blessed, rather, is the man, with whom  
 The gracious prodigality of nature,  
 The balm, the bliss, the beauty, and the bloom,  
 The bounteous providence in ev'ry feature,  
 Recall the good Creator to his creature,  
 Making all earth a fane, all heav'n its dome !  
 To *his* tuned spirit the wild heather-bells  
 Ring Sabbath knells ;  
 The jubilate of the soaring lark  
 Is chant of clerk ;

For choir, the thrush and the gregarious linnet ;  
 The sod's a cushion for his pious wants ;  
 And, consecrated by the heav'n within it,  
     The sky-blue pool, a font.  
 Each cloud-capp'd mountain is a holy altar ;  
     An organ breathes in every grove ;  
     And the full heart's a Psalter,  
 Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love !

Sufficiently by stern necessitarians  
 Poor Nature, with her face begrimed by dust,  
 Is stoked, coked, smoked, and almost choked ; but must  
 Religion have its own Utilitarians,  
 Labell'd with evangelical phylacteries,  
 To make the road to heav'n a railway trust,  
 And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factories ?

Oh ! simply open wide the Temple door,  
 And let the solemn, swelling organ greet,  
     With *Voluntaries* meet,  
 The willing advent of the rich and poor !  
 And while to God the loud Hosannas soar,  
 With rich vibrations from the vocal throng—  
 From quiet shades that to the woods belong,  
     And brooks with music of their own,  
 Voices may come to swell the choral song  
 With notes of praise they learn'd in musings lone.

How strange it is while on all vital questions,  
 That occupy the House and public mind,  
 We always meet with some humane suggestions  
 Of gentle measures of a healing kind,  
 Instead of harsh severity and vigour,  
 The Saint alone his preference retains  
     For bills of penalties and pains,  
 And marks his narrow code with legal rigour  
 Why shun, as worthless of affiliation,  
 What men of all political persuasion  
 Extol—and even use upon occasion—  
 That Christian principle, Conciliation ?  
 But possibly the men who make such fuss  
 With Sunday pippins and old Trots infirm,  
 Attach some other meaning to the term,  
     As thus :

One market morning, in my usual rambles,  
 Passing along Whitechapel's ancient shambles,

## ODE TO RAE WILSON, ESQ.

Where meat was hung in many a joint and quarter,  
 I had to halt a while, like other folks,  
 To let a killing butcher coax  
 A score of lambs and fatted sheep to slaughter.

A sturdy man he look'd to fell an ox,  
 Bull-fronted, ruddy, with a formal streak  
 Of well-greased hair down either cheek,  
 As if he dee-dash-dee'd some other flocks  
 Beside those woolly-headed stubborn blocks  
 That stood before him, in vexatious huddle—  
 Poor little lambs, with bleating wethers group'd,  
 While, now and then, a thirsty creature stoop'd  
 And meekly snuff'd, but did not taste the puddle.

Fierce bark'd the dog, and many a blow was dealt,  
 That loin, and chump, and scrag and saddle felt,  
 Yet still, that fatal step they all declined it,—  
 And shunn'd the tainted door as if they smelt  
 Onions, mint sauce, and lemon juice behind it.

At last there came a pause of brutal force ;  
 The cur was silent, for his jaws were full  
 Of tangled locks of tarry wool ;  
 The man had whoop'd and halloed till dead hoarse.  
 The time was ripe for mild expostulation,  
 And thus it stammer'd from a stander-by—  
 "Zounds !—my good fellow,—it quite makes me—why  
 It really—my dear fellow—do just try  
 Conciliation !"

Stringing his nerves like flint,  
 The sturdy butcher seized upon the hint,—  
 At least he seized upon the foremost wether,—  
 And hugg'd and lugg'd and tugg'd him neck and crop  
 Just *volens volens* thro' the open shop—  
 If tails come off he didn't care a feather,—  
 Then walking to the door and smiling grim,  
 He rubb'd his forehead and his sleeve together—  
 "There !—I've conciliated him !"  
 Again—good-humouredly to end our quarrel—  
 (Good-humour should prevail !)—  
 I'll fit you with a tale,  
 Whereto is tied a moral.

Once on a time a certain English lass  
 Was seized with symptoms of such deep decline,




Cough, hectic flushes, ev'ry evil sign,  
 That, as their wont is at such desperate pass,  
 The Doctors gave her over—to an ass.  
 Accordingly, the grisly Shade to bilk,  
 Each morn the patient quaffed a frothy bowl  
 Of asinine new milk,  
 Robbing a shaggy suckling of a foal  
 Which got proportionably spare and skinny—  
 Meanwhile the neighbours cried "Poor Mary Ann!  
 She can't get over it! she never can!"  
 When lo! to prove each prophet was a ninny,  
 The one that died was the poor wetnurse Jenny.

To aggravate the case,  
 There were but two grown donkeys in the place;  
 And most unluckily for Eve's sick daughter,  
 The other long-ear'd creature was a male,  
 Who never in his life had given a pail  
 Of milk, or even chalk and water.  
 No matter: at the usual hour of eight  
 Down trots a donkey to the wicket-gate,  
 With Mister Simon Gubbins on its back,—  
 "Your sarvant, Miss,—a werry spring-like day,—  
 Bad time for hasses tho'! good lack! good lack!  
 Jenny be dead, Miss,—but I'ze brought ye Jack,  
 He doesn't give no milk—but he can bray."  
 So runs the story,  
 And, in vain self-glory,  
 Some Saints would sneerat Gubbins for his blindness—  
 But what the better are their pious saws  
 To ailing souls, than dry hee-haws,  
 Without the milk of human kindness?

---

 QUEEN MAB.

 LITTLE fairy comes at night,  
 Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown.  
 With silver spots upon her wings,  
 And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,  
 And when a good child goes to bed  
 She waves her wand from right to left,  
 And makes a circle round its head.

## GUIDO AND MARINA.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,  
 Of fountains filled with fairy fish,  
 And trees that bear delicious fruit,  
 And bow their branches at a wish :

Of arbours filled with dainty scents  
 From lovely flowers that never fade ;  
 Bright flies that glitter in the sun,  
 And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,  
 For singing songs and telling tales,  
 And pretty dwarfs to show the way  
 Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,  
 From left to right she weaves her rings,  
 And then it dreams all through the night  
 Of only ugly horrid things !

Then lions come with glaring eyes,  
 And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,  
 And ogres draw their cruel knives,  
 To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,  
 Or raging flames come scorching round,  
 Fierce dragons hover in the air,  
 And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,  
 And wish the long black gloom away ;  
 But good ones love the dark, and find  
 The night as pleasant as the day.

## GUIDO AND MARINA.

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

[GUIDO having given himself up to the pernicious study of magic and astrology, casts his nativity, and resolves that at a certain hour of a certain day he is to die. MARINA, to wean him from this fatal delusion, which hath gradually wasted him away, even to the verge of death, advances the hour-hand of the clock. He is supposed to be seated beside her in the garden of his palace at Venice.]

*Guido.* Clasp me again ! My soul is very sad :  
 And hold thy lips in readiness near mine.

Lest I die suddenly. Clasp me again !  
'Tis such a gloomy day !

*Mar.* Nay, sweet, it shines.

*Guido.* Nay, then, these mortal clouds are in mine eyes.  
Clasp me again !—ay, with thy fondest force,  
Give me one last embrace.

*Mar.* Love, I do clasp thee !

*Guido.* Then closer—closer—for I feel thee not ;  
Unless thou art this pain around my heart.  
Thy lips at such a time should never leave me.

*Mar.* What pain—what time, love? Art thou ill? Alas!  
I see it in thy cheek. Come, let me nurse thee.  
Here, rest upon my heart.

*Guido.* Stay, stay, Marina.  
Look !—when I raise my hand against the sun,  
Is it red with blood?

*Mar.* Alas! my love, what wilt thou?  
Thy hand is red—and so is mine—all hands  
Show thus against the sun.

*Guido.* All living men's,  
Marina, but not mine. Hast never heard  
How death first seizes on the feet and hands,  
And thence goes freezing to the very heart?

*Mar.* Yea, love, I know it ; but what then?—the hand  
I hold is glowing.

*Guido.* But my eyes !—my eyes !—  
Look *there*, Marina—there is death's own sign.  
I have seen a corpse,  
E'en when its clay was cold, would still have seem'd  
Alive, but for the eyes—such deadly eyes !  
So dull and dim ! Marina, look in mine !

*Mar.* Ay, they are dull. No, no—not dull, but bright :  
I see myself within them. Now, dear love,  
Discard these horrid fears that make me weep.

*Guido.* Marina, Marina—where thy image lies,  
There must be brightness—or perchance they glance  
And glimmer like the lamp before it dies.  
Oh, do not vex my soul with hopes impossible !  
My hours are ending.

*Mar.* Nay, they shall not ! Hark !  
The hour—four—five—hark !—six !—the very time !  
And, lo ! thou art alive ! My love—dear love—  
Now cast this cruel phantasm from thy brain—  
This wilful, wild delusion—cast it off !  
The hour is come—and gone ? What ! not a word !  
What ! not a smile, even, that thou livest for me !  
Come, laugh and clap your hands as I do—come.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Or kneel with me, and thank th' eternal God  
 For this blest passover! Still sad! still mute!—  
 Oh, why art thou not glad, as I am glad,  
 That death forbears thee? Nay, hath all my love  
 Been spent in vain, that thou art sick of life?

*Guido.* Marina, I am no more attach'd to death  
 Than Fate hath doomed me. I am his elect,  
 That even now forestalls thy little light,  
 And steals with cold infringement on my breath:  
 Already he bedims my spiritual lamp,  
 Not yet his due—not yet—quite yet, though Time,  
 Perchance, to warn me, speaks before his wont:  
 Some minutes' space my blood has still to flow—  
 Some scanty breath is left me still to spend  
 In very bitter sighs.

But there's a point, true measured by my pulse,  
 Beyond or short of which it may not live  
 By one poor throb. Marina, it is near.

*Mar.* Oh, God of heaven!

*Guido.* Ay, it is *very* near;  
 Therefore cling now to me, and say farewell  
 While I can answer it. Marina, speak!  
 Why tear thine helpless hair? it will not save  
 Thy heart from breaking, nor pluck out the thought  
 That stings thy brain. Oh, surely thou hast known  
 This truth too long to look so like Despair?

*Mar.* Oh, no, no, no!—a hope—a little hope—  
 I had erewhile—but I have heard its knell.  
 Oh, would my life were measured out with thine—  
 All my years number'd—all my days, my hours,  
 My utmost minutes, all summ'd up with thine!

*Guido.* Marina—

*Mar.* Let me weep—no, let me kneel  
 To God—but rather thee—to spare this end  
 That is so wilful. Oh, for pity's sake!  
 Pluck back thy precious spirit from these clouds  
 That smother it with death. Oh! turn from death,  
 And do not woo it with such dark resolve,  
 To make me widow'd.

*Guido.*

I have lived my term.

*Mar.* No—not thy term—no! not the natural term  
 Of one so young. Oh! thou hast spent thy years  
 In sinful waste upon unholy—

*Guido.*

Hush!

Marina.

*Mar.* Nay, I must. Oh! cursed lore,  
 That hath supplied this spell against thy life.

Unholy learning—devilish and dark—  
 Study! O God! O God!—how can thy stars  
 Be bright with such black knowledge? Oh, that men  
 Should ask more light of them than guides their steps  
 At evening to love!

*Guido.* Hush, hush, oh hush!  
 Thy words have pain'd me in the midst of pain.  
 True, if I had not read, I should not die;  
 For, if I had not read, I had not been.  
 All our acts of life are pre-ordain'd,  
 And each pre-acted, in our several spheres,  
 By ghostly duplicates. They sway our deeds  
 By their performance. What if mine hath been  
 To be a prophet and foreknown my doom?  
 If I had closed my eyes, the thunder then  
 Had roar'd it in my ears; my own mute brain  
 Had told it with a tongue. What must be, must.  
 Therefore I knew when my full time would fall;  
 And now—to save thy widowhood of tears—  
 To spare the very breaking of thy heart,  
 I may not gain even a brief hour's reprieve!  
 What seest thou yonder?

*Mar.* Where?—a tree—the sun  
 Sinking behind a tree.

*Guido.* It is no tree,  
 Marina, but a shape—the awful shape  
 That comes to claim me. Seest thou not his shade  
 Darken before his steps? Ah me! how cold  
 It comes against my feet! Cold, icy cold!  
 And blacker than a pall.

*Mar.* My love!

*Guido.* Oh heaven  
 And earth, where are ye? Marina— [GUIDO dies.]

*Mar.* I am here!  
 What wilt thou? dost thou speak?—Methought I heard thee  
 Just whispering. He is dead?—O God! he's dead!

## TO MR. DYMOKE.

TO MR. DYMOKE,

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

"—Arma Virumque cano!"—VIRGIL.

**M**R. DYMOKE ! Sir Knight ! if I may be so bold—  
 (I'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)  
 Is your armour put by, like the sheep in a fold ?—  
 Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down ?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mail'd and admired,  
 Now sitting at ease in a library chair ?  
 Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,  
 With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare ?

What's become of the cup ? Great tin-plate worker, say !  
 Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun !  
 Oh : *three golden balls* haven't lured you to play  
 Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one ?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic !  
 The breastplate—the feathers—the gallant array !  
 So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke !  
 The day of brass breeches ! as Wordsworth would say !

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,  
 And a cow, and a pig, and a barndoor, and all ;—  
 You show to the parish that peace is your lot,  
 And plenty,—though absent from Westminster Hall !

And of course you turn every accoutrement now  
 To its separate use, that your wants may be well-met ;—  
 You toss in your breastplate your pancakes, and grow  
 A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion, less bright  
 Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task ;  
 And you bake your own bread in your tin ; and, Sir Knight,  
 Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque !

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,  
 With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutched,  
 And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas  
 And drenched the King's Bench,—if the glove had been  
 touched !

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,  
Had snatched your "best doe,"—he'd have flooded the  
floor ;—

Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,  
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his gore ;

Oh, you and your horse ! what a couple was there !  
The man and his *backer*,—to win a great fight !  
Though the trumpet was loud,—you'd an undisturbed air !  
And the nag snuffed the feast and the fray *sans* affright !

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore  
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall ;—  
For though his departure was at the front door,  
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went,—and 'twould puzzle historians to say,  
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*,—  
Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,  
For though he retreated, he never turned tail.

By my life, he's a wonderful charger !—The best !  
Though not for a Parthian corps !—yet for you !—  
Distinguished alike at a fray and a feast,  
What a horse for a grand Retrospective Review !

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool  
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof !—  
What a *tailpiece* for Bewick !—or piebald for Poole,  
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof !


Well ! hail to old Cato ! the hero of scenes ;  
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge ;—  
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,  
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge !

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep  
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best !  
And oh ! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,  
May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest !"

TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQ.,

EDITOR OF THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

"Dost thou not suspect my years?" — *Much Ado about Nothing*.

 H! Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch  
 A sober age made serious drunk by thee;  
 Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,  
 And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!  
 And what a page attends thee! Long may I  
 Hang in demure confusion o'er each line  
 That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,  
 Like pensioners that creep about and die;—  
 But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,  
 Livest in monthly immortality!

How sweet!—as Byron of *his* infant said,—  
 "Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace;  
 To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,  
 Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,  
 And not a name of any name to catch!  
 To meet thy Criticism walking home  
 Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch!"

Rich is thy page in soporific things,—  
 Composing compositions,—lulling men,—  
 Faded old posies of unburied rings,—  
 Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived,—  
 Deaths of good people that have really died,—  
 Parishioners,—hatched,—husbanded,—and wived,—  
 Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query,—the remote response,—  
 The march of serious mind, extremely slow,—  
 The graver's cut at some right agèd sconce,  
 Famous for nothing many years ago!



B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write  
 "Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid ;—  
 And C., next month, an answer doth indite,  
 Informing B. that Mr. Milton did !

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,  
 Caught upon Martin Luther years ago ;—  
 And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,  
 Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

There is no end of thee,—there is no end,  
 Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits !  
 Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,  
 And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets.

Go on, Sylvanus !—Bear a wary eye,  
 The churches cannot yet be quite run out !  
 Some parishes must yet have been passed by,—  
 There's Bullocks-Smithy has a church no doubt !

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages !  
 Nourish the names of the undoubted dead !  
 So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,  
 Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on ! and thrive ! demurest of odd fellows !  
 Bottling up dulness in an ancient binn !  
 Still live ! still prose !—continue still to tell us  
 Old truths ! no strangers, though we take them in !

## LINES.

ON SEEING MY WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN SLEEPING IN  
THE SAME CHAMBER.

**A**ND has the earth lost its so spacious round,  
The sky its blue circumference above,  
That in this little chamber there is found  
Both earth and heaven—my universe of love!  
All that my God can give me, or remove,  
Here sleeping, save myself, in mimic death.  
Sweet that in this small compass I behove  
To live their living and to breathe their breath!  
Almost I wish that, with one common sigh,  
We might resign all mundane care and strife,  
And seek together that transcendent sky,  
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband, Wife,  
Together pant in everlasting life!

COBLENZ, Nov. 1835.

## TO OCEAN.

**S**HALL I rebuke thee, Ocean, my old love,  
That once, in rage, with the wild winds at strife,  
Thou darest menace my unit of a life,  
Sending my clay below, my soul above,  
Whilst roar'd thy waves, like lions when they rove  
By night, and bound upon their prey by stealth?  
Yet didst thou ne'er restore my fainting health?  
Didst thou ne'er murmur gently like the dove?  
Nay, dost thou not against my own dear shore  
Full break, last link between my land and me?  
My absent friends talk in thy very roar,  
In thy waves' beat their kindly pulse I see,  
And, if I must not see my England more,  
Next to her soil, my grave be found in thee!

COBLENZ, May 1835.

## SONG.

*Air—"My mother bids me."*

**M**Y mother bids me spend my smiles  
 On all who come and call me fair,  
 As crumbs are thrown upon the tiles,  
 To all the sparrows of the air.

But I've a darling of my own,  
 For whom I hoard my little stock—  
 What if I chirp him all alone,  
 And leave mamma to feed the flock !

## LOVE HAS NOT EYES.

**O**F all the poor old Tobits a-groping in the street,  
 A Lover is the blindest that ever I did meet,  
 For he's blind, he's blind, he's very blind,—  
 He's as blind as any mole !

He thinks his love the fairest that ever yet was clasp'd,  
 Though her clay is overbaked, and it never has been rasp'd.  
 For he's blind, &c.

He thinks ner face an angel's, although it's quite a frump's,  
 Like a toad a-taking physic, or a monkey in the mumps.  
 For he's blind, &c.

Upon her graceful figure then how he will insist,  
 Though she's all so much awry, she can only eat a twist  
 For he's blind, &c.

He'll swear that in her dancing she cuts all others out,  
 Though like a *Gal* that's galvanised she throws her legs about  
 For he's blind, &c.

If he should have a letter in answer to his sighs,  
 He'll put it to his lips up, instead of to his eyes.  
 For he's blind, &c.

Then if he has a meeting the question for to put,  
 In suing for her hand he'll be kneeling at her foot.  
 For he's blind, &c.

Oh Love is like a furnace wherein a Lover lies,  
 And like a pig before the fire, he scorches out his eyes.  
 Till he's blind, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

**T**HEY say, God wot !  
She died upon the spot :  
But then in spots she was so rich,—  
I wonder which ?


---

ON THE REMOVAL OF A MENAGERIE.

**L**ET Exeter Change lament its change,  
Its beasts and other losses—  
Another place thrives by its case,  
Now *Charing* has two *Crosses*.



### THE BRIDGE OF SIGHTS.

 NE more Unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate,  
Gone to her death.

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments  
Clinging like cerements ;  
Whilst the wave constantly  
Drips from her clothing ;  
Take her up instantly,  
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully ;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly ;  
Not of the stains of her,  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny  
Into her mutiny  
Rash and undutiful ;  
Past all dishonour,  
Death has left on her  
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,  
One of Eve's family—  
Wipe those poor lips of hers  
Oozing so clammyly.

*THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.*

Loop up her tresses  
Escaped from the comb,  
Her fair auburn tresses ;  
Whilst wonderment guesses  
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?  
Who was her mother ?  
Had she a sister ?  
Had she a brother ?  
Or was there a dearer one  
Still, and a nearer one  
Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity  
Of Christian charity  
Under the sun !  
Oh ! it was pitiful !  
Near a whole city full,  
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,  
Fatherly, motherly,  
Feelings had changed :  
Love, by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence ;  
Even God's providence  
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver  
So far in the river,  
With many a light  
From window and casement,  
From garret to basement,  
She stood, with amazement,  
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March  
Made her tremble and shiver:  
But not the dark arch,  
Or the black flowing river ;  
Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery,  
Swift to be hurl'd—  
Anywhere, anywhere  
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,  
No matter how coldly  
The rough river ran,—  
Over the brink of it,  
Picture it—think of it,  
Dissolute Man !  
Lave in it, drink of it,  
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,  
Lift her with care ;  
Fashion'd so slenderly,  
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly  
Stiffen too rigidly,  
Decently,—kindly,—  
Smoother, and compose them  
And her eyes, close them  
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring  
Thro' muddy impurity,  
As when with the daring  
Last look of despairing  
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,  
Spurr'd by contumely,  
Cold inhumanity,  
Burning insanity,  
Into her rest,—  
Cross her hands humbly,  
As if praying dumbly,  
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,  
And leaving, with meekness,  
Her sins to her Saviour !

# MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG

## A GOLDEN LEGEND.

### HER PEDIGREE.

**T**O trace the Kilmansegg pedigree  
To the very root of the family tree  
Were a task as rash as ridiculous :  
Through antediluvian mists as thick  
As London fog such a line to pick  
Were enough, in truth, to puzzle old Nick,—  
Not to name Sir Harris Nicolas.

It wouldn't require much verbal strain  
To trace the Kill-man, perchance, to Cain,  
But, waiving all such digressions,  
Suffice it, according to family lore,  
A Patriarch Kilmansegg lived of yore,  
Who was famed for his great possessions.

Tradition said he feather'd his nest  
Through an Agricultural Interest  
In the Golden Age of farming ;  
When golden eggs were laid by the geese,  
And Colchian sheep wore a golden fleece,  
And golden pippins—the sterling kind  
Of Hesperus—now so hard to find—  
Made Horticulture quite charming !

A Lord of Land, on his own estate,  
He lived at a very lively rate,  
But his income would bear carousing ;  
Such acres he had of pasture and heath.  
With herbage so rich from the ore beneath,  
The very ewe's and lambkin's teeth  
Were turn'd into gold by browsing.

He gave, without any extra thrift,  
A flock of sheep for a birthday gift  
To each son of his loins, or daughter :  
And his debts—if debts he had—at will  
He liquidated by giving each bill  
A dip in Pactolian water.

Twas said that even his pigs of lead,  
By crossing with some by Midas bred,



Made a perfect mine of his piggery.  
And as for cattle, one yearling bull  
Was worth all Smithfield-market full  
Of the Golden Bulls of Pope Gregory.

The high-bred horses within his stud,  
Like human creatures of birth and blood,  
Had their Golden Cups and flagons :  
And as for the common husbandry nags,  
Their noses were tied in money-bags,  
When they stopp'd with the carts and waggons.

Moreover, he had a Golden Ass,  
Sometimes at stall, and sometimes at grass,  
That was worth his own weight in money—  
And a golden hive, on a Golden Bank,  
Where golden bees, by alchemical prank,  
Gather'd gold instead of honey.

Gold ! and gold ! and gold without end !  
He had gold to lay by, and gold to spend,  
Gold to give, and gold to lend,  
And reversions of gold *in futuro*.  
In wealth the family revell'd and roll'd,  
Himself and wife and sons so bold ;—  
And his daughters sang to their harps of gold  
“ O bella eta del' oro !”

Such was the tale of the Kilmansegg Kin,  
In golden text on a vellum skin,  
Though certain people would wink and grin,  
And declare the whole story a parable—  
That the Ancestor rich was one Jacob Ghimes,  
Who held a long lease, in prosperous times,  
Of acres, pasture and arable.

That as money makes money, his golden bees  
Were the Five per Cents., or which you please  
When his cash was more than plenty—  
That the golden cups were racing affairs ;  
And his daughters, who sang Italian airs,  
Had their golden harps of Clementi.

That the Golden Ass, or Golden Bull  
Was English John, with his pockets full,

Then at war by land and water :  
 While beef, and mutton, and other meat,  
 Were almost as dear as money to eat,  
 And Farmers reaped Golden Harvests of wheat  
 At the Lord knows what per quarter !

#### HER BIRTH

What different dooms our birthdays bring  
 For instance, one little manikin thing  
 Survives to wear many a wrinkle ;  
 While Death forbids another to wake,  
 And a son that it took nine moons to make  
 Expires without even a twinkle !

Into this world we come like ships,  
 Launch'd from the docks, and stocks, and slips,  
 For fortune fair or fatal ;  
 And one little craft is cast away  
 In its very first trip in Babbicome Bay,  
 While another rides safe at Port Natal.

What different lots our stars accord !  
 This babe to be hail'd and woo'd as a Lord !  
 And that to be shunn'd like a leper !  
 One, to the world's wine, honey, and corn,  
 Another, like Colchester native, born  
 To its vinegar, only, and pepper.

One is litter'd under a roof,  
 Neither wind nor water proof—  
 That's the prose of Love in a Cottage—  
 A puny, naked, shivering wretch,  
 The whole of whose birthright would not fetch,  
 Though Robins himself drew up the sketch  
 The bid of "a mess of pottage."

Born of Fortunatus's kin,  
 Another comes tenderly usher'd in  
 To a prospect all bright and burnish'd :  
 No tenant he for life's back slums—  
 He comes to the world as a gentleman comes  
 To a lodging ready furnish'd.

And the other sex—the tender—the fair—  
 What wide reverses of fate are there !  
 Whilst Margaret, charm'd by the Bulbul rare,

In a garden of Gul reposes—  
 Poor Peggy hawks nose-gays from street to street—  
 Till—think of that, who find life so sweet!—  
 She hates the smell of roses!

Not so with the infant Kilmansegg!  
 She was not born to steal or beg,  
 Or gather cresses in ditches;  
 To plait the straw, or bind the shoe,  
 Or sit all day to hem and sew,  
 As females must—and not a few—  
 To fill their insides with stitches!

She was not doom'd, for bread to eat,  
 To be put to her hands as well as her feet—  
 To carry home linen from mangles—  
 Or heavy-hearted, and weary-limb'd,  
 To dance on a rope in a jacket trimm'd  
 With as many blows as spangles.

She was one of those who by Fortune's boon  
 Are born, as they say, with a silver spoon  
 In her mouth, not a wooden ladle:  
 To speak according to poet's wont,  
 Plutus as sponsor stood at her font,  
 And Midas rock'd the cradle.

At her first *debut* she found her head  
 On a pillow of down, in a downy bed,  
 With a damask canopy over.  
 For although, by the vulgar popular saw,  
 All mothers are said to be "in the straw,"  
 Some children are born in clover.

Her very first draught of vital air,  
 It was not the common chameleon fare  
 Of plebeian lungs and noses,—  
 No—her earliest sniff  
 Of this world was a whiff  
 Of the genuine Otto of Roses!

When she saw the light, it was no mere ray  
 Of that light so common—so everyday—  
 That the sun each morning launches—  
 But six wax tapers dazzled her eyes,  
 From a thing—a gooseberry bush for size—  
 With a golden stem and branches.

She was born exactly at half-past two,  
 As witness'd a time-piece in or-molu  
 That stood on a marble table—  
 Showing at once the time of day,  
 And a team of *Gildings* running away  
     As fast as they were able,  
 With a golden God, with a golden Star,  
 And a golden Spear, in a golden Car,  
     According to Grecian fable.

Like other babes, at her birth she cried ;  
 Which made a sensation far and wide—  
     Ay, for twenty miles around her ;  
 For though to the ear 'twas nothing more  
 Than an infant's squall, it was really the roar  
     Of a Fifty-thousand Pounder !  
     It shook the next heir  
     In his library chair,  
 And made him cry, " Confound her !"

Of signs and omens there was no dearth,  
 Any more than at Owen Glendower's birth.  
     Or the advent of other great people :  
     Two bullocks dropp'd dead,  
     As if knock'd on the head,  
     And barrels of stout  
     And ale ran about,  
 And the village-bells such a peal rang out,  
     That they crack'd the village-steeple.

In no time at all, like mushroom spawn,  
 Tables sprang up all over the lawn ;  
     Not furnish'd scantily or shabbily,  
     But on scale as vast  
     As that huge repast,  
     With its loads and cargoes  
     Of drink and botargoes,  
 At the birth of the Babe in Rabelais.

Hundreds of men were turn'd into beasts,  
 Like the guests at Circe's horrible feasts,  
     By the magic of ale and cider :  
 And each country lass, and each country lad,  
 Began to caper and dance like mad,  
 And ev'n some old ones appear'd to have had  
     A bite from the Naples Spider.

Then as night came on,  
It had scared King John  
Who considered such signs not risible,  
To have seen the maroons,  
And the whirling moons,  
And the serpents of flame,  
And wheels of the same,  
That according to some were "whizzable."

Oh, happy Hope of the Kilmanseggs!  
Thrice happy in head, and body, and legs,  
That her parents had such full pockets!  
For had she been born of Want and Thrift,  
For care and nursing all adrift,  
It's ten to one she had had to make shift  
With rickets instead of rockets!

And how was the precious baby drest?  
In a robe of the East, with lace of the West,  
Like one of Cræsus's issue—  
Her best bibs were made  
Of rich gold brocade,  
And the others of silver tissue.

And when the Baby inclined to nap  
She was lull'd on a Gros de Naples lap,  
By a nurse in a modish Paris cap,  
Of notions so exalted,  
She drank nothing lower than Curaçoa,  
Maraschino, or pink Noyau,  
And on principle never malted.

From a golden boat, with a golden spoon,  
The babe was fed night, morning and noon;  
And although the tale seems fabulous,  
'Tis said her tops and bottoms were gilt,  
Like the oats in that Stable-yard Palace built  
For the Horse of Heliogabalus.

And when she took to squall and kick—  
For pain will wring, and pins will prick,  
E'en the wealthiest nabob's daughter—  
They gave her no vulgar Dalby or gin,  
But a liquor with leaf of gold therein,  
Videlicet,—Dantzic Water.

In short, she was born, and bred, and nurst,  
And drest in the best from the very first,

To please the genteel censor—  
 And then, as soon as strength would allow,  
 Was vaccinated, as babes are now,  
 With virus ta'en from the best-bred cow  
 Of Lord Althorpe's—now Earl Spencer.

## HER CHRISTENING.

Though Shakespeare asks us, "What's in a name?"  
 (As if cognomens were much the same),  
 There's really a very great scope in it.  
 A name?—why, wasn't there Doctor Dodd,  
 That servant at once of Mammon and God,  
 Who found four thousand pounds and odd,  
 A prison—a cart—and a rope in it?

A name?—if the party had a voice,  
 What mortal would be a Bugg by choice?  
 As a Hogg, a Grubb, or a Chubb rejoice?  
 Or any such nauseous blazon?  
 Not to mention many a vulgar name,  
 That would make a door-plate blush for shame,  
 If door-plates were not so brazen!

A name?—it has more than nominal worth,  
 And belongs to good or bad luck at birth  
 As dames of a certain degree know.  
 In spite of his Page's hat and hose,  
 His Page's jacket, and buttons in rows  
 Bob only sounds like a page in prose  
 Till turned into Rupertino.

Now to christen the infant Kilmansegg,  
 For days and days it was quite a plague,  
 To hunt the list in the Lexicon:  
 And scores were tried, like coin, by the ring.  
 Ere names were found just the proper thing  
 For a minor rich as a Mexican.

Then cards were sent the presence to beg  
 Of all the kin of Kilmansegg,  
 White, yellow, and brown relations:  
 Brothers, Wardens of City Halls,  
 And Uncles—rich as three Golden Balls  
 From taking pledges of nations.

Nephews, whom Fortune seem'd to bewitch,  
Rising in life like rockets—  
Nieces, whose doweries knew no hitch—  
Aunts, as certain of dying rich  
As candles in golden sockets—  
Cousins German and Cousins' sons,  
All thriving and opulent—some had tons  
Of Kentish hops in their pockets !

For money had stuck to the race through life  
(As it did to the bushel when cash so rife  
Posed Ali Baba's brother's wife)—

And down to the Cousins and Coz-lings,  
The fortunate brood of the Kilmanseggs,  
As if they had come out of golden eggs,  
Were all as wealthy as "Goslings."

It would fill a Court Gazette to name  
What East and West End people came  
To the rite of Christianity :  
The lofty Lord, and the titled Dame,  
All di'monds, plumes, and urbanity :  
His Lordship the May'r with his golden chain,  
And two Gold Sticks, and the Sheriffs twain.  
Nine foreign Counts, and other great men  
With their orders and stars, to help "M. or N."  
To renounce all pomp and vanity.

To paint the maternal Kilmansegg  
The pen of an Eastern Poet would beg,  
And need an elaborate sonnet ;  
How she sparkled with gems whenever she stirr'd,  
And her head niddle-noddled at every word,  
And seem'd so happy, a Paradise Bird  
Had nidificated upon it.

And Sir Jacob the Father strutted and bow'd,  
And smiled to himself, and laugh'd aloud,  
To think of his heiress and daughter—  
And then in his pockets he made a grope,  
And then, in the fulness of joy and hope,  
Seem'd washing his hands with invisible soap  
In imperceptible water.

He had roll'd in money like pigs in mud,  
Till it seem'd to have enter'd into his blood

By some occult projection :  
 And his cheeks instead of a healthy hue,  
 As yellow as any guinea grew,  
 Making the common phrase seem true,  
 About a rich complexion.

And now came the nurse, and during a pause,  
 Her dead-leaf satin would fitly cause  
 A very autumnal rustle—  
 So full of figure, so full of fuss,  
 As she carried about the babe to buss,  
 She seem'd to be nothing but bustle.

A wealthy Nabob was Godpapa,  
 And an Indian Begum was Godmamma,  
 Whose jewels a Queen might covet—  
 And the Priest was a Vicar, and Dean withal  
 Of that Temple we see with a Golden Ball,  
 And a Golden Cross above it.

The Font was a bowl of American gold,  
 Won by Raleigh in days of old,  
 In spite of Spanish bravado ;  
 And the Book of Pray'r was so overrun  
 With gilt devices, it shone in the sun  
 Like a copy—a presentation one—  
 Of Humboldt's "El Dorado."

Gold ! and gold ! and nothing but gold !  
 The same auriferous shine behold  
 Wherever the eye could settle !  
 On the walls—the sideboard—the ceiling-sky—  
 On the gorgeous footmen standing by,  
 In coats to delight a miner's eye  
 With seams of the precious metal.

Gold ! and gold ! and besides the gold,  
 The very robe of the infant told  
 A tale of wealth in every fold,  
 It lapp'd her like a vapour !  
 So fine ! so thin ! the mind at a loss  
 Could compare it to nothing except a cross  
 Of cobweb with bank-note paper.

Then her pearls—'twas a perfect sight, forsooth.  
 To see them, like "the dew of her youth,"



In such a plentiful sprinkle.  
Meanwhile, the Vicar read through the form,  
And gave her another, not overwarm,  
That made her little eyes twinkle.

Then the babe was cross'd and bless'd amain !  
But instead of the Kate, or Ann, or Jane,  
Which the humbler female endorses—  
Instead of one name, as some people prefix,  
Kilmansegg went at the tails of six,  
Like a carriage of state with its horses.

Oh, then the kisses she got and hugs !  
The golden mugs and the golden jugs  
That lent fresh rays to the midges !  
The golden knives, and the golden spoons,  
The gems that sparkled like fairy boons,  
It was one of the Kilmansegg's own saloons,  
But look'd like Rundell and Bridge's !

Gold ! and gold ! the new and the old,  
The company ate and drank from gold,  
They revell'd, they sang, and were merry ;  
And one of the Gold Sticks rose from his chair,  
And toasted "the Lass with the golden hair"  
In a bumper of Golden Sherry.

Gold ! still gold ! it rain'd on the nurse,  
Who—un-like Danæ—was none the worse !  
There was nothing but guineas glistening !  
Fifty were given to Doctor James,  
For calling the little Baby names ;  
And for saying, Amen !  
The Clerk had ten,  
And that was the end of the Christening.

#### HER CHILDHOOD.

Our youth ! our childhood ! that spring of springs !  
'Tis surely one of the blessedest things  
That nature ever invented !  
When the rich are wealthy beyond their wealth,  
And the poor are rich in spirits and health,  
And all with their lots contented !

There's little Phelim, he sings like a thrush.  
In the selfsame pair of patchwork plush.

With the selfsame empty pockets,  
 That tempted his daddy so often to cut  
 His throat, or jump in the water-butt—  
 But what cares Phelim? an empty nut  
 Would sooner bring tears to their sockets.

Give him a collar without a skirt,  
 (That's the Irish linen for shirt)  
 And a slice of bread with a taste of dirt,  
 (That's Poverty's Irish butter),  
 And what does he lack to make him blest?  
 Some oyster-shells, or a sparrow's nest,  
 A candle-end, and a gutter.

But to leave the happy Phelim alone,  
 Gnawing, perchance, a marrowless bone,  
 For which no dog would quarrel—  
 Turn we to little Miss Kilmansegg  
 Cutting her first little toothy-peg  
 With a fifty-guinea coral—  
 A peg upon which  
 About poor and rich  
 Reflection might hang a moral.

Born in wealth, and wealthily nursed,  
 Capp'd, papp'd, napp'd, and lapp'd from the first  
 On the knees of Prodigality,  
 Her childhood was one eternal round  
 Of the game of going on Tickler's ground  
 Picking up gold—in reality.

With extempore cartes she never play'd,  
 Or the odds and ends of a Tinker's trade,  
 Or little dirt pies and puddings made,  
 Like children happy and squalid;  
 The very puppet she had to pet,  
 Like a bait for the "Nix my Dolly" set,  
 Was a Dolly of gold—and solid!

Gold! and gold! 'twas the burden still!  
 To gain the Heiress's early goodwill  
 There was much corruption and bribery—  
 The yearly cost of her golden toys  
 Would have given half London's Charity Boys  
 And Charity Girls the annual joys  
 Of a holiday dinner at Highbury.

Bon-bons she ate from the gilt *cornet*;  
 And gilded queens on St. Bartlemy's day;

Till her fancy was tinged by her presents—  
And first a Goldfinch excited her wish,  
Then a spherical bowl with its Golden fish,  
And then two Golden Pheasants.

Nay, once she squall'd and scream'd like wild —  
And it shows how the bias we give to a child  
Is a thing most weighty and solemn :—  
But whence was wonder or blame to spring  
If little Miss K.—after such a swing—  
Made a dust for the flaming gilded thing  
On the top of the Fish Street column ?

#### HER EDUCATION.

According to metaphysical creed,  
To the earliest books that children read  
For much good or much bad they are debtors—  
But before with their A B C they start,  
There are things in morals, as well as art,  
That play a very important part—  
“ Impressions before the letters.”

Dame Education begins the pile,  
Mayhap in the graceful Corinthian style,  
But alas for the elevation !  
If the Lady's maid or Gossip the Nurse  
With a load of rubbish, or something worse,  
Have made a rotten foundation.

Even thus with little Miss Kilmansegg,  
Before she learnt her E for egg,  
Ere her Governess came, or her masters—  
Teachers of quite a different kind  
Had “ cramm'd ” her beforehand, and put her mind  
In a go-cart on golden castors.

Long before her A B and C,  
They had taught her by heart her L. S. D.,  
And as how she was born a great Heiress ;  
And as sure as London is built of bricks,  
My Lord would ask her the day to fix,  
To ride in a fine gilt coach and six,  
Like Her Worship the Lady May'ress.

Instead of stories from Edgeworth's page  
The true golden lore for our golden age,

Or lessons from Barbauld and Trimmer,  
Teaching the worth of Virtue and Health,  
All that she knew was the Virtue of Wealth,  
Provided by vulgar nursery stealth,  
With a Book of Leaf Gold for a Primer.

The very metal of merit they told,  
And praised her for being as "good as gold!"  
Till she grew as a peacock haughty;  
Of money they talk'd the whole day round,  
And weigh'd desert, like grapes, by the pound,  
Till she had an idea from the very sound  
That people with nought were naughty.

They praised—poor children with nothing at all!  
Lord! how you twaddle and waddle and squall  
Like common-bred geese and ganders!  
What sad little bad little figures you make  
To the rich Miss K., whose plainest seed-cake  
Was stuff'd with corianders!

They praised her falls, as well as her walk,  
Flatterers make cream cheese of chalk,  
They praised—how they praised—her very small talk  
As if it fell from a Solon;  
Or the girl who at each pretty phrase let drop  
A ruby comma, or pearl full-stop,  
Or an emerald semi-colon.

They praised her spirit, and now and then  
The Nurse brought her own little "nevy" Ben,  
To play with the future May'ress,  
And when he got raps, and taps, and slaps,  
Scratches, and pinches, snips, and snaps,  
As if from a Tigress, or Bearess,  
They told him how Lords would court that hand.  
And always gave him to understand,  
While he rubb'd, poor soul,  
His carrotty poll,  
That his hair had been pull'd by "a *Hairess*."

Such were the lessons from maid and nurse,  
A Governess help'd to make still worse,  
Giving an appetite so perverse  
Fresh diet whereon to batten—  
Beginning with A B C to hold  
Like a royal playbill printed in gold  
On a square of pearl-white satin.

The books to teach the verbs and nouns,  
And those about countries, cities, and towns,  
Instead of their sober drabs and browns,  
Were in crimson silk, with gilt edges ;—  
Her Butler, and Enfield, and Entick—in short  
Her "Early Lessons" of every sort,  
Look'd like Souvenirs, Keepsakes, and Pledges.

Old Johnson shone out in as fine array  
As he did one night when he went to the play ;  
Chambaud like a beau of King Charles's day—  
Lindley Murray in like conditions—  
Each weary, unwelcome, irksome task,  
Appear'd in a fancy dress and a mask ;—  
If you wish for similar copies, ask  
For Howell and James's Editions.

Novels she read to amuse her mind,  
But always the affluent match-making kind  
That ends with Promessi Sposi,  
And a father-in-law so wealthy and grand,  
He could give cheque-mate to Coutts in the Strand  
So, along with a ring and posy,  
He endows the Bride with Golconda off hand,  
And gives the Groom Potosi.

Plays she perused—but she liked the best  
Those comedy gentlefolks always possess'd  
Of fortunes so truly romantic—  
Of money so ready that right or wrong  
It always is ready to go for a song,  
Throwing it, going it, pitching it strong—  
They ought to have purses as green and long  
As the cucumber call'd the Gigantic.

Then Eastern Tales she loved for the sake  
Of the Purse of Oriental make,  
And the thousand pieces they put in it—  
But Pastoral scenes on her heart fell cold,  
For Nature with her had lost its hold,  
No field but the Field of the Cloth of Gold  
Would ever have caught her root in it.

What more ? She learnt to sing, and dance,  
To sit on a horse although he should prance,  
And to speak a French not spoken in France

Any more than at Babel's building—  
 And she painted shells, and flowers, and Turks  
 But her great delight was in Fancy Works  
 That are done with gold or gilding.

Gold ! still gold !— the bright and the dead,  
 With golden beads, and gold lace, and gold thread  
 She work'd in gold, as if for her bread ;  
 The metal had so undermined her,  
 Gold ran in her thoughts and fill'd her brain  
 She was golden-headed as Peter's cane  
 With which he walk'd behind her.

## HER ACCIDENT.

The horse that carried Miss Kilmansegg,  
 And a better never lifted leg,  
 Was a very rich bay, call'd Banker—  
 A horse of a breed and mettle so rare,—  
 By Bullion out of an Ingot mare,—  
 That for action, the best of figures, and air,  
 It made many good judges hanker.

And when she took a ride in the Park,  
 Equestrian Lord, or pedestrian Clerk,  
 Was thrown in an amorous fever,  
 To see the Heiress how well she sat,  
 With her groom behind her, Bob or Nat,  
 In green, half smothered with gold, and a hat  
 With more gold lace than beaver.

And then when Banker obtain'd a pat,  
 To see how he arch'd his neck at that !  
 He snorted with pride and pleasure !  
 Like the Steed in the fable so lofty and grand,  
 Who gave the poor Ass to understand,  
 That *he* didn't carry a bag of sand,  
 But a burden of golden treasure.

A load of treasure ?— alas ! alas !  
 Had her horse but been fed upon English grass,  
 And shelter'd in Yorkshire spinneys,  
 Had he scour'd the sand with the Desert Ass,  
 Or where the American whinnies—

But a hunter from Erin's turf and gorse,  
A regular thorough-bred Irish horse,  
Why, he ran away, as a matter of course,  
With a girl worth her weight in guineas !

Mayhap 'tis the trick of such pamper'd nags  
To shy at the sight of a beggar in rags,—  
But away, like the bolt of a rabbit,—  
Away went the horse in the madness of fright,  
And away went the horsewoman mocking the sight—  
Was yonder blue flash a flash of blue light,  
Or only the skirt of her habit ?

Away she flies, with the groom behind,—  
It looks like a race of the Calmuck kind,  
When Hymen himself is the starter,  
And the Maid rides first in the fourfooted strife,  
Riding, striding, as if for her life,  
While the Lover rides after to catch him a wife,  
Although it's catching a Tartar.

But the Groom has lost his glittering hat !  
Though he does not sigh and pull up for that—  
Alas ! his horse is a tit for Tat  
To sell to a very low bidder—  
His wind is ruin'd, his shoulder is sprung,  
Things, though a horse be handsome and young,  
A purchaser *will* consider.

But still flies the Heiress through stones and dust,  
Oh, for a fall, if fall she must,  
On the gentle lap of Flora !  
But still, thank Heaven ; she clings to her seat—  
Away ! away ! she could ride a dead heat  
With the Dead who ride so fast and fleet,  
In the Ballad of Leonora !

Away she gallops,—it's awful work !  
It's faster than Turpin's ride to York,  
On Bess that notable clipper !  
She has circled the Ring !—she crosses the Park  
Mazeppa, although he was stripp'd so stark,  
Mazeppa couldn't outstrip her !

The fields seem running away with the folks !  
The Elms are having a race for the Oaks

At a pace that all Jockeys disparages !  
 All, all is racing ! the Serpentine  
 Seems rushing past like the "arrowy Rhine,"  
 The houses have got on a railway line,  
 And are off like the first-class carriages !

She'll lose her life ! she is losing her breath !  
 A cruel chase, she is chasing Death,  
 As female shriekings forewarn her ;  
 And now—as gratis as blood of Guelph—  
 She clears that gate, which has clear'd itself  
 Since then, at Hyde Park Corner !

Alas ! for the hope of the Kilmanseggs !  
 For her head, her brains, her body, and legs,  
 Her life's not worth a copper !

Willy-nilly,  
 In Piccadilly,

A hundred hearts turn sick and chilly,  
 A hundred voices cry, "Stop her !"  
 And one old gentleman stares and stands,  
 Shakes his head and lifts his hands,  
 And says, "How very improper !"

On and on !—what a perilous run !  
 The iron rails seem all mingling in one,  
 To shut out the Green Park scenery !  
 And now the Cellar its dangers reveals,  
 She shudders—she shrieks—she's doom'd, she feels,  
 To be torn by powers of horses and wheels,  
 Like a spinner by steam machinery !

Sick with horror she shuts her eyes,  
 But the very stones seem uttering cries,  
 As they did to that Persian daughter,  
 When she climb'd up the steep vociferous hill,  
 Her little silver flagon to fill  
 With the magical Golden Water !

"Batter her ! shatter her !  
 Throw and scatter her !"  
 Shouts each stony-hearted chatterer !  
 "Dash at the heavy Dover !  
 Spill her ! kill her ! tear and tatter her !  
 Smash her ! crash her !" (the stones didn't flatter her !)  
 "Kick her brains out ! let her blood spatter her !  
 Roll on her over and over !"



For so she gather'd the awful sense  
Of the street in its past unmacadamized tense,  
As the wild horse overran it,—  
His four heels making the clatter of six,  
Like a Devil's tattoo play'd with iron sticks  
On a kettle-drum of granite !

On ! still on ! she's dazzled with hints  
Of oranges, ribbons, and colour'd prints,  
A Kaleidoscope jumble of shapes and tints,  
And human faces all flashing,  
Bright and brief as the sparks from the flints,  
That the desperate hoof keeps dashing !

On and on ! still frightfully fast !  
Dover Street, Bond Street, all are past !  
But—yes—no—yes !—they're down at last !  
The Furies and Fates have found them !  
Down they go with sparkle and crash,  
Like a Bark that's struck by the lightning flash—  
There's a shriek—and a sob—  
And the dense dark mob  
Like a billow closes around them !

\* \* \* \*

“ She breathes !”

“ She don't !”

“ She'll recover !”

“ She won't !”

“ She's stirring ! she's living, by Nemesis !”  
Gold ! still gold ! on counter and shelf !  
Golden dishes as plenty as delf ;  
Miss Kilmansegg's coming again to herself  
On an opulent Goldsmith's premises !

Gold ! fine gold !—both yellow and red,  
Beaten, and molten—polish'd, and dead—  
To see the gold with profusion spread  
In all forms of its manufacture !  
But what avails gold to Miss Kilmansegg,  
When the femoral bone of her dexter leg  
Has met with a compound fracture ?

Gold may soothe Adversity's smart ;  
Nay, help to bind up a broken heart ;  
But to try it on any other part

Were as certain a disappointment,  
 As if one should rub the dish and plate,  
 Taken out of a Staffordshire crate—  
 In the hope of a Golden Service of State—  
 With Singleton's "Golden Ointment."

#### HER PRECIOUS LEG.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,"  
 Is an adage often recall'd to mind,  
 Referring to juvenile bias :  
 And never so well is the verity seen,  
 As when to the weak, warp'd side we lean,  
 While Life's tempests and hurricanes try us.

Even thus with Miss K. and her broken limb :  
 By a very, very remarkable whim,  
 She show'd her early tuition :  
 While the buds of character came into blow  
 With a certain tinge that served to show  
 The nursery culture long ago,  
 As the graft is known by fruition ;

For the King's Physician, who nursed the case,  
 His verdict gave with an awful face,  
 And three others concurr'd to egg it ;  
 That the Patient to give old Death the slip,  
 Like the Pope, instead of a personal trip,  
 Must send her Leg as a Legate.

The limb was doom'd—it couldn't be saved !  
 And like other people the patient behaved,  
 Nay, bravely that cruel parting braved,  
 Which makes some persons so falter,  
 They rather would part, without a groan,  
 With the flesh of their flesh, and bone of their bone,  
 They obtain'd at St. George's altar.

But when it came to fitting the stump  
 With a proxy limb—then flatly and plump  
 She spoke, in the spirit olden ;  
 She couldn't—she shouldn't—she wouldn't have wood  
 Nor a leg of cork, if she never stood,  
 And she swore an oath, or something as good,  
 The proxy limb should be golden !

A wooden leg ! what, a sort of peg,  
 For your common Jockeys and Jennies !  
 No, no, her mother might worry and plague—  
 Weep, go down on her knees, and beg,  
 But nothing would move Miss Kilmansegg !  
 She could—she would have a Golden Leg,  
 If it cost ten thousand guineas !

Wood indeed, in Forest or Park,  
 With its sylvan honours and feudal bark,  
 Is an aristocratic article :  
 But split and sawn, and hack'd about town,  
 Serving all needs of pauper or clown,  
 Trod on ! stagger'd on ! Wood cut down  
 Is vulgar—fibre and particle.

And Cork !—when the noble Cork Tree shades  
 A lovely group of Castilian maids,  
 'Tis a thing for a song or sonnet !—  
 But cork, as it stops the bottle of gin,  
 Or bungs the beer—the *small* beer—in,  
 It pierced her heart like a corking-pin,  
 To think of standing upon it !

A Leg of Gold—solid gold throughout,  
 Nothing else, whether slim or stout,  
 Should ever support her, God willing !  
 She must—she could—she would have her whim.  
 Her father, she turn'd a deaf ear to him—  
 He might kill her—she didn't mind killing !  
 He was welcome to cut off her other limb—  
 He might cut her all off with a shilling !

All other promised gifts were in vain,  
 Golden Girdle, or Golden Chain,  
 She writhed with impatience more than pain,  
 And utter'd “ pshaws !” and “ pishes !”  
 But a Leg of Gold as she lay in bed,  
 It danced before her—it ran in her head !  
 It jump'd with her dearest wishes !

“ Gold—gold—gold ! Oh, let it be gold !”  
 Asleep or awake that tale she told,  
 And when she grew delirious :  
 Till her parents resolved to grant her wish,  
 If they melted down plate, and goblet, and dish  
 The case was getting so serious.

So a Leg was made in a comely mould,  
 Of Gold, fine virgin glittering gold,  
 As solid as man could make it—  
 Solid in foot, and calf, and shank,  
 A prodigious sum of money it sank ;  
 in fact 'twas a Branch of the family Bank,  
 And no easy matter to break it.

All sterling metal—not half-and-half,  
 The Goldsmith's mark was stamp'd on the calf—  
 'Twas pure as from Mexican barter !  
 And to make it more costly, just over the knee,  
 Where another ligature used to be,  
 Was a circle of jewels, worth shillings to see,  
 A new-fangled Badge of the Garter !

'Twas a splendid, brilliant, beautiful Leg,  
 Fit for the Court of Scander-Beg,  
 That Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg !  
 For, thanks to parental bounty,  
 Secure from Mortification's touch,  
 She stood on a Member that cost as much  
 As a Member for all the County !

#### HER FAME.

To gratify stern ambition's whims,  
 What hundreds and thousands of precious limbs  
 On a field of battle we scatter !  
 Sever'd by sword, or bullet, or saw,  
 Off they go, all bleeding and raw,—  
 But the public seems to get the lock-jaw  
 So little is said on the matter !

Legs, the tightest that ever were seen,  
 The tightest, the lightest, that danced on the green,  
 Cutting capers to sweet Kitty Clover ;  
 Shatter'd, scatter'd, cut, and bowl'd down,  
 Off they go, worse off for renown,  
 A line in the *Times*, or a talk about town,  
 Than the leg that a fly runs over !

But the Precious Leg of Miss Kilmansegg,  
 That gowden, goolden, golden leg,

Was the theme of all conversation !  
Had it been a Pillar of Church and State,  
Or a prop to support the whole Dead Weight,  
It could not have furnish'd more debate  
To the heads and tails of the nation !

East and west, and north and south,  
Though useless for either hunger or drouth,—  
The Leg was in everybody's mouth,  
To use a poetical figure,  
Rumour, in taking her ravenous swim,  
Saw, and seized on the tempting limb,  
Like a shark on the leg of a nigger.

Wilful murder fell very dead ;  
Debates in the House were hardly read ;  
In vain the Police Reports were fed  
With Irish riots and *rumpuses*—  
The Leg ! the Leg ! was the great event,  
Through every circle in life it went,  
Like the leg of a pair of compasses.

The last new Novel seem'd tame and flat,  
The Leg, a novelty newer than that,  
Had tripp'd up the heels of Fiction !  
It Burked the very essays of Burke,  
And, alas ! how Wealth over Wit plays the Turk !  
As a regular piece of goldsmith's work,  
Got the better of Goldsmith's diction.

"A leg of gold ! what of solid gold !"  
Cried rich and poor, and young and old,—  
And Master and Miss and Madam—  
'Twas the talk of 'Change—the Alley—the Bank—  
And with men of scientific rank,  
It made as much stir as the fossil shank  
Of a Lizard coeval with Adam !

Of course with Greenwich and Chelsea elves,  
Men who had lost a limb themselves,  
Its interest did not dwindle—  
But Bill, and Ben, and Jack, and Tom  
Could hardly have spun more yarns therefrom  
If the leg had been a spindle.

Meanwhile the story went to and fro,  
Till, gathering like the ball of snow,  
By the time it got to Stratford-le-Bow

Through Exaggeration's touches,  
 The Heiress and Hope of the Kilmanseggs  
 Was propp'd on *two* fine Golden Legs,  
 And a pair of Golden Crutches !

Never had Leg so great a run !  
 'Twas the "go" and the "Kick" thrown into one !  
 The mode—the new thing under the sun,  
 The rage—the fancy—the passion !  
 Bonnets were named, and hats were worn,  
*A la* Golden Leg instead of Leghorn,  
 And stockings and shoes,  
 Of golden hues,  
 Took the lead in the walks of fashion !

The Golden Leg had a vast career,  
 It was sung and danced—and to show how near  
 Low folly to lofty approaches,  
 Down to society's very dregs,  
 The Belles of Wapping wore "Kilmanseggs,"  
 And St. Giles's Beaux sported Golden Legs  
 In their pinchbeck pins and brooches !

#### HER FIRST STEP.

Supposing the Trunk and Limbs of Man  
 Shared, on the allegorical plan,  
 By the Passions that mark Humanity,  
 Whichever might claim the head, or heart,  
 The stomach, or any other part,  
 The Legs would be seized by Vanity.

There's Bardus, a six-foot column of fop,  
 A lighthouse without any light atop,  
 Whose height would attract beholders  
 If he had not lost some inches clear  
 By looking down at his kerseymere,  
 Ogling the limbs he holds so dear,  
 Till he got a stoop in his shoulders.

Talk of Art, of Science, or Books,  
 And down go the everlasting looks,  
 To his crural beauties so wedded !  
 Try him, whenever you will, you find  
 His mind in his legs, and his legs in his mind,  
 All prongs and folly—in short, a kind  
 Of fork—that is fiddle-headed.

What wonder, then, if Miss Kilmansegg,  
With a splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
Fit for the court of Scander-Beg,  
Disdain'd to hide it like Joan or Meg,  
In petticoats stuff'd or quilted?  
Not she! 'twas her convalescent whim  
To dazzle the world with her precious limb,—  
Nay, to go a little high-kilted.

So cards were sent for that sort of mob  
Where Tartars and Africans hob-and-nob,  
And the Cherokee talks of his cab and cob  
To Polish or Lapland lovers—  
Cards like that hieroglyphical call  
To a geographical Fancy Ball  
On the recent Post-Office covers.

For if Lion-hunters—and great ones too—  
Would mob a savage from Latakoo,  
Or squeeze for a glimpse of Prince Lee Boo,  
That unfortunate Sandwich scion—  
Hundreds of first-rate people, no doubt,  
Would gladly, madly, rush to a rout,  
That promised a Golden Lion!

#### HER FANCY BALL.

Of all the spirits of evil fame,  
That hurt the soul or injure the frame,  
And poison what's honest and hearty,  
There's none more needs a Matthew to preach  
A cooling antiphlogistic speech,  
To praise and enforce  
A temperate course,  
Than the Evil Spirit of Party.

Go to the House of Commons, or Lords,  
And they seem to be busy with simple words  
In their popular sense or pedantic—  
But, alas! with their cheers, and sneers, and jeers,  
They're really busy, whatever appears,  
Patting peas in each other's ears,  
To drive their enemies frantic!

Thus Tories like to worry the Whigs,  
Who treat them in turn like Schwalbach pigs.  
Giving them lashes, thrashes, and digs,

With their writhing and pain delighted—  
 But after all that's said, and more,  
 The malice and spite of Party are poor  
 To the malice and spite of a party next door,  
 To a party not invited.

On with the cap and out with the light,  
 Weariness bids the world good-night,  
 At least for the usual season ;  
 But hark ! a clatter of horses' heels !  
 And Sleep and Silence are broken on wheels,  
 Like Wilful Murder and Treason !

Another crash—and the carriage goes—  
 Again poor Weariness seeks the repose,  
 That Nature demands, imperious ;  
 But Echo takes up the burden now,  
 With a rattling chorus of row-de-dow-dow,  
 Till Silence herself seems making a row,  
 Like a Quaker gone delirious !

'Tis night—a winter night—and the stars  
 Are shining like winkin'—Venus and Mars  
 Are rolling along in their golden cars  
 Through the sky's serene expansion—  
 But vainly the stars dispense their rays,  
 Venus and Mars are lost in the blaze  
 Of the Kilmansegg's luminous mansion !

Up jumps Fear in a terrible fright !  
 His bedchamber windows look so bright, —  
 With light all the Square is glutted !  
 Up he jumps, like a sole from the pan,  
 And a tremor sickens his inward man,  
 For he feels as only a gentleman can,  
 Who thinks he's being "gutted."

Again Fear settles, all snug and warm,  
 But only to dream of a dreadful storm  
 From Autumn's sulphurous locker ;  
 But the only electrical body that falls,  
 Wears a negative coat, and positive smalls,  
 And draws the peal that so appals  
 From the Kilmansegg's brazen knocker !

'Tis Curiosity's Benefit night—  
 And perchance 'tis the English-Second-Sight.



But whatever it be, so be it—  
As the friends and guests of Miss Kilmansegg  
Crowd in to look at her Golden Leg,  
As many more  
Mob round the door,  
To see them going to see it !

In they go—in jackets, and cloaks,  
Plumes, and bonnets, turbans, and toques,  
As if to a Congress of Nations :  
Greeks and Malays, with daggers and dirks,  
Spaniards, Jews, Chinese, and Turks—  
Some like original foreign works,  
But mostly like bad translations.

In they go, and to work like a pack,  
Juan, Moses, and Shacabac—  
Tom, and Jerry, and Springheel'd Jack,—  
For some of low Fancy are lovers—  
Skirting, zigzagging, casting about,  
Here and there, and in and out,  
With a crush, and a rush, for a full-bodied rout  
In one of the stiffest of covers.

In they went, and hunted about,  
Open-mouth'd like chub and trout,  
And some with the upper lip thrust out,  
Like that fish for routing, a barbel—  
While Sir Jacob stood to welcome the crowd,  
And rubb'd his hands, and smiled aloud,  
And bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd, and bow'd,  
Like a man who is sawing marble.

For Princes were there, and Noble Peers ;  
Dukes descended from Norman spears ;  
Earls that dated from early years ;  
And Lords in vast variety—  
Besides the Gentry both new and old—  
For people who stand on legs of gold,  
Are sure to stand well with society.

“ But where—where—where ? ” with one accord  
Cried Moses and Mufti, Jack and my Lord,  
Wang-Fong and Il Bondocani—  
When slow, and heavy, and dead as a dump.  
They heard a foot begin to stump,  
Thump ! lump !  
Lump ! thump !  
Like the Spectre in “ Don Giovanni ! ”

And lo ! the Heiress, Miss Kilmansegg,  
 With her splendid, brilliant, beautiful leg,  
 In the garb of a Goddess olden—  
 Like chaste Diana going to hunt,  
 With a golden spear—which of course was blunt,  
 And a tunic loop'd up to a gem in front,  
 To show the Leg that was Golden !

Gold ! still gold ; her Crescent behold,  
 That should be silver, but would be gold ;  
 And her robe's auriferous spangles !  
 Her golden stomacher—how she would melt !  
 Her golden quiver, and golden belt,  
 Where a golden bugle dangles !

And her jewell'd Garter ! Oh, Sin, oh, Shame !  
 Let Pride and Vanity bear the blame,  
 That bring such blots on female fame !  
 But to be a true recorder,  
 Besides its thin transparent stuff,  
 The tunic was loop'd quite high enough  
 To give a glimpse of the Order !

But what have sin or shame to do  
 With a Golden Leg—and a stout one too ?  
 Away with all Prudery's panics !  
 That the precious metal, by thick and thin,  
 Will cover square acres of land or sin,  
 Is a fact made plain  
 Again and again,  
 In Morals as well as Mechanics.

A few, indeed, of her proper sex,  
 Who seem'd to feel her foot on their necks,  
 And fear'd their charms would meet with checks  
 From so rare and splendid a blazon—  
 A few cried " fie !"—and " forward !"—and " bold !"  
 And said of the Leg it might be gold,  
 But to them it look'd like brazen !

'Twas hard they hinted for flesh and blood,  
 Virtue and Beauty, and all that's good,  
 To strike to mere dross their topgallants—  
 But what were Beauty, or Virtue, or Worth,  
 Gentle manners, or gentle birth,  
 Nay, what the most talented head on earth  
 To a Leg worth fifty Talents !

But the men sang quite another hymn  
Of glory and praise to the precious Limb—  
Age, sordid Age, admired the whim,  
And its indecorum pardon'd—  
While half of the young—ay, more than half—  
Bow'd down and worshipp'd the Golden Calf,  
Like the Jews when their hearts were harden'd.

A Golden Leg!—what fancies it fired!  
What golden wishes and hopes inspired!  
To give but a mere abridgment—  
What a leg to leg-bail Embarrassment's serf!  
What a leg for a Leg to take on the turf!  
What a leg for a marching regiment!

A golden Leg!—whatever Love sings,  
'Twas worth a bushel of "Plain Gold Rings"  
With which the Romantic wheedles.  
'Twas worth all the legs in stockings and socks—  
'Twas a leg that might be put in the Stocks,  
N.B.—Not the parish beadle's!

And Lady K. nid-nodded her head,  
Lapp'd in a turban fancy-bred,  
Just like a love-apple, huge and red,  
Some Mussul-womanish mystery;  
But whatever she meant  
To represent,  
She talk'd like the Muse of History.

She told how the filial leg was lost;  
And then how much the gold one cost,  
With its weight to a Trojan fraction:  
And how it took off, and how it put on;  
And call'd on Devil, Duke, and Don,  
Mahomet, Moses, and Prester John,  
To notice its beautiful action.

And then of the Leg she went in quest;  
And led it where the light was best;  
And made it lay itself up to rest  
In postures for painters' studies:  
It cost more tricks and trouble by half,  
Than it takes to exhibit a six-legg'd Calf  
To a boothful of country Cuddies.

Nor yet did the Heiress herself omit  
The arts that help to make a hit,

And preserve a prominent station,  
 She talk'd and laugh'd far more than her share ;  
 And took a part in " Rich and Rare  
 Were the gems she wore"—and the gems were there  
 Like a Song with an Illustration.

She even stood up with a Count of France  
 To dance—alas !—the measures we dance  
 When Vanity plays the Piper !  
 Vanity, Vanity, apt to betray,  
 And lead all sorts of legs astray,  
 Wood, or metal, or human clay,—  
 Since Satan first play'd the Viper !

But first she doff'd her hunting gear,  
 And favour'd Tom Tug with her golden spear  
 To row with down the river—  
 A Bonze had her golden bow to hold ;  
 A Hermit her belt and bugle of gold ;  
 And an Abbot her golden quiver.

And then a space was clear'd on the floor,  
 And she walk'd the Minuet de la Cour,  
 With all the pomp of a Pompadour,  
 But although she began *andante*,  
 Conceive the faces of all the Rout,  
 When she finished off with a whirligig bout,  
 And the Precious Leg stuck stiffly out  
 Like the leg of a *Figuranté*.

So the courtly dance was goldenly done,  
 And golden opinions, of course, it won  
 From all different sorts of people—  
 Chiming, ding-dong, with flattering phrase,  
 In one vociferous peal of praise,  
 Like the peal that rings on Royal days  
 From Loyalty's parish-steeple.

And yet, had the leg been one of those  
 That danced for bread in flesh-colour'd hose,  
 With Rosina's pastoral bevy,  
 The jeers it had met,—the shouts ! the scoff !  
 The cutting advice to " take itself off,"  
 For sounding but half so heavy.

Had it been a leg like those, perchance,  
 That teach little girls and boys to dance,  
 To set, pousette. recede, and advance,

With the steps and figures most proper,—  
Had it hopp'd for a weekly or quarterly sum,  
How little of praise or grist would have come  
To a mill with such a hopper!

But the Leg was none of those limbs forlorn—  
Bartering capers and hops for corn—  
That meet with public hisses and scorn,  
Or the morning journal denounces—  
Had it pleased to caper from morn till dusk,  
There was all the music of "Money Musk"  
In its ponderous bangs and bounces.

But hark ;— as slow as the strokes of a pump,  
Lump, thump !  
Thump, lump !  
As the Giant of Castle Otranto might stump,  
To a lower room from an upper—  
Down she goes with a noisy dint,  
For taking the crimson turban's hint,  
A noble Lord at the Head of the Mint  
Is leading the Leg to supper !

But the supper, alas ! must rest untold,  
With its blaze of light and its glitter of gold,  
For to paint that scene of glamour,  
It would need the Great Enchanter's charm,  
Who waves over Palace, and Cot, and Farm,  
An Arm like the Goldbeater's Golden Arm  
That wields a Golden Hammer.

He—only He—could fitly state  
The Massive Service of Golden Plate,  
With the proper phrase and expansion—  
The Rare Selection of Foreign Wines—  
The Alps of Ice and Mountains of Pines,  
The punch in Oceans and sugary shrines,  
The Temple of Taste from Gunter's Designs—  
In short, all that Wealth with A Feast combines,  
In a Splendid Family Mansion.

Suffice it each mask'd outlandish guest  
Ate and drank of the very best,

According to critical conners—  
 And then they pledged the Hostess and Host,  
 But the Golden Leg was the standing toast,  
     And as somebody swore,  
     Walk'd off with more  
 Than its share of the "Hips!" and honours;

    "Miss Kilmansegg!—  
     Full glasses I beg!—  
 Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg!"  
 And away went the bottle careering!  
 Wine in bumpers! and shouts in peals!  
 Till the clown didn't know his head from his heels  
 The Mussulman's eyes danced two-some reels,  
 And the Quaker was hoarse with cheering!

HER DREAM.

Miss Kilmansegg took off her leg,  
 And laid it down like a cribbage-peg,  
     For the Rout was done and the riot:  
 The Square was hush'd; not a sound was heard  
 The sky was grey, and no creature stirr'd,  
 Except one little precocious bird,  
     That chirp'd—and then was quiet.

So still without,—so still within;—  
     It had been a sin  
     To drop a pin—  
 So intense is silence after a din,  
     It seem'd like Death's rehearsal!  
 To stir the air no eddy came:  
 And the taper burnt with as still a flame,  
 As to flicker had been a burning shame,  
     In a calm so universal.

The time for sleep had come at last;  
 And there was the bed, so soft, so vast,  
     Quite a field of Bedfordshire clover;  
 Softer, cooler, and calmer, no doubt,  
 From the piece of work just ravell'd out,  
 For one of the pleasures of having a rout  
     Is the pleasure of having it over.

No sordid pallet, or truckle mean,  
 Of straw, and rug, and tatters unclean

But a splendid, gilded, carved machine,  
 That was fit for a Royal Chamber.  
 On the top was a gorgeous golden wreath ;  
 And the damask curtains hung beneath,  
 Like clouds of crimson and amber ;

Curtains, held up by two little plump things,  
 With golden bodies and golden wings,—  
 Mere fins for such solidities—  
 Two Cupids, in short,  
 Of the regular sort,  
 But the housemaid call'd them "Cupidities."

No patchwork quilt, all seams and scars,  
 But velvet, powder'd with golden stars,  
 A fit mantle for *Night-Commanders* !  
 And the pillow, as white as snow undimm'd  
 And as cool as the pool that the breeze has skimm'd,  
 Was cased in the finest cambric, and trimm'd  
 With the costliest lace of Flanders.

And the bed—of the Eider's softest down,  
 'Twas a place to revel, to smother, to drown  
 In a bliss inferr'd by the Poet ;  
 For if Ignorance be indeed a bliss,  
 What blessed ignorance equals this,  
 To sleep—and not to know it ?

Oh, bed ! oh, bed ! delicious bed !  
 That heaven upon earth to the weary head ;  
 But a place that to name would be ill-bred,  
 To the head with a wakeful trouble—  
 'Tis held by such a different lease !  
 To one, a place of comfort and peace,  
 All stuff'd with the down of stubble geese,  
 To another with only the stubble !

To one, a perfect Halcyon nest,  
 All calm, and balm, and quiet, and rest,  
 And soft as the fur of the cony—  
 To another, so restless for body and head,  
 That the bed seems borrow'd from Nettlebed  
 And the pillow from Stratford the Stony !

To the happy, a first-class carriage of ease,  
 To the Land of Nod, or where you please ;  
 But alas ! for the watchers and weepers,  
 Who turn, and turn, and turn again,  
 But turn, and turn, and turn in vain,

With an anxious brain,  
And thoughts in a train,  
That does not run upon *sleepers* !

Wide awake as the mousing owl,  
Night-hawk, or other nocturnal fowl,—  
But more profitless vigils keeping,—  
Wide awake in the dark they stare,  
Filling with phantoms the vacant air,  
As if that Crook-back'd Tyrant Care  
Had plotted to kill them sleeping.

And oh ! when the blessed diurnal light  
Is quench'd by the providential night,  
To render our slumber more certain !  
Pity, pity the wretches that weep,  
For they must be wretched, who cannot sleep  
When God himself draws the curtain !

The careful Betty the pillow beats,  
And airs the blankets, and smooths the sheets,  
And gives the mattress a shaking—  
But vainly Betty performs her part,  
If a ruffled head and a rumpled heart,  
As well as the couch, want making.

There's Morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,  
Where other people would make preserves,  
He turns his fruits into pickles :  
Jealous, envious, and fretful by day,  
At night, to his own sharp fancies a prey,  
He lies like a hedgehog roll'd up the wrong way,  
Tormenting himself with his prickles.

But a child—that bids the world good night,  
In downright earnest and cuts it quite—  
A Cherub no Art can copy,—  
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie  
As if he had supp'd on a dormouse pie,  
(An ancient classical dish, by the by)  
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.

Oh, bed ! bed ! bed ! delicious bed !  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head,  
Whether lofty or low its condition !  
But instead of putting our plagues on shelves,  
In our blankets how often we toss ourselves,  
Or are toss'd by such allegorical elves  
As Pride, Hate, Greed, and Ambition !



The independent Miss Kilmansegg  
Took off her independent Leg  
And laid it beneath her pillow,  
And then on the bed her frame she cast,  
The time for repose had come at last,  
But long, long, after the storm is past  
Rolls the turbid, turbulent billow.

No part she had in vulgar cares  
That belong to common household affairs—  
Nocturnal annoyances such as theirs,  
Who lie with a shrewd surmising,  
That while they are couchant (a bitter cup !)  
Their bread and butter are getting up,  
And the coals, confound them, are rising.

No fear she had her sleep to postpone,  
Like the crippled Widow who weeps alone  
And cannot make a doze her own,  
For the dread that mayhap on the morrow,  
The true and Christian reading to baulk,  
A broker will take up her bed and walk  
By way of curing her sorrow.

No cause like these she had to bewail,  
But the breath of applause had blown a gale,  
And winds from that quarter seldom fail  
To cause some human commotion ;  
But whenever such breezes coincide  
With the very spring-tide  
Of human pride,  
There's no such swell on the ocean !

Peace, and ease, and slumber lost,  
She turn'd, and roll'd, and tumbled and toss'd  
With a tumult that would not settle :  
A common case, indeed, with such  
As have too little, or think too much,  
Of the precious and glittering metal.

Gold !—she saw at her golden foot  
The Peer whose tree had an olden root,  
The Proud, the Great, the Learned to boot,  
The handsome, the gay, and the witty—  
The Man of Science—of Arms—of Art,  
The man who deals but at Pleasure's mart  
And the man who deals in the City.

Gold, still gold—and true to the mould !  
 In the very scheme of her dream it told ;  
 For, by magical transmutation,  
 From her Leg through her body it seem'd to go,  
 Till, gold above, and gold below,  
 She was gold, all gold, from her little gold toe  
 To her organ of Veneration !

And still she retain'd through Fancy's art,  
 The Golden Bow, and Golden Dart,  
 With which she had play'd a Goddess's part  
 In her recent glorification :  
 And still, like one of the self-same brood,  
 On a Plinth of the self-same metal she stood  
 For the whole world's adoration.

And hymns and incense around her roll'd,  
 From Golden Harps and Censers of Gold,—  
 For Fancy in dreams is as uncontrol'd  
 As a horse without a bridle :  
 What wonder, then, from all checks exempt,  
 If, inspired by the Golden Leg, she dreamt  
 She was turn'd to a Golden Idol ?

#### HER COURTSHIP.

When leaving Eden's happy land,  
 The grieving Angel led by the hand  
 Our banish'd Father and Mother,  
 Forgotten amid their awful doom,  
 The tears, the fears, and the future's gloom,  
 On each brow was a wreath of Paradise bloom,  
 That our Parents had twined for each other.

It was only while sitting like figures of stone,  
 For the grieving angel had skyward flown,  
 As they sat, those Two in the world alone,  
 With disconsolate hearts nigh cloven,  
 That scenting the gust of happier hours,  
 They look'd around for the precious flow'rs,  
 And lo !—a last relic of Eden's dear bow'rs—  
 The chaplet that Love had woven !

And still, when a pair of Lovers meet,  
 There's a sweetness in air, unearthly sweet,  
 That savours still of that happy retreat  
 Where Eve by Adam was courted :

Whilst the joyous Thrush, and the gentle Dove,  
Woo'd their mates in the boughs above,  
And the Serpent, as yet, only sported.

Who hath not felt that breath in the air,  
A perfume and freshness strange and rare,  
A warmth in the light, and a bliss everywhere  
When young hearts yearn together?  
All sweets below, and all sunny above,  
Oh! there's nothing in life like making love,  
Save making hay in fine weather!

Who hath not found amongst his flow'rs  
A blossom too bright for this world of ours,  
Like a rose among snows of Sweden?  
But to turn again to Miss Kilmansegg,  
Where must Love have gone to beg,  
If such a thing as a Golden Leg  
Had put its foot in Eden!

And yet—to tell the rigid truth—  
Her favour was sought by Age and Youth—  
For the prey will find a prowler!  
She was follow'd, flatter'd, courted, address'd,  
Woo'd, and coo'd, and wheedled, and press'd,  
By suitors from North, South, East, and West,  
Like that Heiress, in song, Tibbie Fowler!

But, alas! alas! for the Woman's fate,  
Who has from a mob to choose a mate!  
'Tis a strange and painful mystery!  
But the more the eggs, the worse the hatch;  
The more the fish, the worse the catch;  
The more the sparks, the worse the match;  
Is a fact in Woman's history.

Give her between a brace to pick,  
And mayhap, with luck to help the trick,  
She will take the Faustus, and leave the Old Nick—  
But her future bliss to baffle,  
Amongst a score let her have a voice,  
And she'll have as little cause to rejoice,  
As if she had won the "Man of her choice,"  
In a matrimonial raffle!

Thus, even thus, with the Heiress and Hope,  
Fulfilling the adage of too much rope,  
With so ample a competition,

She chose the least worthy of all the group,  
 Just as the vulture makes a stoop,  
 And singles out from the herd or troop  
 The beast of the worst condition.

A Foreign Count—who came incog.,  
 Not under a cloud, but under a fog,  
 In a Calais packet's fore-cabin,  
 To charm some lady British-born,  
 With his eyes as black as the fruit of the thorn,  
 And his hooky nose, and his beard half-shorn,  
 Like a half-converted Rabbin.

And because the Sex confess a charm  
 In the man who has slash'd a head or arm,  
 Or has been a throat's undoing,  
 He was dress'd like one of the glorious trade,  
 At least when Glory is off parade,  
 With a stock, and a frock, well trimm'd with braid,  
 And frogs—that went a-woeing.

Moreover, as Counts are apt to do,  
 On the left-hand side of his dark surtout,  
 At one of those holes that buttons go through,  
 (To be a precise recorder,)  
 A ribbon he wore, or rather a scrap,  
 About an inch of ribbon mayhap,  
 That one of his rivals, whimsical chap,  
 Described as his "Retail Order."

And then—and much it help'd his chance—  
 He could sing, and play first fiddle, and dance,  
 Perform charades, and Proverbs of France—  
 Act the tender, and do the cruel ;  
 For amongst his other killing part,  
 He had broken a brace of female hearts,  
 And murder'd three men in duel !

Savage at heart, and false of tongue,  
 Subtle with age, and smooth to the young,  
 Like a snake in his coiling and curling—  
 Such was the Count—to give him a niche—  
 Who came to court that Heiress rich,  
 And knelt at her foot—one needn't say which—  
 Besieging her castle of *Sterling*.

With pray'rs and vows he open'd his trench,  
And plied her with English, Spanish, and French,  
In phrases the most sentimental :  
And quoted poems in High and Low Dutch,  
With now and then an Italian touch,  
Till she yielded, without resisting much,  
To homage so continental.

And then—the sordid bargain to close—  
With a miniature sketch of his hooky nose,  
And his dear dark eyes, as black as sloes,  
And his beard and whiskers as black as those,  
The lady's consent he requited—  
And instead of the lock that lovers beg,  
The count received from Miss Kilmansegg  
A model, in small, of her Precious leg—  
And so the couple were plighted !

But, oh ! the love that gold must crown !  
Better—better, the love of the clown,  
Who admires his lass in her Sunday gown,  
As if all the fairies had dress'd her !  
Whose brain to no crooked thought gives birth,  
Except that he never will part on earth  
With his true love's crooked tester !

Alas ! for the love that's linked with gold !  
Better—better a thousand times told—  
More honest, happy, and laudable,  
The downright loving of pretty Cis,  
Who wipes her lips, though there's nothing amiss,  
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,  
In which her heart is audible !

Pretty Cis, so smiling and bright,  
Who loves—as she labours—with all her mi<sup>ght</sup>,  
And without any sordid leaven !  
Who blushes as red as haws and hips,  
Down to her very finger-tips,  
For Roger's blue ribbons—to her, like strips  
Cut out of the azure of Heaven !

#### HER MARRIAGE.

'Twas morn—a most auspicious one !  
From the Golden East, the Golden Sun  
Came forth his glorious race to run,

Through clouds of most splendid tinges ;  
 Clouds that lately slept in shade,  
     But now seem'd made  
     Of gold brocade,  
 With magnificent golden fringes.

Gold above, and gold below,  
 The earth reflected the golden glow,  
     From river, and hill, and valley  
 Gilt by the golden light of morn,  
 The Thames—it look'd like the Golden Horn,  
 And the Barge, that carried coal or corn,  
     Like Cleopatra's Galley!

Bright as clusters of Golden-rod,  
 Suburban poplars began to nod,  
     With extempore splendour furnish'd ;  
 While London was bright with glittering clocks,  
 Golden dragons, and Golden cocks,  
     And above them all,  
     The dome of St. Paul,  
 With its Golden Cross and its Golden Ball,  
     Shone out as if newly burnish'd !

And lo ! for Golden Hours and Joys,  
 Troops of glittering Golden Boys  
 Danced along with a jocund noise,  
     And their gilded emblems carried !  
 In short, 'twas the year's most Golden Day,  
 By mortals call'd the First of May,  
     When Miss Kilmansegg,  
     Of the Golden Leg,  
 With a Golden Ring was married !

And thousands of children, women, and men,  
 Counted the clock from eight till ten.  
     From St. James's sonorous steeple ;  
 For next to that interesting job,  
 The hanging of Jack, or Bill, or Bob,  
 There's nothing so draws a London mob  
     As the noosing of very rich people.

And a treat it was for the mob to behold  
 The Bridal Carriage that blazed with gold !  
 And the Footman tall and the Coachman bold,  
     In liveries so resplendent—  
 Coats you wonder'd to see in place,  
 They seem'd so rich with golden lace,  
     That they might have been independent.

Coats, that made those menials proud  
Gaze with scorn on the dingy crowd,  
From their gilded elevations :  
Not to forget that saucy lad  
(Ostentation's favourite cad),  
The Page, who look'd so splendidly clad,  
Like a Page of the "Wealth of Nations."

But the Coachman carried off the state,  
With what was a Lancashire body of late  
Turn'd into a Dresden Figure ;  
With a bridal Nosegay of early bloom,  
About the size of a birchen broom,  
And so huge a White Favour, had Gog been Groom,  
He need not have worn a bigger.

And then to see the Groom ! the Count !  
With Foreign Orders to such an amount,  
And whiskers so wild—nay, bestial ;  
He seem'd to have borrow'd the shaggy hair  
As well as the Stars of the Polar Bear,  
To make him look celestial !

And then—Great Jove !—the struggle, the crush,  
The screams, the heaving, the awful rush,  
The swearing, the tearing, and fighting,—  
The hats and bonnets smash'd like an egg—  
To catch a glimpse of the Golden Leg,  
Which between the steps and Miss Kilmansegg  
Was fully display'd in alighting !

From the Golden Ankle up to the Knee  
There it was for the mob to see !  
A shocking act had it chanced to be  
A crooked leg or a skinny :  
But although a magnificent veil she wore,  
Such as never was seen before,  
In case of blushes, she blush'd no more  
Than George the First on a guinea !

Another step, and lo ! she was launched !  
All in white, as Brides are *blanched*  
With a wreath of most wonderful splendour—  
Diamonds, and pearls, so rich in device,  
That, according to calculation nice,  
Her head was worth as royal a price,  
As the head of the Young Pretender.

Bravely she shone—and shone the more  
 As she sail'd through the crowd of squalid and poor,  
 Thief, beggar, and tatterdemalion—  
 Led by the Count, with his sloe-black eyes  
 Bright with triumph, and some surprise,  
 Like Anson on making sure of his prize  
 The famous Mexican Galleon !

Anon came Lady K., with her face  
 Quite made up to act with grace,  
 But she cut the performance shorter ;  
 For instead of pacing stately and stiff,  
 At the stare of the vulgar she took a miss,  
 And ran, full speed, into Church, as if  
 To get married before her daughter.

But Sir Jacob walk'd more slowly, and bow'd  
 Right and left to the gaping crowd,  
 Wherever a glance was seizable :  
 For Sir Jacob thought he bow'd like a Guêlph,  
 And therefore bow'd to imp and elf,  
 And would gladly have made a bow to himself,  
 Had such a bow been feasible.

And last—and not the least of the sight,  
 Six " Handsome Fortunes," all in white,  
 Came to help in the marriage rite,—  
 And rehearse their own hymeneals ;  
 And then the bright procession to close,  
 They were followed by just as many Beaux  
 Quite fine enough for Ideals.

Glittering men, and splendid dames,  
 Thus they enter'd the porch of St. James',  
 Pursued by a thunder of laughter ;  
 For the Beadle was forced to intervene,  
 For Jim the Crow, and his Mayday Queen,  
 With her gilded ladle, and Jack i' the Green,  
 Would fain have follow'd after !

Beadle-like he hush'd the shout ;  
 But the temple was full " inside and out,"  
 And a buzz kept buzzing all round about  
 Like bees when the day is sunny—  
 A buzz universal, that interfered  
 With the right that ought to have been revered,  
 As if the couple already were smeared  
 With Wedlock's treacle and honey !



Yet Wedlock's a very awful thing :  
'Tis something like that feat in the ring,  
Which requires good nerve to do it—  
When one of a "Grand Equestrian Troup"  
Makes a jump at a gilded hoop,  
Not certain at all  
Of what may befall  
After his getting through it !

But the count he felt the nervous work  
No more than any polygamous Turk,  
Or bold piratical skipper,  
Who, during his buccaneering search,  
Would as soon engage a hand in church  
As a hand on board his clipper !

And how did the Bride perform her part ?  
Like any bride who is cold at heart,  
Mere snow with the ice's glitter ;  
What but a life of winter for her !  
Bright but chilly, alive without stir,  
So splendidly comfortless,—just like a Fir  
When the frost is severe and bitter.

Such were the future man and wife !  
Whose bale or bliss to the end of life  
A few short words were to settle—  
"Wilt thou have this woman ?"  
"I will"—and then,  
"Wilt thou have this man ?"  
"I will," and "Amen"—  
And those Two were one Flesh, in the Angels' ken,  
Except one Leg—that was metal.

Then the names were sign'd—and kiss'd the kiss ;  
And the Bride, who came from her coach a Miss,  
As a Countess walk'd to her carriage—  
Whilst Hymen preen'd his plumes like a dove,  
And Cupid flutter'd his wings above,  
In the shape of a fly—as little a Love  
As ever look'd in at a marriage !

Another crash—and away they dash'd,  
And the gilded carriage and footman flash'd

From the eyes of the gaping people—  
 Who turn'd to gaze at the toe-and-heel  
 Of the Golden Boys beginning a reel,  
 To the merry sound of a wedding-peal  
 From St. James's musical steeple.

Those wedding-bells ! those wedding-bells !  
 How sweetly they sound in pastoral dells  
 From a tower in an ivy-green jacket !  
 But town-made joys how dearly they cost ;  
 And after all are tumbled and tost,  
 Like a peal from a London steeple, and lost  
 In town-made riot and racket.

The wedding-peal, how sweetly it peals  
 With grass or heather beneath our heels,—  
 For bells are Music's laughter !—  
 But a London peal, well mingled, be sure,  
 With vulgar noises and voices impure,—  
 What a harsh and discordant overture  
 To the Harmony meant to come after !

But hence with Discord—perchance, too soon  
 To cloud the face of the honeymoon  
 With a dismal occultation !—  
 Whatever Fate's concerted trick,  
 The Countess and Count, at the present nick,  
 Have a chicken, and not a crow, to pick  
 At a sumptuous Cold Collation.

A Breakfast—no unsubstantial mess,  
 But one in the style of Good Queen Bess,  
 Who,—heartly as hippocampus,—  
 Broke her fast with ale and beef,  
 Instead of toast and the Chinese leaf,  
 And—in lieu of anchovy—grampus.

A breakfast of fowl, and fish, and flesh,  
 Whatever was sweet, or salt, or fresh ;  
 With wines the most rare and curious—  
 Wines of the richest flavour and hue ;  
 With fruits from the worlds both Old and New ;  
 And fruits obtain'd before they were due  
 At a discount most usurious.

For wealthy prelates there be, that scout  
 What is *in* season, for what is *out*,

And prefer all precocious savour :  
 For instance, early green peas, of the sort  
 That costs some four or five guineas a quart ;  
 Where the *Mint* is the principal flavour.

And many a wealthy man was there,  
 Such as the wealthy City could spare,  
 To put in a portly appearance—  
 Men, whom their fathers had help'd to gild :  
 And men who had had their fortunes to build,  
 And—much to their credit—had richly fill'd  
 Their purses by *pursy-verance*.

Men, by popular rumour at least,  
 Not the last to enjoy a feast !  
 And truly they were not idle !  
 Luckier far than the chestnut tits,  
 Which, down at the door, stood champing their bits,  
 At a different sort of bridle.

For the time was come—and the whisker'd Count  
 Help'd his Bride in the carriage to mount,  
 And fain would the Muse deny it,  
 But the crowd, including two butchers in blue,  
 (The regular killing Whitechapel hue,)  
 Of her Precious Calf had as ample a view  
 As if they had come to buy it !

Then away ! away ! with all the speed  
 That golden spurs can give to the steed,—  
 Both Yellow Boys and Guineas, indeed,  
 Concurr'd to urge the cattle—  
 Away they went, with favours white,  
 Yellow jackets, and panels bright,  
 And left the mob, like a mob at night,  
 Agape at the sound of a rattle.

Away ! away ! they rattled and roll'd,  
 The Count, and his Bride, and her Leg of Gold—  
 That faded charm to the charmer ;  
 Away, through old Brentford rang the din,  
 Of wheels and heels, on their way to win  
 That hill, named after one of her kin,  
 'The Hill of the Golden Farmer !

Gold, still gold—it flew like dust !  
 It tipp'd the post-boy, and paid the trust ;  
 In each open palm it was freely thrust ;  
 There was nothing but giving and taking !  
 And if gold could ensure the future hour,  
 What hopes attended that Bride to her bow'r,  
 But alas ! even hearts with a four-horse pow'r  
 Of opulence end in breaking !

## HER HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,  
 Her fickle temper has oft been told,  
 Now shady—now bright and sunny—  
 But of all the lunar things that change,  
 The one that shows most fickle and strange,  
 And takes the most eccentric range  
 Is the moon—so call'd—of honey ?

To some a full grown orb reveal'd,  
 As big and as round as Norval's shield,  
 And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted ;  
 To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,  
 As any oleaginous lamp,  
 Of the regular old parochial stamp,  
 In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,  
 That makes earth's commonest things appear  
 All poetic, romantic, and tender :  
 Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,  
 And investing a common post, or a pump,  
 A currant-bush or a gooseberry-clump,  
 With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,  
 In Juliet's dear, dark liquid eyes,  
 Tipping trees with its argent braveries—  
 And to couples not favour'd with Fortune's boons  
 One of the most delightful of moons,  
 For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons  
 Like a silver service of Savory's !

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,  
 And the meanest thing most precious and dear

When the magic of love is present :  
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace,  
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—  
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,  
And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant !

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,  
And makes contentment and joy agree  
With the coarsest boarding and bedding :  
Love, that no golden ties can attach,  
But nestles under the humblest thatch,  
And will fly away from an Emperor's match  
To dance at a Penny Wedding !

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,  
When such a bright Planet governs the fate  
Of a pair of united lovers !  
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,  
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,  
With as much of the old original bliss  
As mortality ever recovers !

There's strength in double joints, no doubt,  
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,  
That the single sorts know nothing about—  
And the fist is strongest when doubled—  
And double aqua-fortis, of course,  
And double soda-water, perforce,  
Are the strongest that ever bubbled !

There's double beauty whenever a Swan  
Swims on a Lake with her double thereon ;  
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,  
Of the beauty of double-blowing—  
A double dahlia delights the eye ;  
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky  
When a double rainbow is glowing !

There's warmth in a pair of double soles ;  
As well as a double allowance of coals—  
In a coat that is double-breasted—  
In double windows and double doors ;  
And a double U wind is blest by scores  
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes :  
And a double barrel and double snipes

Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure :  
 There's double safety in double locks ;  
 And double letters bring cash for the box :  
 And all the world knows that double knocks  
 Are gentility's double measure.

There's double sweetness in double rhymes,  
 And a double at Whist and a double Times  
 In profit are certainly double—  
 By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape ;  
 And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape  
 And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,  
 And of course there's a double pleasure therein,  
 If the parties were brought to telling :  
 And however our Dennises take offence,  
 A double meaning shows double sense ;  
 And if proverbs tell truth,  
 A double tooth  
 Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling !

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,  
 Beauty, respect, strength, comfort and thence  
 Through whatever the list discovers,  
 They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,  
 Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,  
 The Marriage of two true Lovers !

Now the Kilmansegg Moon, it must be told—  
 Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—  
 Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold,  
 And before its days were at thirty,  
 Such gloomy clouds began to collect,  
 With an ominous ring of ill effect,  
 As gave but too much cause to expect  
 Such weather as seamen call dirty !

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"  
 And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,  
 And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—  
 The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,  
 And the bee was humming a tune all day  
 To flowers, as welcome as flowers in May,  
 And the trout in the stream was springing !

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,  
 Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth

Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,  
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,  
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,  
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age.  
Without any Arcadian features ?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind  
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind  
With simplicity ever at battle ?  
A bride of an ostentatious race,  
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,  
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,  
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,  
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb  
For which she had been such a martyr :  
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,  
And the cows unheeded let it pass ;  
And the ass on the common was such an ass,  
That he wouldn't have swapp'd  
The thistle he cropp'd  
For her Leg, including the Garter !

She hated lanes and she hated fields—  
She hated all that the country yields—  
And barely knew turnips from clover ;  
She hated walking in any shape,  
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,  
Without the bribe of a mob to gape  
At the Leg in clambering over !

O blessed nature, " O rus ! O rus !"  
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,  
Absorb'd in a worldly torpor—  
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,  
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,  
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—  
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper !

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,  
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,  
She was far too pamper'd a madam,  
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,  
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,  
The scorn of the proud, the misrule of the strong,  
And all the woes that to man belong,  
The Lark still carols the self-same song  
That he did to the uncurst Adam !

The Lark ! she had given all Leipsic's flock  
 For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box ;  
 And as for the birds in the thicket,  
 Thrush or ousel in leafy niche,  
 The linnet or finch, she was far too rich  
 To care for a Morning Concert, to which  
 She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,  
 All pastoral joys were tried by gold,  
 Or by fancies golden and crural—  
 Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,  
 As her agricultural Uncle's guest,  
 Her mind was made up, and fully imprest,  
 That felicity could not be rural !

And the Count?—to the snow-white lambs at play  
 And all the scents and the sights of May,  
 And the birds that warbled their passion,  
 His ears and dark eyes, and decided nose,  
 Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those  
 That overlooked the Bouquet de Rose,  
 The Huille Antique,  
 And Parfum Unique,  
 In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent  
 Of his rural bias so far it went  
 As to covet estates in ring fences—  
 And for rural lore he had learn'd in town  
 That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,  
 And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down  
 Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,  
 The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,  
 For their tastes thus far were in common ;  
 But faults he had that a haughty bride  
 With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—  
 Faults that would even have roused the pride  
 Of a far less metalsome woman !

It was early days indeed for a wife,  
 In the very spring of her married life,  
 To be chill'd by its wintry weather—  
 But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,  
 On Hymen's turtles that bill and coo—  
 Enjoying their " moon and honey for two "  
 They were scarcely seen together ?



In vain she sat with her Precious Leg  
 A little exposed, *à la* Kilmansegg,  
 And roll'd her eyes in their sockets !  
 He left her in spite of her tender regards,  
 And those loving murmurs described by bards,  
 For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,  
 And the poking of balls into pockets !

Moreover he loved the deepest stake  
 And the heaviest bets the players would make ;  
 And he drank—the reverse of sparingly,—  
 And he used strange curses that made her fret ;  
 And when he play'd with herself at piquet,  
 She found, to her cost,  
 For she always lost,  
 That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,  
 Gather'd by worming his secrets out,  
 And slips in his conversations—  
 Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,  
 That his title was null—his coffers were void—  
 And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd  
 The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—  
 She—only she—might possess his heart  
 And hold his affections in fetters—  
 Alas ! that hope, like a crazy ship,  
 Was forced its anchor and cable to slip  
 When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip  
 In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues ;  
 And notes that hinted as many intrigues  
 As the Count's in the " Barber of Seville "—  
 In short such mysteries came to light,  
 That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,  
 Woke and started up in affright,  
 And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,  
 And finally fainted away outright,  
 For she dreamt she had married the Devil !

#### HER MISERY.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,  
 A heavy compound of putty and lead—  
 And home-made wines that rack the head,

And home-made liqueurs and waters ?  
 Home-made pop that will not foam,  
 And home-made dishes that drive one from home,  
     Not to name each mess,  
     For the face or dress,  
 Home-made by the homely daughters ?

Home-made physic that sickens the sick ;  
 Thick for thin and thin for thick ;—  
 In short each homogeneous trick  
     For poisoning domesticity ?  
 And since our Parents, call'd the First,  
 A little family squabble nurst,  
 Of all our evils the worst of the worst  
     Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,  
 And dances for joy on its perch, and sings  
     With a Persian exultation :  
 For the Sun is shining into the room,  
 And brightens up the carpet-bloom,  
 As if it were new, bran new, from the loom,  
     Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames  
 On pictures in massy gilded frames—  
 Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,  
     But portraits of colts and fillies—  
 Pictures hanging on walls, which shine,  
 In spite of the bard's familiar line,  
     With clusters of " Gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares  
 Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,  
     That shine as if freshly burnish'd—  
 And gilded tables, with glittering stocks  
 Of gilded china, and golden clocks,  
 Toy, and trinket, and musical box,  
     That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo ! with the brightest gleam of a  
 The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall  
     On an object as rare as splendid—  
 The golden foot of the Golden Leg  
 Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—  
     But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,  
 And downward cast, yet not at the limb,  
     Once the centre of all speculation ;  
 But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,  
 As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—  
 Whence human sorrows derive their birth—  
     By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,  
 And her sighs betray the gloomy shades  
     That her evil planet revolves in—  
 And tears are falling that catch a gleam  
 So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,  
 That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,  
     The water that gold dissolves in.

Yet, not filial grief were shed  
     Those tears for a mother's insanity ;  
 Nor yet because her father was dead,  
 For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head  
     To Death—with his usual urbanity ;  
 The waters that down her visage rill'd  
 Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd  
     From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,  
 Without relief, and without respect,  
 Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,  
     When pigs have that opportunity—  
 And of all the griefs that mortals share,  
 The one that seems the hardest to bear  
     Is the grief without community.

How bless'd the heart that has a friend  
 A sympathising ear to lend  
     To troubles too great to smother !  
 For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored  
 Till a sparkling bubbling head they afford,  
 So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd  
     From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one  
 To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,  
     How night after night he rambled ;  
 And how she had learnt by sad degrees  
 That he drank, and smoked, and worse than these,  
     That he " swindled, intrigued, and gambled."

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John !  
 And came to bed with his garments on ;  
 With other offences as heinous—  
 And brought *strange* gentleman home to dine,  
 That he said were in the Fancy Line,  
 And they fancied spirits instead of wine,  
 And call'd her lap-dog "Wenus."

Of "making a book" how he made a stir,  
 But never had written a line to her,  
 Once his idol and Cara Sposa :  
 And how he had storm'd, and treated her ill,  
 Because she refused to go down to a mill,  
 She didn't know where, but remember'd still  
 That the miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he waked her up at night,  
 And oftener still by the morning light,  
 Reeling home from his haunts unlawful,  
 Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,  
 Except by beggars and thieves unhung—  
 Or volleying oaths that a foreign tongue  
 Made still more horrid and awful !

How oft, instead of otto of rose,  
 With vulgar smells he offended her nose,  
 From gin, tobacco, and onion !  
 And then how wildly he used to stare !  
 And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—  
 And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,  
 Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair  
 For a new Edition of Bunyan !

For dice will run the contrary way,  
 As well is known to all who play,  
 And cards will conspire as in treason :  
 And what with keeping a hunting-box,  
     Following fox—  
     Friends in flocks,  
     Burgundies, Hocks,  
     From London Docks ;  
     Stultz's frocks,  
     Manton and Nock's  
     Barrels and locks,  
     Shooting blue rocks,  
     Trainers and jocks,  
     Buskins and socks.

Pugilistical knocks,  
And fighting-cocks,  
If he found himself short in funds and stocks  
These rhymes will furnish the reason !

His friends, indeed, were falling away—  
Friends who insist on play or pay—  
And he fear'd at no very distant day  
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,  
As one who has gone, or is going, to smash,  
For his checks no longer drew the cash,  
Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,  
" He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold, gold—alas ! for the gold  
Spent where souls are bought and sold,  
In Vice's Walpurgis revel !  
Alas ! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,  
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,—  
All real evils, though Fancy ones,  
When they lead to debt, dishonour, and duns,  
Nay, to death, and perchance the devil !

Alas ! for the last of a Golden race !  
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,  
She had warrant for all her clamour—  
For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,  
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,  
With as little remorse as the Pauper, who breaks  
A flint with a parish hammer !

#### HER LAST WILL

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,  
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,  
Had never excited dissension ;  
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,  
Than, without any ossification at all,  
The limb became what people call  
A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,  
And instead of the complimentary phrase,

So current before her bridal—  
 The Countess heard, in language low,  
 That her Precious Leg was precious slow,  
 A good 'un to look at but bad to go,  
 And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,  
 Like Colin's foot in going up-stairs—  
 As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—  
 It made an infernal stumping.  
 Whereas a member of cork, or wood,  
 Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,  
 Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing  
 To show her calf to cobbler and king,  
 But nothing could be absurder—  
 While none but the crazy would advertize,  
 Their gold before their servants' eyes,  
 Who of course some night would make it a prize,  
 By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,  
 The Leg kept its situation.  
 For legs are not to be taken off,  
 By a verbal amputation.  
 And mortals when they take a whim,  
 The greater the folly the stiffer the limb  
 That stand upon it or by it—  
 So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,  
 At her marriage refused to stir a peg,  
 Till the Lawyers had fasten'd on her Leg  
 As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—  
 With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,  
 The Proud One confronted the Cruel :  
 And loud and bitter the quarrel rose  
 Fierce and merciless—one of those,  
 With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,  
 In all but the bloodshed a duel !

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,  
 Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,  
 Till madden'd for desperate matters,  
 Fierce as tigress escaped from her den,  
 She flew to her desk—'twas open'd—and then,

In the time it takes to try a pen,  
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,  
Her Will was in fifty tatters !

But the Count, instead of curses wild,  
Only nodded his head and smiled,  
As if at the spleen of an angry child ;  
But the calm was deceitful and sinister !  
A lull like the lull of the treacherous sea —  
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be  
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,  
And that very night to administer !

HER DEATH.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think  
How often mortality stands on the brink  
Of its grave without any misgiving ;  
And yet in this slippery world of strife,  
In the stir of human bustle so rife,  
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life  
Is dying, and Death is living !

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,  
Bright as they are with hope and joy,  
How their souls would sadden instanter,  
To remember that one of those wedding-bells,  
Which ring so merrily through the dells,  
Is the same that knells  
Our last farewells,  
Only broken into a canter !

But breath and blood set doom at nought—  
How little the wretched Countess thought,  
When at night she unloosed her sandal,  
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,  
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth  
Was fluttering round her candle !

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,  
For the hours she had gone so wearily through  
At the end of a day of trial—  
How little she saw in her pride of prime  
The dart of Death in the Hand of Time—  
That hand which moved on the dial !

As she went with her taper up the stair,  
 How little her swollen eye was aware  
     That the Shadow which follow'd was double !  
 Or when she closed her chamber door,  
 It was shutting out, and for evermore,  
     The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside  
 Her jewels—after one glance of pride—  
     They were solemn bequests to Vanity—  
 Or when her robes she began to doff,  
 That she stood so near to the putting off  
     Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,  
 How little she thought as the smoke took flight,  
 That her day was done—and merged in a night  
     Of dreams and duration uncertain—  
     Or along with her own,  
     That a Hand of Bone  
     Was closing mortality's curtain !

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,  
 And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind—  
     In concealing the day of sorrow ;  
 And enough is the present tense of toil—  
 For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—  
 And the mind flies back with a glad recoil  
     From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly  
 And bid its daily cares good-bye,  
     Along with its daily clothing ?  
 Just as the felon condemn'd to die—  
     With a very natural loathing—  
 Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,  
 From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes  
 To a caper on sunny gleams and slopes,  
     Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,  
 While Death still nearer and nearer crept,  
     Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—  
 But her mind was busy with early joys,  
 Her golden treasures and golden toys,  
     That flash'd a bright  
     And golden light  
     Under lids still red with weeping.



The golden doll that she used to hug !  
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug !  
Her godfather's golden presents !  
The golden service she had at her meals,  
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,  
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,  
And her golden fishes and pheasants !

The golden guineas in silken purse—  
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse  
Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—  
And London streets that were paved with gold—  
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—  
With each golden thing  
To the golden ring  
At her own auriferous Marriage !

And still the golden light of the sun  
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,  
Though the night, that roared without, was one  
To terrify seamen or gipsies—  
While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,  
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,  
As though she enjoy'd the tempest's birth,  
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,  
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell  
That time had lately embitter'd—  
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—  
That foot, which now he wanted to melt !  
But—hush !—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—  
And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg !—she knew its gleam !  
And up she started and tried to scream,—  
But e'en in the moment she started—  
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,  
And, lost in the universal flash  
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,  
The Spark, call'd Vital, departed !

\* \* \* \* \*

Gold, still gold ! hard, hard yellow, and cold,  
For gold she had lived, and she died for gold—

By a golden weapon—not oaken ;  
 In the morning they found her all alone—  
 Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—  
 But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,  
 And the “Golden Bowl was broken !”

Gold—still gold ! it haunted her yet—  
 At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—  
 Its foreman, a carver and gilder—  
 And the Jury debated from twelve till three  
 What the Verdict ought to be,  
 And they brought it in as Felo de Se,  
 “Because her own Leg had kill’d her !”

#### HER MORAL.

Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !  
 Bright and yellow, hard and cold,  
 Molten, graven, hammer’d, and roll’d ;  
 Heavy to get, and light to hold ;  
 Hoarded, barter’d, bought, and sold,  
 Stolen, borrow’d, squander’d, doled :  
 Spurn’d by the young, but hugg’d by the old  
 To the very verge of the churchyard mould ;  
 Price of many a crime untold ;  
 Gold ! Gold ! Gold ! Gold !  
 Good or bad a thousand-fold !  
 How widely its agencies vary—  
 To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—  
 As even its minted coins express,  
 Now stamp’d with the image of Good Queen Bess,  
 And now of a Bloody Mary.

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#### THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

**W**ITH fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch  
 She sang the “Song of the Shirt.”

“ Work! work! work!  
 While the cock is crowing aloof!  
 And work—work—work,  
 Till the stars shine through the roof!  
 It's Oh! to be a slave  
 Along with the barbarous Turk,  
 Where woman has never a soul to save,  
 If this is Christian work!

“ Work—work—work  
 Till the brain begins to swim;  
 Work—work—work  
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim!  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,  
 And sew them on in a dream!

“ Oh, Men, with Sisters dear!  
 Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!  
 It is not linen you're wearing out,  
 But human creatures' lives!  
 Stitch—stitch—stitch,  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 Sewing at once with a double thread,  
 A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

“ But why do I talk of Death?  
 That Phantom of grisly bone,  
 I hardly fear its terrible shape,  
 It seems so like my own—  
 It seems so like my own,  
 Because of the fasts I keep;  
 Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,  
 And flesh and blood so cheap!

“ Work—work—work!  
 My labour never flags;  
 And what are its wages? A bed of straw.  
 A crust of bread—and rags.  
 That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—  
 A table—a broken chair—  
 And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank  
 For sometimes falling there!

“ Work—work—work!  
 From weary chime to chime,

## THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Work—work—work—  
 As prisoners work for crime !  
 Band, and gusset, and seam,  
 Seam, and gusset, and band,  
 Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,  
 As well as the weary hand.

“ Work—work—work,  
 In the dull December light,  
 And work—work—work,  
 When the weather is warm and bright—  
 While underneath the eaves  
 The brooding swallows cling  
 As if to show me their sunny backs  
 And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh ! but to breathe the breath  
 Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—  
 With the sky above my head,  
 And the grass beneath my feet,  
 For only one short hour  
 To feel as I used to feel,  
 Before I knew the woes of want  
 And the walk that costs a meal !

“ Oh ! but for one short hour !  
 A respite however brief !  
 No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,  
 But only time for Grief !  
 A little weeping would ease my heart,  
 But in their briny bed  
 My tears must stop, for every drop  
 Hinders needle and thread !”

With fingers weary and worn,  
 With eyelids heavy and red,  
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,  
 Plying her needle and thread—  
 Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !  
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,  
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—  
 Would that its tone could reach the Rich !—  
 She sang this “ Song of the Shirt !”

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

## A ROMANCE.

## PART I.

**S**OME dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,  
 Unnatural, and full of contradictions ;  
 Yet others of our most romantic schemes  
 Are something more than fictions.

It might be only on enchanted ground ;  
 It might be merely by a thought's expansion ;  
 But, in the spirit or the flesh, I found  
 An old deserted Mansion.

A residence for woman, child, and man,  
 A dwelling-place,—and yet no habitation ;  
 A House, but under some prodigious ban  
 Of Excommunication.

Unhinged the iron gates half open hung,  
 Jarr'd by the gusty gales of many winters,  
 That from its crumbled pedestal had flung  
 One marble globe in splinters.

No dog was at the threshold, great or small ;  
 No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—  
 No cat demurely dozing on the wall—  
 Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirr'd, to go or come,  
 No face look'd forth from shut or open casement ;  
 No chimney smoked—there was no sign of Home  
 From parapet to basement.

With shatter'd panes the grassy court was starr'd ;  
 The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after !  
 And thro' the ragged roof the sky shone, barr'd  
 With naked beam and rafter.

O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear ;  
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
 The place is Haunted !

The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,  
 Roses with thistles struggled for espial,  
 And vagrant plants of parasitic breed  
 Had overgrown the Dial.

But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,  
 No heart was there to heed the hour's duration ;  
 All times and tides were lost in one long term  
 Of stagnant desolation.

The wren had built within the Porch, she found  
 Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;  
 And on the lawn,—within its turfy mound,—  
 The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and grey, that flitted thro'  
 The shrubby clumps, and frisk'd, and sat, and vanished  
 But leisurely and bold, as if he knew  
 His enemy was banish'd.

The wary crow,—the pheasant from the woods—  
 Lull'd by the still and everlasting sameness,  
 Close to the mansion, like domestic broods,  
 Fed with a "shocking tameness."

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
 Beside the water-hen, so soon affrighted ;  
 And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
 Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
 That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
 Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
 To guard the water-lily.

No sound was heard except, from far away,  
 The ringing of the witwall's shrilly laughter,  
 Or, now and then, the chatter of the jay,  
 That Echo murmur'd after.

But Echo never mock'd the human tongue ;  
 Some weighty crime, that Heaven could not pardon,  
 A secret curse on that old Building hung  
 And its deserted Garden.

The beds were all untouch'd by hand or tool ;  
No footstep mark'd the damp and mossy gravel,  
Each walk as green as is the mantled pool,  
For want of human travel.

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,  
Droop'd from the wall with which they used to grapple ;  
And on the canker'd tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunn'd the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring Poacher,  
In spite of gaps that thro' the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

The pear and quince lay squander'd on the grass ;  
The mould was purple with unheeded showers  
Of bloomy plums—a Wilderness it was  
Of fruits, and weeds, and flowers !

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose bush in its ramble,  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The holly-hock and bramble.

The bear-bine with the lilac interlaced,  
The sturdy bur-dock choked its slender neighbour,  
The spicy pink. All tokens were effaced  
Of human care and labour.

The very yew Formality had train'd  
To such a rigid pyramidal stature,  
For want of trimming had almost regain'd  
The raggedness of nature.

The Fountain was a-dry—neglect and time  
Had marr'd the work of artisan and mason,  
And efts and croaking frogs, begot of slime,  
Sprawl'd in the ruin'd bason.

The Statue, fallen from its marble base,  
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,  
Lay like the Idol of some bygone race,  
Its name and rites forgotten.

On ev'ry side the aspect was the same,  
All ruin'd, desolate, forlorn and savage :  
No hand or foot within the precinct came  
To rectify or ravage.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

## PART II.

O VERY gloomy is the House of Woe,  
Where tears are falling while the bell is knelling,  
With all the dark solemnities which show  
That Death is in the dwelling.

O very, very dreary is the room  
Where Love, domestic Love, no longer nestles,  
But, smitten by the common stroke of doom,  
The Corpse lies on the trestles !

But House of Woe, and hearse, and sable pall,  
The narrow home of the departed mortal,  
Ne'er look'd so gloomy as that Ghostly Hall,  
With its deserted portal !

The centipede along the threshold crept,  
The cobweb hung across in mazy tangle,  
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,  
At every nook and angle.

The keyhole lodged the earwig and her brood,  
The emmets of the steps had old possession,  
And marched in search of their diurnal food  
In undisturbed procession.

As undisturb'd as the prehensile cell  
Of moth or maggot, or the spider's tissue,  
For never foot upon that threshold fell,  
To enter or to issue.



O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

Howbeit, the door I push'd—or so I dream'd—  
Which slowly, slowly gaped,—the hinges creaking  
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed  
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that Mansion old,  
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners,  
That hung from the corroded walls, and told  
Of former men and manners :—

Those tatter'd flags, that with the open'd door,  
Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember,  
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor,  
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out,—bird after bird,  
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,  
And seemed to mock the cry that she had heard  
Some dying victim utter !

A shriek that echo'd from the joisted roof,  
And up the stair, and further still and further,  
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder !

Meanwhile the rusty armour rattled round,  
The banner shudder'd, and the ragged streamer ;  
All things the horrid tenor of the sound  
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The antlers, where the helmet hung, and belt,  
Stirr'd as the tempest stirs the forest branches,  
Or as the stag had trembled when he felt  
The bloodhound at his haunches.

The window jingled in its crumbled frame,  
And thro' its many gaps of destitution  
Dolorous moans and hollow sighings came,  
Like those of dissolution.

The wood-louse dropped, and rolled into a ball,  
Touched by some impulse occult or mechanic ;  
And nameless beetles ran along the wall  
In universal panic.

The subtle spider, that from overhead  
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,  
Suddenly turn'd and up its slender thread  
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall  
Assuming features solemn and terrific,  
Hinted some Tragedy of that old Hall,  
Lock'd up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,  
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,  
The banner of the Bloody Hand shone out  
So ominously vivid.

Some key to that inscrutable appeal,  
Which made the very frame of Nature quiver ;  
And every thrilling nerve and fibre feel  
So ague-like a shiver.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear ;  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

If but a rat had linger'd in the house,  
To lure the thought into a social channel !  
But not a rat remain'd, or tiny mouse,  
To squeak behind the panel.

Huge drops rolled down the walls, as if they wept ;  
And where the cricket used to chirp so shrilly,  
The toad was squatting, and the lizard crept  
On that damp hearth and chilly.

For years no cheerful blaze had sparkled there,  
Or glanced on coat of buff or knightly metal ;  
The slug was crawling on the vacant chair,—  
The snail upon the settle.

The floor was redolent of mould and must,  
 The fungus in the rotten seams had quicken'd ;  
 While on the oaken table coats of dust  
 Perennially had thicken'd.

No mark of leathern jack or metal can,  
 No cup—no horn—no hospitable token,—  
 All social ties between that board and Man  
 Had long ago been broken.

There was so foul a rumour in the air,  
 The shadow of a presence so atrocious ;  
 No human creature could have feasted there,  
 Even the most ferocious.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
 A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
 And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
 The place is Haunted !

## PART III.

'TIS hard for human actions to account,  
 Whether from reason or from impulse only—  
 But some internal prompting bade me mount  
 The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and cold,  
 With odours as from bones and relics carnal,  
 Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,  
 The chapel vault or charnel.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress  
 Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,  
 The mind, with dark misgivings, feared to guess  
 How many feet ascended.

The tempest with its spoils had drifted in,  
 Till each unwholesome stone was darkly spotted,  
 As thickly as the leopard's dappled skin,  
 With leaves that rankly rotted.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom  
 The bat—or something in its shape—was winging,  
 And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
 The Death's-Head moth was clinging.

That mystic moth, which, with a sense profound  
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly ;  
And with a grim significance flits round  
The taper burning bluely.

Such omens in the place there seem'd to be,  
At ev'ry crooked turn, or on the landing,  
The straining eyeball was prepared to see  
Some Apparition standing.

For over all there hung a cloud of fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

Yet no portentous Shape the sight amazed ;  
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;  
But from their tarnish'd frames dark Figures gazed,  
And Faces spectre-pallid.

Not merely with the mimic life that lies  
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;  
Their souls were looking thro' their painted eyes  
With awful speculation.

On ev'ry lip a speechless horror dwelt ;  
On ev'ry brow the burthen of affliction ;  
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt  
The House's malediction.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or spoken,  
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps in solitary clamber,  
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,  
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,  
That old magnificence had richly furnish'd  
With pictures, cabinets of ancient date,  
And carvings gilt and burnish'd.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art  
With Scripture history, or classic fable ;  
But all had faded, save one ragged part,  
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The silent waste of mildew and the moth  
Had marr'd the tissue with a partial ravage ;  
But undecaying frown'd upon the cloth  
Each feature stern and savage.

The sky was pale ; the cloud a thing of doubt ;  
Some hues were fresh, and some decay'd and duller ;  
But still the Bloody Hand shone strangely out  
With vehemence of colour !

The Bloody Hand that with a lurid stain  
Shone on the dusty floor, a dismal token,  
Projected from the casement's painted pane,  
Where all beside was broken.

The Bloody Hand significant of crime,  
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,  
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,  
In such a wondrous manner.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

The Death Watch tick'd behind the panel'd oak,  
Inexplicable tremors shook the arras,  
And echoes strange and mystical awoke,  
The fancy to embarrass.

Prophetic hints that fill'd the soul with dread,  
But thro' one gloomy entrance pointing mostly,  
The while some secret inspiration said,  
That Chamber is the Ghostly !

Across the door no gossamer festoon  
Swung pendulous—no web—no dusty fringes,  
No silk chrysalis or white cocoon  
About its nooks and hinges.

The spider shunn'd the interdicted room,  
The moth, the beetle, and the fly were banish'd,  
And where the sunbeam fell athwart the gloom,  
The very midge had vanish'd.

One lonely ray that glanced upon a Bed,  
As if with awful aim direct and certain,  
To show the Bloody Hand in burning red  
Embroidered on the curtain.

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—  
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted ;  
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,  
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—  
Oh what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement !

What human creature in the dead of night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance ?  
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,  
Striving for dear existence ?

What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ?—  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly Shadow flitted.

Across the sunbeam, and along the wall,  
But painted on the air so very dimly,  
It hardly veil'd the tapestry at all,  
Or portrait frowning grimly.

O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is Haunted !

THE END.

