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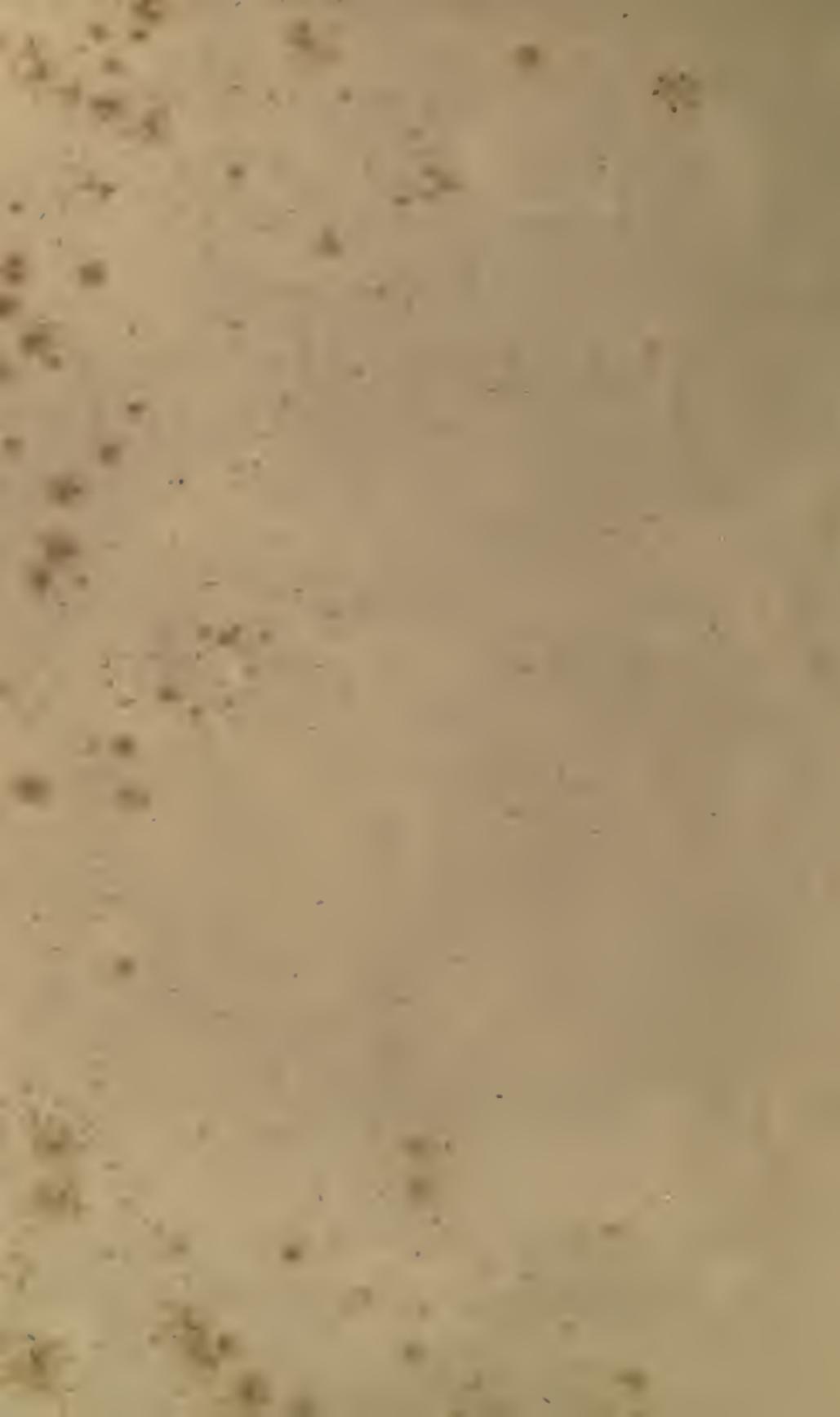
POETRY

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THE BOOK OF
HUMOROUS POETRY.



THE BOOK OF HUMOROUS POETRY



EDINBURGH
WILLIAM P. NIMMO.



THE BOOK

OF

HUMOROUS POETRY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES A. DOYLE.

EDINBURGH

WILLIAM P. NIMMO.



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The Book of Humorous Poetry.

TO MY EMPTY PURSE.

CHAUCER.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye by my lady dear ;
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For, certes, ye now make me heavy cheer ;
Me were as lief be laid upon a bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or elle's must I die.

Now, vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sound may hear
Or see your colour like the sunné bright,
That of yellowness had never peer ;
Ye be my life, ye be my hearte's steer,
Queen of comfort and of good company,
Be heavy again, or elle's must I die.

Now purse, thou art to me my live's light,
And saviour, as down in this world here,

Out of this town help me by your might,
 Sithea that you will not be my treasure ;
 For I am shave as nigh as any frere,
 But I prayen unto your courtesy
 Be heavy again, or elle's must I die.

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

PETER PINDAR.

Dr. John Wolcot, better known by his *nom de plume* Peter Pindar, an excellent and voluminous writer of humorous and satirical poetry, was born at Dodbrooke, Devonshire, in 1738. He obtained the degree of M.D. from the University of Aberdeen in 1767, and immediately afterwards he accompanied Sir William Trelawney, who had been appointed governor of the island, to Jamaica. He returned to England and settled in Cornwall, where he discovered and drew from obscurity the painter Opie, with whom he removed to London in 1780. On arriving in the metropolis he devoted himself to literature ; and soon became conspicuous by his political satires and humorous effusions, which, published at short intervals, speedily became highly popular. In the decline of life he lost his sight, and he died in 1819. Many of the writings of Dr. Wolcot are of a personal and ephemeral nature, and a few are marred by a coarseness which renders them unfit for reproduction in the present day ; but a great portion of them, a few of which are introduced in the present volume, are distinguished by a raciness of humour, and a freshness and vivacity of style, which has been often imitated, but very rarely equalled.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
 And in a fair white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes :

A nostrum, famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes ;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That Popish parsons for its power exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes to go and pray :
But very different was their speed, I wot :
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun ;
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever ;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd hams and bended knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas ;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

'How now,' the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim broke,
'You lazy lubber!'

'Odds curse it!' cried the other, 'tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not go there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe.

'But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain?
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes?
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

'How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happen'd, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know,
That, just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.'

SAINT ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

'Ulrich Megerle, a barefooted Augustine friar of the seventeenth century, adopted the affectation about names then in fashion, and called himself Abraham à Sancta Clara. He was a preacher, of the dramatic and picturesque order, enlivening his pulpit scenes



'How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happen'd, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know,
That, just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas.'

with such bursts of humour as are found attractive even in the present day. The poem here given is from Megerle's "Judas the Arch-Rogue," and was translated by an anonymous writer in *The Knickerbocker* a Magazine published in New York.—*Wills*.

SAINT ANTHONY at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preach'd to the fishes.
 They wriggled their tails,
 In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all thither drawn ;
Have open'd their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
 No sermon beside
 Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear Saint Antonius.
 No sermon beside
 Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the cod-fish,—
The stock-fish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
 No sermon beside
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
 No sermon beside
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom
As if the devil had got 'em.
 No sermon beside
 Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each look'd at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.
 At God's word,
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turn'd and descended ;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferr'd the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stock-fish thick-siders,

The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget.
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferr'd the old way.

SLEEP.

JOHN G. SAXE.

John Godfrey Saxe, the author of the following lines and several other pieces which appear in the present volume, is a living American humorist of considerable reputation. The style of Saxe is similar to that of Hood and Praed; and in many of his shorter poems he has displayed an amount of humorous power and poetic feeling, and a freedom of versification, which entitles him to a prominent position in the poetical literature of the United States.

‘God bless the man who first invented sleep!’

 So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
 His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by ‘patent right.’

Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep
 (I really can't avoid the iteration);
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
 Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—early rising!

‘ Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,’
 Observes some solemn, sentimental owl ;
 Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;
 But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
 Pray just inquire about their rise—and fall—
 And whether larks have any bed at all !

The ‘ time for honest folks to be abed ’
 Is in the morning, if I reason right ;
 And he who cannot keep his precious head
 Upon his pillow till it’s fairly light,
 And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
 Is up—to knavery ; or else—he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the ‘ Seasons,’ said
 It was a glorious thing to rise in season ;
 But then he said it—lying—in his bed
 At ten o’clock A.M.—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
 His preaching wasn’t sanctioned by his practice.

’Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
 Awake to duty and awake to truth—
 But when, alas ! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
 Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep !

’Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
 For the soft visions of the gentle night ;
 And free at last from mortal care and guile,
 To live, as only in the angels’ sight,

In sleep's sweet realms so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin !

So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.

I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackney'd phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried 'Served him right ! it's not at all surprising
The worm was punish'd, sir, for early rising !'

A JUSTICIARY OPERA.

JAMES BOSWELL.

'This burlesque of the criminal procedure in Scotland a hundred years ago, is believed to have been, in its original form, the production of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson, assisted by his friend Colin Maclaurin, afterwards Lord Dreghorn. The songs marked with an asterisk are additions by Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., who printed the whole in a private volume, 4to, 1814.'—*Robert Chambers*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, Grand Clerk of the Scales
and Chopping-Knife, and Commander of the
Forces.

HYSTRIX, Clerk of the Rounds.

BOMBYX, a very great Officer.

JOHN BLACK, the Pannel.

BAMBOOZLE, }
FLAW-FINDER, } Orators for the Pannel.

PEPPERTAIL, the Horse-Couper,	}	Witnesses.
BIZZ, the Blacksmith,		
PETER BROWN, the Exciseman,		
MATTHEW MUTCHKIN,		
WIDOW MACLEERIE,		
WAITER,		

Judges, Jurymen, Sheriffs, Bailies, Serjeants, Mob, etc.

SCENE.—*An Inn.*

CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS et HYSTRIX.

DUET—AIR—*Saw ye my father ?*

Cal. Saw ye my Trumpeter ?
Or saw ye my Macer ?
Or saw ye my man John ?

Hyst. I have not seen your Trumpeter ;
I have not seen your Macer ;
And drunk is your man John !

[*Martial Music.*

Enter a WAITER.

* AIR—*Hey Jenny come down to Jock.*

Waiter. The Bailies are waitin', the Provost is come,
Twa¹ permanent Serjeants, a fife and a drum ;
Twa Sherras, wi' swords (but they're peaceable men) ;
And some twa-three mair—and the clock's chappit² ten.

[*A Grand Procession.*

¹ Twelve.

² Struck.

SCENE.—*A Hall.*

Enter CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, BOMBYX, HYSTRIX, BAMBOOZLE, FLAW-FINDER, MACER, JURYMEN, MOB, etc.

* AIR—*Fye, let us a' to the weddin'.*

Hyst. Ge—en—tlemen o' the Jury,
Ye'll answer until a' your names.
Walter Balwhid o' Pitlurie.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Matthew Powloosie o' Kames.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Duncan Macwhey o' Todwiddock.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Jacob Ba'four o' Howbrig.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. John Macindo o' Glenpaddock.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Hew Gib in Bog o' Daljig.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Patrick Macrone o' Craig-gubble.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. George Yellowlees in Cowshaw.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Ralph Mucklehose in Blindrubble.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Robert Macmurdoch in Raw.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Andrew Mackissock in Shalloch.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Ingram Maclure in Benbole.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Gilbert Strathdee in Drummalloch.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Gabriel Tam in Dirthole.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Lowrie Macwill o' Powmuddle.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Daniel Losh o' Benskair.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. John Stoupie, writer, Kirkfuddle.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Bailie Bole, shoemaker there.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Samuel Maguire in Craig-gullion.

If present, sir, answer your name.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Quintin Maccosh in Knockdullion.

Jurym. Here.

Hyst. Gal-lery—si-lence—Ahem!

² AIR—*In the Garb of Old Gaul.*

Macer. Hem!—Si-lence.

Cal. Officer, bring John Black to the bar.

[*The Pannel is brought in guarded, and
petitions for banishment.*]

AIR—*The Lee Rig.*

Pannel. Oh send me ower the lang seas,
My ain kind lordie, O ;

Oh send me ower the lang seas,
My ain kind lordie, O.

Oh send me east, or send me wast,
Or send me south or nordie, O ;
But send me ower the lang seas,
My ain kind lordie, O.

• AIR—*Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now.*

Cal. Pannel, a halter must be your end,
The fiend at your skirts has now his prong ;
Your days, that are number'd, in penitence spend ;
But I'll lecture you presently, half an hour long.

Mercy were folly, if lavish'd on him ;
Robbing and thieving, the gallows shall check ;
Our duty is plain, we'll proceed to condemn—
John —— you shall presently hang by the neck.

AIR—*We're gayly yet.*

Pannel We're no guilty yet,
We're no guilty yet ;
Although we're accused,
We're no guilty yet.

Afore ye condemn,
Ye maun hear us a bit ;
For although we're accused,
We're no guilty yet.

[*Jury are chosen, and the Indictment read.*]

• AIR—*Grimaldi's Jig in Mother Goose.*

Hyst. Whereas by the laws o' this realm,
And o' every well-govern'd land,

To seize on anither man's gear¹
 (As the tangs ance a Highlandman fand),

And whether the thief he be caught
 In the fact, or be gruppit out-fang,²
 The law says expressly, and wisely,
 That chiel by the thrapple³ shall hang.

And you, John Black there, the pannel,
 Ye robbit, assaulted, and a' ;
 And sae, gang till an assize, sir,
 And underlie pains o' the law.

* AIR—*Miss Macleod's Reel.*

Bombyx. Painful the duty is which I must now perform,

Stating a train of guilt uncommon and enormous—calling my witnesses to make the fact out plain,
 And if your verdict's guilty, my labours not in vain.

Gentlemen, your feelings must with justice never jar,
 The statutes of the land condemn the pris'ner at the bar ;
 The law most clearly indicates the gallows, as reward
 For culprits such as him between the soldiers of the guard.

John Black met Peter Brown upon the king's highway,
 With foul intent to rob—I fear intent to slay ;
 John Black, the pannel, did step up to Peter Brown,
 And with his fist, or bludgeon, did knock said Peter down.

¹ Property.

² Caught afterwards.

³ Throat, neck.

Ferocious, atrocious, felonious also,
 Did *then* and *there*, with *that* or *this*, reiterate the blow ;
 Then seizéd Peter by the throat, to suffocate his cries,
 And most outrageously exclaim'd—'Your money, d—
 your eyes.'

Enter PETER BROWN.

* AIR—*The bonniest lass in a' the world.*

Peter. The pannel's a regardless loon,¹
 And brags that he defies man ;
 And bauldly threepit² through the town
 He'd *do* for the exciseman.

I thought 'twas nought but silly clash,³
 That sneevlin gowks⁴ wad tell me ;
 Quo' I, ' My thumb I winna fash,⁵
 It's no *siclike* can fell me.'

Four cadgers⁶ rade through Halk-wood-stack,
 I doubted Jean Macleerie ;
 I took the road, when up cam Black,
 And dang⁷ me tapsalteerie.⁸

He rypit,⁹ maybe for his knife,
 I thought I saw it glancin' ;
 He took the rue, and saved my life,
 Syne, like a deil, gaed dancin'.

¹ Fellow. ² Boldly threatened. ³ Idle rumour.

⁴ Silly Fools. ⁵ Will not trouble. ⁶ Travelling beggars or tinkers.

⁷ Knocked. ⁸ Topsy-turvy. ⁹ Searched.

Enter PEPPERTAIL.

AIR—*Braw lads o' Gala Water.*

Pep. Comin frae the town o' Straiven,
On my poor mare that had the spavin',
I met the pannel near the Kirk o' Shotts—
Like ony madman he was ravin'.

Black his hair, and blue his coat—
Tightly he did the gauger han'le ;
The mair he shook the fallow by the throat,
The steadier still I e'ed the pannel.

Enter MATTHEW MUTCHKIN.

* AIR—*Calder Fair.*

Matt. As I cam hame frae Ruglin fair,
At e'en, when it was dusky,
I had enough—and maybe mair,
A drap ower muckle whisky.

I saw twa fallows yoke thegither,
Wha they were, the taen or tither,
I ken nae mair nor Abram's mither,
I was blind wi' whisky.

Enter BIZZ.

* AIR—*Will ye gang and marry, Katy?*

Bomb. Pray, what is your name, friend? tell us.

Bizz. Tammas Bizz.—I've blawn the bellows,
And I've clinkit¹ on the studdy,²
Sin' a wean,³ knee-heigh and duddy.⁴

¹ Hammered.

² Anvil.

³ Child.

⁴ Ragged.

And the gauger weel I ken,
 Aft he stammers butt and ben,¹
 Snowkin² a' frae end to end—
 He's mislear'd³ and capernoited.⁴

And I ken Jock Black fu' weel,
 A sturdy hand at our fore-hammer ;
 Bess, his wife, flytes⁵ at the chiel,
 But weel-a-wat⁶ I do condemn her.

Wark, ye ken yersels, brings drouth,
 Wha can thole⁷ a gizen'd⁸ mouth ?
 And gif⁹ he tak a gill forsooth,
 Queans¹⁰ maun flyte and fools maun clatter !¹¹

Jock, I ken's an honest lad,
 Thievish pranks was ne'er his custom ;
 Though he be sae sair misca'd,
 Wi' gowd in gowpens¹² ye may trust him.

I hae kent him sin' a bairn,
 A penny willing aye to earn ;
 And though he's coupit i' the shearn,¹³
 Troth, I ken nought ill about him.

¹ Out and in.

² Looking about suspiciously.

³ Mischievous.

⁴ Irritable.

⁵ Rages.

⁶ I am sure.

⁷ Bear.

⁸ Shrunk from want of moisture.

⁹ If.

¹⁰ Idle women.

¹¹ Idle talk.

¹² Gold in handfuls.

¹³ At present in trouble.

Enter WIDOW MACLEERIE.

• AIR—*I hae a wife o' my ain.*

Widow Mac. I hae a house o' my ain,
On the road to Hamilton ;
Whisky I sell to be plain,
Arran Water or *Campbelton*.

Pcter, the gauger, himsel',
Whiles comes pipple-papple¹ in ;
Pusion,² frae ony big still,
He'll no put his thrapple³ in.

Widow Macleerie's my name,
Mine's a tippeny eatin'-house ;
Carriers find a warm hame,
Mine's neist door to the meetin'-house.

As for the pannel, John Black,
I'm wae to see him here awa',
He never wrang'd me ae plack,⁴
Gude send he won clear awa' !

[*The Orators for the Pannel plead.*]

AIR—*Deil tak the wars.*

Bamboozle.

Fye on the laws that hang a man for stealing ;
Sure such penal statutes were savagely framed
By legislators devoid of human feeling,
Before divine religion mankind had tamed.

¹ Dropping in occasionally.

² Poison.

³ Throat.

⁴ A small copper coin now obsolete

Gentlemen, 'tis yours, with vigour,
 To check the law's excessive rigour ;
 *Yours is the power, to you the choice is given,
 A father—husband—bends ;
 On you his fate depends :
 'Tis yours to take or give,
 To bid him die—or live !
 Then here that mercy show, you hope from Heaven.

AIR— * * * * *

Flaw-Finder.

Gentlemen, now 'tis my turn to address you,
 And with much speaking I need not oppress you ;
 The proof lies before you, in writing down taken,
 All I do wish is to save this man's bacon.

But, as it is usual some few things to mention,
 I say, that to steal it was not his intention ;
 So be not, I pray, like the lords, in a fury,
 But bring this man off, like a sensible jury.

(Charge to the Jury.)

* AIR—*Merrily Dance the Quaker.*

Cal. If ever a case before me came
 That I could judge most clearly,
 This is a case, I'll boldly name,
 I've scrutinized it nearly.

To trace the truth through all its track,
 No witch requires, or jugglers ;
 The witnesses are all a pack
 Of drunkards and of smugglers.

The counsel for the crown, with skill,
 Extorted facts most glaring ;
 Black, when primed by stoup and gill,
 You see, became most daring.

That Black put Brown in mortal fear,
 The proof is clear—*clarissima* ;
 And that he robb'd, though not quite clear,
Presumptio est fortissima.

Gentlemen, 'tis my desire
 To state the case precisely ;
 'Tis you to judge, so now retire,
 And weigh your verdict wisely.

The proof is strong, a verdict bring,
 Such honest men becoming ;
 I need not say one other thing,
 And so I end my summing.

[*Fury are enclosed.*]

LOWRIE MACWILL O' POWMUDDLE, *Chancellor.*

JOHN STOUPIE, *Clerk.*

* AIR—*Ally Croaker.*

Powmuddle.

In this case there's nae argument,
 Nae minor and nae major ;
 A chiel had ta'en a glass, and had
 A towzle¹ wi' a gauger.

¹ Struggle.

That there's nae proof o' robbery,
 To see, I think, ye canna miss ;
 Sae we the pannel maun acquit—
 No guilty, sirs—unanimous.

Demi chorus by five jurymen.

Unanimous, unanimous.

Double chorus by ten jurymen.

Unanimous, unanimous.

Grand chorus by the whole fifteen.

Sae we the pannel maun acquit.
 No guilty, sirs—unanimous.

[*The verdict is returned. Caliendrosus Maximus
 reads—in a passion.*]

AIR—*Up and down Frisky, and fire away Pat.*

Caliendrosus.

A plague o' such juries, they make such a pother,
 And thus, by their folly, let pannels go free ;
 And still, on some silly pretext or another,
 Nothing is left for your lordships and me.
 Our duty, believe us,
 Was not quite so grievous,
 While yet we had hopes for to hang 'em up all ;
 But now they're acquitted,
 Oh, how we're outwitted !—
 We've sat eighteen hours here for nothing at all.

Chorus by the whole Bench.

Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol,
 Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol,
 But now they're acquitted, etc.

[*Mob without huzza.*]

ANACREONTIC TO A LITTLE PIG'S TAIL.

ISAAC STORY.

LITTLE tail of Little Pig,
 Once as merry as a grig ;
 Twisting up, and curling down,
 When he grunted through the town ;
 Though by nature well design'd,
 Low to wave in form behind,
 Strong to guard each needful part,
 And to dabble in the dirt.

Thee, I hail ! so sweet and fair,
 Tip of gristle, root of hair,
 Courting either stump or log,
 When attack'd by spiteful dog ;
 Gradual less'ning as a cone,
 With thy curling points of bone ;
 Joints all grateful to the knife,
 In the hour of deadly strife ;
 Knife of little roguish boy,
 Who thee seizes for a toy—
 When the butcher sad or grinning,
 Round thy suburbs falls to cleaning,
 With his smoking water hot,
 Lately boiling in a pot ;
 Pot which often did contain
 Dinner costly, dinner plain ;
 Dinner from the land and water,
 Turtle soup and bullock's quarter ;

Lobster red as setting sun,
 Duck destroy'd by faithful gun ;
 Side of sheep, joint of ram,
 Breast of veal, leg of lamb,
 Or a bit of oxen tripe ;
 Or a partridge, or a snipe ;
 Or a goose, or a widgeon ;
 Or a turkey, or a pigeon.

But of all it did contain,
 What invokes the muse's strain ;
 A delicious sav'ry soup
 As was ever taken up ;
 Form'd of pettitoes and tail
 Of animal that's known to squeal.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men ;
 Who, with tail of little pig,
 Thus can run a rhyming rig ;
 As of Delia, or of Anna,
 On the gentle banks of Banna,
 Bardlings write, and maidens sing,
 Till with songs old cellars ring ;
 Till each hillock, dale, and alley,
 Grows as vocal as the valley ;
 And in inspiration's trance,
 Oysters, clams, and mussels dance.

Happy thrice, and thrice again,
 Happiest he of happy men ;
 Who with tail of little pig,
 Thus can run a rhyming rig.

AN HOLY SISTER.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley, the author of the following piece of satire, was born in London in 1618. He was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge, and became a poet very early in life. He attributed this direction of his genius to the perusal of Spenser, whose works 'were wont to lye in his mother's parlour.' Johnson in his *Lives* speaks very highly of Cowley as a poet. He died in 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

SHE that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away ;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer ;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and Bible softly goes ;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs ;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best ;
She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake ;
She that sings psalms devoutly, next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen where none see't ;
She that will sit in shop for five hours' space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be saved but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair ;

That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
 Moses, or Dod on the commandments ;
 She that can sigh, and cry 'Queen Elizabeth,'
 Rail at the Pope, and scratch-out 'sudden death :'
 And for all this can give no reason why :
 This is an holy sister, verily.

SCHNAPPS.

SELBER.

This spirited translation from the German of SELBER appeared anonymously in the *Dublin University Magazine* a few years ago.

I'M rather slow at extravaganzas,
 And what your poets call thunderclaps ;
 I'll therefore spin you some sober stanzas
 Concerning nothing at all but Schnapps.
 And though my wisdom, like Sancho Panza's,
 Consists entirely of bits and scraps,
 I'll bet you fourpence that no man plans as
 Intense a poem as I on Schnapps.

Schnapps is, you know, the genteelest liquid
 That any tapster in Potsdam taps ;
 When you've tobacco, and chew a thick quid,
 You've still to grin for your glass of Schnapps.
 You then wax funny, and show your slick wit,
 And smash to smithers with kicks and slaps
Whatever's next you—in Latin *quicquid*—
 For I quote Horace when lauding Schnapps.

I've but one pocket for quids and coppers,
 Which last moreover are mostly raps,
 Yet 'midst my ha'pence and pipes and stoppers
 I still find room for a flask of Schnapps.
 My daily quantum is twenty croppers,
 Or ten half-naggins ;—but, when with chaps
 Who, though good Schnappers, are no slipsloppers,
 I help to empty a keg of Schnapps.

Being fifty, sixty, or therebetwixt, I
 Guess many midnights cannot now elapse
 Before the hour comes in which my fixt eye
 Must look its last upon Earth and Schnapps.
 I'll kick the pail, too, in some dark pigstye,
 Imbibing hogwash, or whey perhaps,
 Which, taken sep'rate, or even mixt, I
 Don't think superior at all to Schnapps !

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

RICHARD PORSON.

Richard Porson, the eminent Greek scholar and critic, was born at East Ruston in Norfolk, on Christmas day 1759, and died in London on September 25, 1808. The circumstances under which the following *jeu-d'esprit* was written, are supposed to have been these :—One evening Porson attended a party at the house of Dr. Vincent, and on being cut out at a whist table, he rose to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent pressed him to stay, saying, 'Do stay, the rubber will soon be over, when you may go in. In the meantime, take a pen and ink at another table, and write us

some verses.' Dr. Vincent seconded this request, and added, 'I will give a subject. You shall suppose that the Devil is come among us to see what we are doing, and you shall tell us what observations he makes.' Porson obeyed the injunctions, and this humorous effusion was the result. The *Devil's Walk* has also been claimed for Southey and Coleridge, but there can be no doubt that it originated with Porson, and in all probability it was afterwards amplified by them.

FROM his brimstone bed, at break of day,
 A-walking the Devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.
 And over the hill, and over the dale,
 He walk'd, and over the plain ;
 And backwards and forwards he switch'd his long tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray, how was the Devil drest ?
 Oh ! he was in his Sunday's best ;
 His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
 With a little hole behind where his tail came through.
 He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
 On a dunghill, beside his own stable ;
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

An apothecary, on a white horse,
 Rode by on his avocations—
 'Oh !' says the Devil, 'there's my old friend
 Death in the Revelations !'
 He saw a cottage, with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility !

And the Devil was pleased, for his darling vice
Is the pride that apes humility.

He stepp'd into a rich bookseller's shop ;
Says he, ' We are both of one college ;
For I, myself, sat, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by on the 'Tree of Knowledge.'

As he pass'd through Cold-Bath-Fields, he saw
A solitary cell :
And the Devil was charm'd, for it gave him a hint
For improving the prisons of hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade !
' Ah ! nimble,' quoth he, ' do the fingers move
When they're used to their trade.'
He saw the same turnkey unfetter the same,
But with little expedition ;
And the Devil thought on the long debates
On the Slave Trade Abolition.

Down the river did glide, with wind and with tide,
A pig, with vast celerity !
And the Devil grinn'd, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought, with a smile,
Of ' England's commercial prosperity !'

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind.

The Devil quoted Genesis,
 Like a very learnèd clerk,
 How 'Noah, and his creeping things,
 Went up into the ark !'

General Gascoigne's burning face
 He saw with consternation,
 And back to Hell his way did take ;
 For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
 'Twas the General Conflagration !

THE FATE OF SERGEANT THIN.

This tragic poem, from the pen of Henry Glassford Bell, Esq., appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, in 1831, that periodical being at that time under the editorial control of the author.

WEEP for the fate of Sergeant Thin,
 A man of a desperate courage was he,
 More he rejoiced in the battle's din,
 Than in all the mess-room revelry ;
 But he died at last of no ugly gash,—
 He choked on a hair of his own moustache !

Sergeant Thin was stern and tall,
 And he carried his head with a wonderful air ;
 He look'd like a man who could never fall,
 For devil or don he did not care ;

But death soon settled the Sergeant's hash,
He choked on a hair of his own moustache !

He did not die as a soldier should,
Smiting a foe with sword in hand—
He died when he was not the least in the mood,
When his temper was more than usually bland ;
He just had fasten'd his sabre-tasche,
When he choked on a hair of his own moustache !

Sorely surprised was he to find
That his life thus hung on a single hair ;
Had he been drinking until he grew blind,
It would have been something more easy to bear ;
Or had he been eating a cartload of trash,—
But he choked on a hair of his own moustache !

The news flew quickly along the ranks,
And the whisker'd and bearded grew pale with fright ;
It seem'd the oddest of all death's pranks,
To murder a Sergeant by means so slight,—
And vain were a General's state and cash,
If he choked on a hair of his own moustache !

They buried poor Thin when the sun went down,
His cap and his sword on the coffin lay ;
But many a one from the neighbouring town
Came smilingly up to the sad array,—
For they said with a laughter they could not quash,
That he choked on a hair of his own moustache !

Now every gallant and gay hussar,
 Take warning by this most mournful tale,—
 It is not only bullet or scar
 That may your elegant form assail ;
 Be not too bold—be not too rash—
 You may choke on a hair of your own moustache !

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

GEORGE COLMAN 'THE YOUNGER.'

George Colman 'the younger,' Dramatist, Manager, and Examiner of Plays, so called to distinguish him from his father, who was also a dramatist, was born October 21, 1762. As the author of *The Poor Gentleman*, *The Iron Chest*, *The Heir-at-Law*, and numerous other standard plays, he gained for himself a high reputation as a dramatist; and his *Broad Grins*, and other volumes of poetry have made his name famous as a writer of humorous verse. He died October 26, 1836.

A MAN, in many a country town, we know,
 Professes openly with death to wrestle ;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But meet just like prize-fighters, in a fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,

And why should this be thought so odd ?

Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
Of poetry though patron-god,
Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like Gay's Fables ;
Or, rather, like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse ! And where's the treason ?
'Tis simply honest dealing :—not a crime ;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town,—it might be four ;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,
And, on the label of the stuff,
He wrote this verse ;
Which, one would think, was clear enough,
And terse :—

*' When taken
To be well shaken.'*

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
 And to the patient's house he goes,
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;
 But that's of course :
 For what's expected from a horse
 With an Apothecary on his back ?
 Bolus arrived ; and gave a doubtful tap,
 Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance
 By fiddlers, and by opera-singers :
 One loud, and then a little one behind ;
 As if the knocker fell, by chance,
 Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—
 Portending some disaster ;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
 As if th' Apothecary had physick'd him,
 And not his master.

'Well, how's the patient ?' Bolus said.

John shook his head.

'Indeed !—hum ! ha !—that's very odd !

He took the draught ?' John gave a nod.

'Well,—how ?—what then ?—speak out, you dunce !'

'Why, then,' says John, 'we *shook* him once.'

‘Shook him ! How ?’—Bolus stammer’d out.

‘We jolted him about.’

‘Zounds ! Shake a patient, man !—a shake won’t do.’

‘No, Sir,—and so we gave him *two*.’

‘Two shakes ! od’s curse !

’Twould make the patient worse.’

‘It did so, Sir !—and so a third we tried.’

‘Well, and what then ?’—‘Then, Sir, my master died !’

THE UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN.

GEORGE CANNING.

From *The Anti-Jacobin*, perhaps the most famous collection of Political Satires extant. It was originated by George Canning in 1798, and appeared in the form of a weekly newspaper, interspersed with poetry. Its avowed object was to expose the vicious doctrines of the French Revolution, and to hold up to ridicule and contempt the advocates of that event, and the sticklers for peace and parliamentary reform. The editor was William Gifford, afterwards the vigorous and severe editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The existence of *The Anti-Jacobin* was brief, but remarkably brilliant.

WHENE’ER with haggard eyes I view

This dungeon that I’m rotting in,

I think of those companions true

Who studied with me at the U—

—niversity of Göttingen—

—niversity of Göttingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes ; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.]

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue

Which once my love sat knotting in!—

Alas! Matilda then was true!

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Göttingen—

—niversity of Göttingen.

[At the repetition of this line ROGERO clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs! Barbs! alas! how swift you flew

Her neat post-waggon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languish'd at the U—

—niversity of Göttingen—

—niversity of Göttingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,

My years are many—they were few

When first I enter'd at the U—

—niversity of Göttingen—

—niversity of Göttingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my tu—

-tor, law professor at the U—

—niversity of Göttingen—

—niversity of Göttingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in :
 Here doom'd to starve on water gru—
 —el, never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Göttingen—
 —niversity of Göttingen.

[During the last stanza ROGERO dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard, as to produce a visible contusion ; he then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops; the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.]

NONGTONGPAW.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin, the 'bard of the British navy,' was born at Southampton in 1745. He began life early as a musician, and was successively actor, theatrical manager, and author. His fame rests entirely on his songs, of which he produced the amazing number of nine hundred! His nautical songs have been permanent favourites; and it is said, that, during the war at the end of last century, the influence which they exerted over the rural population was most strongly felt in supplying the navy with volunteers. For a few years at the close of his life he enjoyed a pension from Government of £200 per annum. He died June 1813.

JOHN BULL for pastime took a prance,
 Some time ago, to peep at France ;
 To talk of sciences and arts,
 And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.

Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
 And answer'd John in heathen Greek :
 To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
 'Twas, *Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas.*

John, to the Palais-Royal come,
 Its splendour almost struck him dumb.
 'I say, whose house is that there here ?'
 'House ! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*
 'What, Nongtongpaw again !' cries John ;
 'This fellow is some mighty Don :
 No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
 I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw.'

John saw Versailles from Marli's height,
 And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
 'Whose fine estate is that there here ?'
 'State ! *Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*'
 'His ? what ! the land and houses too ?
 The fellow's richer than a Jew :
 On everything he lays his claw !
 I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw.'

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
 John cried, enchanted with her air,
 'What lovely wench is that there here !'
 '*Ventch ! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur.*'
 'What, he again ? Upon my life !
 A palace, lands, and then a wife
 Sir Joshua might delight to draw :
 I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw.

‘ But hold ! whose funeral’s that ? ’ cries John.
Je vous n’entends pas.—‘ What, is he gone ?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave !
His race is run, his game is up,—
I’d with him breakfast, dine and sup ;
But since he chosés to withdraw,
Good night t’ ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw ! ’

A TALE OF A TANKARD.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard ;
Plain folk in humble plight :
One only tankard crown’d their board,
And that was fill’d each night !

Along whose inner bottom, sketch’d,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver’s hand had etch’d
A baby Angel’s face.

John swallow’d, first, a mod’rate sup ;
But Joan was not like John ;
For, when her lips once touch’d the cup,
She drank till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair ;
But she ne’er changed a jot :
She loved to see the Angel there,
And therefore drain’d the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
 Another card he play'd ;
 And, where the Angel stood so plain,
 A devil got portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
 Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd ;
 And ever, when she seized her ale,
 She clear'd it at a draught.

John stared, with wonder petrified !
 His hair rose on his pate,
 And—' Why do you drink now,' he cried,
 ' At this enormous rate ?'

' O John,' says she, ' am I to blame ?
 I can't, in conscience, stop :
 For, sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
 To leave the Devil a drop !'

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILES.

JOHN GAY.

John Gay, a poet and satirist of the days of Queen Anne, was born 1688 and died 1732. The works by which he is best known are *Trivia*, *The Beggar's Opera*, and *Fables*.

My passion is as mustard strong ;
 I sit all sober sad ;
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ;
I drink, yet can't forget her ;
For though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind ;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig, I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er ;
Lean as a rake, with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin ;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,
But as a goat now thin !

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep ;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale ;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee ;

Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail
The fine men crow'd about her ;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears,
Oh, were we joined together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds
Her pretty hand invites ;
Sharp as her needle are her words,
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;

Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good Lord ! how all men envied me !
She loved like anything.

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Changed, as her sex must do :
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an Emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post ;
Let us like curs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a die,
And wish me better speed ;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NORFOLK PUNCH.

AN INCANTATION.

TWENTY quarts of real Nantz,
Eau-de-vie of southern France ;
By Arabia's chemic skill,
Sublined, condensed, in trickling still ;
'Tis the grape's abstracted soul,
And the first matter of the bowl.

Oranges, with skins of gold,
Like Hesperian fruit of old,
Whose golden shadow wont to quiver
In the stream of Guadalquivir,
Glowing, waving as they hung
Mid fragrant blossoms ever young,
In gardens of romantic Spain,—
Lovely land, and rich in vain !
Blest by nature's bounteous hand,
Cursed with priests and Ferdinand !
Lemons, pale as Melancholy,
Or yellow russets, wan and holy.
Be their number twice fifteen,
Mystic number, well I ween,
As all must know, who aught can tell
Of sacred lore or glamour spell ;

Strip them of their gaudy hides,
Saffron garb of Pagan brides,
And like the Argonauts of Greece,
Treasure up their Golden Fleece.

Then, as doctors wise preserve
Things from nature's course that swerve,
Insects of portentous shape—worms,
Wreathed serpents, asps, and tape-worms,
Ill-fashion'd fishes, dead and swimming,
And untimely fruits of women :
All the thirty skins infuse
In Alcohol's Phlogistic dews.
Steep them—till the blessed Sun
Through half his mighty round hath run—
Hours twelve—the time exact
Their inmost virtues to extract.

Lest the portion should be heady,
As Circe's cup, or gin of Deady,
Water from the crystal spring,
Thirty quarterns, draw and bring ;
Let it, after ebullition,
Cool to natural condition.
Add, of powder saccharine,
Pounds thrice five, twice superfine ;
Mingle sweetest orange blood,
And the lemon's acid flood ;
Mingle well, and blend the whole
With the spicy Alcohol.

Strain the mixture, strain it well
 Through such vessel, as in Hell
 Wicked maids, with vain endeavour,
 Toil to fill, and toil for ever.
 Nine-and-forty Danaides,
 Wedded maids, and virgin brides
 (So blind Gentiles did believe),
 Toil to fill a faithless sieve ;
 Thirsty thing, with naught content,
 Thriftless and incontinent.

Then, to hold the rich infusion,
 Have a barrel, not a huge one,
 But clean and pure from spot or taint,
 Pure as any female saint—
 That within its tight hoop'd gyre
 Has kept Jamaica's liquid fire ;
 Or luscious Oriental rack,
 Or the strong glory of Cognac,
 Whose perfume far outscent's the Civet,
 And all but rivals rare Glenlivet.

To make the compound soft as silk,
 Quarterns twain of tepid milk,
 Fit for babies, and such small game,
 Diffuse through the strong amalgam.
 The fiery souls of heroes so do
 Combine the *suaviter in modo*,
 Bold as an eagle, meek as Dodo.

Stir it round, and round, and round,
Stow it safely under ground,
Bung'd as close as an intention
Which we *are* afraid to mention ;
Seven days six times let pass,
Then pour it into hollow glass ;
Be the vials clean and dry,
Corks as sound as chastity ;—
Years shall not impair the merit
Of the lively, gentle spirit.

Babylon's Sardanapalus,
Rome's youngster Heliogabalus,
Or that empurpled paunch, Vitellius,
So famed for appetite rebellious—
Ne'er, in all their vasty reign,
Such a bowl as this could drain.
Hark, the shade of old Apicius
Heaves his head, and cries—Delicious !
Mad of its flavour and its strength—he
Pronounces it the real Nepenthe.

'Tis the Punch, so clear and bland,
Named of Norfolk's fertile land,
Land of Turkeys, land of Coke,
Who late assumed the nuptial yoke—
Like his county beverage,
Growing brisk and stout with age.
Joy I wish—although a Tory—
To a Whig, so gay and hoary—

May be, to his latest hour,
 Flourish in his bridal bower—
 Find wedded love no Poet's fiction,
 And Punch the only contradiction.

THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.

The following translation, or rather imitation, of the famous German song, by Herr v. Muhler, appeared in *Notes and Queries* a few years ago, under the signature of F. C. H.

STRAIGHT from the tavern door
 I am come here ;
 Old road, how odd to me
 Thou dost appear !
 Right and left changing sides,
 Rising and sunk ;
 Oh, I can plainly see—
 Road ! thou art drunk !

Oh, what a twisted face
 Thou hast, O moon !
 One eye shut, t'other eye
 Wide as a spoon.
 Who could have dreamt of this ?
 Shame on thee, shame !
 Thou hast been fuddling,
 Jolly old dame !

Look at the lamps again ;
 See how they reel !
 Nodding and flickering
 Round as they wheel.
 Not one among them all
 Steady can go ;
 Look at the drunken lamps,
 All in a row.

All in an uproar seem
 Great things and small ;
 I am the only one
 Sober at all ;
 But there's no safety here
 For sober men ;
 So I'll turn back to
 The tavern again.

THE HONEST MAN'S LITANY.

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

FROM a wife of small fortune, but yet very proud,
 Who values herself on her family's blood :
 Who seldom talks sense, but for ever is loud,

Libera me !

From living i' th' parish that has an old kirk,
 Where the parson would rule like a Jew or a Turk,
 And keep a poor curate to do all his work,

Libera me !

From a justice of peace who forgives no offence,
But construes the law in its most rigid sense,
And still to bind over will find some pretence,

Libera me!

From bailiffs, attorneys, and all common rogues,
From Irish nonsense, their bogs and their brogues,
From Scots' bonny clabber, their clawing and shrugs,

Libera me!

From spiritual courts, citations and libels,
From proctors, apparitors, and all the tribe else,
Which never were read of yet, in any Bibles,

Libera me!

From dealing with great men and taking their word,
From waiting whole mornings to speak with my lord,
Who puts off his payments, and puts on his sword,

Libera me!

From trusting to hypocrites : wretches who trifle
With heaven, that on earth more secure they may rifle ;
Who conscience and honour and honesty stifle,

Libera me!

From Black-coats, who never the gospel yet taught,
From Red-coats, who never a battle yet fought,
From Turn-coats, whose inside and outside are naught,

Libera me!

FOOTMAN JOE.

G. HEERT.

WOULD you see a man that's slow ?
Come and see our footman, Joe :
Most unlike the bounding roe,
Or an arrow from a bow,
Or the flight direct of crow,
Is the pace of footman Joe ;
Crabs that hobble to and fro,
In their motions copy Joe.
Snails, contemptuous as they go,
Look behind and laugh at Joe.
An acre any man may mow,
Ere across it crawleth Joe.
Trip on light fantastic toe
Ye that tripping like, for Joe ;
Measured steps of solemn woe
Better suit with steady Joe.
Danube, Severn, Trent, and Po,
Backward to the source shall flow,
Ere despatch be made by Joe.
Letters to a Plenipo
Send not by our footman Joe.
Would you Job's full merit know,
Ring the bell, and wait for Joe ;
Whether it be king or no,
'Tis just alike to lazy Joe.
Legal process none can show,
If your lawyer move like Joe,

Death, at last, our common foe,
 Must trip up the heels of Joe ;
 And a stone shall tell—' Below,
 Hardly changed, still sleepeth Joe.
 Loud shall the final trumpet blow,
 But the last comer will be Joe.'

THE THEATRE.

JAMES SMITH.

Rejected Addresses ; or, the New Theatrum Poetarum, by James and Horace Smith, appeared in October 1812. The occasion which suggested the volume was the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre. The managers issued an advertisement requesting that addresses, one of which should be spoken on the opening night, might be sent in for competition. Mr. Ward, secretary of the Theatre, casually started the idea of publishing a series of *supposed* 'Rejected Addresses.' The brothers eagerly adopted the suggestion, and in six weeks the volume was published, and received by the public with enthusiastic delight. The *Rejected Addresses* are principally humorous imitations of eminent authors. Lord Byron and Lord Jeffrey frequently spoke highly in favour of them as 'the very best that ever were made.'

'The Theatre,' given here, is in imitation of Crabbe, and was written by James Smith. In the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey wrote of it : "The Theatre," by the Rev. G. Crabbe, we rather think, is the best piece in the collection. It is an exquisite and most masterly imitation, not only of the peculiar style, but of the taste, temper, and manner of description of that most original author.'

James Smith died at Craven Street, Strand, on the 24th December 1839, aged 65 ; and Horace died at Tunbridge Wells, July 12, 1849, in the 70th year of his age.

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
 Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,

Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start ;
To see red Phœbus through the gallery-pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane ;
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

At first, while vacant seats give choice and ease,
Distant or near, they settle where they please ;
But when the multitude contracts the span,
And seats are rare, they settle where they can.

Now the full benches to late-comers doom
No room for standing, miscall'd *standing-room*.

Hark ! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling 'Pit full !' gives the check he takes ;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowdiers shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

See to their desks Apollo's sons repair—
Swift rides the rosin o'er the horse's hair !
In unison their various tones to tune,
Murmurs the hautboy, growls the hoarse bassoon ;
In soft vibration sighs the whispering lute,
Tang goes the harpsichord, too-too the flute,
Brays the loud trumpet, squeaks the fiddle sharp,
Winds the French horn, and twangs the tingling harp ;
Till, like great Jove, the leader, figuring in,
Attunes to order the chaotic din.

Now all seems hush'd ; but no, one fiddle will
 Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still.
 Foil'd in his crash, the leader of the clan
 Reproves with frowns the dilatory man :
 Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
 Nods a new signal, and away they go.

Perchance, while pit and gallery cry 'Hats off !'
 And awed Consumption checks his chided cough,
 Some giggling daughter of the Queen of Love
 Drops, rest of pin, her play-bill from above ;
 Like Icarus, while laughing galleries clap,
 Soars, ducks, and dives in air the printed scrap ;
 But, wiser far than he, combustion fears,
 And, as it flies, eludes the chandeliers ;
 Till, sinking gradual, with repeated twirl,
 It settles, curling, on a fiddler's curl,
 Who from his powder'd pate the intruder strikes,
 And, for mere malice, sticks it on the spikes.

Say, why these Babel strains from Babel tongues ?
 Who's that calls 'Silence !' with such leathern lungs ?
 He who, in quest of quiet, 'Silence !' hoots,
 Is apt to make the hubbub he imputes.

What various swains our motley walls contain !—
 Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane ;
 Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
 Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court ;
 From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
 Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane ;

The lottery-cormorant, the auction-shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk ;
Boys who long linger at the gallery-door,
With pence twice five—they want but twopence more ;
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery-stairs.

Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds—we wish they'd mind their talk ;
Big-worded bullies, who by quarrels live—
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give ;
Jews from St. Mary Axe,¹ for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary ;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait ;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.

Yet here, as elsewhere, Chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling Fortune seem'd to threaten woe.

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire ;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ ;

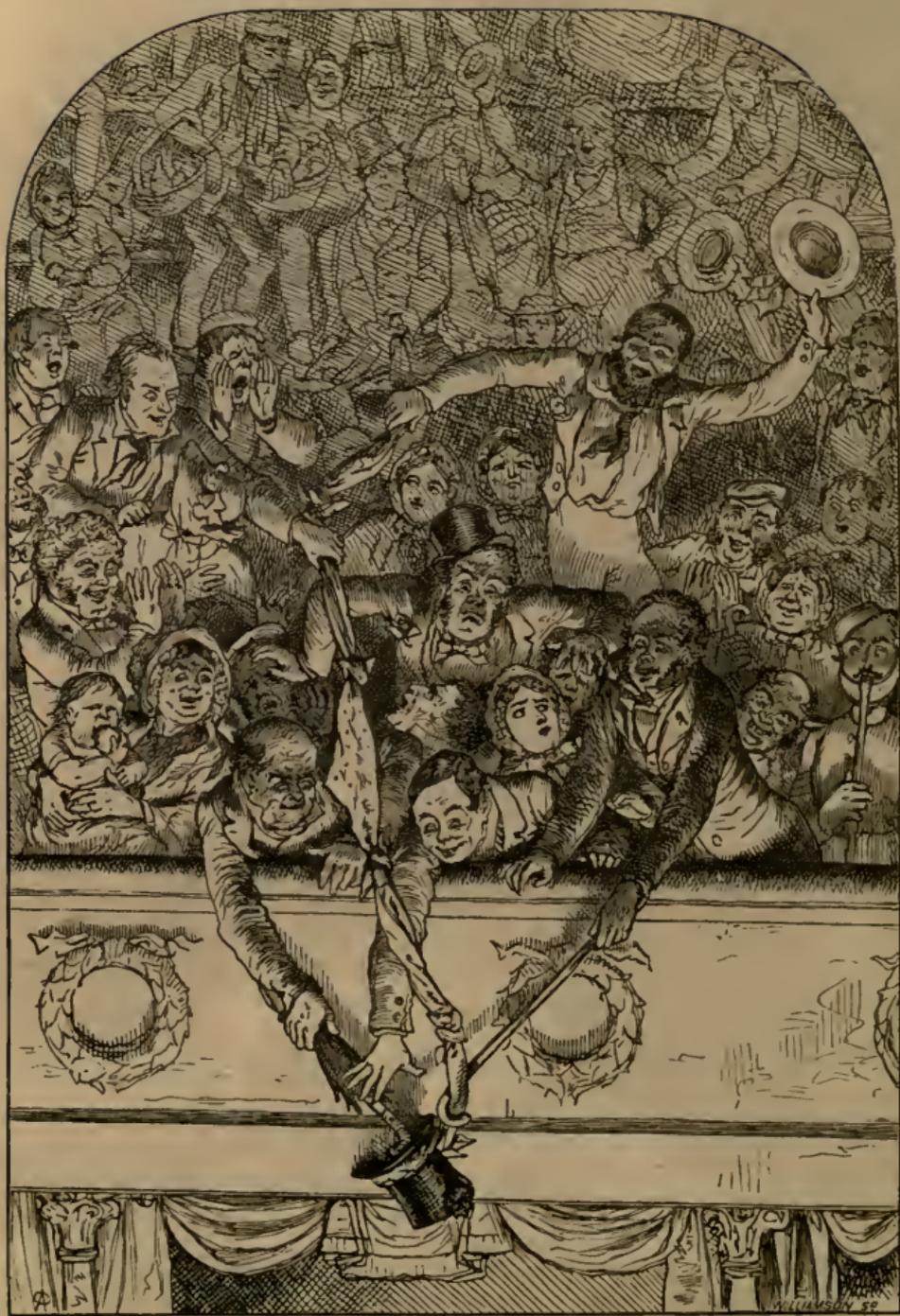
¹ A street and parish in Lime Street Ward, London—at that time chiefly inhabited by Jews.

In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
 (At number twenty-seven, it is said),
 Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head;
 He would have bound him to some shop in town,
 But with a premium he could not come down.
 Pat was the urchin's name—a red-hair'd youth,
 Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
 The Muse shall tell an accident she saw.

Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat,
 But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
 Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
 And spurn'd the one to settle in the two.
 How shall he act? Pay at the gallery-door
 Two shillings for what cost, when new, but four?
 Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
 And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
 Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
 John Mullens whispered, 'Take my handkerchief.'
 'Thank you,' cries Pat; 'but one won't make a line.'
 'Take mine,' cried Wilson; and cried Stokes, 'Take
 mine.'

A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
 Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
 Like Iris' bow down darts the painted clue,
 Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
 Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
 George Green below, with palpitating hand,
 Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band—



Upsoars the prize! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd ;
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

Upsoars the prize ! The youth, with joy unfeign'd,
 Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd ;
 While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
 Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat.

COME TO THE MAY-POLE !

The name of the author of the following is unknown. It first appeared in *Westminster Drollery* ; ' a choice collection of the newest songs and poems.' London, 1672. It has long been a great favourite with the rustic population of England, and the words of it are said to be still sold in Seven Dials.

COME, Lasses and Lads, get leave of your Dads,
 And away to the May-pole hie,
 For every fair has a sweetheart there,
 And the fiddler's standing by.
 For Willy shall dance with Jane,
 And Johnny has got his Joan,
 To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it,
 Trip it up and down.

Strike up, says Wat : agreed, says Matt,
 And I prithee, fiddler, play ;
 Content, says Hodge, and so says Madge,
 For this is a holiday:
 Then every lad did doff
 His hat unto his lass,
 And every girl did curtsy, curtsy,
 Curtsey on the grass.

Begin, says Hal : ay, ay, says Mall,
We'll lead up *Packington's Pound* ;
No, no, says Noll, and so says Doll,
We'll first have *Sellinger's Round*.

Then every man began
To foot it round about,
And every girl did jet it, jet it,
Jet it in and out.

You're out, says Dick,—not I, says Nick,
'Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong ;
'Tis true, says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.

The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men.

Let's kiss, says Jane,—content, says Nan,
And so says every she ;
How many ? says Batt,—why three, says Matt,
For that's a maiden's fee.

The men, instead of three,
Did give them half a score ;
The maids in kindness, kindness, kindness,
Gave 'em as many more.

Then, after an hour, they went to a bower,
And play'd for ale and cakes ;
And kisses too,—until they were due
The lasses held the stakes.

The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again.

Now there they did stay the whole of the day,
And tired the fiddler quite
With dancing and play, without any pay,
From morning until night.

They told the fiddler then
They'd pay him for his play,
Then each a twopence, twopence, twopence,
Gave him, and went away.

Good-night, says Harry,—good-night, says Mary ;
Good-night, says Dolly to John ;
Good-night, says Sue to her sweetheart Hugh ;
Good-night says every one.

Some walk'd, and some did run ;
Some loiter'd on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve
To meet the next holiday.

WANTED A GOVERNESS.

A GOVERNESS wanted—well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill—
In a gentleman's family highly genteel.
Superior attainments are quite indispensable,
With everything, too, that's correct and ostensible ;

Morals of pure unexceptionability ;
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.
The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—
All as promising girls as ever were seen—
And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in)
There is *one* little boy—but *he* only learns Latin.
The lady must teach all the several branches
Whereinto polite education now launches.
She's expected to speak the French tongue like a native,
And be to her pupils of all its points dative.
Italian she *must* know *a fond*, nor needs banish
Whatever acquaintance she *may* have with Spanish ;
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,
In the absence, that is, of the master, Von Hermann.
The harp and piano—*cela va sans dire*—
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.
In drawing in pencil, and chalks, and the tinting
That's call'd Oriental, she must not be stint in :
She must paint upon paper, and satin and velvet ;
And if she knows gilding, she'll not need to shelve it.
Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,
The Polish mazurka, and best gallopades ;
Arithmetic, history joined with chronology,
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,
Grammar, and satin stitch, netting, geography,
Astronomy, use of the globes, and cosmography.
'Twere also as well she should be Calisthenical,
That her charges' young limbs may be pliant to any call.
Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,
Must be superintended without intermission ;

At home, she must all habits check that disparage,
 And when they go out must attend to their carriage.
 Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable—
 Health good—and reference quite undeniable.
 These are the principal matters—*Au reste*,
 Address, Bury Street, Mrs. General Peste.
 As the *salary's moderate*, none need apply
 Who more on that point than on *comfort* rely.

THE TINKER AND GLAZIER.

WILLIAM HARRISON.

William Harrison died in 1712. He was a great friend of Dean Swift's, and associated with Steele in the editorship of the *Tatler*. Several of his poetical pieces appeared in *Dodsley's* and *Nichol's Collections*.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
 One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker ;
 Both with light purses, but with spirits gay ;
 And hard it were to name the sturdiest drinker.

 Their ale they quaff'd ;
 And, as they swigg'd the nappy,
 They both agreed, 'tis said,
 That trade was wond'rous dead.
 They jokèd, sung, laugh'd,
 And were completely happy.

The Landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
 Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug ;
 For every jest, and song, and merry tale,
 Had this blithe ending—'Bring us t'other mug.'

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn,
 To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn ;
 And, where the heart to friendship feels inclined,
 Occasion seldom loiters long behind.

The kettle, gaily singing on the fire,
 Gives Dick a hint, just to his heart's desire :
 And, while to draw more ale the Landlord goes,
 Dick, in the ashes, all the water throws ;
 Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
 And at the Tinker winks,
 As 'Trade's success !' he drinks,
 Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
 Our Landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand ;
 So, giving each kind customer a hand,
 His friendship too display'd,
 And drank—'Success to trade !'

But, oh how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
 How long and rueful his round visage grew,
 Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
 Solder the only fluid he could view !
 He raved, he caper'd, and he swore,
 And cursed the kettle's body o'er and o'er.
 'Come ! come !' says Dick, 'fetch us, my friend, more
 ale ;
 All trades, you know, must live :
 Let's drink—"May trade with none of us, e'er fail !"
 The job to Tom, then, give ;
 And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
 Take my word for it, soon will mend your kettle.'

The Landlord yields ; but hopes 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade, that thrives at his expense.

Tom undertakes the job ; to work he goes ;
And just concludes it, with the evening's close.
Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,
Each might be fairly call'd a loving brother ;
Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a trick,
And one good turn in truth deserves another !
Out now he slily slips,
But not a word he said.
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.

Swift to the neighb'ring church his way he takes ;
Nor in the dark
Misses his mark,
But every pane of glass he quickly breaks.
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's joy,
At getting so much excellent employ,
Return'd, he beckoning, draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face,
And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case :—
' Dick ? I may give you joy, you're a made man ;
I've done your business most complete, my friend :
I'm off !—the devil may catch me, if he can.
Each window of the church you've got to mend ;

Ingratitude's worst curse my head befall,
If, for your sake, I have not broke them all !'

Tom with surprise sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs—' Oh, la !'

Then drops his under jaw,

And all his powers of utt'rance fail :

While horror in his ghastly face,

And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace ;

Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,

Share with his heart

Dick's unknown smart,

And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.

At length, friend Dick his speech regain'd,

And soon the mystery explain'd—

' You have, indeed, my business done !

And I, as well as you, must run :

For let me act the best I can,

Tom ! Tom ! I am a ruin'd man.

Zounds ! zounds ! this piece of friendship costs me dear,
I always mend church windows—*by the year !*

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

The *Biglow Papers*, by James Russell Lowell, is well known as one of the most racy and pungent volumes of humorous and satirical verse which has emanated from the press of America. *The Pious Editor's Creed* is, says the editor of the English edition, 'an exquisite piece of satire levelled at the swarms of noisy editors in the United States, who seek political preferment in the

great quadrennial scrambles.' Professor Lowell was born at Boston in 1819, and he fills the chair of *Belles-Lettres* in Harvard University. As a poet and humorist, he occupies a high position in America and Great Britain.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
 Ez fur away ez Paris is ;
 I love to see her stick her claws
 In them infarnal Pharisees ;
 It's wal enough agin a king
 To dror resolves an' triggers,—
 But libbaty's a kind o' thing
 Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
 A tax on teas an' coffees,
 Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
 Purvidin' I'm in office ;
 Fer I hev loved my country sence
 My eye-teeth fill'd their sockets,
 An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
 Partic'larly his pockets

I du believe in *any* plan,
 O' levyin' the taxes,
 Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
 I git jest wut I axes :
 I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
 Because it kind o' rouses
 The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
 Our quiet custom-houses

I du believe it's wise an' good
 To sen' out furrin missions,
 Thet is, on sartin understood
 An' orthydox conditions ;—
 I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
 Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
 An' me to recommend a man
 The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
 O' prayin' an' convartin' ;
 'The bread comes back in many days,
 An' butter'd, tu, fer sartin ;—
 I mean in preyin' till one busts
 On wut the party chooses,
 An' in convartin' public trusts
 To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
 Fer 'lectioneers to spout on ;
 The people's ollers soft enough
 To make hard money out on ;
 Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
 An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
 I don't care *how* hard money is
 Ez long ez mine's paid punctoal.

I du believe with all my soul
 In the gret Press's freedom,
 To pint the people to the goal
 An' in the traces lead 'em ;

Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
 At my fat contracts squintin',
 An' wither'd be the nose thet pokes
 Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe thet I should give
 Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
 Fer it's by him I move an' live,
 Frum him my bread an' cheese air ;
 I du believe thet all o' me
 Doth bear his soperscription,—
 Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him thet hez the grantin'
 O' jobs,—in everythin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN' ;
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
 I *don't* believe in princerples,
 But, oh, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t' other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin' ;
 It aint by princerples nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness,—
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,
 Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally ;
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
 An' this'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

WORMS.

ALEXANDER POPE.

The following lines were addressed by Alexander Pope, Author of the *Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, etc., to 'The Ingenious Mr. Moore, inventor of the celebrated worm powder.'

How much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceived by shows and forms?
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All human race are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Proud reptile, vile and vain,
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er since our grannum's evil;
She first conversed with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the Devil.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a worm they took their rise,
Then in a worm decay.

The flatterer an ear-wig grows,
Some worms suit all conditions;
Misers are muck-worms; silk-worms, beaux,
And death-watches, physicians.

That statesmen have a worm, is seen
By all their winding play;

Their conscience is a worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore ! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise
If thou couldst make the courtier void
The worm that never dies.

Thou only canst our fate adjourn
Some few short years, no more ;
E'en Button's wits to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before.

SURNAMES.

By James Smith, one of the Authors of *The Rejected Addresses*.

MEN once were surnamed for their shape or estate
(You all may from history worm it),
There was Louis the bulky, and Henry the Great,
John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit :
But now, when the doorplates of misters and dames
Are read, each so constantly varies ;
From the owner's trade, figure, and calling surnames
Seem given by the rule of contraries.

Mr. Wise is a dunce, Mr. King is a whig,
Mr. Coffin's uncommonly sprightly,
And huge Mr. Little broke down in a gig
While driving fat Mrs. Golightly.

At Bath, where the feeble go more than the stout
 (A conduct well worthy of Nero),
Over poor Mr. Lightfoot, confined with the gout,
 Mr. Heavyside danced a bolero.

Miss Joy, wretched maid, when she chose Mr. Love,
 Found nothing but sorrow await her ;
She now holds in wedlock, as true as a dove,
 That fondest of mates, Mr. Hayter.

Mr. Oldcastle dwells in a modern-built hut ;
 Miss Sage is of madcaps the archest ;
Of all the queer bachelors Cupid e'er cut,
 Old Mr. Younghusband's the starchest.

Mr. Child, in a passion, knock'd down Mr. Rock ;
 Mr. Stone like an aspen-leaf shivers ;
Miss Pool used to dance, but she stands like a stock
 Ever since she became Mrs. Rivers.

Mr. Swift hobbles onward, no mortal knows how,
 He moves as though cords had entwined him ;
Mr. Metcalf ran off upon meeting a cow,
 With pale Mr. Turnbull behind him.

Mr. Barker's as mute as a fish in the sea,
 Mr. Miles never moves on a journey,
Mr. Gotobed sits up till half after three,
 Mr. Makepeace was bred an attorney.

Mr. Gardener can't tell a flower from a root,
 Mr. Wild with timidity draws back,
Mr. Ryder performs all his journeys on foot,
 Mr. Foot all his journeys on horseback.

Mr. Penny, whose father was rolling in wealth,
 Consumed all the fortune his dad won ;
 Large Mr. Le Fever's the picture of health ;
 Mr. Goodenough is but a bad one ;
 Mr. Cruikshank stept into three thousand a year
 By showing his leg to an heiress :
 Now I hope you'll acknowledge I've made it quite clear
 Surnames ever go by contraries.

THE LITERARY LADY.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, statesman, wit, and author of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, etc., was born at Dublin in 1751; died, 1816.

WHAT motley cares Corilla's mind perplex,
 Whom maids and metaphors conspire to vex !
 In studious dishabille behold her sit,
 A letter'd gossip and a household wit ;
 At once invoking, though for different views,
 Her gods, her cook, her milliner, and muse.
 Round her strew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
 A chequer'd wreck of notable and wise,
 Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a varied mass,
 Oppress the toilet and obscure the glass ;
 Unfinish'd here an epigram is laid,
 And there a mantua-maker's bill unpaid.

There new-born plays foretaste the town's applause,
 There dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
 A moral essay now is all her care,
 A satire next, and then a bill of fare.
 A scene she now projects, and now a dish ;
 Here Act the First, and here, Remove with Fish.
 Now, while this eye in a fine frenzy rolls,
 That soberly casts up a bill for coals ;
 Black pins and daggers in one leaf she sticks,
 And tears, and threads, and bowls, and thimbles mix.

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

YRIARTE.

Don Tomas Yriarte, an eminent Spanish poet, was born at Teneriffe, 1750. He is chiefly known to English readers by his 'Fabulas Literarias' (Literary Fables) published 1782. These fables have been frequently translated in this country and in America. The latest, and by far the most successful translation, is that by Mr. Robert Rockliff, published in Liverpool, 1854. Mr. Rockliff has caught the happy manner and free versification of his author in no ordinary degree, and his complete collection of Yriarte's Fables is one of the most excellent translations from a foreign language which has appeared of late years. Yriarte died in 1798.

A COUNTRY squire, of greater wealth than wit'
 (For fools are often bless'd with fortune's smile),
 Had built a splendid house, and furnish'd it
 In splendid style.

‘One thing is wanted,’ said a friend ; ‘for, though
The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use.’

‘’Tis true ; but, zounds !’ replied the squire with glee,
‘The lumber-room in yonder northern wing
(I wonder I ne’er thought of it) will be
The very thing.

‘I’ll have it fitted up without delay
With shelves and presses of the newest mode
And rarest wood, befitting every way
A squire’s abode.

‘And when the whole is ready, I’ll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—down,
To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town.’

But ere the library was half supplied
With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,
The booby Squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

‘This room is much more roomy than I thought ;
Ten thousand volumes hardly would suffice
To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguey price.

'Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thoughts, be just as good,
And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood.'

'It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal
A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness.'

'And gilt and letter'd with the author's name,
Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same)
Assembled there.'

The work was done ; the simulated hoards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber stood,
In bindings some ; and some, of course, in *boards*,
Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
The choicest tomes in many an even row,
Display'd their letter'd backs upon the shelves,
A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly surpass'd
The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain ?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to shelf,
 And conn'd their titles, that the Squire began,
 Despite his ignorance, to think himself
 A learned man ?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
 To backs and bindings, take the hint and sell
 His costly library ; for painted books
 Would serve as well.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

By Robert Lloyd, A.M. A collected edition of this Author's poems, edited by Dr. Kenrick, was published in 1774. 'His work entitled *The Actor* is considered one of the most pleasing and scientific essays upon theatrical representation in general that has ever been written.'—*Lowndes*. Born, 1736 ; died, 1764.

THE very silliest things in life
 Create the most material strife ;
 What scarce will suffer a debate,
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
 'It is,' you say—I say, 'Tis not'
 —Why, you grow warm, and I am hot.
 Thus each alike with passion glows,
 And words come first, and after blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year ;
 And rented, on the farming plan,
 Grounds at much greater sums per ann.

A man of consequence, no doubt,
'Mongst all his neighbours round about :
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honest to be much refined ;
Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ;
Her age was neither young nor old ;
Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;
Her air not bad, but rather vain ;
Her temper neither new nor strange,
A woman's—very apt to change :
What she most hated was conviction ;
What she most loved, flat contradiction.

A charming housewife, ne'ertheless—
Tell me a thing she could not dress :
Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies ;
Nought came amiss—she was so wise !
For she, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had seldom seen
A farmer's wife with such a mien.
She could not bear the sound of dame ;
No ; Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue, with wond'rous grace,
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace ;
But, tho' she managed well the house,
She had a vast contempt for spouse ;

As being one who took no pride,
 And was a deal too countrify'd.
 Such were our couple, man and wife ;
 Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair,
 For exercise and cheerful air,
 It happen'd, in his morning's roam,
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
 ' Here, Cicely, take away my gun :
 How shall we have these starlings done ?'
 —' Done ! what, my love ?—Your wits are wild—
 Starlings, my dear ! they're thrushes, child.'—
 ' Nay, now, but look, consider, wife,
 They're starlings.'—' No, upon my life !
 Sure I can judge as well as you,
 I know a thrush and starling too.'—
 ' Who was it shot them, you or I ?—
 They're starlings !'—' Thrushes !'—' Zounds, you lie !'
 ' Pray, sir, take back your angry word,
 I scorn your language as your bird ;
 It ought to make a husband blush,
 To treat a wife so 'bout a thrush.'—
 ' Thrush, Cicely !'—' Yes.'—' A starling !'—' No.'
 The lie again, and then a blow.
 Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
 And mar the powers of contradiction.

Peace soon ensued, and all was well ;
 It were imprudence to rebel,

Or keep the ball up of debate,
Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease,
'Twas 'As you like!' and 'What you please!'
Till, in its course and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely—'Ah, this charming life!
No tumults now, no blows, no strife!
What fools we were this day last year!
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
Sure it was idle and absurd,
To wrangle so about a bird;
A bird not worth a single rush—
A starling.'—'No, my love, a thrush!
That I'll maintain.'—'That I'll deny.—
You're wrong, good husband.'—'Wife, you lie!'

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
Again the lie, again the blows.
Thus, every year (true man and wife)
Ensues the same domestic strife:
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and kiss, and friends;
'Tis 'starling,' 'thrush,' and 'thrush' and 'starling';
'You dog!'—'You slut!'—'My dear!'—'My darling!'

A MODEL SERMON.

It should be brief; if lengthy, it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep;

The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze,
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm ; a living altar coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul ;
A sapless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear ;
No fine-spun theory to please the ear ;
No curious lay to tickle letter'd pride,
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate ;
The fiery laws, with words of love allay'd,
Will sweetly warm and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just, and rational,
Wisely conceived, and well express'd withal ;
Not stuff'd with silly notions, apt to stain
A sacred desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well-adapted grace,
To situation, audience, time, and place ;
A sermon form'd for scholars, statesmen, lords,
With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome ;
While some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,
A gracious Saviour is the Gospel theme !

It should be mix'd with many an ardent prayer,
 To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there ;
 When God and man are mutually address'd
 God grants a blessing, man is truly bless'd.

It should be closely, well applied at last,
 To make the moral nail securely fast :
Thou art the man, and thou alone will make
 A Felix tremble and a David quake !

THE ANNUITY.

GEORGE OUTRAM.

'The little work from which "The Annuity" has been selected was printed, for private distribution only, by the late Mr. George Outram. It bears the unpromising title of *Legal Lyrics, and Metrical Illustrations of the Scottish Forms of Process*; but abounds in keen wit and rich humour, which force themselves on the appreciation even of readers whose misfortune it is to be born south of the Tweed, and to be unacquainted with the exquisitely simple forms and phrases of Scottish law.'—*Wills*.

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—
 For there I met a waesome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell ;
 And—I was sae left to mysel'—
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
 She just was turn'd o' saxty-three—
 I couldna guess'd she'd prove sae teugh,¹
 By human ingenuity.
 But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she's yet as stieve's² a stane—
 The limmer's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined³ awa' to bane an' skin.
 But that it seems is nought to me.
 She's like to live—although she's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.
 She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,⁴
 But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
 To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
 For an Insurance Company;
 Her chance o' life was stated there
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.
 But tables here or tables there,
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,
 An's like to live a dozen mair,
 To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast⁵—
 I thought a kink⁶ might set me free—

¹ Tough.² Firm.³ Shrunk.⁴ Threads.⁵ Cough.⁶ Paroxysm.

I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.
 But Deil ma' care—the blast gaed by,
 And miss'd the auld anatomy ;
 It just cost me a tooth, forbye¹,
 Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough² o' cholera
 Or typhus—wha sae gleg³ as she !
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccan superfluity !
 She doesna need—she's fever proof—
 The pest walk'd o'er her very roof—
 She tauld me sae—an' then her loof⁴
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
 A compound fracture as could be—
 Nae Leech the cure wad undertak,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.
 It's cured !—She handles 't like a flail—
 It does as weel in bits as hale—
 But I'm a broken man mysel',
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled⁵ flesh and broken banes,
 Are weel as flesh an' banes can be.
 She beats the taeds⁶ that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity !

¹ Besides.² Whisper.³ Sharp.⁴ Hand.⁵ Bruised.⁶ Toads.

They die when they're exposed to air—
 They canna thole¹ the atmosphere—
 But her !—expose her onywhere—
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
 Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
 I'd justify't—an' do it tae.
 But how to fell a wither'd wife
 That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
 The timmer limmer daurs² the knife
 To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But whar's the mark ?—
 Her vital parts are hid frae me.
 Her back-bane wanders through her sark
 In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
 She's palsified—an' shakes her head
 Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't—
 It's past the power o' steel or lead
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drown'd ;—but go she'll not
 Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—
 Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
 O' siccan exiguity.

¹ Endure.

² The wooden hussy dares.

It's fitter far to hang the rope—
 It draws out like a telescope—
 'Twad tak a dreadfu' length o' drop
 To settle her annuity.

Will puzion¹ do't?—It has been tried.
 But, be't in hash or fricassee,
 That's just the dish she can't abide,
 Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
 It's needless to assail her doubts—
 She gangs by instinct,—like the brutes,—
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits
 Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore and ten perchance may be.
 She's ninety-four.—Let them wha can
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the flood—
 She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
 She's some auld Pagan mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out—
 She's sauted to the last degree—
 There's pickle in her very snout
 Sae caper-like an' cruety,

¹ Poison.

Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
 They've Kyanized the useless knir¹—
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
 As this eternal jaud wears me.
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm *charged* for her annuity.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE

Not to be found in any of the Books.

COWPER.

William Cowper, 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' wrote a few pieces of humorous poetry, one of which—*John Gilpin*—will live as long as the English language exists.

BETWEEN Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
 The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
 To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

¹ Witch.

So Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
While Chief-Baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

‘ In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,
And your lordship,’ he said, ‘ will undoubtedly find,
That the Nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.’

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
‘ Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Design’d to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

‘ Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
(’Tis a case that has happen’d, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then ?

‘ On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.’

Then shifting his side (as a lawyer knows how),
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes :
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed with a grave solemn tone,
Decisive and clear, without one if or but—
'That, whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By daylight or candlelight—Eyes should be shut !'

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on Town, yclept Tom King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke ;
In short, for strokes of humour, quite the thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone :
Choice spirit, grave freemason, buck and blood,
Would crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight :
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might frown.
If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight.
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.

Around this place, there lived the numerous clans
Of honest, plodding, foreign artisans,
Known at that time, by name of refugees.
The rod of persecution, from their home,
Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of bees.

Well ! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view ;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
So tow'rd's the gloomy dome our hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock),
' I'll ask,' says King, ' if Thompson lodges here.'
' Thompson,' cries t'other, ' who the devil's he ?'
' I know not,' King replies, ' but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear.'

After some time, a little Frenchman came ;
One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling flame,

The other held a thing they call'd *culotte*,
 An old striped woollen night-cap graced his head,
 A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread ;
 Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous smiled,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 'Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late ?
 I beg your pardon, sare, to make you vait ?
 Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me ?'

'Sir,' replied King, 'I merely thought to know,
 As by your house I chanced to-night to go
 (But, really, I disturb'd your sleep, I fear),
 I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
 Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
 If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here ?'

The shiv'ring Frenchman, though not pleased to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
 Then, with unalter'd courtesy, he spoke :
 'No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.'

Our wag begg'd pardon, and toward home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed.
 But King resolved not thus to drop the jest,
 So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,

Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knock'd—but waited longer than before ;
No footstep seem'd approaching to the door ;
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thunder'd then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain ;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep :
The wag salutes him with a civil leer :
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes,
'Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here ?'

The Frenchman falter'd, with a kind of fright,—
'Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night
(And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere)—
'No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so ;
Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here !'

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.
The rogue next night pursued his old career.
'Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
'Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here !'

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,
Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster ;
Anxious, she strove his errand to inquire,
He said 'twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.
King told her she must fetch her master down,
A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.
At last he wakes ; he rises ; and he swears :
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attack'd him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 'twas all in vain
To his tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage began his crest to rear :
' Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Got tam—I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here !'

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,

Which would descend to chase the fiend away.
 At length, to join their forces and agree,
 And straight impetuously they turn the key,
 Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
 Collected to receive the mighty shock,
 Utt'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood—
 The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,
 He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
 With 'Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.'

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
 Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
 So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
 They threw out water ; for the watch they call ;
 But King expecting, still escapes from all—
 Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
 On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime,
 Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot.
 At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
 He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
 And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
 And the same night, as former freaks arise,
 He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
 'Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth,' he said ;
 'My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
 Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his place.'

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
 And while he eager eyes the opening door,
 Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
 Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !
 He took his old abode that very day—
 Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
 Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
 Just in his former trim he now appears ;
 The waistcoat and the nightcap seem'd the same,
 With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
 And King's detested voice astonish'd hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
 His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright,
 His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
 Then starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
 'Begar ! here's Monsieur Tonson come again !'
 Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more !

THIRTY-FIVE.

DR. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Thrale, on her thirty-fifth birthday, remarked to Dr. Johnson, that no one would send her verses now that she had attained that age, upon which the Doctor, without the least hesitation, recited the lines given here. On finishing them, he said, 'And now, you

may see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary-maker ; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order.' And so they do.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five ;
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five ;
For, howe'er we boast and strive,
Life declines from thirty-five ;
He that ever hopes to thrive,
Must begin by thirty-five ;
And all who wisely wish to wife,
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

THE PENSIVE ENTHUSIAST.

A PENSIVE enthusiast sat on a hill,
The air was serene, and the evening was still,
Not a sound was there heard but the clack of a mill,
Near the pensive enthusiast's seat on the hill.

For the woes of mankind the enthusiast wept,
 And then, for his own satisfaction, he slept ;
 Till losing his balance, as sleeping men will,
 The pensive enthusiast roll'd down the hill.

His forehead was struck 'gainst a sharp pointed rock,
 All the brains that he had, were beat out by the shock ;—
 From his terrible fate, this moral is found,
 When you sleep out of doors, choose a piece of plain
 ground.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD.

From Dodsley's *Collection*, 1775.

'TWAS in the land of learning,
 The Muse's favourite station,
 Such pranks, of late,
 Were play'd by a rat,
 As gave them consternation !
 All in a college study,
 Where books were in great plenty,
 This rat would devour
 More sense in an hour,
 Than I could write—in twenty.
 His breakfast, half the morning,
 He constantly attended ;
 And when the bell rung
 For evening-song,
 His dinner scarce was ended.

Huge tomes of geo—graphy,
And maps lay all in flutter ;
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea,
And a kingdom—bread and butter.

Such havoc, spoil, and rapine,
With grief my muse rehearses ;
How freely he would dine
On some bulky school-divine,
And for dessert—eat verses.

He spared not even heroics,
On which we poets pride us :
And would make no more
Of King Arthurs, by the score,
Than—all the world beside does.

But if the desperate potion
Might chance to over-dose him ;
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic, to compose him.

A trap in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't ;
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 'twas baited ;
The fact, I'll not bely it ;

Since none, I tell ye that,
Whether scholar or rat,
Minds books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, sir,
Why should I sing—or either ?
Since the rat, with mickle pride,
All their sophistry defied ;
And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vanish'd,
Through a fracture in the flooring ;
Which though so trim
It *now* may seem,
Had then a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages
(Nor think I mean to wrong ye) ;
Had the rat, who thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a sage among ye ?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition ;
But the rat, who chiefly learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the deeper politician.

That England's topsy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, sir,
Since traps, we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin take our traps, sir:

Let sophs, by rats infested,
 Then trust in *cats* to catch 'em ;
 Lest they prove the utter bane
 Of our *studies*, where, 'tis plain,
 No mortal sits—to watch 'em.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

BERANGER.

Pierre Jean de Béranger, the greatest lyric poet that France has produced, was born at Paris in 1780. The influence of his songs on the public mind during the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 is now matter of history. Speaking of his songs, Goethe says, 'They are so full of mature cultivation, of grace, wit, and subtlest irony; they are so artistically finished, and their language is so masterly, that he is admired not only by France, but by the whole of civilized Europe.'

In the present volume, we, of course, can only exhibit the humorous side of Béranger's muse. His perception of the ludicrous was undoubtedly great, but it is in the composition of political and patriotic lyrics that his greatest power lay. He died in 1857, leaving an *Autobiography*, which was afterwards published.

A volume of excellent translations from Béranger, by Robert B. Brough, appeared in London in 1856, and from it we have extracted the following poem, as also that of the 'King of Yvetot,' which appears in another part of the present volume.

WHEN a bore gets hold of me,
 Dull and over-bearing,
 Be so kind as pray for me,
 I'm as dead as herring.
 When the thrusts of Pleasure glib
 In my sides are sticking,
 Poking fun at every rib,
 I'm alive and kicking.

When a snob his £ s. d.
 Jingles in his breeches,
 Be so kind as pray for me,
 I'm as dead as ditches.
 When a birthday's champagne-corks
 Round my ears are clicking,
 Marking time with well-oil'd works,
 I'm alive and kicking.

Kings and their supremacy
 Occupy the table,
 Be so kind as pray for me,
 I'm as dead as Abel.
 Talk about the age of wine
 (Bought by cash or ticking),
 So you bring a sample fine,
 I'm alive and kicking.

When a trip to Muscovy
 Tempts a conquest glutton,
 Be so kind as pray for me,
 I'm as dead as mutton.
 Match me with a tippling foe,
 See who first wants picking
 From the dead man's field below,
 I'm alive and kicking.

When great scribes to poetry
 March, by notions big led,
 Be so kind as pray for me,
 I'm as dead as pig-lead.

When you start a careless song,
Not at grammar sticking,
Good to push the wine along,
I'm alive and kicking.

When a bigot, half-hours 'three,
Spouts in canting gloom's tones,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as tomb-stones.

When in cloisters under ground,
Built of stone or bricking,
Orders of the Screw you found,
I'm alive and kicking.

Bourbons back in France we see
(Sure we don't much need 'em),
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as Freedom.

Bess returns, and still our throats
Finds us here a-slicking,
Sitting free without our coats—
I'm alive and kicking.

Forced to leave this company,
Bottle-wine and horn-ale,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as door-nail.
Pledging though a quick return,
Soon my anchor sticking
On the shore for which I yearn—
I'm alive and kicking.

EULOGY ON LAUGHING.

J. M. SEWALL.

LIKE merry Momus, while the gods were quaffing,
 I come—to give an Eulogy on Laughing !
 True, courtly Chesterfield, with critic zeal,
 Asserts that laughing's vastly ungenteel !
 The boist'rous shake, he says, distorts fine faces,
 And robs each pretty feature of the graces !
 But yet this paragon of perfect taste,
 On other topics was not over-chaste ;
 He, like the Pharisees, in this appears,
 They ruin'd widows, but they made long prayers.
 Tithe, anise, mint, they zealously affected :
 But the law's weightier matters they neglected ;
 And while an insect strains their squeamish caul.
 Down goes a monstrous camel—bunch and all !

Yet others, quite as sage, with warmth dispute
 Man's risibles distinguish him from brute ;
 While instinct, reason, both in common own,
 To laugh is man's prerogative alone !
 Hail, rosy laughter, thou deserv'st the bays !
 Come, with thy dimples, animate these lays,
 Whilst universal peals attest thy praise.
 Daughter of Joy ! thro' thee we health attain,
 When Æsculapian recipes are vain.

Let sentimentalists ring in our ears
 The tender joy of grief—the luxury of tears—
 Heraclitus may whine—and oh ! and ah !
 I like an honest, hearty, ha, ha, ha !

It makes the wheels of nature glibber play :
Dull care suppresses ; smooths life's thorny way ;
Propels the 'dancing current thro' each vein ;
Braces the nerves ; corroborates the brain ;
Shakes every muscle, and throws off the spleen.

Old Homer makes you tenants of the skies,
His gods, love laughing as they did their eyes !
It kept them in good humour, hush'd their squabbles,
As forward children are appeased by baubles ;
Even Jove the thund'rer dearly loved a laugh,
When, of fine nectar, he had ta'en a quaff !
It helps digestion when the feast runs high,
And dissipates the fumes of potent Burgundy.
But, in the main, tho' laughing I approve,
It is not every kind of laugh I love ;
For many laughs e'en candour must condemn !
Some are too full of acid, some of phlegm ;
The loud horse-laugh (improperly so styled),
The idiot simper, like the slumb'ring child,
Th' affected laugh, to show a dimpled chin,
The sneer contemptuous, and broad vacant grin,
Are despicable all as Strephon's smile,
To show his ivory legions, rank and file.
The honest laugh, unstudied, unacquired,
By nature prompted, and true wit inspired,
Such as Quin felt, and Falstaff knew before,
When humour 'set the table on a roar ;'
Alone deserves th' applauding muse's grace !
The rest is all contortion and grimace.
But you exclaim, 'Your Eulogy's too dry ;

Leave dissertation and exemplify !
Prove by experiment, your maxim's true,
And what you praise so highly, makes us do.'
In truth, I hoped this was already done,
And Mirth and Momus had the laurel won !
Like honest Hodge, unhappy should I fail,
Who to a crowded audience told his tale,
And laugh'd and snigger'd all the while himself
To grace the story, as he thought, poor elf !
But not a single soul his suffrage gave—
While each long phiz was serious as the grave !
'Laugh ! laugh !' cries Hodge, 'laugh loud ! (no halving)
I thought you all, ere this, would die with laughing !'
This did the feat ; for tickled at the whim,
A burst of laughter, like the electric beam,
Shook all the audience—but it was at *him* !
Like Hodge, should every stratagem and wile
Thro' my long story not excite a smile,
I'll bear it with becoming modesty ;
But should my feeble efforts move your glee,
Laugh, if you fairly can—but not at me !

THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

PETER PINDAR.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tired with hooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying

A poor, defenceless, harmless buck,
 The horse and rider wet as muck,
 From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
 Enter'd through curiosity, a cot,
 Where sat a poor old woman with her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
 In this same cot illumed by many a cranny,
 Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot :
 In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
 When, lo ! the Monarch, in his usual way,
 Like lightning spoke, 'What's this ? what's this ? what ?
 what ?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand—
 And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple :
 'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed !' he cried :
 'What makes it, pray, so hard ?'—The dame replied,
 Low curtsying, 'Please your Majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed !—strange thing !'
 Turning the dumpling round, rejoin'd the King.
 'Tis most extraordinary then, all this is—
 It beats Pinetti's conjuring all to pieces—
 Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—
 But, Goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam ?

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she ; 'I never knew
 That folks did apple dumplings sew.'—

'No?' cried the staring Monarch with a grin,
 'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

Reader, thou likest not my tale—look'st blue—
 Thou art a courtier—roarest 'Lies, Lies, Lies!'
 Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—
 I tell thee, roaring infidel, 'tis true.

Why should it not be true? the greatest men
 May ask a foolish question now and then—
 This is the language of all ages :
 Folly lays many a trap—we can't escape it :
Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit* :
 Then why not Kings, like me and other sages ?

VENUS OF THE NEEDLE.

By William Allingham, author of the *Music Master*,
 and other poems.

O MARYANNE, you pretty girl,
 Intent on silky labour,
 Of sempstresses the pink and pearl,
 Excuse a peeping neighbour !

Those eyes, for ever drooping, give
 The long brown lashes rarely ;
 But violets in the shadows live,—
 For once unveil them fairly.

Hast thou not lent that founce enough
Of looks so long and earnest ?
Lo, here's more 'penetrable stuff,'
To which you never turnest.

Ye graceful fingers, deftly sped !
How slender, and how nimble !
Oh, might I wind their skeins of thread,
Or but pick up their thimble !

How blest the youth whom love shall bring,
And happy stars embolden,
To change the dome into a ring,
The silver into golden !

Who 'll steal some morning to her side
To take her finger's measure,
While Maryanne pretends to chide,
And blushes deep with pleasure.

Who 'll watch her sew her wedding-gown,
Well conscious that it *is* hers,
Who 'll glean a tress, without a frown,
With those so ready scissors.

Who 'll taste those ripenings of the south,
The fragrant and delicious—
Don't put the pins into your mouth,
O Maryanne, my precious !

I almost wish it were my trust
 To teach how shocking that is ;
 I wish I had not, as I must,
 To quit this tempting lattice.

Sure aim takes Cupid, fluttering foe,
 Across a street so narrow ;
 A thread of silk to string his bow,
 A needle for his arrow !

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL'S WORK.

This humorous parody on Porson's 'Devil's Walk,' *vide* p. 31,
 originally appeared in the *Comic Magazine*.

To Printing-house Square, at close of day,
 The young Printer's Devil is bound
 To set up the Paper that *circulates* most,
 Or the Paper that most *turns round*.¹

And over the leader, and over the news,
 He skimm'd, and over the speeches :
 And the lines in the leader stood wide apart,
 Like W——l's waistcoat and breeches.

And pray, what did the Devil do ?
 Oh, he was expert at the art !
 And first, just to keep his hand in play,
 In a 'Horrible Murder' took part.

¹ In allusion to the supposed vacillating tactics of *The Times*.

But the Devil he very soon finish'd the job,
And came to a regular stand ;
When, for the want of some better employment,
In a 'Robbery' he had a hand.

He set up a joke by W——l ;
But thinking it couldn't be meant,
The Devil smiled ; for he headed it
'A serious Accident.'

A speech of the Marquis of L.'s came next,
But it was beyond endurance ;
So the Devil took pity, and headed it
'A Melancholy Occurrence.'

But then the young Devil bethought himself,—
He might in an error fall ;
For a speech such as that, he clearly saw,
Required no *head* at all.

He then had a speech of H——t's to do,
Where, *mirabile dictu!* a word or
Two of his Latin Mr. H. recollected ;
And he called that a 'Horrible Murder.'

A joke too, by C——r, came into his hands,
But it was too witty a brevity
To be C——r's own ; so he headed it
'Extraordinary Longevity.'

However, he thought, at a heading like that,
Some persons might kick up a bobbery ;
And, as the joke was a decided Joe Miller,
He called it a ' Daring Robbery.'

He set up a leading article, on
The advantage 'twould be to the nation,
If Lord Grey would but make a new batch of peers—
Which he called ' Beauties of the Creation.'

A speech on Reform too by W——I he did ;—
So full of disjointed inelegance,
And so far from the purpose, he headed it
With the title of ' Foreign Intelligence.'

The debate on Pluralities next he composed ;
But, finding the incomes so large,
And the duty so little, he headed it
' Extraordinary Charge.'

An extract from Satan Montgomery's poems
Is the next thing the Devil commences ;
But he sees that it's humbug, and, when it's composed,
He puts it among the ' Offences.'

A speech of St. P——I was his next job ;
But it was too much for the elf,
And he was unable to set up the speech,
For he couldn't set up himself.

So into a corner the Devil sneaks,
 O'ercome by so prosy a sample,—
 Composes himself, and leaves the *Times*
 To follow his example.

G A F F E R G R A Y .

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

Thomas Holcroft, the author of this, was born in London 1744, and was originally a shoemaker with his father. He then became an actor, and finally devoted himself to literary pursuits. He wrote several dramatic pieces, the best known of which is *The Road to Ruin*. In 1794 he was accused of high treason, having rendered himself obnoxious as a warm advocate of liberal principles on the outbreak of the French Revolution, but was dismissed without a trial. Died 1809.

Ho ! why dost thou shiver and shake,
 Gaffer Gray ;
 And why does thy nose look so blue ?
 'Tis the weather that's cold,
 'Tis I'm grown very old,
 And my doublet is not very new,
 Well-a-day !'

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
 Gaffer Gray ;
 And warm thy old heart with a glass.
 'Nay, but credit I've none,
 And my money's all gone ;
 Then say how may that come to pass !
 Well-a-day !'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray ;
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
‘The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day !’

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray ;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
‘He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day !’

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
‘His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day !’

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
‘The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day !’

WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS
TO ABYDOS.

LORD BYRON.

On the 3d of May 1810, while the 'Salsette' was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead of that frigate and Byron swam from Abydos to Sestos. Of the exploit, Byron himself wrote:—'The whole distance from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles; though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure, be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the "Salsette's" crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was, that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.'

IF, in the month of dark December,
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember ?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont !

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loath,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus ! how I pity both !

For *me*, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo—and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for Love, as I for Glory.

'Twere hard to say who fared the best :
Sad mortals ! thus the Gods still plague you !
He lost his labour, I my jest ;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.

NAHUM FAY ON THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE.

' Just eighteen years ago this day,
Attired in all her best array—
For she was airy, young, and gay,
And loved to make a grand display,
While I the charges would defray—

My *Cara Sposa* went astray ;
By night eloping in a sleigh,
With one whose name begins with J,
Resolved with me she would not stay,
And be subjected to my sway ;
Because I wish'd her to obey,
Without reluctance or delay,
And never interpose her nay,
Nor any secrets e'er betray.
But wives will sometimes have their way,
And cause, if possible, a fray ;
Then who so obstinate as they ?
She therefore left my house for aye,
Before my hairs had turn'd to gray,
Or I'd sustain'd the least decay,
Which caused at first some slight dismay :
For I consider'd it foul play.
Now where she's gone I cannot say,
For I've not seen her since the day
When Johnston took her in his sleigh,
To his seductive arts a prey,
And posted off to Canada.
Now when her conduct I survey,
And in the scale of justice weigh,
Who blames me, if I do inveigh
Against her to my dying day ?
But live as long as live I may,
I've always purposed not to pay
(Contract whatever debts she may)
A shilling for her ; but I pray

That when her body turns to clay,
 If mourning friends should her convey
 To yonder grave-yard, they'll not lay
 Her body near to Nahum Fay.'

THE DONKEY AND HIS PANNIERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

By Thomas Moore, Ireland's national poet—'The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own,' as Byron emphatically called him.

A DONKEY whose talent for burden was wond'rous,
 So much that you'd swear he rejoiced in a load,
 One day had to jog under panniers so pond'rous,
 That—down the poor donkey fell, smack on the road.

His owners and drivers stood round in a maze—
 What! Neddy, the patient, the prosperous Neddy,
 So easy to drive through the dirtiest ways,
 For every description of job-work so ready!

One driver (whom Ned might have 'hail'd' as a 'brother')
 Had just been proclaiming his donkey's renown,
 For vigour, for spirit, for one thing or other—
 When, lo! 'mid his praises, the donkey came down.

But, how to upraise him?—one shouts, *t'other* whistles,
 While Jenky, the conjurer, wisest of all,
 Declared that an 'over-production' of thistles—
 (Here Ned gave a stare)—was the cause of his fall.

Another wise Solomon cries, as he passes—

‘There, let him alone, and the fit will soon cease ;
The beast has been fighting with other jack-asses,
And this is his mode of *transition to peace*.’

Some look’d at his hoofs, and, with learn’d grimaces,
Pronounced that too long without shoes he had gone—

‘Let the blacksmith provide him a *sound metal basis*
(The wiseacres said), and he’s sure to jog on.’

But others who gabbled a jargon half Gaelic,

Exclaim’d, ‘Hoot awa, mon, you’re a’ gane astray’—
And declared that ‘whoe’er might prefer the *metallic*,
They’d shoe their *own* donkeys with *papier maché*.’

Meanwhile the poor Neddy, in torture and fear,

Lay under his panniers, scarce able to groan,
And, what was still dolefuler—lending an ear
To advisers whose ears were a match for his own.

At length, a plain rustic, whose wit went so far

As to see others’ folly, roar’d out as he pass’d—
‘Quick—off with the panniers, all dolts as ye are,
Or your prosperous Neddy will soon kick his last.’

THE AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

This *jeu d’esprit*, in which many of the absurd and unpronounceable names of American towns and villages are happily hit off, is from the *Orpheus C. Kerr* (Office-seeker) *Papers*, by Robert H.

Newell, one of those semi-political, occasionally mischievous, and generally ill-timed humorous effusions, which were so common in the United States during the rebellion.

To Lake Aghmoogenegamook,
All in the State of Maine,
A man from Wittequergaugaum came
One evening in the rain.

'I am a traveller,' said he,
'Just started on a tour,
And go to Nomjamskillicook
To-morrow morn at four.'

He took a tavern-bed that night,
And with the morrow's sun,
By way of Sekledobskus went,
With carpet-bag and gun.

A week pass'd on ; and next we find
Our native tourist come
To that sequester'd village called
Genasagarnagum.

From thence he went to Absequoit,
And there—quite tired of Maine—
He sought the mountains of Vermont,
Upon a railroad train.

Dog Hollow, in the Green Mount State,
Was his first stopping-place,
And then Skunk's Misery display'd
Its sweetness and its grace.

By easy stages then he went
To visit Devil's Den ;
And Scrabble Hollow, by the way
Did come within his ken.

Then *via* Nine Holes and Goosc Green,
He travell'd through the State,
And to Virginia, finally,
Was guided by his fate.

Within the Old Dominion's bounds,
He wander'd up and down,
To-day, at Buzzard Roost ensconced,
To-morrow, at Hell Town.

At Pole Cat, too, he spent a week,
Till friends from Bull Ring came,
And made him spend a day with them
In hunting forest game.

Then, with his carpet-bag in hand,
To Dog Town next he went ;
Though stopping at Free Negro Town,
Where half a day he spent.

From thence, into Negationburg
His route of travel lay,
Which having gain'd, he left the State
And took a southward way.

North Carolina's friendly soil
He trod at fall of night,

And, on a bed of softest down,
He slept at Hell's Delight.

Morn found him on the road again,
To Lousy Level bound ;
At Bull's Tail, and Lick Lizzard too,
Good provender he found.

The country all about Pinch Gut
So beautiful did seem,
That the beholder thought it like
A picture in a dream.

But the plantations near Burnt Coat
Were even finer still,
And made the wond'ring tourist feel
A soft delicious thrill.

At Tear Shirt, too, the scenery
Most charming did appear,
With Snatch It in the distance far,
And Purgatory near.

But spite of all these pleasant scenes,
The tourist stoutly swore
That home is brightest, after all,
And travel is a bore.

So back he went to Maine, straightway,
A little wife he took ;
And now is making nutmegs at
Moosehickmagunticook.

THE THIEF AND CORDELIER.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

Matthew Prior, poet and diplomatist, was born in 1664. His poems are light and vivacious, and the ease and fluency with which he tells a story adds greatly to its interest. Formerly he was very much over-estimated as a poet and humorist; but in the present day, however, justice is scarcely done to his genius. He was Secretary to the English Embassy at the Hague and at the Treaty of Ryswick, and afterwards Under-Secretary of State, and Commissioner at the Board of Trade. He died in 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the *Greve*,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad and the night of the Post,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no
more cross'd.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known,
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, 'What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.'

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear,
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

The Squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin ;
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

'What frightens you thus, my good son?' says the priest,
'You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.'
'O Father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon,
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.'

'Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the Church do the rest.

'And what will folks say if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow,
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' our hero replied, in a fright,
'He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.'
'Tell your beads,' quoth the priest, 'and be fairly truss'd
up,
For you surely to-night shall in Paradise sup.'

'Alas!' quoth the Squire, 'howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.'

‘That I would,’ quoth the Father, ‘and thank you to boot,
 But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit :
 The feast I proposed to you I cannot taste,
 For this night, by our Order, is mark’d for a fast.’

Then turning about to the hangman, he said,
 ‘Despatch me, I pr’ythee, this troublesome blade ;
 For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
 And we live by the gold for which other men die.’

CARELESS CONTENT.

The following verses are by John Byrom, who was born in 1691, and died in 1763. He is best known as the inventor of a system of stenography. He wrote verse with great facility; and his pastoral, ‘Colin and Phœbe,’ which was published in *The Spectator* when he was very young, was very much admired. ‘As literary curiosities, his poems are too interesting to be neglected.’ The following poem is perfectly in the manner of the Elizabethan age :—

I AM content, I do not care,
 Wag as it will the world for me ;
 When fuss and fret was all my fare,
 I got no ground as I could see :
 So when away my caring went,
 I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
 I strive to make my matters meet ;
 To seek what ancient sages sought,
 Physic and food in sour and sweet :

To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts :
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain ;
For Fortune's favour or her frown ;
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down :
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of ev'ry tide ;
If simple sense will not succeed
I make no bustling, but abide :
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' th' wrong, and we're i' th' right,
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint ;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint :
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave ;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave.
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link ;
Tho' if a bus'ness budes by,
I talk thereon just as I think ;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath ;
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains ?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave—

Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
 Came I to crouch, as I conceive :
 Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
 A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
 Mood it and brood it in your breast—
 Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
 That man does right to mar his rest,
 Let me be deft and debonair,
 I am content, I do not care.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Imitated from the German.

JOHN G. SAXE.

OH, I have a husband as good as can be ;
 No woman could wish for a better than he !
 Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
 But his love for me is uncommonly strong !

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
 He has always less money, by far, than debt ;
 Moreover, he thrashes me, now and then,—
 But, excepting that, he's the best of men !

I own he is dreadfully given to drink ;
 And besides he is rather too fond, I think,

Of playing at cards and dice ; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men !

He loves to chat with the girls, I know
('Tis the way with the men,—they're always so),—
But what care I for his flirting, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men ?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter, and spend the cash ;
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men ?

When soak'd with tippie, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the crockery left and right,
And pulls my hair, and growls again ;
But, excepting that, he's the best of men !

Yes, such is the loyalty I have shown ;
But I have a spouse who is all my own ;
As good, indeed, as a man can be,
And who could ask for a better than he ?

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey, 'Lake Poet,' associate of Coleridge and Wordsworth, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Bristol in 1774. In 1813 he was appointed Poet-Laureate. His principal poems are *Joan of Arc*, *Thalaba*, *Madoc*, and *The Curse of Kehama* ;

while his *Life of Nelson* is acknowledged to be one of the most perfect biographies in the English language; and his philosophical *Doctor* and laboriously compiled *Common-Place Book* will long continue to be the wonder and delight of the reading public. He was a voluminous writer, and also an industrious editor. Died 1843.

How does the water come down at Lodore ?

From its sources which well

In the tarn on the fell ;

From its fountains

In the mountains,

Its rills

And its gills ;

Through moss and through brake,

It runs and it creeps

For awhile, till it sleeps

In its own little lake.

And thence at departing,

Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds

Through meadow and glade,

In sun and in shade,

And through the wood shelter,

Among crags in its flurry,

Helter-skelter,

Hurry-scurry.

Here it comes sparkling,

And there it lies darkling ;

Now smoking and frothing

Its tumult and wrath in ;

Till, in this rapid race
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.
The cataract strong
Then plunges along ;
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging

Its caverns and rocks among :

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound :
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
 Confounding,
 Astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the earth with its sound :

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,

And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and spitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning ;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering ;
Dividing and gliding and sliding ;
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,

And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling ;
And clattering and battering and shattering ;
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and pushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing' and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
 And so never ending,
 But always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er,
 With a mighty uproar ;
And this way the water comes down at Lodore !

ANTICIPATORY DIRGE ON PROFESSOR
BUCKLAND, THE GEOLOGIST.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

MOURN, Ammonites, mourn o'er his funeral urn,
 Whose neck we must grace no more ;
Gneiss, granite, and slate,—he settled your date,
 And his ye must now deplore.

Weep, caverns, weep, with infiltrating drip,
Your recesses he'll cease to explore ;
For mineral veins or organic remains,
No stratum again will he bore.

His wit shone like crystal—his knowledge profound
From gravel to granite descended ;
No trap could deceive him, no slip confound,
No specimen, true or pretended.

Where shall we our great professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones ?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,
He'll get up and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around,
For he's quite in his element underground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil ;
He'll start up and snatch those tools away
Of his own geological toil ;
In a stratum so young the professor disdains
That embedded should be his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening spring,
His carcass let stalactite cover ;
And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,
When duly encrusted all over ;
There, 'mid mammoths and crocodiles, high on the shelf,
Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

THE RADENOVITCH.

A SONG OF THE NEW DANCE.

ARE you anxious to bewitch ?
You must learn the Radenovitch !
Would you gain of fame a niche ?
You must dance the Radenovitch !
'Mong the noble and the rich,
All the go 's the Radenovitch !
It has got to such a pitch,
All must dance the Radenovitch !
If without a flaw or hitch
You can dance the Radenovitch,
Though you've risen from the ditch
(Yet have learned the Radenovitch),
You'll get on without a hitch,
Dancing of the Radenovitch.
If for glory you've an itch,
Learn to dance the Radenovitch ;
And, though corns may burn and twitch,
While you foot the Radenovitch ;
In your side though you've a stitch,
All along o' the Radenovitch,
You will gain an eminence which
You will owe the Radenovitch !
Therefore let the *Maitre's* switch
Teach your toes the Radenovitch !

THE CHAMELEON.

JAMES MERRICK.

James Merrick, poet and divine, was born at Reading, Berkshire, in 1720. Lowth said of him that he was 'one of the best of men and most eminent of scholars.' Died, 1769.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times perter than before ;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop :
 ' Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know.'—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that ;
 Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 ' A stranger animal,' cries one,
 ' Sure never lived beneath the sun :

A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue !'

'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food.'

'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue ;
At leisure I the beast survey'd
Extended in the cooling shade.'

'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
'Green !' cries the other in a fury :
'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?'
'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies ;
'For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use.'

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows
When luckily came by a third ;
To him the question they referr'd :

And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother ;
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light :
I mark'd it well, 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do ;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'

'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out :
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'

He said ; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo !—'twas white.
Both stared, the man look'd wondrous wise—
'My children,' the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
'You all are right, and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you :
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own.'



' Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
Replies the man, ' I 'll turn him out :
And when before your eyes I 've set him,
If you don't find him black, I 'll eat him.'
He said ; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo !—'twas white !

SHADOWS.

DEEP ! I own I start at shadows,
Listen, I will tell you why
(Life itself is but a taper,
Casting shadows till we die).

Once, in Italy, at Florence,
I a radiant girl adored :
When she came, she saw, she conquer'd,
And by Cupid I was floor'd.

Round my heart her glossy ringlets
Were mysteriously entwined—
And her soft voluptuous glances
All my inmost thoughts divined.

'Mia cará Mandolina !
Are we not, indeed,' I cried,
'All the world to one another ?'
Mandolina smiled and sigh'd.

Earth was Eden, she an angel,
I a Jupiter enshrined—
Till one night I saw a damning
Double shadow on her blind !

‘Fire and fury ! double shadows
On their bedroom windows ne’er,
To my knowledge, have been cast by
Ladies virtuous and fair.

‘False, abandon’d Mandolina !
Fare thee well, for evermore !
Vengeance !’ shrieked I, ‘vengeance, vengeance !’
And I thunder’d through the door.

This event occur’d next morning ;
Mandolina staring sat,
Stark amazed, as out I tumbled,
Raving mad, without a hat !

Six weeks after I’d a letter,
On its road six weeks delay’d—
With a dozen re-directions
From the lost one, and it said :

‘Foolish, wicked, cruel Albert !
Base suspicion’s doubts resign ;
Double lights throw double shadows !
Mandolina—ever thine.’

‘Heavens, what an ass !’ I mutter’d,
‘Not before to think of that !’—
And again I rush’d excited
To the rail, without a hat.

'Mandolina ! Mandolina !'

When her house I reach'd, I cried :

'Pardon, dearest love !' she answer'd—

'I'm the Russian Consul's bride !'

Thus, by Muscovite barbarian,

And by Fate, my life was cross'd ;

Wonder ye I start at shadows ?

Types of Mandolina lost.

THE HAPPY MAN.

From the French of Gilles Ménage, one of the most distinguished men of letters in France, who was born at Angers in 1613. Died, 1692. He is now best known as the Author of *Ménagiana*, one of the most excellent and original of the celebrated *Ana* of France. The following poem bears a remarkable resemblance to Goldsmith's *Madame Blaize*, and it is quite possible that the latter may have been suggested by it.

LA GALLISSE now I wish to touch ;

Droll air ! if I can strike it,

I'm sure the song will please you much ;

That is, if you should like it.

La Gallisse was indeed, I grant,

Not used to any dainty

When he was born—but could not want,

As long as he had plenty.

Instructed with the greatest care,
He always was well bred,
And never used a hat to wear,
But when 'twas on his head.

His temper was exceeding good,
Just of his father's fashion ;
And never quarrels broil'd his blood,
Except when in a passion.

His mind was on devotion bent ;
He kept with care each high day,
And Holy Thursday always spent,
The day before Good Friday.

He liked good claret very well,
I just presume to think it ;
For ere its flavour he could tell,
He thought it best to drink it.

Than doctors more he loved the cook,
Though food would make him gross ;
And never any physic took,
But when he took a dose.

O happy, happy is the swain
The ladies so adore ;
For many followed in his train,
Whene'er he walk'd before.

Bright as the sun his flowing hair
 In golden ringlets shone ;
And no one could with him compare,
 If he had been alone.

His talents I can not rehearse,
 But every one allows,
That whatso'er he wrote in verse,
 No one could call it prose.

He argued with precision nice,
 The learnèd all declare ;
And it was his decision wise,
 No horse could be a mare.

His powerful logic would surprise,
 Amuse, and much delight :
He proved that dimness of the eyes
 Was hurtful to the sight.

They liked him much—so it appears
 Most plainly—who preferr'd him ;
And those did never want their ears,
 Who any time had heard him.

He was not always right, 'tis true,
 And then he must be wrong ;
But none had found it out, he knew,
 If he had held his tongue.

Whene'er a tender tear he shed,
 'Twas certain that he wept ;
 And he would lay awake in bed,
 Unless, indeed, he slept.

In tilting everybody knew
 His very high renown ;
 Yet no opponents he o'erthrew,
 But those that he knock'd down.

At last they smote him in the head—
 What hero e'er fought all ?
 And when they saw that he was dead,
 They knew the wound was mortal.

And when at last he lost his breath,
 It closed his every strife ;
 For that sad day that seal'd his death,
 Deprived him of his life.

TO A LADY,

Who asked me to write for her a Poem of ninety lines.

H. G. BELL.

TASK a horse beyond his strength,
 And the horse will fail at length ;
 Whip a dog, the poor dog whines—
 Yet you ask for ninety lines.

Though you give me ninety quills,
Built me ninety paper-mills,
Show'd me ninety inky Rhines,
I could not write ninety lines.

Ninety miles I'd walk for you,
Till my feet were black and blue ;
Climb high hills, and dig deep mines,
But I can't write ninety lines.

Though my thoughts were thick as showers,
Plentiful as summer flowers,
Clustering like Italian vines,
I could not write ninety lines.

When you have drunk up the sea,
Floated ships in cups of tea,
Pluck'd the sun from where it shines,
Then I'll write you ninety lines.

Even the bard who lives on rhyme,
Teaching silly words to chime,
Seldom sleeps, and never dines,—
He could scarce write ninety lines.

Well you know my love is such,
You could never ask too much ;
Yet even love itself declines
Such a work as ninety lines.

Though you frown'd with ninety frowns,
Bribed me with twice ninety towns,
Offer'd me the starry signs,
I could not write ninety lines.

Many a deed I've boldly done
Since my race of life begun ;
But my spirit peaks and pines
When it thinks of ninety lines.

Long I hope for thee and me,
Will our lease of this world be ;
But though hope our fate entwines,
Death will come ere ninety lines.

Ninety songs the birds will sing,
Ninety beads the child will string ;
But his life the poet tines,
If he aims at ninety lines.

Ask me for a thousand pounds,
Ask me for my house and grounds ;
Levy all my wealth in fines,
But don't ask for ninety lines.

I have ate of every dish—
Flesh of beast, and bird, and fish ;
Briskets, fillets, knuckles, chines,
But eating won't make ninety lines.

I have drunk of every cup,
 Till I drank whole vineyards up ;
 German, French, and Spanish wines.
 But drinking won't make ninety lines.

Since, then, you have used me so,
 To the Holy Land I'll go ;
 And at all the holy shrines
 I shall pray for ninety lines.

Ninety times a long farewell,
 All my love I could not tell,
 Though 'twas multiplied by nines,
 Ninety times these ninety lines.

A WEDDING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling, an English poet, was born 1608-9. His writings are numerous, but, on account of the licentiousness and freedom which characterizes a great number of them, they are now but little known by the general public. The following ballad, however, has long been justly celebrated for its truth and *naïveté*, and the happy boldness in the use of homely imagery. The occasion of its being written, was, it is supposed, the marriage of Lord Broghill to Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been ;
 Where I the rarest things have seen ;
 Oh, things without compare !

Such sights again can not be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs ;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folks as are not in our town ;
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest one pest'lent fine
 (His beard no bigger tho' than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest ;
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;
 The King (God bless him !) 'twould undo him,
 Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town :
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what ? The youth was going
 To make an end of all his woiing ;
 The parson for him staid :
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much wish all past,
 Perchance as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitson-ale
 Could ever yet produce ;
No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft, as she
 Nor half so full of juyce.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
 It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way ;
No sun upon an Easter day
 Is half so fine a sight.¹

Her cheeks so rare, a white was on,
No daisie makes comparison
 (Who sees them is undone) ;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
 The side that's next the Sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin
 (Some bee had stung it newly) ;

¹ It was prettily supposed that the sun danced on Easter-day.

But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on a Sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great ;
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace .
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse ;
 Healths first go round, and then the house,
 The bride's came thick and thick ;
 And when 'twas named another's health,
 Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
 (And who could help it, Dick ?)

O' th' sudden, up they rise and dance ;
 Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :
 Then dance again, and kiss :
 Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
 Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
 And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
 To counsel and undress the bride ;
 But that he must not know :
 But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
 And did not mean to stay behind
 Above an hour or so.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen 'Lodgings to let' stare him full in the face :
 Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well
 known,
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only ;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated ;
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated ;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same. And the next. And the
next :

He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous and vex'd ;
Week past after week ; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt
him :

For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him.
He sent for a doctor ; and cried, like a ninny,
'I have lost many pounds. Make me well. There's a
guinea.'

The doctor look'd wise :—'A slow fever,' he said :
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.

'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaim'd Will, 'are humbugs !
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs !'

Will kick'd out the doctor :—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said :—'Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago ?

'Look'e, landlord, I think,' argued Will, with a grin,
'That with honest intentions you first took me in :
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I have been so d——d hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord, 'Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
-I've let lodgings ten years ; I'm a baker, to boot ;
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven!' says Will. Says the host, 'Why this
passion ?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good Sir ?—'Zounds !' cried Will, in a
taking,

'Who wouldn't be crusty, with half a year's baking ?'

Will paid for his rooms :—cried the host, with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been going away half a year.'

'Friend, we can't well agree,—yet no quarrel'—Will
said ;—

'But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread.'

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

The village of Bray, in Berkshire, is celebrated for the vacillation of principles displayed by one of its incumbents, and 'The Vicar of Bray' has now become a proverbial expression for a man who can alter his opinions and views so as to suit the times. According to Thomas Fuller, the Vicar of Bray retained his

living under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, being first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist, then a Protestant again. This song is supposed to have been written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of dragoons, in the reign of George I.

IN good King Charles's golden days,
 When loyalty no harm meant,
 A zealous high-churchman was I,
 And so I got preferment.
 To teach my flock I never miss'd.
 Kings were by God appointed,
 And lost are those that dare resist
 Or touch the Lord's anointed.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
 And Popery grew in fashion,
 The penal laws I hooted down,
 And read the Declaration :
 The Church of Rome I found would fit
 Full well my constitution ;
 And I had been a Jesuit,
 But for the Revolution.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declared,
To ease the nation's grievance ;
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When Royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional Conformists base,
I blamed their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger was
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
My principles I changed once more,
And so became a Whig, sir ;

And thus preferment I procured
 From our new faith's defender ;
 And almost every day abjured
 The Pope and the Pretender.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
 And Protestant succession,
 To these I do allegiance swear—
 While they can keep possession :
 For in my faith and loyalty,
 I never more will falter,
 And George my lawful king shall be—
 Until the times do alter.
 And this is law that I'll maintain
 Until my dying day, sir,
 That whatsoever King shall reign,
 Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

Translated from the French of BERANGER by ROBERT B. BROUGH.

It was a king of Yvetot,
 Whom few historians name ;
 A sleeper fast, a waker slow,
 No dreams had he of fame.

By Betty's hand with nightcap crown'd,
 He snored in state—the whole clock round—
 Profound !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !
 A kingdom match with Yvetot !
 Ho ! ho !

Four goodly meals a day, within
 His palace-walls of mud,
 He stow'd beneath his royal skin ;
 And on an ass—his stud—
 In triumph through his realm would jog,
 His guard, with vigilance agog,—
 A dog !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !
 A kingdom match with Yvetot !
 Ho ! ho !

No costly regal tastes had he,
 Save thirstiness alone ;
 But ere a people blest can be,
 We must support the throne !
 So from each cask new tapp'd he got,
 (His own tax-gath'rer) on the spot,
 A pot !

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho !
 A kingdom match with Yvetot !
 Ho ! ho !

So well he pleased the damsels all,
 The folks could understand

A hundred reasons him to call
The Father of his Land.

His troops he levied in his park
But twice a year—to hit a mark,
And lark!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

To stretch his rule he never sought;
No neighbours' slumbers vex'd;
To frame his laws (as good kings ought)
Took pleasure's code for text.
He never caused his subjects dear
To shed save only on his bier—
A tear!

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

The portrait of this prince serene,
The greatest of his line,
In Yvetot may still be seen,
His fav'rite beer-shop's sign!
On holidays the boozing crowd
Shout, pledging deep the relic proud,
Aloud,

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
He was the king for Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

This powerful satire on the extravagant habits of the ladies of America in the matter of dress, was published in New York a few years ago. It is written by Mr. William Allan Butler, a lawyer and literary man of some ability, resident in that city. *Nothing to Wear* was reprinted in London in several forms, and attained great and deserved popularity. Even the *Athenæum* reprinted it in full, and in a notice of it said, 'The nonsense on the whole is good nonsense.'

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris ;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping ;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather ;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind—above or below :
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;

Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;
All of them different in colour and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin ;
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal ;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-francs robs to twenty-sous frills ;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore ;
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo ;
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, 'embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those.
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave GOOD-BYE to the ship, and GO-BY to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvell'd, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
 For an actual belle and a possible bride ;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
 And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,

Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had enter'd the port without any entry.
And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since
the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !
NOTHING TO WEAR ! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know is between us—
'That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus ;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,'
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress,
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called ' her affections,'
And that rather decay'd, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling ' her heart.'
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whisper'd our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,

Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes ;
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions ;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
' You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call ;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing ; but the bargain must be,
' That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free ;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me.'

Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flimsey and gain'd her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night :
And it being the week of the STUCKUPS' grand ball—
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—
I consider'd it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
 When the time intervening between the first sound
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
 Than usual—I found ; I won't say, I caught her—
 Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
 To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
 She turned as I entered—' Why, Harry, you sinner,
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner !'
 ' So I did,' I replied, ' but the dinner is swallowed,
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more ;
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
 And now will your ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend
 Your duty and grace, and presence to lend
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
 To the STUCKUPS', whose party, you know, is to-morrow ?'
 The fair Flora look'd up with a pitiful air,
 And answer'd quite promptly, ' Why, Harry, *mon*
 cher,
 I should like above all things to go with you there ;
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear !'
 ' Nothing to wear ! Go just as you are ;
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
 I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon.' I stopp'd, for her eye,
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
 Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose

(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
 'How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears every day !'

So I ventured again—'Wear your crimson brocade,'
 (Second turn up of nose)—'That's too dark by a shade.'

'Your blue silk'—'That's too heavy ;' 'Your pink'—
 'That's too light.'

'Wear tulle over satin'—'I can't endure white.'

'Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch'—

'I haven't a thread of point lace to match.'

'Your brown moiré antique'—'Yes, and look like a
 Quaker ;'

'The pearl-coloured'—'I would, but that plaguy dress-
 maker

Has had it a week.' 'Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock'

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

'I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation.'

'Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could
 strike it

As more *comme il faut* ——' 'Yes, but, dear me, that
 lean

Sophonra Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won't appear dress'd like a chit of sixteen.'

'Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine ;

That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine'—

'Not one of all which is fit to be seen,'

Said the lady, becoming excited and flush'd.

'Then wear,' I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crush'd
Opposition, 'that gorgeous toilette which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turn'd the head of the head of the
nation ;

And by all the grand court were so very much courted.'

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

'I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up !'

Here I ripp'd out something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though ; but to use an expression
More striking than classic, it 'settled my hash,'

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

'Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh, you men have
no feeling !

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures !

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is !

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities ?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me' (here the nose went still
higher).

'I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot ;

You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what.'

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,

Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief.
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder ;
It blew and it rain'd, thunder'd, lighten'd, and hail'd
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite fail'd
To express the abusive ; and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears ;
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say.
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and side walk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and upstairs, in my own easy chair ;
 Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
If he married a woman with nothing to wear ?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject ; and find to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of 'Nothing to wear.'
Researches in some of the 'Upper Ten' districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few :
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighbouring block there was found, in three
calls,
Total want, long-continued, of camels'-hair shawls ;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable ;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer PACIFIC ;
In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,

Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and
collars

Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars ;
And all, as to style, most recherché and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic,
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic ;
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.

But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for
days

Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets ;
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a
chance,

And deride their demands as useless extravagance.
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas ! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear ;
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,

For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout.
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.
But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe ! Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription ?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter ? or won't PETER COOPER,
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honour and fame ;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear ;
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be
claim'd,
The Laying-out Hospital well might be named ?
Won't STEWART, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters ?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply those distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and
dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California ?

Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gather'd, their city have built ;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair ;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broider'd skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouch'd from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street ;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that
swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the
floor ;
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door !
Then home to your wardrobes, and say—if you dare—
Spoil'd Children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear !

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchant'd of flesh and of sense,
Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,

Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love ;
Oh, daughters of Earth ! foolish virgins, beware !
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear !

BOXIANA.

I HATE the very name of *box* :

It fills me full of fears ;

It minds me of the woes I've felt

Since I was young in years.

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,

Where I had many knocks ;

For there my schoolmates *box'd* my ears,

Because I couldn't box.

I pack'd my *box* ; I pick'd the locks,

And ran away to sea ;

And very soon I learnt to *box*

The compass merrily.

I came ashore ; I call'd a coach

And mounted on the *box* ;

The coach upset against a post,

And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well ; in love I fell,

And married Martha Box ;

To please her will, at famed *Box Hill*

I took a country *box*.

I had a pretty garden there,
All border'd round with *box*;
But, ah, alas ! there lived next door
A certain Captain Knox.

He took my wife to see the play ;—
They had a private *box* :
I jealous grew, and from that day
I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house ; I left my wife ;
And went to Lawyer Fox,
Who tempted me to seek redress
All from a jury *box*.

I went to law, whose greedy maw
Soon emptied my strong *box* ;
I lost my suit, and cash to boot,
All through that crafty Fox.

The name of *box* I therefore dread,
I've had so many shocks ;
They'll never end ; for when I'm dead
They'll nail me in a *box*.

THE PEPPER-BOX AND SALT-CELLAR.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

William Shenstone, a pleasing English poet, was born at Hales Owen, in Shropshire, in 1714. His father lived on an estate called the Leasowes ; and, on coming into the paternal estate,

Shenstone's great object was to make it famous for picturesque beauty and elegance. This led him into expenses, which he could ill support, and he was 'by no means a happy inhabitant of the Eden which he had created.' Died 1763.

THE 'squire had dined alone one day,
And Tom was call'd to take away :
Tom clear'd the board with dext'rous art :
But willing to secure a tart,
The liquorish youth had made a halt ;
And left the pepper-box and salt
Alone, upon the marble table :
Who thus, like men, were heard to squabble :

Pepper began, 'Pray, sir,' says he,
'What business have you here with me ?
Is't fit that spices of my birth
Should rank with thee, thou scum of earth ?
I'd have you know, sir, I've a spirit
Suited to my superior merit—
Though now, confined within this castre,
I serve a northern Gothic master ;
Yet born in Java's fragrant wood,
To warm an eastern monarch's blood,
The sun those rich perfections gave me,
Which tempted Dutchmen to enslave me.

'Nor are my virtues here unknown,
Though old and wrinkled now I'm grown.
Black as I am, the fairest maid
Invokes my stimulating aid,

To give her food the poignant flavour,
 And to each sauce its proper savour.
 Pasties, ragouts, and fricassces,
 Without my seasoning, fail to please :
 'Tis I, like wit, must give a zest,
 And sprightliness, to every feast.

‘ Physicians too my use confess ;
 My influence sagest matrons bless :
 When drams prove vain, and colics tease,
 To me they fly for certain ease.
 Nay, I fresh vigour can dispense.
 And cure ev'n age and impotence :
 And, when of dulness wits complain,
 I brace the nerves, and clear the brain.

‘ But, to the 'squire here, I appeal—
 He knows my real value well :
 Who, with one pepper-corn content,
 Remits the vassal's annual rent—

‘ Hence then, Sir Brine, and keep your distance :
 Go lend the scullion your assistance ;
 For culinary uses fit ;
 To salt the meat upon the spit ;
 Or just to keep its meat from stinking ——
 And then—a special friend to drinking !’

‘ Your folly moves me with surprise,’
 The silver tripod thus replies,
 ‘ Pray, Master Pepper, why so hot ?
 First cousin to the mustard-pot !

‘What boots it how our life began ?
’Tis breeding makes the gentleman :
Yet would you search my pedigree,
I rose, like Venus, from the sea :
The sun, whose influence you boast,
Nursed me upon the British coast.

‘The chymists know my rank and place,
When nature’s principles they trace :
And wisest moderns yield to me
The elemental monarchy.
By me all nature is supplied
With all her beauty, all her pride.
In vegetation, I ascend ;
To animals, their vigour lend :
Corruption’s foe, I life preserve,
And stimulate each slacken’d nerve.
I give jonquils their high perfume ;
The peach its flavour, rose its bloom :
Nay, I’m the cause, when rightly traced,
Of Pepper’s aromatic taste.

‘Such claims you teach me to produce ;
But need I plead my obvious use,
In seasoning all terrestrial food ?
When heav’n declares, that salt is good.

‘Grant then some few thy virtues find ;
Yet salt gives health to all mankind :
Physicians sure will side with me,
While cooks alone shall plead for thee.

In short, with all thine airs about thee,
The world were happier far without thee.'

The 'squire, who all this time sat mute,
Now put an end to their dispute :
He rung the bell—bade Tom convey
The doughty disputants away.

The salt, refresh'd by shaking up,
At night did with his master sup :
The pepper Tom assign'd his lot
With vinegar and mustard-pot :
A fop with bites and sharpers join'd,
And to the sideboard well confined !

MORAL.

Thus real genius is respected !
Conceit and folly thus neglected !
And, oh my Shenstone ! let the vain,
With misbecoming pride, explain
Their splendour, influence, wealth, or birth ;—
'Tis men of sense are men of worth.

OWED TO MY CREDITORS.

IN vain I lament what is past,
And pity their woe-begone looks ;
Though they grin at the credit they gave,
I know I am in their best books.
To my *tailor* my *breaches* of faith,
On my conscience now but lightly sit,

For such lengths in *his measures* he's gone,
He has given me many a *fit*.
My bootmaker, finding *at last*
That my *soul* was too stubborn to suit,
Waxed wroth when he found he had got
Anything but *the length of my foot*.
My hatmaker cunningly *felt*
He'd seen many like me before,
So, *brimful* of insolence, vow'd
On credit he'd crown me no more.
My baker was crusty, and burnt,
When he found himself quite overdone
By a *fancy-bred* chap like myself,—
Ay, as *cross* as a *Good-Friday's bun*.
Next my laundress, who wash'd pretty clean,
In behaviour was dirty and bad ;
For into hot water she popp'd
All the shirts and the dickies I had.
Then my butcher, who'd little at *stake*,
Most surlily opened his *chops*,
And swore my affairs out of joint,
So on to my carcase he pops.
In my lodgings exceedingly high,
Though low in the rent, to be sure,
Without warning my landlady seized,
Took my things, and the key of the *door*.
Thus cruelly used by the world,
In the Bench I can smile at its hate ;
For a time I must alter my stile,
For I cannot get out of the gate.

MALBROOCK.

TRANSLATED BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

'This burlesque-lament on the death of the Duke of Marlborough was written on a false rumour of that event after the battle of Malplaquet. For years it was only known traditionally, and does not appear among the innumerable anecdotic songs printed in France during the middle of the last century. But all of a sudden, in 1781, it burst out afresh, and became the rage. It happened that, when Maria Antoinette gave to the throne of France an heir, he was nursed by a peasant nicknamed Madame Poitrine. The nurse, while rocking the royal cradle, sung Malbroock, and the dauphin, it is said, opened its eyes at the name of the great general. The name, the simplicity of the words, the singularity of the burthen, and the melodiousness of the air, interested the queen, and she frequently sang it. Everybody repeated it after her, and even the king condescended to quaver out the words *Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre*. Malbroock was sung in the state apartments of Versailles; in the kitchens, in the stables, it became quite the rage. From the court it was adopted by the tradespeople of Paris, and passed thence from town to town, and country to country: it was wafted across the sea to England, where it soon became as popular as in France. It is said that a French gentleman, wishing, when in London, to be driven to Marlborough Street, had totally forgotten its name; but, on singing the air of Malbroock, the coachman drove him to the proper address with no other direction. Goethe, who travelled in France about the same time, was so teased with the universal concert of Marlborough, that he took a hatred to the duke who was the innocent cause of the musical epidemic.'—WILLS.

MALBROOCK, the prince of commanders,

Is gone to the war in Flanders ;

His fame is like Alexander's ;

But when will he ever come home ?

Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.

Perhaps at Trinity Feast, or
 Perhaps he may come at Easter,
 Egad ! he had better make haste, or
 We fear he may never come.

Mironton, etc.

For Trinity Feast is over,
 And has brought no news from Dover,
 And Easter is past, moreover,
 And Malbroock still delays.

Milady in her watch-tower
 Spends many a pensive hour,
 Not knowing why or how her
 Dear Lord from England stays.

While sitting quite forlorn in
 That tower, she spies returning
 A page clad in deep mourning,
 With fainting steps and slow.

' O page, prithee come faster !
 What news do you bring of your master ?
 I fear there is some disaster,
 Your looks are so full of woe.'

' The news I bring, fair lady,'
 With sorrowful accent said he,
 ' Is one you are not ready
 So soon, alas ! to hear.

' But since to speak I'm hurried,'
 Added this page, quite flurried,

‘ Malbroock is dead and buried !’
 And here he shed a tear.

‘ He’s dead ! He’s dead as a herring !
 For I beheld his *berring*,
 And four officers transferring
 His corpse away from the field.

‘ One officer carried his sabre,
 And he carried it not without labour,
 Much envying his next neighbour,
 Who only bore a shield.

‘ The third was helmet-bearer—
 That helmet which on its wearer
 Fill’d all who saw it with terror,
 And cover’d a hero’s brains.

‘ Now, having got so far, I
 Find, that—by the Lord Harry !—
 The fourth is left nothing to carry ;—
 So there the thing remains.’

Mironton, mironton, mirontaine.

A HOT WIND REVERIE, IN NOVEMBER.

THE dust flies fast through the murky air,
 The sun shines fierce with a lurid glare ;
 Where shall we fly to avoid the heat—
 Where, oh where ! drag our weary feet ?

Where shall we lay the suffering head,
To shield ourselves from the rays so red?
This dust, this dust, this horrid dust,
'Twill choke us some day—it will and must.

When care or sorrow oppress the heart,
And its tendrils keen with anguish start,
Away—far away—let us swiftly flee
From the town in its depths of infamy—
Hiding ourselves in some shadowy nook,
With pencil to sketch, or pleasant book—
A 'wee-tappit hen' from which to quaff
In foaming tankards shandy-gaff.

In some sylvan glade, by the Yarra's side,
Let us stretch our limbs in the fierce noontide,
Musing on days that are long gone by,
Ere we left our homes with purpose high—
Ere yet unravell'd was Life's dark skein,
With its hope and sorrow, its joy and pain—
Mournful, we think of the friends afar,
And treat ourselves to a mild cigar.

There's one sweet face, with a laughing eye,
For ever pushes those fancies by;
There's a sunlit smile remember'd well,
As first on our vision its gladness fell—
A peech-red cheek, with a dimpled chin,
And a loving heart, oh! so pure within—

How sweet to sit once more beside her,
Calmly sucking a brandy spider.

Cunningly twisted, and curl'd, and braided,
Her brow with its golden hair is shaded ;
In every gesture a sparkling grace
Lits up with rapture the maiden's face ;
And the birds themselves burst into song
As her tiny feet tripp'd gay along ;
But we—quick sloped from that bright spot,
And, trembling, call'd for something hot.

She, too, is gone, and I still remain
Dragging along at my weary chain ;
No more I'll bask in her eyes' sweet glance,
Nor watch her form through the mazy dance ;
I backward glance at those 'mem'ries green,'
And sadly murmur, 'It might have been'—
It might have been, oh ! it might have been,
But a parent stern stepp'd in between.

Fast gather'd home to his fellow clay,
That parent stern hath pass'd away ;
His peach-cheek'd child, with the laughing eye,
Cares little, I ween, for my doleful sigh ;
For her hair's as curl'd—her cheek's as red,
As when at her feet my vows were shed—
While I to a shadow vile am grown,
She'd kick down the beam at fifteen stone !

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL.

A SPARROW caught a big blue bottle
Fly, upon a weeping willow ;
It buzz'd—Phil held him by the throttle,
‘ Oh, let me go, there's a good fellow.’
‘ No,’ says the murderer, ‘ not at all ;
For I am big, and you are small.’

A sparrow-hawk pounced on the sparrow
Enjoying his repast ; at once
He plunged his talons in his marrow.
‘ Oh, let me go ; what's the nonce ?’
‘ Oh !’ says the murderer, ‘ not at all ;
For I am big, and you are small.’

An eagle spied the sport ; and, lo !
Popp'd down to have a bit of dinner.
‘ Oh, please your majesty, let me go ;
Have mercy on a worthless sinner.’
‘ Pooh !’ says the murderer, ‘ not at all ;
For I am big, and you are small.’

While yet the king the bones was picking,
An archer served him out his gruel ;
An arrow in his gizzard sticking,
Made him exclaim, ‘ O dear, how cruel !’
‘ Tut,’ quoth the archer, ‘ not at all ;
For I am big, and you are small.’

The moral is plain, ho ! read it all :—
But ONE is big, all else are small.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

A DIALOGUE IN SAPPHICS BY GEORGE CANNING.

From the *Anti-Jacobin*.

'The "Friend of Humanity" was intended for Mr. Tierney, M. P. for Southwark, who in early times was among the more forward of the Reformers. He was an assiduous member of the "Society of Friends of the People."—WILLS.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

'NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road—your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

'Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day "Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

'Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

'Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a law-suit?

‘(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.’

KNIFE-GRINDER.

‘Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.’

‘Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.’

‘I should be glad to drink your Honour’s health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.’

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

‘I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn’d first—
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to venge-
ance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!’

*[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a trans-
port of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]*

ELESSDÉ.

In the following lines, which first appeared in the *Manchester Advertiser*, the Mammon-worshipping spirit of the age is depicted with a strength of hand and a poetic power, which very unfrequently occurs in the 'Original Poetry' columns of the newspaper.

IN a certain fair island, for commerce renown'd,
 Whose fleets sail'd in every sea,
 A sect of fanatics, men say, there was found,
 Who set up an idol and worship around,
 And call'd it by name Elessdé.

Many heads had the monster, and tails not a few,
 Of divers rare metals was he ;
 And temples they built him right goodly to view,
 Where oft they would meet, and, like idolists true,
 Pay their vows to the great Elessdé.

Moreover, at times would their frenzy attain
 ('Twas nought less) to so high a degree,
 That his soul-blinded votaries did not complain,
 But e'en laid down their lives his false favour to gain,—
 So great was thy power, Elessdé.

As for morals, this somewhat unscrupulous race
 Were lax enough, 'twixt you and me ;
 Men would poison their friends with professional grace,
 And of the fell deed leave behind ne'er a trace,
 For the sake of the fiend Elessdé.

Then forgery flourish'd, and rampant and rife
 Was each form of diablerie ;
 While the midnight assassin, with mallet and knife,
 Would steal on his victim and rob him of life,
 And all for thy love, Elesdé.

There were giants of crime on the earth in that day,
 The like of which we may not see ;
 Although, peradventure, some sceptic will say
 There be those even now who acknowledge the sway
 Of the god of the world—*£ s. d.*

TO MAKE A PASTORAL : A RECEIPT.

From the *Wit's Magazine*, 1787.

TAKE *quantum sufficit* of meadows and trees,
 While your zephyrs most wantonly play in each breeze ;
 Let Phœbus and Flora together combine
 To make the sky smile and the meadows look fine.
 Your nymphs and your swains must be sorted in pairs ;
 Your swains should be love-sick, your nymphs be all
 fairs :

Let them prattle awhile, as their hay they are tending ;
 Then wind up the whole with a church and a wedding.
 But if grief elegiac you'd wish to assail,
 Your prospect must lour, your swains must look pale :
 Let Damon ask Corydon why droops his head ;
 If his Celia's unkind, or his lambkins are dead.

'No!' let him reply, 'tis not this gives me pain ;
But young Colin is dead, the delight of the plain !'
Then let him invoke skies, angels, and saints,
Trees, meadows, and riv'lets, to join their complaints :
Till Damon, to ease him, and end these sad cries,
Assures him that Colin has mounted the skies.
From this kind assurance his mind is at ease,
And they hie to their cottage—to eat bread and cheese.

AN ORIGINAL LOVE-STORY.

HE struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him so bold and undaunted ;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
'Avaunt, Sir!' and off he avaunted.

But when he returned, with the fiendishest laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threaten'd by main force to carry her off,
She cried 'Dont!' and the poor fellow donted.

When he meekly approached, and sat down at her feet,
Praying aloud, as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him and try to be sweet,
And said 'Cant you!' the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, 'How could you do so ?
I certainly thought I was jilted ;
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go ;
Say, wilt thou, my dear?' and she wilted.

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

PETER PINDAR.

A GROUP of topers at a table sat,
 With punch that much regales the thirsty soul :
 Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,
 Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,
 Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in ;
 And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,
 Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd.

Wanting to drink—one of the men
 Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,
 And drank—then taking care that none were lost,
 He put in every mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the Bacchanalian crew on this,
 Taking it very much amiss—
 Swearing, and in the attitude to smite :—
 'Lord!' cried the man with gravely-lifted eyes,
 'Though I don't like to swallow flies,
 I did not know but *others might.*'

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
 Jack Book-worm led a college life ;

A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive ;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair ?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain arrived at thirty-six ?
Oh, had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town !
Or Flavia been content to stop'
At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop ;
Or had her eyes forgot to blaze !
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze ;
Oh !—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was married.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too ;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss ;
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss ;
But when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay ;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace ;
But still the worst remain'd behind ;
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee ;
And just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball or race ;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy night-caps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend ?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing ?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting ;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond, to be seen, she kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levy ;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations.
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke ;
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown ;
He fancies every vice she shows,
Or thins her lips, or points her nose :
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes !
He knows not how, but so it is,

Her face is grown a knowing phiz ;
And though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower !
Lo ! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
Levell'd its terrors at the fair ;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright :
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her paste and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams ;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens :
The 'squire himself was seen to yield,
And e'en the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now, condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly floun,
Attempted pleasing him alone.

Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old ;
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride ;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean :
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day :
Serenely gay and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

TAM O' SHANTER: A TALE.

ROBERT BURNS.

In a letter to Captain Grose, written at Dumfries in 1792, Burns gives the legend which formed the groundwork of 'Tam o' Shanter :—' On a market day in the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carrick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief,—he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirkyard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descry the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How

the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks: and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purpose of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, "Weel luppen, Maggie wi' the short sark!" and, recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally-known fact that no diabolical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, against he reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the pursuing, vengeful hags, were so close at his heels that one of them actually sprang to seize him; but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal grip, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning; but the farmer was beyond her reach. However, the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the last hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carrick farmers not to stay too late in Ayr markets.'

The poem was composed in one day in the winter of 1790. Mrs. Burns informed Cromek that the poet had lingered longer by the river-side than his wont, and that, taking the children with her, she went out to join him, but perceiving that her presence was an interruption to him, she lingered behind him: her attention was attracted by his wild gesticulations and ungovernable mirth, while he was reciting the passages of the poem as they arose in his mind.

'Of brownyis and of bogilis full is this buke.'—GAWIN DOUGLAS

WHEN chapman billies¹ leave the street,
 And drouthy² neibors neibors meet,
 As market days are wearin' late,
 And folk begin to tak the gate:³

¹ Pedlars or small tradesmen.

² Thirsty.

³ Road.

While we sit bousing at the nappy,¹
 And gettin' fou and unco happy,
 We thinkna on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, slaps,² and stiles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
 For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,³
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;⁴
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou wasna sober;
 That ilka melder,* wi' the miller
 Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller;⁵
 That every naig⁶ was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;

¹ Ale. ² Breaches in hedges or walls. ³ A worthless fellow.

⁴ A talker of nonsense, a boaster, and a drunken fool.

⁵ Money.

⁶ Horse.

* Any quantity of corn sent to the mill is called a melder.

That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton* Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied, that, late or soon,
 Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in Doon!
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,¹
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars² me greet
 To think how mony counsels sweet,
 How mony lengthen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,
 Tam had got planted unco³ right,
 Fast by an ingle,⁴ bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats,⁵ that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy⁶ crony;
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither—
 They had been fou for weeks thegither!
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And aye the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

¹ Dark.² Makes.³ Unusually.⁴ Fire.⁵ Foaming ale.⁶ Thirsty.

* The village where a parish church is situated is usually called the Kirkton (Kirk-town) in Scotland.

The storm without might rair¹ and rustle—
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy!
 As bees flee hame wi' lades² o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether³ time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic⁴ a night he taks the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:

¹ Roar.² Loads.³ Tie up.⁴ Such.

That night, a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit¹ on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning² o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
Whiles glowering³ round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles⁴ catch him unawares :
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets⁵ nightly cry.
By this time he was 'cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;⁶
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane :
And through the whins, and by the cairn⁷
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours a' his floods ;
The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;

¹ Rode carelessly.² Humming.³ Staring.⁴ Spirits.⁶ Ghosts and owls.⁶ Pedlar was smothered.⁷ Stone heap.

Through ilka bore¹ the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst mak us scorn !
Wi' tippenny,² we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquebae,³ we 'll face the devil !—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,⁴
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.⁵
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
Nae cotillon brent-new⁶ frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle i' their heels :
At winnock-bunker,⁷ i' the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
A towzie tyke,⁸ black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge ;
He screw'd the pipes, and gart⁹ them skirl,¹⁰
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.¹¹
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;

¹ Every hole in the wall. ² Twopenny ale.

⁴ The ale so wrought in Tammie's head.

⁶ Brand-new. ⁷ A kind of window seat.

⁹ Made. ¹⁰ Scream.

⁸ Whisky.

⁵ A small coin.

⁸ A rough dog.

¹¹ Vibrate.

And by some devilish cantrip¹ slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;²
 Twa span-lang, wee,³ unchristian bairns;
 A-thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab⁴ did gape;
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stack to the heft:⁵
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd,⁶ amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
 The piper loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,⁷
 And coost⁸ her duddies⁹ to the wark,
 And linket¹⁰ at it in her sark.¹¹

¹ Spell.² Irons.³ Small.⁴ Mouth.⁵ Handle.⁶ Stared.⁷ Till each old beldam smoked with sweat.⁸ Stript.⁹ Clothes.¹⁰ Tripped.¹¹ Shirt.

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans,¹
 A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
 Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,²
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!*

Thir breeks³ o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,⁴
 For ae blink⁵ o' the bonny burdies!⁶

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie⁷ hags, wad spean⁸ a foal,
 Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummock,⁹
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd¹⁰ what was what fu' brawlie,¹¹
 'There was ae winsome wench and walie,'¹²
 That night enlisted in the core
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bonny boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear).
 Her cutty sark,¹³ o' Paisley harn,
 That, while a lassie,¹⁴ she had worn,

¹ Young girls. ² Greasy flannel. ³ These breeches. ⁴ Hams.

⁵ Look. ⁶ Lasses. ⁷ Gallows-worthy. ⁸ Wean.

⁹ Jumping and capering on a staff. ¹⁰ Knew. ¹¹ Full well.

¹² A hearty girl and jolly. ¹³ Short shirt. ¹⁴ Girl.

* The manufacturer's term for a fine linen woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.—CROMEK.

In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.¹

Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft² for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cour,³
Sic flights are far beyond her power ;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang⁴
(A souple jade⁵ she was, and strang⁶),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd ;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidget fu' fain,
And hotch'd⁷ and blew wi' might and main :
Till first ae caper, syne⁸ anither,
Tam tint⁹ his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
And in an instant a' was dark :
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,¹⁰
When plundering herds assail their byke,¹¹
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;

1 Proud of it. 2 Bought. 3 Lower. 4 Jumped and kicked.
5 Girl. 6 Strong. 7 Hitched. 8 Then.
9 Lost. 10 Fuss. 11 Hive.



But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jade she was, and strang),
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd.

As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch¹ screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou 'lt get thy fairin'!²
 In hell they 'll roast thee like a herrin'!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they darena cross;
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The fient³ a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;⁴
 But little wist⁵ she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain grey tail:
 The carlin claut her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk⁶ man and mother's son, take heed:

¹ Uncarthy.² Deserts.³ Ne'er.⁴ Design.⁵ Knew.⁶ Each.

Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think! ye may buy the joys owre dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

MODERN LOGIC.

AN Eton stripling training for the Law—
 A dunce at syntax, but a dab at *taw*—
 One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
 His cap, his gown, and store of learnèd pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.
 Arrived, and past the usual 'How d'ye do's?'
 Inquiries of old friends, and Colledge news:—
 'Well, Tom, my lad, what saw you worth discerning?
 And how goes study, boy—what is't you're learning?'
 'Oh, Logic, sir; but not the worn-out rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
 'Tis wit and wranglers' logic;—thus, d'ye see,
 I'll prove to you as clear as A, B, C,
 That an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it,
 Were to swear black's white.'—'Indeed! let's try it.'
 'An eel-pie is a pie of fish?'—'Well—agreed.'
 'A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie?'—'Proceed.'
 'A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus 'tis done,
 For every John-pie is a Pigeon!'
 'Bravo!' Sir Peter cries—'Logic for ever!
 It beats my grandmother—and she was clever!

But hold, my boy—it surely would be hard
That wit and learning should have no reward.
To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And then I'll give you, Tom, a high-bred horse.'
'A horse!' cries Tom; 'blood, pedigree, and paces!
Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!'
He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow,
To think the night must pass before the morrow;
Dreamed of his boots, cap, spurs, and leather breeches,
Of leaping five-barred gates, and crossing ditches:
Left his warm bed an hour before the lark,
Dragged his old Uncle fasting through the park:—
Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross,
To find out something like the expected horse,
But no such animal the meadows crossed:
At length, beneath a tree Sir Peter stopped—
Took a bough—shook it—and down fell
A fine large chestnut in its prickly shell—
'There, Tom, take that.'—'Well, Sir, and what beside?'
'Why, since you're booted, saddle it, and ride.'
'Ride! what?—A chestnut!'—'Ay, come get across;
I tell you, Tom, that chestnut is a *horse*,
And all the horse you'll get!—for I can show,
As clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools!
All maxims but the wranglers' I disown,
And stick to one sound argument—*your own*.
Since you have proved to me, I don't deny,
That a pie-John is the same as a John-pie—

What follows then, but as a thing of course,
 That a horse-*chestnut* is a chestnut-*horse*?
 Tom scampered home in dudgeon,—sought his room,—
 Locked himself in to fret, and stamp, and fume ;
 If Logic failed to make a horse, alas !
 He felt that it indeed had made—an *Ass* !

CAPTAIN PATON.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

John Gibson Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, contributor to *Blackwood*, and for nearly thirty years editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was born in 1793. His principal works are the celebrated *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, and *Spanish Ballads*, and he has written several novels of more than average merit. He was also a critic of great ability, and occasionally of great severity. Died at Abbotsford, November 25, 1854.

TOUCH once more a sober measure, and let punch and
 tears be shed,
 For a prince of good old fellows that alack-a-day ! is
 dead ;
 For a prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
 That has left the Salt-market in sorrow, grief, and wo ;
 Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches, were all cut off the
 same web,
 Of a beautiful snuff-colour, or a modest genty drab,
 The blue stripe in his stocking round his neat slim leg
 did go,

And his ruffles, of the cambric fine, they were whiter
than the snow ;

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

His hair was curl'd in order at the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that about his ears
did run,

And before there was a toupée, that some inches up
did grow,

And behind there was a long queue that did o'er his
shoulders flow ;

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

And whenever we forgather'd he took off his wee three
cockit,

And he proffer'd you his snuff-box, which he drew from
his side-pocket,

And on Burdett or Bonaparte he would make a remark
or so,

And then along the plainstones like a provost he would
go ;

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

In dirty days he pickèd well his footsteps with his rattan,
Oh ! you ne'er could see the least speck on the shoes of
Captain Paton ;

And on entering the coffee-room about *two*, all men did
know,

They would see him with his *Courier* in the middle of
the row ;

Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Now and then upon a Sunday he invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop, which his maid dress'd
very fine,

There was also a little Malmsey, and a bottle of Bor-
deaux,

Which between me and the Captain pass'd nimbly to
and fro ;

Oh ! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain Paton
no mo !

Or, if a bowl was mention'd, the Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West Port, and a stoup of
water bring ;

Then would he mix the genuine stuff, as they made it
long ago,

With limes, that on his property in Trinidad did grow ;
Oh ! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain Paton's
punch no mo !

And then all the time he would discourse so sensible
and courteous,

Perhaps talking of last sermon he had heard from Dr.
Porteous,

Or some little bit of scandal about Mrs. So-and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard the *con* but
not the *pro* ;

Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton
no mo !

Or when the candles were brought forth, and the night
was fairly setting in,

He would tell some fine old stories, about Minden field
or Dettingen,
How he fought with a French major, and despatch'd him
at a blow,
While his blood ran out like water on the soft grass
below ;
Oh ! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain Paton
no mo !

But at last the Captain sicken'd, and grew worse from
day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room, from which now
he stay'd away :
On Sabbaths, too, the wee kirk made a melancholy show,
All for wanting of the presence of our venerable beau ;
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

And in spite of all that Cleghorn and Corkindale could
do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms, that death was in
his view,
So the Captain made his test'ment, and submitted to
his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk,—'tis the way
we all must go !
Oh ! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

Join all in chorus, jolly boys, and let punch and tears be
shed,
For this prince of good old fellows that alack-a-day ! is
dead ;

For this prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty man also,
That has left the Salt-market in sorrow, grief, and wo ;
For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo !

RETALIATION.

A FEW years since, at some provincial college
(Places which always rhyme, if nothing else, with know-
ledge),

A wight was educated, whose discerning,
When added to an extraordinary mass of learning,
Distinguished him on every occasion,

As worthy of a first-rate situation,
Above his fellow-scholars, and his fellow-men,
Thus thought a genius—*ergo*, he grew lazy.

Ergo, grew poor—what then ?

Prest by privation,

Ergo, he grew crazy.

He'd strut about the street sometimes, and speak,
In English incoherently, 'tis true ;

But in the learned languages, Latin and Greek,
His wits were sound again ; and well he knew
How to interpret them in darkest mood,
And prove in answering that he understood.

Thus through his madness sometimes shone

A glance of wit,

Like light through darkness : and for one

Witness the following *hit* :

He had another
 Old academic brother,
 Who, though well learn'd, had too much sense
 To think of living by his wits ; and hence
 Set up in business as a seller .

(Industrious fellow !)

Of brittle glasses

And earthenware,

With vessels rare,

Procured from Staffordshire and other places.

One day, while raining fast as it could pour,

The shopman, standing just within his door,

Perceived our crazy scholar passing by,

With not a thread upon him dry.

Not wet himself—wishing to have some sport,

And scholar-like retort,

He hail'd him in the Latin tongue,

And flung

A query, which, to those who do not know,

Is render'd into English just below.

Pluit tantum,

Nescio quantum,

Scisne tu ?

That it rains hard I am aware,

How much it rains I cannot swear,

Pray, Sir, can you ?

The crazed man turn'd, and flung a huge stone, dashing

Through window-panes, producing direful crashing ;

And further gave his tit for tat, in

The following doggrel Latin :—

Fregi tot,
Nescio quot,
Scisne tu ?

*A heap of things are gone to pot,
How many truly I know not,
Pray, Sir, do you ?*

THE HUSBAND'S COMPLAINT.

‘Will she thy linen wash and hosen darn?’—GAY.

I'm utterly sick of this hateful alliance
Which the ladies have form'd with impractical Science !
They put out their washing to learn hydrostatics,
And give themselves airs for the sake of pneumatics.

They are knowing in muriate, and nitrate, and chlorine,
While the stains gather fast on the walls and the floor-
ing—

And the jellies and pickles fall wofully short,
With their chemical use of the still and retort.

Our expenses increase (without drinking French wines),
For they keep no accounts, with their tangents and
sines—

And to make both ends meet they give little assistance,
With their accurate sense of the squares of the distance.

They can name every spot from Peru to El Arish,
Except just the bounds of their own native parish ;
And they study the orbits of Venus and Saturn,
While their home is resign'd to the thief and the slattern.

Chronology keeps back the dinner two hours,
The smoke-jack stands still while they learn motive
powers ;
Flies and shells swallow up all our every-day gains,
And our acres are mortgaged for fossil remains.

They cease to reflect with their talk of refraction—
They drive us from home by electric attraction—
And I'm sure, since they've bother'd their heads with
affinity,
I'm repulsed every hour from my learn'd divinity.

When the poor, stupid husband is weary and starving,
Anatomy leads them to give up the carving ;
And we drudges the shoulder of mutton must buy,
While they study the line of the *os humeri*.

If we 'scape from our troubles to take a short nap,
We awake with a din about limestone and trap ;
And the fire is extinguished past regeneration,
For the women were wrapt in the deep-coal formation.

'Tis an impious thing that the wives of the laymen
Should use Pagan words 'bout a pistil and stamen ;
Let the heir break his head while they foster a Dahlia,
And the babe die of pap as they talk of mammalia.

The first son becomes half a fool in reality,
 While the mother is watching his large ideality ;
 And the girl roars uncheck'd, quite a moral abortion,
 For we trust her benevolence, order, and caution.

I sigh for the good times of sewing and spinning,
 Ere this new tree of knowledge had set them a sinning ;
 The women are mad, and they'll build female colleges,—
 So here's to plain English !—a plague on their ologies !

DOCTOR LOBSTER.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A PERCH, who had the toothache, once
 Thus moan'd, like any human dunce :
 ' Why must great souls exhaust so soon
 Life's thin and unsubstantial boon ?
 Existence on such sculpin terms,—
 Their vulgar loves and hard-won worms,—
 What is it all but dross to me,
 Whose nature craves a larger sea ;
 Whose inches, six from head to tail,
 Enclose the spirit of a whale ;
 Who, if great baits were still to win,
 By watchful eye and fearless fin
 Might with the Zodiac's awful twain
 Room for a third immortal gain ?
 Better the crowd's unthinking plan,—
 The hook, the jerk, the frying-pan !

O Death, thou ever roaming shark,
Ingulf me in eternal dark !'

The speech was cut in two by flight :
A real shark had come in sight ;
No metaphoric monster, one
It soothes despair to call upon,
But stealthy, sidelong, grim, I wis,
A bit of downright Nemesis ;
While it recovered from the shock,
Our fish took shelter 'neath a rock :
This was an ancient lobster's house,
A lobster of prodigious *nous*,
So old that barnacles had spread
Their white encampments o'er its head,—
And of experience so stupend,
His claws were blunted at the end,
Turning life's iron pages o'er,
That shut and can be oped no more.

Stretching a hospitable claw,
'At once,' said he, 'the point I saw ;
My dear young friend, your case I rue,
Your great-great-grandfather I knew ;
Hé was a tried and tender friend
I know—I ate him in the end :
In this vile sea a pilgrim long,
Still my sight's good, my memory strong ;
The only sign that age is near
Is a slight deafness in this ear ;

I understand your case as well
As this my old familiar shell ;
This sorrow's a new-fangled notion,
Come in since first I knew the ocean ;
We had no radicals, nor crimes,
Nor lobster-pots, in good old times ;
Your traps and nets and hooks we owe
To Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co. ;
I say to all my sons and daughters,
Shun Red Republican hot waters ;
No lobster ever cast his lot
Among the reds, but went to pot :
Your trouble's in the jaw, you said ?
Come, let me just nip off your head,
And, when a new one comes, the pain
Will never trouble you again :
Nay, nay, fear naught : 'tis nature's law ;
Four times I've lost this starboard claw ;
And still, ere long, another grew,
Good as the old—and better too !'

The perch consented, and next day
An osprey, marketing that way,
Picked up a fish without a head,
Floating with belly up, stone dead.

MORAL.

Sharp are the teeth of ancient saws,
And sauce for goose is gander's sauce ;
But perch's heads aren't lobster's claws.

THE RAZOR SELLER.

PETER PINDAR.

A FELLOW in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offer'd twelve for eighteenpence ;
Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
 As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard :
Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.
With cheerfulness the eighteenpence he paid,
And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,
 ' This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

' No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,
Provided that the razors *shave* ;
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize.'
So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,
Smiling in heart and soul, content,
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :
'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—
All were impostors—' Ah !' Hodge sigh'd ;
 ' I wish my eighteenpence within my purse.'
In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore,
Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry
faces,

And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er :
His muzzle, form'd of *opposition* stuff,
Firm as a Foxite, would not loose its ruff :

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

' Razors ! a damn'd, confounded dog,
Not fit to scrape a hog !'

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun :

' P'rhaps, Master Razor rogue, to you 'tis fun,
That people flay themselves out of their lives :

You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,
Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,

With razors just like oyster knives.

Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,
To cry up razors that can't *shave*.'

' Friend,' quoth the razor-man, ' I'm not a knave :

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul I never thought

That they would *shave*.'

' Not think they'd *shave* !' quoth Hodge, with wond'ring
eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;

' What were they made for then, you dog ?' he cries :

' Made !' quoth the fellow, with a smile—' to *sell*.'

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS-SHAY.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., was born at Cambridge, United States, 1809. He was trained at Harvard University, in which institution he afterwards became Professor of Anatomy. In addition to considerable eminence as a physician and author of medical works, he has also attained to a high position as a poet and humorist. His *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table* is his principal work in light literature, but he has written a great number of minor articles, and poems after the manner of Saxe and Lowell.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it——ah! but stay,
I'll tell you what happen'd without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finish'd the one-hoss-shay.
Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—

In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
 With an 'I dew vum,' or an 'I tell *yeou*,')
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun' ;
 It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown :
 —'Fur,' said the Deacon, ''t's mighty plain
 That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 To make that place uz strong uz the rest.'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;¹
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees ;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;
 The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum,'—
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,—

¹ Shafts.

Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he 'put her through.'—
 'There !' said the Deacon, 'naow she'll dew !'

Do ! I'll tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !
 Colts grew horses, beards turn'd gray,
 Deacon and deaconness dropp'd away,
 Children and grand-children—where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;—it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
 'Hahnsum kerridge' they call'd it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
 Running as usual much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.

In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large :
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss-shay,
 A general flavour of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree¹ neither less nor more,
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring, and axle, and hub² *encore*.
 And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be worn out !

First of November, 'fifty-five ;
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tail'd, ewe-neck'd bay.
 'Huddup!' said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopp'd perplex'd

¹ Splinter-bar.

² Nave.

At what the—Moses—was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
 —First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill,—
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
 Just the hour of the earthquake-shock !
 —What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around ?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground !
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once,—
 All at once, and nothing first,—
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

IN a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along,
 T' other day much in want of a subject for song ;
 Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—
 Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
 It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet ;

For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride ;
And even there 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight ;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I too these banks within which we are pent
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent ;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way ;
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay ;
And whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
Though marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

TOBY TOSSPOT.

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity,
 Like Isaac Shrove's, is such a rarity.
 But there are swilling wights in London town,
 Term'd jolly dogs—choice spirits—*alias* swine ;
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.
 These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures run on,
 Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.
 One of this kidney,—Toby Tossplot hight,—
 Was coming from the Bedford late at night :
 And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,
 Although he had a tolerable notion
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.
 He work'd with sinuosities along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew,—worming through a cork :
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,
 A fork !
 At length with near four bottles in his pate ;
 He saw the moon shining on Shrove's brass plate ;
 When reading, ' Please to ring the bell ;'
 And being civil beyond measure.
 ' Ring it !' says Toby ; ' very well,
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure.'

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down."
He waited full two minutes—no one came :
He waited full two minutes more ; and then,
Says Toby, ' If he's deaf I'm not to blame ;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again.'
But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
Who quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.
At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—
Calming his fears,—
' Tush ! 'tis some fool has rung and run away ;
When peal the second rattled in his ears.
Shrove jumped into the middle of the floor ;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He groped down stairs, and open'd the street-door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.
Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant,
And saw he was a strapper, stout and tall ;
Then put this question :—' Pray, sir, what d'ye want ?'
Says Toby,—' I want nothing, sir, at all.'
' Want nothing !—Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire.'
Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
' I pull'd it, sir, at your desire.'
' At mine's !'—' Yes, yours ; I hope I've done it well.'
' High time for bed, sir.'—' I was hastening to it ;
But if you write up—*Please to ring the bell,*
Common politeness makes me stop and do it.'

LETTER FROM A CANDIDATE.

J. R. LOWELL.

[*From the Biglow Papers.*]

Deer sir its gut to be the fashun now to rite letters to the candid Ss and i wus chose at a publick Meetin in Jaalam to do wut wus nessary fur that town. i writ to 271 ginerals and gut ansers to 209. tha air called candid Ss but I don't see nothin candid about em. this here I wich I send was thought satty's factory. I dunno as it's ushle to print Poscrips, but as all the ansers I got hed the saim, I sposed it wus best. times has gretly changed. Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy.

DEAR SIR,—You wish to know my notions

On sartin pints thet rile the land ;
 There's nothin' thet my natur so shuns
 Ez bein' mum or underhand ;
 I'm a straight-spoken kind o' creetur
 Thet blurts right out wut's in his head,
 An' ef I've one pecooler feetur,
 It is a nose thet wunt be led.

So, to begin at the beginnin',
 An' come direcly to the pint,
 I think the country's underpinnin'
 Is some consid'ble out o' jint ;
 I aint agoin' to try your patience
 By tellin' who done this or thet,
 I don't make no insinooations,
 I jest let on I smell a rat.

Thet is, I mean, it seems to me so,
 But, ef the public think I'm wrong,
 I wunt deny but wut I be so,—
 An', fact, it don't smell very strong ;
 My mind's tu fair to lose its balance
 An' say wich party hez most sense ;
 There may be folks o' greater talence
 Thet can't set stiddier on the fence.

I'm an eclectic ; ez to choosin'
 'Twixt this an' thet, I'm plaguy lawth ;
 I leave a side thet looks like losin',
 But (wile there's doubt) I stick to both ;
 I stan' upon the Constitution,
 Ez preudunt statesmun say, who've planned
 A way to git the most profusion
 O' chances ez to *ware* they'll stand.

Ez fer the war, I go agin it,—
 I mean to say I kind o' du'—
 Thet is, I mean thet, bein' in it,
 The best way wuz to fight it thru ;
 Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
 I sign to thet with all my heart,—
 But civlyzation *doos* git forrid
 Sometimes upon a powder-cart.

About thet darned Proviso matter
 I never hed a grain o' doubt,

Nor I aint one my sense to scatter
 So's no one couldn't pick it out ;
 My love fer North an' South is equil,
 So I'll jest answer plump an' frank,
 No matter wut may be the sequil,—
 Yes, Sir, I *am* agin a Bank.

Ez to the answerin' o' questions,
 I'm an off ox at bein' druv,
 'Though I aint one thet ary test shuns
 'll give our folks a helpin' shove ;
 Kind o' promiscoous I go it
 Fer the holl country, an' the ground
 I take, ez nigh ez I can show it,
 Is pooty gen'ally all round.

I don't appruve o' givin' pledges ;
 You'd ough' to leave a feller free,
 An' not go knockin' out the wedges
 To ketch his fingers in the tree ;
 Pledges air awfle breachy cattle
 Thet preudent farmers don't turn out,—
 Ez long 'z the people git their rattle,
 Wut is there fer m' to grout about ?

Ez to the slaves, there's no confusion
 In *my* idees consarnin' them,—
 I think they air an Institution,
 A sort of—yes, jest so,—ahem :

Do *I* own any? Of my merit
 On thet pint you yourself may jedge ;
 All is, I never drink no sperit,
 Nor I haint never signed no pledge.

Ez to my principles, I glory
 In hevin' nothin' o' the sort ;
 I aint a Wig, I aint a Tory,
 I'm jest a candidate, in short ;
 Thet's fair an' square an' parpendicler,
 But, ef the Public cares a fig
 To hev' me an'thin' in particler,
 Wy, I'm a kind o' peri-wig.

P. S.

Ez we're a sort o' privateerin',
 O' course, you know, it's sheer an' sheer,
 An' there is sutthin' wuth your hearin'
 I'll mention in *your* privit ear ;
 Ef you git *me* inside the White House,
 Your head with ile I'll kin' o' 'nint
 By gittin' *you* inside the Lighthouse
 Down to the eend o' Jaalam Pint.

An' ez the North hez took to brustlin'
 At bein' scrouged frum off the roost,
 I'll tell ye wut'll save all tusslin'
 An' give our side a harnsome boost,—
 Tell 'em thet on the Slavery question
 I'm RIGHT, although to speak I'm lawth ;
 This gives you a safe pint to rest on,
 An' leaves me frontin' South by North.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand :
'Hark ye,' said he, 'tis an old story this
About the crows !'—' I don't know what it is,'
Replied his friend.—' No ! I'm surprised at that,
Where I come from it is the common chat :
But you shall hear—an old affair indeed !
And that it happen'd they all agreed.
Not to detain you from a thing so strange
A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.'
'Impossible !'—' Nay, but it is really true ;
I have it from good hands, and so may you.'
'From whose, I pray ?' So, having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
'Sir, did you tell ?'—(relating the affair)—
'Yes, sir, I did ; and if it's worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me ;
But, by the bye, 'twas two black crows, not three.'
Resolved to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
'Sir,' and so forth,—' Why, yes ; the thing in fact,
Though, in regard to number, not exact ?'
'Where may I find him ?'—' Why, in such a place.'
Away goes he, and having found him out,
'Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.'

Then to his last informant he refer'd,
And begg'd to know if true what he had heard.
'Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?'—'Not I.'
Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one;
And here, I find, all comes at last to none!
'Did you say nothing of a crow at all?'
'Crow—crow, perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over.' 'And pray, Sir, what was't?'
'Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was as black, Sir, as a crow!'

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
Ridiculing, and maltreating,
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one,
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.

Well, Farmer Numskull, how go
 Calves at York ?'

'Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs, instead of two.'

'Officer !' cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,

'Do, pray, keep silence down below there :
 Now look at me, clown, attend,
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend ?'

'Yees—very like—I often go there.'

'Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,'
 The counsel cried, with grim sardonic ;

'I wish I'd known this prodigy,
 This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.

Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
 Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever

In the West Riding ?'

'Why no, Sir, no ; we've got our share,
 But not so many as when you were there.'

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF
THE CORONATION.

'INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.'

What reader of humorous poetry is unacquainted with the *Ingoldsby Legends*? These inimitable and mirth-provoking poems and tales were written by the Rev. R. H. Barham (1788-1845), Rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith, London, and were originally published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, under the *nom-de-plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby. We are indebted to the kindness of Richard Bentley, Esq., Publisher, London, for permission to insert the following poem in the present volume.

The following note is by the author :—

'It was in the summer of 1838 that a party reached the metropolis with a view of witnessing the coronation of their youthful Queen, whom God long preserve! This purpose they were fortunate enough to accomplish by the purchase of a peer's ticket, from a stationer in the Strand. . . . How Mr. Barney managed to insinuate himself into the Abbey remains a mystery: his characteristic modesty and address doubtless assisted him, for there he unquestionably was. The result of his observations was thus communicated to his associates in the Servant's Hall upon his return, to the infinite delectation of *Mademoiselle Pauline* over a *Cruiskeen* of his own concocting.'

OCH! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the new Polishemen
Making a scrimmage at half after four;
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning
Themselves adorning, all by the candlelight,
With roses and lilies and daffy-down-dillies,
And gould and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.
And then approaches five hundred coaches,
With General Dullbeak.—Och ! 'twas mighty fine
'To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the
line.

Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of Arums,
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen Jews ;
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy
All jools from his jasey to his di'mond boots ;
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,
The famale heiress, Miss Anjä-ly Coutts.

And Wellington, walking with his swoord drawn, talking
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame ;
And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name),
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne, lading
The Queen, the darling, to her royal chair,
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell Mello,
The Queen oi Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,

And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,
 And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.
 Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,
 All in the gallery you might persave ;
 But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a-fishing,
 Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,
 And Prince Von Schwartzenberg, and many more ;
 Och ! I'd be bother'd, and entirely smother'd,
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,
 'I'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks !'

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her ! och ! they did
 dress her

In her purple garaments and her goulden crown,
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,
 With eight young ladies houlding up her gown ;
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow ;
 And Sir George Smart, oh ! he played a Consarto,
 With his four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,
 Saying, 'Plase your Glory, great Queen Vic-tory !
 Ye'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health !'

Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating—
 ‘Boys, here’s your Queen! deny it if you can!
 And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur,
 Sneezes at that—I’d like to see the man!’

Then the Nobles kneeling, to the Pow’rs appealing—
 ‘Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign!’
 And Sir Claudius Hunter, he did confront her,
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.
 The great Lord May’r, too, sat in his chair too,
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry,
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in his eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee;
 And they did splash her with raal Macasshur,
 And the Queen said, ‘Ah! then thank ye all for me!’
 Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,
 And sweet trombones, with their silver tones;
 But Lord Rolle was rolling—’twas mighty consoling
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones!

Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer’s shop,
 With lobsters and white-bait, and other swate-meats,
 And wine and nagus, and Imparial Pop!
 There was cakes and apples in all the Chapels,
 With fine polonies and rich mellow pears,—
 Och! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,
 The sly ould Divil, undernathe the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
 Crying, 'God save Victoria, our Royal Queen !'
 Och ! if myself should live to be a hundred,
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen !
 And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
 This narration splendid in swate poe-thry.
 Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
 Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.

NOBODY.

I'M thinking just now of Nobody,
 And all that Nobody's done,
 For I've a passion for Nobody,¹
 That Nobody else would own.
 I bear the name of Nobody,
 For from Nobody I sprung ;
 And I sing the praise of Nobody,
 As Nobody mine has sung.

In life's young morning Nobody
 To me was tender and dear ;
 And my cradle was rock'd by Nobody,
 And Nobody was ever near.
 I was petted and praised by Nobody,
 And Nobody brought me up,
 And when I was hungry, Nobody
 Gave me to dine or sup.

I went to school to Nobody,
And Nobody taught me to read ;
I play'd in the street with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed.
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear ;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn ;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn.
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And ask'd to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.

Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life,
And I have a love for Nobody,
Which Nobody has for his wife.
So here's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now in town,
And I've a passion for Nobody
That Nobody else would own.

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

OH ! terribly proud was MISS MACBRIDE,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in Fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
 When the golden sun was setting ;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
 That her stately bosom was fretting :

A sigh that a pair of elegant feet,
Sandall'd in satin, should kiss the street—
The very same that the vulgar greet
In common leather, not over 'neat'—
 For such is the common booting
(And Christian tears may well be shed,
That even among our gentlemen-bred
The glorious Day of Morocco is dead,
And Day and Martin are reigning instead,
 On a much inferior footing).

Oh, terribly proud was Miss MacBride !
Proud of her beauty and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside,
 That wouldn't have borne dissection ;

Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of 'knowing cheese from chalk,'
On a very slight inspection.

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come ;
When she was glad, and when she was glum,
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop ;
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
'Proud as a boy with a braw new top,'
Proud beyond comparison.

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility ;
In sooth, her dull auricular drum
Could find in *humble* only a 'hum,'
And heard no sound of 'gentle' come,
In talking about gentility.

What *lowly* meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided 'everything low'
With care the most punctilious ;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of 'super silby' she never had found
In the adjective *supercilious*.

The meaning of *meek* she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do

With 'Moses,' a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through
Was 'a person of no position ;'
And it seem'd to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition.

Even her graces—not her grace,
For that was in the 'vocative case'—
Chill'd with the touch of her icy face
Sat very stiffly upon her ;
She never confess'd a favour aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd,
But coldly smiled, and faintly bow'd,
As who should say, 'You do me proud,
And do yourself an honour !'

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation ;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise,
And grow till they reach a four-storey size—
Was merely a fancy creation.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known
In human nature, but often shown
Alike in castle and cottage,
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,
Will manage to live and thrive on 'feed'
As poor as a pauper's pottage.

That her wit should never have made her vain,
Was—like her face—sufficiently plain ;

And as to her musical powers,
Although she sang until she was hoarse,
And issued notes with a banker's force,
They were just such notes as we never indorse
For any acquaintance of ours !

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high,
For MISS MACBRIDE first open'd her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky ;

But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion.

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our ' fierce democracie !'
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten *peers*—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy !

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration ;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry—HARVEY—will ever succeed
In finding the circulation !

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
 Your family thread you can't ascend,
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You may find it wax'd at the farther end
 By some plebeian vocation ;
 Or, worse than that, your boasted line
 May end in a loop of stronger twine
 That plagued some worthy relation.

But MISS MACBRIDE had something beside
 Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
 For rich was the old parental MACBRIDE,
 According to public rumour ;
 And he lived 'up town,' in a splendid square,
 And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
 And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
 And the finest rings and things to wear,
 And feathers enough to plume her.

An honest mechanic was JOHN MACBRIDE,
 As ever an honest calling plied
 Or graced an honest ditty ;
 For JOHN had work'd in his early day
 In 'pots and pearls,' the legends say,
 And kept a shop with a rich array
 Of things in the shop and candle way,
 In the lower part of the city.

No '*rara avis*' was honest JOHN
 (That's the Latin for 'sable swan'),

Though, in one of his fancy flashes,
 A wicked wig, who meant to deride,
 Call'd honest JOHN 'Old *Phœnix* MACBRIDE,
 'Because he rose from his ashes!'

Little by little he grew to be rich,
 By saving of candle-ends and 'sich,'
 Till he reach'd at last an opulent niche—
 No very uncommon affair;
 For history quite confirms the law
 Express'd in the ancient Scottish saw—
 A mickle may come to be may'r.¹

Alack for many ambitious beaux!
 She hung their hopes upon her nose,
 (The figure is quite Horatian!)
 Until, from habit, the member grew
 As very a hook as ever eye knew,
 To the commonest observation.

A thriving tailor begg'd her hand,
 But she gave 'the fellow' to understand,
 By a violent manual action,
 She perfectly scorn'd the best of his clan,
 And reckon'd the ninth of any man
 An exceedingly vulgar fraction!

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
 Was mortified with a bootless suit,
 In a way that was quite appalling;

¹ 'Mickle, wi' thrift, may chance to be mair.'—*Scotch Proverb.*

For, though a regular *sutor* by trade,
 He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
 Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
 'The cobbler keep to his calling.'

(The muse must let a secret out :
 There isn't the faintest shadow of doubt
 That folks who oftenest sneer and flout
 At 'the dirty, low mechanicals,'
 Are they whose sires, by pounding their knees,
 Or coiling their legs, or trades like these,
 Contrived to win their children ease
 From Poverty's galling manacles.)

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
 And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
 A man of his wealth and liberal views,
 Began, at once, with '*If you choose—*
 And could you really love him ;'
 But the lady spoil'd his speech in a huff,
 With an answer rough and ready enough,
 To let him know she was up to snuff,
 And altogether above him !

A young attorney, of winning grace,
 Was scarce allow'd to 'open his face,'
 Ere MISS MACBRIDE had closed his case
 With true judicial celerity ;
 For the lawyer was poor, and 'seedy' to boot,
 And to say the lady discarded his *suit*,
 Is merely a double verity.

The last of those who came to court
Was a lively beau of the dapper sort,
Without any visible means of support—

A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the point on which they vote
A ragged fellow 'a vagrant.'

A courtly fellow was dapper JIM,
Sleek and supple, and tall and trim,
And smooth of tongue as neat of limb;
And, maugre his meagre pocket,
You'd say, from the glittering tales he told,
That JIM had slept in a cradle of gold,
With FORTUNATUS to rock it.

Now dapple JIM his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of the old MACBRIDE,
And really 'nothing shorter!'
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
'Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to "come down with his dust"
In behalf of his only daughter.'

And the very magnificent Miss MACBRIDE,
Half in love, and half in pride,
Quite graciously relented ;

And tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a Bride, without the 'Mac,'
 With much disdain, consented.

Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the best of locks,
Secure from all financial shocks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy-stocks,
And madly rush upon Wall Street rocks,
 Without the least apology!

Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound, beyond all need of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
 Of Mammon's fierce zoology!

Old JOHN MACBRIDE, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
 Of Fortune's undertakers;
And, staking all on a single die,
His founder'd bark went high and dry
 Among the brokers and breakers!

At his trade again, in the very shop
Where, years before, he let it drop,
 He follows his ancient calling—
Cheerily, too, in Poverty's spite,
And sleeping quite as sound at night
As when, at Fortune's giddy height,
He used to wake with a dizzy fright
 From a dismal dream of falling.

But, alas for the haughty Miss MACBRIDE,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride !
She couldn't recover, although she tried

Her jaded spirits to rally ;

'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a Place 'up-town' to a nook 'up-stairs,'
From an avenue down to an alley !

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot,
From her 'troops of friends,' who hadn't forgot

The airs she used to borrow ;

They had civil phrases enough, but yet

'Twas plain to see that their 'deepest regret'
Was a different thing from sorrow !

They own'd it couldn't have well been worse,
To go from a full to an empty purse :

To expect a 'reversion,' and get a reverse,
Was truly a dismal feature ;

But it wasn't strange—they whisper'd—at all !

That the summer of pride should have its fall

Was quite according to nature !

And one of those chaps who made a pun,

As if it were quite legitimate fun

To be blazing away at every one

With a regular double-loaded gun,

Remark'd that moral transgression

Always brings retributive stings

To candlemakers as well as kings :

For 'making light of *cereous* things'

Was a very wick-ed profession !

And vulgar people—the saucy churls!—
 Inquired about ‘the price of pearls,’
 And mock’d at her situation ;
 ‘She wasn’t ruin’d, they ventured to hope—
 Because she was poor, she needn’t mope ;
 Few people were better off for soap,
 And that was a consolation !’

And, to make her cup of woe run over,
 Her elegant, ardent, plighted lover
 Was the very first to forsake her ;
 ‘He quite regretted the step, ’twas true—
 The lady had pride enough for “two,”
 But that alone would never do
 To quiet the butcher and baker.’

And now the unhappy MISS MACBRIDE,
 The merest ghost of her early pride,
 Bewails her lonely position ;
 Cramp’d in the very narrowest niche,
 Above the poor, and below the rich,—
 Was ever a worse condition ?

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
 Don’t be haughty, and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station ;
 Don’t be proud, and turn up your nose
 At poorer people in plainer clo’es,
 But learn, for the sake of your mind’s repose,
 That wealth’s a bubble that comes—and goes !
 And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation !

O L D G R I M E S.

Albert G. Greene, the author of the following eccentric trifle, is a native of Providence, Rhode Island. Several of his poems have become very popular, and one of them, *The Baron's Last Banquet*, is considered one of the most original short poems which has appeared in America.

OLD GRIMES is dead : that good old man
We never shall see more :
He used to wear a long black coat,
All button'd down before.

His heart was open as the day ;
His feelings all were true :
His hair was some inclined to grey—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burn'd :
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turn'd.

Kind words he ever had for all ;
He knew no base design :
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true :
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He pass'd securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears Misfortune's frown :
He wore a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert :
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbours he did not abuse—
Was sociable and gay :
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Then undisturb'd by anxious cares,
 His peaceful moments ran ;
 And everybody said he was
 A fine old gentleman.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This famous old ballad first appears to have been published in the reign of James I. It is a comparison between the manners and habits of the gentry of the former generation and the modern refinements, follies, and excesses of their sons, and the several traits wherein they differ are told with much rough but graphic humour. In *Pepys' Diary*, June 16, 1668, allusion is made to this ballad. 'Come to Newbery, and there dined—and musick : a song of the "Old Courtier of Queen Elizabeth," and how he was changed upon the coming in of the king, did please me mightily, and I did cause W. Hewer to write it out.'

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
 That kept a brave old house at a bountiful old rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages ;
 They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
 And never knew what belong'd to coachman, footmen,
 nor pages,
 But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
 Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old study filled full of learn'd old books ;
With an old reverend chaplain—you might know him by
his looks ;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks ;
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half-a-dozen old
cooks ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and
bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many
shrewd blows ;
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose ;
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

With an old falconer, huntsmen, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawk'd, nor hunted, but in his own grounds ;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand good
pounds ;
Like an old courtier, etc.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be
kind :

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-
clined ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor
stand ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping
or care,

Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's
hair ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovel board, whereon no victuals
ne'er stood ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays ;
 And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays ;
 With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
 five days ;

And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws and
 toys ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
 On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
 And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,
 Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a
 stone ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is complete ;
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
 the meat ;

With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
 Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat ;

Like a young courtier, etc.

With new titles of honour, bought with his father's old
 gold,

For which sundry of his ancestors' old manners are sold ;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so
 cold

Among the young courtiers of the king,
 Or the king's young courtiers.

THE VAGABONDS.

J. T. Trowbridge is a young American author of considerable repute. He is a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and one of the Editors of *Our Young Folks, A Magazine for Boys and Girls*. Published at Boston.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp ;
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye !
Over the table—look out for the lamp !
The rogue is growing a little old :
Five years we've tramp'd through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.
We've learn'd what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.
No, thank ye, Sir—I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger ?—see him wink,—
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head ;
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that's said ;
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
 I've been so sadly given to grog,
 I wonder I've not lost the respect
 (Here's to you, Sir) even of my dog.
 But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
 And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
 And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
 He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

'There isn't another creature living
 Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
 So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
 To such a miserable, thankless master !
 No, Sir ! see him wag his tail, and grin !
 By George ! it makes my old eyes water ;
 That is, there's something in this gin
 That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if your willing,
 And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, Sir)
 Shall march a little.—Start, you villain !
 Paws up ! Eyes front ! Salute your officer !
 'Bout face ! Attention ! Take your rifle !
 (Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your
 Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
 To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March ! Halt ! Now show how the Rebel shakes'
 When he stands up to hear his sentence.
 Now tell us how many drams it takes
 To honour a jolly new acquaintance.

Five yelps—that's five ; he's mighty knowing !
 The night's before us, fill the glasses !
 Quick, Sir ! I'm ill—my brain is going !
 Some brandy—thank you—there ! it passes.

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;
 But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
 Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
 And scarce remembering what meat meant,
 That my poor stomach's past reform ;
 And there are times when, mad with thinking,
 I'd sell out heaven for something warm
 To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
 At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
 A dear girl's love—but I took to drink ;—
 The same old story ; you know how it ends.
 If you could have seen these classic features--
 You needn't laugh, Sir ; they were not then
 Such a burning libel on God's creatures :
 I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,
 Whose head was happy on this breast !
 If you could have heard the songs I sung
 When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
 That ever I, Sir, should be straying
 From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
 Ragged and penniless, and playing
 To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since—a parson's wife :

'Twas better for her that we should part—
 Better the soberest, prosiest life
 Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
 I have seen her ! Once : I was weak and spent
 On the dusty road : a carriage stopped :
 But little she dream'd, as on she went,
 Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropp'd !

You've set me talking, Sir, I'm sorry :

It makes me wild to think of the change !
 What do you care for a beggar's story ?
 It is amusing ? you find it strange ?
 I had a mother so proud of me !
 'Twas well she died before—Do you know
 If the happy spirits in heaven can see
 The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
 This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
 I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart ;
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.

Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

PRYTHEE, WHY SO PALE ?

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover ?

Prythee, why so pale ?

Will, if looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail ?

Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so mute and dull, young sinner ?

Prythee, why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't ?

Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,

This cannot take her :

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her :

The devil take her !

THE CASE ALTERED.

HODGE held a farm, and smiled content
While one year paid another's rent ;
But if he ran the least behind
Vexation stung his anxious mind ;
For not an hour would landlord stay
But seize the very quarter day :
How cheap soe'er or scant the grain,
Though urged with truth, was urged in vain,
The same to him if false or true,
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds
Broke Hodge's fence, and crops his meads ;
In hunting that same landlord's hounds,
See how they spread his new-sown grounds ;
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoyed,
While half the rising crop's destroyed,
Yet tamely was the loss sustain'd ;
'Tis said the sufferer once complain'd :
The Squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin with a joke.

But luckless still poor Hodge's fate !
His Worship's bull has forced a gate,
And gored his cow, the last and best ;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt at heart resentment strong,
The heart will feel that suffers long.

A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said :—
'If Hodge for once don't sting the Squire,
May people post him for a liar.'
He then across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.
'I come, an' please ye, to unfold
What, soon or late, you must be told :
My bull (a creature tame till now),
My bull has gored your Worship's cow.
'Tis known what shifts I make to live—
Perhaps your Honour may forgive! no more'—
'Forgive!' the Squire replied, and swore ;
'Pray, cant to me, forgive! no more—
The laws my damage shall decide,
And know that I'll be satisfied.'
'Think, Sir, I'm poor, poor as a rat.'
'Think, I'm a Justice, think of that.'
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And recollecting, archly said—
'Sir, I'm so struck when here before ye,
I fear I blunder'd in the story :
'Fore George! but I'll not blunder now,
Yours was the bull, Sir! mine the cow!'
His Worship found his rage subsides,
And with calm accent thus replied :
'I'll think upon your case to-night—
But I perceive 'tis alter'd quite !'
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,
'An' please ye? who's the Justice now?'

'THE GRAVE-DIGGER.'

'OLD man ! old man ! for whom digg'st thou this
grave ?'

I ask'd as I walk'd along ;

For I saw in the heart of London streets
A dark and a busy throng.

'Twas a strange wild deed !—but a wilder wish
Of the parted soul, to lie

'Midst the troubled number of living men,
Who would pass him idly by !

So I said, 'Old man ! for whom digg'st thou this
grave,

In the heart of London town ?'

And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied,

'We're laying a gas-pipe down !'

 ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Robin Goodfellow, *alias* Hobgoblin, *alias* Puck, an English domestic sprite, who was, as Sir Walter Scott has written, 'the constant attendant upon the English fairy court, and, to the elves, acted in some measure as the clown or jester of the company,—a character then to be found in the establishment of every person of quality,—or, to use a more modern comparison, resembled the Pierrot of the pantomime. His jests were of the most simple, and, at the same time, of the broadest comic character; to mislead a clown on his path homeward, to disguise

himself like a stool, in order to induce an old gossip to commit the egregious mistake of sitting down on the floor when she expected to repose on a chair, were his special employments.' In the writings of Shakespeare and Milton reference is made to this spirit. The following poem is attributed to Ben Jonson, but on supposition only.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins ! where I go ;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam :

Through woods, through lakes ;
Through bogs, through brakes ;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho !

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine ;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine !
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort :
And out the candles I do blow ;
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this ?
I answer nought, but ho, ho, ho !

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool ;



Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.

And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still ;
I dress their hemp ; I spin their tow ;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When house or hearth doth sluttish lie,
I pinch the maidens black and blue ;
The bed-clothes from the bed pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleep and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw ;
If out they cry,
Then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require ;
And, for the use, demand we nought ;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazy queens have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie :
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly :
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wrongèd so :
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !
When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep ;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so ;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !
By wells and rills and meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise ;
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling ;
And babes new-born steal as we go ;
And elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho !

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
 Thus nightly revell'd to and fro ;
 And for my pranks men call me by
 The name of Robin Good-fellow.
 Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
 Who haunt the nights,
 The hags and goblins do me know ;
 And beldames old
 My feats have told,
 So *Vale, vale;* ho, ho, ho !

A NEWSPAPER.

ORGANS that gentlemen play, my boy,
 To answer the taste of the day, my boy ;
 Whatever it be,
 They hit on the key,
 And pipe in full concert away, my boy.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,
 Advertisements, essays, and rhymes, my boy,
 Mix'd up with all sorts
 Of flying reports,
 And published at regular times, my boy.

Articles able and wise, my boy,
 At least in the editor's eyes, my boy,
 A logic so grand
 That few understand
 To what in the world it applies, my boy.

Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy,
Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy,
 And lengthy debate
 Upon matters of State
For wise-headed folks to peruse, my boy.

The funds as they were and are, my boy,
The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy ;
 And every week
 A clever critique
On some rising theatrical star, my boy.

The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy,
The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy,
 The state of the crops,
 The style of the fops,
And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy.

List of all physical ills, my boy,
Banish'd by somebody's pills, my boy,
 Till you ask with surprise
 Why any one dies,
Or what's the disorder that kills, my boy.

Who has got married, to whom, my boy,
Who were cut off in their bloom, my boy,
 Who has had birth
 On this sorrow-stain'd earth,
And who totters fast to their tomb, my boy.

The price of cattle and grain, my boy,
Directions to dig and to drain, my boy,
 But 'twould take me too long
 To tell you in song
A quarter of all they contain, my boy.

THE CITIZEN AND THE THIEVES.

From a Pamphlet, published in 1609.

A CITIZEN, for recreation's sake,
To see the country would a journey take
Some dozen miles or very little more ;
Taking his leave with friends two months before,
With drinking healths and shaking by the hand,
As he had travell'd to some new-found land.
Well, taking horse, with very much ado,
London he leaveth for a day or two :
And as he rideth, meets upon the way
Such as (what haste soever) bid men stay.
'Sirrah,' says one, 'stand, and your purse deliver,
I am a *taker*, thou must be a *giver*.'

Unto a wood, hard by, they hail him in,
And rifle him unto his very skin.
'Misters,' quoth he, 'pray hear me ere you go ;
For you have robb'd me more than you do know,
My horse, in truth, I borrow'd of my brother ;
The bridle and the saddle of another ;

The jerkin and the bases, be a tailor's ;
 The scarf, I do assure you, is a sailor's ;
 The falling band is likewise none of mine,
 Nor cuffs, as true as this good light dōth shine.
 The satin doublet, and raised velvet hose
 Are our churchwarden's, all the parish knows.
 The boots are John the grocer's at the Swan ;
 The spurs were lent me by a serving-man.
 One of my rings—that with the great red stone—
 In sooth, I borrow'd of my gossip Joan :
 Her husband knows not of it, gentle man !
 Thus stands my case—I pray show favour then.'

' Why,' quoth the thieves, ' thou needst not greatly
 care,
 Since in thy loss so many bear a share ;
 The world goes hard, and many good folks lack,
 Look not, at this time, for a penny back.
 Go, tell at London thou didst meet with four,
 That rifling thee, have robb'd at least a score.'

THE JOVIAL PRIEST'S CONFESSION.

*Translated from the Latin of Walter de Mapes,
 time of Henry II.*

BY LEIGH HUNT.

I DEVISE to end my days—in a tavern drinking,
 May some Christian hold for me—the glass when I am
 shrinking,

That the cherubim may cry—when they see me sinking,
 God be merciful to a soul—of this gentleman's way of
 thinking.

A glass of wine amazingly—enlighteneth one's internals;
 'Tis wings bedew'd with nectar—that fly up to supernals;
 Bottles crack'd in taverns—have much the sweeter
 kernals,

Than the sups allowed to us—in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath—a mould which he was cast
 in ;

I happen to be one of those—who never could write
 fasting ;

By a single little boy—I should be surpass'd in
 Writing so : I'd just as lief—be buried ; tomb'd and
 grass'd in.

Every one by nature hath—a gift too, a dotation :
 I, when I make verses—do get the inspiration
 Of the very best of wine—that comes into the nation :
 It maketh sermons to astound—for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good—floweth forth my lay so ;
 But I must moreover eat—or I could not say so ;
 Naught it availeth inwardly—should I write all day
 so ;

But with God's grace after meat—I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me—prophetic animation,
 Unless when I have ate and drank—yea, ev'n to satura-
 tion ;
 Then in my upper storey—hath Bacchus domination,
 And Phœbus rushes into me, and beggareth all relation.

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

J. R. Planché, Esq., is well known as one of the most successful of living play-wrights, and also as a distinguished member of the Society of Antiquaries. He may be said to be the founder of the modern school of burlesque, as he is certainly the ablest writer who has turned his attention to that popular class of dramatic composition. Mr. Planché in his early days wrote a number of humorous pieces in the style of Colman and Peter Pindar, many of which have become highly popular. He now holds the office of Rouge Croix Pursuivant in the Herald Office.

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
 Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided
 One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
 In all the learning commonly provided
 For those who choose that classic station
 For finishing their education.
 That is—he understood computing
 The odds at any race or match ;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
 Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
 Play truant and the rake at random—
 Drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,
 Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
 Till he was warn'd that next offence
 Would have this certain consequence—
 Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
 To guess, that, with so wild a wight,
 The next offence occur'd next night ;
 When our Incurable came rolling
 Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,
 And rang the College Bell. No answer.

The second peal was vain—the third
 Made the street echo its alarum,
 When to his great delight he heard
 The sordid Janitor, Old Ben,
 Rousing and growling in his den.
 'Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum.'
 "'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry.'
 'Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry.
 'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed—
 You know my orders—I shall lose
 My place if I undo the door.'
 'And I' (young Hopeful interposed)
 'Shall be expell'd if you refuse,
 So prythee'—Ben began to snore.

'I'm wet,' cried Harry, 'to the skin,
 Hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny ;

Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in.'

'Humph!' growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
'Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.'
'Look on the stones, old Cerberus,'
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
'I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good-night.'

Behold the Porter in his shirt,
Dripping with rain that never stopp'd,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that
Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door, and found it fast!

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry, mimicking old Ben—
'Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've lock'd the gate,
I know my duty. 'Tis too late,
You wouldn't have me lose my place?'

'Psha! Mr. Dashington; remember

This is the middle of November,

I'm stripp'd; 'tis raining cats and dogs'—

'Hush, hush!' quoth Hal, 'I'm fast asleep;'

And then he snored as loud and deep

As a whole company of hogs.

'But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance

At the same rate I paid myself.'

'Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,'

Replied the avaricious elf.

'No—all or none—a full acquittance;

The terms, I know, are somewhat high;

But you have fix'd the price, not I—

I won't take less; I can't afford it.'

So, finding all his haggling vain,

Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,

Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

'Surely you will give me,' growl'd the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,

'Something, now you've done your joking,

For all this trouble, time, and soaking.'

'Oh, surely, surely,' Harry said,

'Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,

And you're half-drown'd and quite undress'd,

I'll give you,' said the generous fellow—

Free, as most people are, when mellow—

'Yes, I'll give you—leave to go to bed!'

F O O L S.

THERE are fools of pretension and fools of pretence,
Fools that can't understand even other folk's sense ;
There are high-finish'd boobies from every great school,
And many worse fools in the world than 'Tom Fool.'

For Tom was the merriest fool upon earth,
But Folly brought twin greater fools at a birth ;
Young Hope-fool and Will-fool, fools of the first water,
And at last, to beat all, she bore Spite-fool a daughter.

There are fools all for saving, and fools that all spend,
And great fools that borrow, and greater that lend ;
Fools that rush unto crime to accumulate wealth,
Fools that squander the best of all treasures—their health.

Fools that barter the best things of life for a song,
Fools of lovers whose folly but seldom lasts long :
There are fools that are single, and fools that are wed,
And fools have writ volumes that never were read.

There are fools, too, that read, and are never the wiser,
And many's the fool takes the part of adviser :
There are fools to be woo'd and still greater to woo,
And fools to give Roguery plenty to do.

There are fools that abuse and fools that applaud,
Great fools stay at home, and great fools go abroad ;
And great fools return greater fools than they went,
Their morals all gone and their money all spent.

There are fools that see diamonds in Derbyshire spar,
And these are the fools found at every Bazaar :
Fools to be stared at, and fools too to stare,
And mothers, great fools, let their daughters be there.

There are fools in the city of pleasure and trade ;
There are fools, country-gentlemen, all ready made :
Great fools of great fortunes lose life and estate,
For the hunting a fox and the leaping a gate.

There are fools that are young, and fools that grow old,
Some fools too gentle, some given to scold ;
Some fools that torments friends, children, and wives,
And greater that plague themselves out of their lives.

I could tell of more fools without number or end,
That with all this my telling I never shall mend,
And perhaps lose myself, both my sense and my labour,
And perhaps I am quite as great fool as my neighbour.

'Tis thus through his catalogue good Dr. John,
In his eloquent fashion was wont to run on,
And to wind up his descant with energy worthy
The mind unsubdued by its ' particles earthly.'

But a coxcomb, a prig, science-cramming, and prating,
Naught-knowing, ear-boring, and gesticulating ;
Oh the biggest of boobies ! all fools to surpass,
For a fool's but a fool, but the Doctor's an Ass.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

N. P. WILLIS.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, a distinguished *Littérateur*, was born at Portland, Maine, 1807. He adopted the profession of literature early in life, and for many years was an industrious editor and voluminous writer. Most of his works have been reprinted, and attained to some degree of popularity in this country. He is the brother of the strong-minded and erratic 'Fanny Fern.' He died in the present year (1867).

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
And bowers of trellised vine—
Of nature bewitchingly simple,
And milkmaids half divine ;
They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
In the shade of a spreading tree,
And a walk in the fields at morning,
By the side of a footstep free !

But give me a sly flirtation
By the light of a chandelier—
With music to play in the pauses,
And nobody very near :
Or a seat on a silken sofa,
With a glass of pure old wine,
And mamma too blind to discover
The small white hand in mine.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies—
Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
And simplicity talks of pies !

You lie down to your shady slumber
And wake with a fly in your ear,
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease—
And true love has an eye for a dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees.
His wing is the fan of a lady,
His foot's an invisible thing,
And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
And shot from a silver string.

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old
times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas
chimes ;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and
true,
That dipp'd their ladle in the punch when this old bowl
was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar—so runs the ancient
tale ;
'Twas hammer'd by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was
like a flail ;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his
strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaff'd a cup of good old
Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his
loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs and conceived a longing for the
same ;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas fill'd with caudle spiced and hot, and handed
smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reach'd at length a Puritan
divine,
Who used to follow TIMOTHY, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy ; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and
schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next, it left the
Dutchman's shore
With those that in the *Mayflower* came, a hundred souls
and more—
Along with all their furniture, to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred
loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing
dim,
When old MILES STANDISH took the bowl, and fill'd it
to the brim ;

The little Captain stood and stirr'd the posset with his
sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the
board.

He pour'd the fiery Hollands in—the man that never
fear'd—

He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his
yellow beard ;

And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought
and pray'd—

All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man
afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle
flew—

He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild
halloo ;

And there the sachem learn'd the rule he taught to kith
and kin,

'Run from the white man when you find he smells of
Hollands gin !'

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves
and snows,

A thousand rubs had flatten'd down each little cherub's
nose,

When once again the bowl was fill'd, but not in mirth
or joy,

'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting
boy.

'Drink, John,' she said, 'twill do you good, poor child,
you'll never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight
air ;

And if—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep
away the chill ;'

So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at
Bunker's Hill !

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old Eng-
lish cheer ;

I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol
here :

'Tis but the fool that loves excess ; hast thou a drunken
soul ?

Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl !

I love the memory of the past—its press'd yet fragrant
flowers—

The moss that clothes its broken walls—the ivy on its
towers ;

Nay, this poor bauble it bequeath'd, my eyes grow
moist and dim,

To think of all the vanish'd joys that danced around its
brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to
me ;

The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be ;

And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the
sin

That dooms one to those dreadful words—‘ My dear,
where *have* you been ?’

THE PUPIL OF MERLIN.

[*Imitated from the German of Goethe.*]

GREAT MERLIN of old had a magical trick
For putting in motion a talisman stick,
That would do at his pleasure whatever he wanted ;
He had only to speak and the stick was enchanted ;
Off it set in a twinkling, and came in a crack ;
He order'd it out, and he whistled it back.
A youthful disciple of Merlin's own school,
A would-be magician, half knave and half fool,
Once peeping through cranny, the secret found out,
Heard the ‘ conjurote,’ saw the stick fly about ;
'Twas enough, having seen, he must try the experiment :
So he scamper'd off home in the height of his merriment,
With a substitute broomstick to ape the magician,
Repeated the charm, and enjoin'd his commission.
‘ Stick ! conjurote ! I command thee to bring
A bucket of water just fresh from the spring,
In order to wash the place tidy and clean,
And render my cottage the pride of the green !’
So soon as he utter'd this eloquent spell,
It vanish'd *instantly*, he mimick'd so well ;

Then as quickly return'd to his great satisfaction,
Conducting the bucket with secret attraction.
Then again sallied out and return'd with a second,
A third, fourth, fifth, six—full a dozen he reckon'd.
Again and again comes the troublesome evil ;
He heartily wishes the stick at the devil,
And endeavours to stop this strange baton constabulary
By repeating by heart all his magic vocabulary.
In vain, the said stick is as deaf as a post,
And frightens him, ready to give up the ghost.
'What, holloa! neighboursmine! oh, the shocking disaster!'
The louder he holloas the stick goes the faster.
In this wretched dilemma he loses his wits,
He rages, he swears, and he whimpers by fits ;
Beats his breasts, pulls his hair, and defaces his face,
Still the stick and the bucket continued the chase.
The comical scene would have kill'd you with laughter,
The stick led the way and the bucket sped after.
Provoked at the sight, he endeavour'd to catch it,
Gets a rap on the knuckles—he seizes a hatchet,
In a violent passion he chops it asunder ;
This stratagem proves a most exquisite blunder ;
It produces a double stick, *i.e.*, another,
That follows the steps of its hard-hearted brother.
Both together they fly, both their buckets they bring,
And around him a deluge of water they fling.
In brief, had not fortune the urchin befriended,
There is no telling where might the mischief have ended ;
When, as good luck would have it, old Merlin appear'd,
In full magicals robed, with his grim-looking beard,

Who deliver'd him straight, stopp'd the sticks in a trice,
 And dismiss'd the young chap with a word of advice :
 ' Only see what a pickle your rashness has cost,
 And thank your good genius that all was not lost.
 Remember, in future, my parting command,
 That you never attempt what you don't understand ;
 And whatever you do, that success may attend,
 Ere you think of beginning, consider the end.'

THE CONJURER COZENED.

Samuel Rowlands was a prolific poet, humorist, and writer of satirical squibs, *temp.* 1600. His works are now all but forgotten. A few, however, are still to be found among the publications of the Percy Society.

A SHIFTING knave about the town,
 Did challenge wondrous skill :
 To tell men's fortunes and good haps,
 He had the stars at will.
 What day was best to travel on,
 Which fit to choose a wife ;
 If violent or natural
 A man should end his life ;
 Success of any suit in law,
 Which party's cause prevails ;
 When it is good to pick one's teeth,
 And ill to pare his nails.
 So cunningly he played the knave,
 That he deluded many,

With shifting, base, and cozening tricks ;
For skill he had not any.

Amongst a crew of simple gulls,
That plyed him to their cost,
A butcher comes and craves his help.
That had some cattle lost.
Ten groats he gave him for his fee,
And he to conjure goes,
With characters, and vocables,
And divers antique shows.
The butcher, in a beastly fear,
Expected spirits still,
And wished himself within his shop,
Some sheep or calf to kill.
At length out of an old blind hole,
Behind a painted cloth,
A devil comes with roaring voice,
Seeming exceeding wroth,
With squibs and crackers round about
Wildfire he did send ;
Which, swaggering Ball, the butcher's dog,
So highly did offend,
That he upon the devil flies,
And shakes his horns so sore,
Even like an ox, most terrible
He made hobgoblin roar.
The cunning man cries, ' For God's love help,
Unto your mastiff call !'
' Fight dog, fight devil !' butcher said,

And claps his hands at Ball.
The dog most cruelly tore his flesh,
The devil went to wrack,
And lookèd like a tattered rogue,
With ne'er a rag on's back.
'Give me my money back again,
Thou slave,' the butcher said,
'Or I will see your devil's heart,
Before he can be laid :
He gets not back again to hell,
Ere I my money have,
And I will have some interest too,
Besides mine own I gave.
Deliver first mine own ten groats,
And then a crown to boot :
I smell your devil's knavery out,
He wants a cloven foot.'

The conjurer, with all his heart,
The money back repays,
And gives five shillings of his own :
To whom the butcher says,
'Farewell, most scurvy conjurer,
Think on my valiant deed,
Which has done more than English George,
That made the dragon bleed :
He and his horse, the story tells,
Did but a serpent slay :
I and my dog the devil spoil'd,
We two have got the day.'

THE PICTURE.

MATCHES are made for many reasons—

For love, convenience, money, fun, and spite!

How many, against common sense, are treasons!

How few the happy pairs who match aright!

In the fair breast of some bewitching dame,

How many a youth will strive fond love to waken!

And when, at length, successful in his aim,

Be first *mis-led*, and afterwards *mis-taken*!

Then curse his fate, at matrimony swear,

And, like poor Adam, have a *rib* to spare!

How many ladies, speculating dears!

Will make six matches in as many years.

So fast, sometimes, the amorous gudgeons bite!

Others, like bungling housemaids in the dark,

Will fret and fume, and lose full many a *spark*,

And never, never get a *match* to light—

Nor think their want of skill thẽ job could hinder,

But lay the fault upon the plaguy *tinder*.

Old men young women wed—by way of nurses;

Young men old women—just to fill their purses:

Nor young men only—for 'tis my belief

(Nor do I think the metaphor a bold one),

When folks in life turn over a new *leaf*,

Why very few would grumble at a *gold one*!

A worthy knight, yclept Sir Peter Pickle,

By love, was made to look exceeding glumpy;

The maid whose charms had power his heart to tickle,
 Was Miss Cordelia Carolina Crumpy ;
 This said Sir Peter was, as you shall hear,
 Although a knight, as poor as any poet ;
 But handsome as Apollo Belvedere,
 And vain Sir Peter seem'd full well to know it.
 No wonder, then, that Miss Cordelia Crumpy
 Could not, unmoved, hear such a lover sue ;
 Sweet, sympathetic maiden, fat and stumpy,
 Green-eyed, red-hair'd, and turn'd of sixty-two !

But tell me, Muse, what charm it was could tickle
 The once invincible Sir Peter Pickle ?
 Was it her eyes—that so attach'd to one day,
 Look'd piously seven different ways for Sunday ?
 Was it her hump, that had a camel suited ?
 Her left leg, bandy ?—or her right, club-footed ?
 Or nose, in shape so like a liquor funnel ?
 Or mouth, whose width might shame the Highgate
 tunnel ?

Was it the beauties of her face combined—
 A face (since similes I have begun on)
 Not like a face that I can call to mind,
 Except the one beneath the Regent's cannon !
 No, gentle friends ; although such beauties might
 Have warm'd the bosom of an anchorite,
 The charm that made our knight all milk and honey,
 Was that infallible specific—Money !

Peter, whom want of brass had made more brazen,
 In moving terms began his love to blazon ;

Sigh after sigh in quick succession rushes,
 Nor are the labours of his lungs in vain ;
 Her cheek soon crimsons with consenting blushes,
 Red as a chimney-pot just after rain !

The license bought,—he marries her in haste ;
 Brings home his bride, and gives his friends a gay
 day ;

All his relations, wondering at his taste,
 Vow'd he had better had the Pig-faced Lady !
 Struck with this monstrous lump of womankind,
 The thought of money never cross'd their mind.

The dinner o'er, the ladies and the bride
 Retired, and wine and chat went round jocosely ;
 Sir Peter's brother took the knight aside,

And question'd him about the matter closely.—
 ' Confound it, Peter ! how came you to pitch
 On such an ugly, squinting, squabby witch ?
 A man like you, so handsome and so knowing ;
 Your wits, my friend, must surely be a going !
 Who could have thought you such a tasteless oaf,
 To wed a lump of odd-come-shorts and bits,
 That Madame Nature, in her merry fits,
 Had jumbled into something like a face !
 With skin as black, as if she charcoal fed on,
 Crook'd and crusty, like an outside loaf ;
 A remnant of an orang-outang face—
 Eve's grandmother, with the Serpent's head on !
 What spell could into such a hobble throw you ?

' Just step up-stairs,' says Peter, ' and I'll show you.'

Up-stairs they went :—‘ There, there’s her picture, say,
 Is it not like her, sir ?—Your judgment, pray.’—
 ‘ Like her, Sir Peter !—take it not uncivil,
 ’Tis like her—and as ugly as the devil ;
 With just her squinting leer :—but, hang it ! what
 A very handsome *Frame* it’s got !
 So richly gilt, and so superbly wrought !’—
 ‘ You’re right,’ says Peter, ‘ ’twas the *Frame* that caught :
 I grant my wife is ugly, squabby, old,
 But still she pleases—being *set in gold* ;
 Let others for the *Picture* feel a flame,
 I, my good brother, married for the *Frame* !’

JOHN DAVIDSON.

The story of the happy couple who quarrelled on the first day of their house-keeping life about the ‘ rat ’ or the ‘ mouse ’ which ran out of the fire-place, had, it seems, really an origin, as will be found in the following verses.

JOHN DAVIDSON and Tib his wife,
 Sat toastin’ their taes ae nicht,
 When something startit on the fluir
 And blinkit by their sicht.

‘ Goodwife,’ quoth John, ‘ did ye see that moose ?
 Whar sorra was the cat ?’

‘ A mouse ?’—‘ Ay, a moose.’—‘ Na, na, Guidman,
 It wasna a mouse, ’twas a rat.’

'Oh, oh, Guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang about the hoose,
An' no to ken a mouse frae a rat !—
Yon wasna a rat ! 'twas a mouse !'

'I've seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
An' what think ye o' that ?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye it was a rat.'

'*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife !
I'll be maister o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see,
An' I tell ye it was a moose.'

'If you're the maister of the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o't ;
An' I ken best what's in the hoose—
Sae I tell ye it was a rat.'

'Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please.'
So up she rose and made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his taes.

They suppit and suppit and suppit the brose,
And aye their lips play'd smack ;
They suppit and suppit and suppit the brose,
Till their lugs began to crack.



'Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
'Twas a mouse,'—'Twas a rat,'—'Twas a mouse.'

'Sic fules we were to fa' out, Guidwife,
 About a mouse.'—'A what!
 It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again
 It wasna a mouse, 'twas a rat.'

'Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
 My faith, but ye craw croose!
 I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear 't—
 'Twas a mouse.—'Twas a rat.'—'Twas a mouse.'

Wi' that she struck him ower the pow¹—
 'Ye dour² auld doit,³ tak' that—
 Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sumph⁴—
 'Twas a rat.'—'Twas a mouse!'—'Twas a rat!'

She sent the brose-caup at his heels
 As he hirpled⁵ ben the hoose;
 Yet he shoved out his head as he steekit⁶ the door,
 And cried, 'Twas a mouse, 'twas a mouse!'

But when the carle⁷ fell asleep
 She paid him back for that,
 And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,⁸
 'Twas a rat, 'twas a rat, 'twas a rat!'

The deil be wi' me if I think
 It was a beast at a'—
 Next mornin', when she swept the floor,
 She found wee Johnnie's ba'!

¹ Head. ² Stubborn. ³ Dolt. ⁴ Ill-natured fool.
⁵ Crippled. ⁶ Shut. ⁷ Man. ⁸ Ear.

TO FANNY.

THOMAS MOORE.

Many of the humorous effusions of Thomas Moore, 'Ireland's own poet,' are of so local a nature, or so thoroughly identified with passing events which are now forgotten, as to be quite unintelligible to the general reader. A few, however, will bear repetition, and from them we make a small selection.

NEVER mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp,
The lip that's so scented by roses,
Oh! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Chloe, whose withering kisses
Have long set the loves at defiance,
Now done with the science of blisses,
May fly to the blisses of science!

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
Condemn'd but to read of enjoyments,
Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
Oh, Fanny! they're pitiful sages;
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages!

Astronomy finds in your eye
Better light than she studies above,
And music must borrow your sigh
As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics—'tis you that can check,
In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels ;
Oh ! show but that mole on your neck,
And 'twill soon put an end to their morals.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
When to kiss and to count you endeavour ;
But eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you—
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to go through !

And, oh !—if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts !

A TRAGIC STORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pig-tail wore,
But wonder'd much and sorrow'd more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pig-tail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, 'The mystery I have found—
I'll turn me round!'—he turn'd him round,
And stamp'd with rage upon the ground,
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day, the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain; it matter'd not a pin,
The pig-tail hung behind him.

And right and left and round about,
And up and down, and in and out
He turn'd, but still the pig-tail stout,
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist and twirl and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pig-tail hangs behind him.

A LAY OF THE TWADDLE SCHOOL.

The following 'Lyric lilt between L. E. L. and Lady Morgan,' appeared in *The Literary Gazette* in 1831. At that time Miss Landon and Lady Morgan were in the height of their popularity as authoresses; and the 'lilt' is supposed to be a passage of pens between admirers of the two ladies. Their respective claims to superiority are set forth in rhymes to their names, and the versification is extremely clever.

L. E. L. 'Memento . . . servare mentem
Ab insolenti temperatam
Latitia!'

HOR. II. iii.

Lady M. ' Alla fonte tornava,
 Trovò *Morgana*, ch' intorno alla soglia
 Faceva un ballo, e ballando cantava.
 Più leggièr non si volge al vento foglia
 Di ciò chi quella donna si voltava.'

Boiardo, Orlando Innamorata.

WHO can sound the Sapphic shell
 Like the Lesbian L. E. L. ?

Saucy sparrow ! cease such jargon—
 Sappho's self is Lady Morgan.

'Suckled by the Muses,' well
 As Ann de Vignes, was L. E. L.

'Suckled !'—born too, in the bargain,¹
 Of the Nine, was Lady Morgan.

Far from Brompton to Bow-bell
 Swells the fame of L. E. L.

Fame from Stamboul to Stillorgan
 Blows the trump of Lady Morgan.

Nature did herself excel
 In the gifted L. E. L.

Fatal as the glance of Gorgon
 Is the eye of Lady Morgan.

Genius has no parallel
 For the soul of L. E. L.

Genius—all, says Dr. Corgan,
 Centred shines in Lady Morgan.

Della Crusca's glories fell
At the feet of L. E. L.

Aphra Behn, and Moore are o'ergone
By the lyre of Lady Morgan.

Golden violets—who can smell
Their bright hues but L. E. L. ?

Liberty's impassion'd organ
Is the pen of Lady Morgan.

Jerdan says, 'If they'd but sell,
Sure specs were works by L. E. L.'

At half-price were all my store gone,
None would lose by Lady Morgan.

Glory's most impulsive spell
Is the song of L. E. L.

Lafayette had ne'er to war gone,
But for note from Lady Morgan.

Churchyard cupids chime their knell
To the strains of L. E. L.

Lovers from La Trappe to Lurgan
Lisp the lays of Lady Morgan.

Swan-like, dying demoiselle
Sings a dirge from L. E. L.

A very cook made *calembourg* on
All-inspiring Lady Morgan.

Regent Street and proud Pall Mall
Venerate young L. E. L.

France—adored as Demogorgon,
In *my* 'France' is Lady Morgan.

Florence—my Castalian cell,
Halcyon home of L. E. L.

O'er 'Italy,' like shooting star gone,
Flares the fame of Lady Morgan.

Morgante mio! sylphid spell,
Morgan links with L. E. L.

Patronised as poets par'gon
Is L. E. L. by Lady Morgan.

From British bardesses now bear the belle
Learn'd Lady Morgan, lore-born L. E. L.

GLUGGITY GLUG.

A JOLLY fat friar loved liquor, good store,
And he had drunk stoutly at supper ;
He mounted his horse in the night at the door,
And he sat with his face to the crupper :—
'Some rogue,' quoth the friar, 'quite dead to remorse—
Some thief, whom a halter will throttle—
Some scoundrel has cut off the head of my horse,
While I was engaged at the bottle,
Which went gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug !'
The tail of the steed pointed south on the dale,
'Twas the friar's road home straight and true, Sir ;
But, when spur'd, a horse follows his nose, not his tail,
So he scamper'd due north like the deuce, Sir.

'This new mode of docking,' the friar then said,
 'I perceive doesn't make a horse trot ill ;
 And 'tis cheap,—for he never can eat off his head,
 While I am engaged at the bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug !

The steed made a stop ; in a pond he had got,
 He was rather for drinking than grazing ;
 Quoth the friar, "'Tis strange headless horses should
 trot ;

But to drink with their tails is amazing !'
 Turning round to see whence this phenomenon rose,
 In the pond fell this son of a pottle ;
 Quoth he, 'The head's found, for I'm under his nose ;
 I wish I were over a bottle,
 Which goes gluggity, gluggity, glug, glug, glug !'

A N E L E G Y

On the Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
 Lament for Madam Blaize,
 Who never wanted a good word—
 From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
 And always found her kind ;
 She freely lent to all the poor—
 Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning ;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more ;
The King himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all ;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

A FRAGMENT OF SCIENCE.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, born at Strensham, in Worcestershire, in 1612, is best known to modern readers as the author of 'Hudibras,' a clever satirical and witty poem, in which he endeavoured to cast

ridicule upon the Presbyterians and other nonconforming parties. He died in London, very poor it is said, in 1680. The following passage is extracted from 'Hudibras.'

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
 A hundred virtuosos seek,
 And like an oracle apply to,
 T' ask questions, and admire, and lie to ;
 Who entertain'd them all of course,
 As men take wives for better or worse,
 And pass them all for men of parts
 Though some but sceptics in their hearts ;
 For when they're cast into a lump,
 Their equality must jump ;
 As metals mix'd, the rich and base
 Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ordinary debate
 Was after news, and things of state,
 Which way the dreadful comet went¹
 In sixty-four, and what it meant,
 What nations yet are to bewail
 The operations of its tail ?

Why currents turn in seas of ice
 Some thrice a day and some but twice ;
 And why the tides at night and noon
 Court, like Caligula, the moon ?
 If grass be green, or snow be white,
 But only as they take the light ?

¹ The comet of December 1664.

Whether possessions of the devil,
Or mere temptations, are most evil?
What is't that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outside down again,
As if the attempt were made in vain?
Or what's the strange magnetic cause
The steel, or Loadstone's drawn or draws
The star, the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence
(For red-hot iron, held towards the Pole
Turns of itself to't, when 'tis cool):
What makes the body of the sun
That such a rapid course does run
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear,
Which other planets cannot do
Because they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the moon be sea, or land,
Or charcoal; or a quench'd fire-brand;
Or if the dark holes that appear
Are only bores, not cities there?
Whether the atmosphere turn round
And keep a just pace with the ground;
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind?
Or whether Crescents in the wane
(For so an author has it plain)

Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the sea increase or waste,
And if it do, how long 'twill last:
Or if the sun approaches near
The earth, how soon it will be here?

These were the learnèd speculations
And all their constant occupations
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square,
To make a powder of the sun,
By which all doctors should b' undone;
To find the north-west passage out
Although the farthest way about;
If chemists from a rose's ashes,
Can raise a rose itself, in gases?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense?
To stew the elixir in a bath
Of Hope, Credulity, and Faith;
To explicate by subtle hints
The grain of diamonds and flints;
And, in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason low.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I WROTE some lines, once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laugh'd as I would die ;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I call'd my servant, and he came ;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb !

'These to the printer,' I exclaim'd,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
'There'll be the devil to pay.'

He took the paper, and I watch'd,
And saw him peep within ;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear ;
He read the third ; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;
 The fifth ; his waistband split ;
 The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
 I watch'd that wretched man,
 And since, I never dare to write
 As funny as I can.

THE RIVAL TRADESMEN.'

PETER PINDAR.

A THIEVING fellow, naturally sly,
 'Cheaper than all the world,' his wares would cry,
 And on a jackass' back such bargains brought 'em ;
 All sized and sorted town-made brooms,
 For sweeping stables, gardens, hearths, or rooms,
So cheap ! as quite astonish'd all who bought 'em !
 Thus, for a while, he drove a roaring trade,
 And wisely thought a pretty purse to have made,
 When on a dismal day, at every door,
 Where oft he'd sold his *dog-cheap* goods before,
 With freezing looks, his customers all told him,
 Another broom-monger they'd found
 That travell'd far and wide the country round,
 And in all sorts and sizes, *under-sold* him.

Scratching his wig he left 'em, musing deep,
 With knitted brows—up to his ears in thought,
 To guess, where in the deuce could brooms be *bought*,
 That any mortal man could sell so cheap.
 When lo! as through the street he slowly passes,
 A voice as clear as raven's, owl's, or ass's,
 And just as musical, rung in his ears, like thunder
 (Half-splitting his thick head, and wig cramn'd full of
 wonder),

With roaring out '*Cheap brooms!*' O'erjoy'd he meets
 His *brother brush*, and thus the rascal greets:—
 'How, how the devil, brother rogue, do I
 Hear my old friends sing out a general cry
 That I'm a knave! then growl like bears, and tell me,
 That you do more

Than all the world could ever do before,
 And, in this self-same broom-trade undersell me.

I always thought *I* sold 'em *cheap enough*,
 And well I might—for why?
 ('Twixt you and I,)

I own, I *now and then have stole the stuff!*
 'Ah!' (quoth his brother thief, a dog far deeper,)
 'I see, my boy, you haven't half learnt your trade,
 I go a cheaper way to work than that.' '*A cheaper?*'
 'Why, ah—I *always* steals mine *ready made!*'

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

This is an old song of English origin, which Burns, in the course of his researches in song literature, took a fancy to, and which he slightly improved.

THERE were three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head ;
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And showers began to fall :
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surprised them all.

The sultry sons of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong ;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They fillèd up a darksome pit
With water to the brim :
They heavèd in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further wo :
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones ;
But a miller used him worst of all—
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise ;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his wo ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A LOVE SONG,

In the modern taste.

DEAN SWIFT.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart :
I a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth ;
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gored with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre :
Soothe my ever-waking slumbers :
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow, —
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy smooth Meander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping ;
Melody resigns to fate.

COLD WATER.

SOME sing the peaceful pleasures of the plains,
While other bards invoke the groves and woods ;
But I, enamour'd of incessant rains,
Will make my theme cold water and the floods.

Let others sit beneath the leafy shade,
While murmuring breezes softly float about ;
But I in purling brooks delight to wade,
Or stand beneath some friendly water-spout.

'Tis sweet the nectar of the gods to quaff,
And very pleasant is the rosy wine ;
Refreshing is the taste of ' half-and-half,'
But of all drinks cold water shall be mine.

The verdant turf is grateful to the feet,
And some recline upon the mossy vale ;
But smoothest lawns yield not so soft a seat
As that afforded by a well-fill'd pail.

Before another century has fled,
Water ! thy virtues none will dare deny ;
Posterity will humbly bare its head,
When thou in rain descendest from the sky.

The workman, when his daily labour's done—
Eager alike for luxury and rest—
Will to his water-butt impatient run,
The spigot turn—lie under—and be blest !

No longer to the couch will idlers fly,
When the siesta they would fain invite :
But 'neath the pump will indolently lie,
While lackeys work away with all their might.

No more will builders try their utmost skill,
As now, to render houses waterproof ;
But all their tiles in little holes they'll drill,
And make a shower-bath in every roof.

Economists will search in every street
For friendly water-spouts supplied with rain ;
Where, gratis, they may with the luxury meet—
Ay, luxury !—of water on the brain.

No more shall watering-pots their blessings shed,
Alone on vegetables, fruit, and flowers ;
But man, reclining on a water-bed,
Shall be refresh'd by gently falling showers.

Umbrellas, also, will be only known
By specimens in old museums seen,
Which, as barbaric relics, will be shown
Of customs curious that once have been.

And when 'tis read in history's faithful page,
That pickpockets were pump'd on, now and then,
Our children will despise a foolish age,
That so much honour'd such unworthy men.

Then hail ! all hail ! to hydropathic skill,
 Upon whose principles it stands confess'd,
 That he who cisterns vast will freely swill,
 May dropsy cure—or water on the chest.

For nauseous drugs no use there soon will be ;
 For salts, magnesia, senna, no pretence ;
 Dispensing chemists, all men will agree
 To view as things with which they can dispense.

Physic to agriculture they'll apply,
 And write prescriptions for a sickly crop ;
 With fever mixtures, when the land's too dry,
 Inflammatory action they will stop.

In every farm, so modern *savants* say,
 A chemist will be always needed near ;
 For, if the corn unhealthiness display,
 He'll dose it for diseases of the ear.

THE PIG.

A Colloquial Poem.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

JACOB ! I do not like to see thy nose
 Turn'd up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
 It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
 Were perfect in our kind ! . . . And why despise
 The sowborn grunter ? . . . He is obstinate,

Thou answerest ; ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. . . . Now, I pray you,
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate ?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words ;
We must not take them as unheeding hands
Receive base money at the current worth,
But with a just suspicion try their sound,
And in the even balance weigh them well.
See now to what this obstinacy comes :
A poor, mistreated, democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learn'd
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
And baconised : that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take ;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege ;
Perhaps, . . . hark, Jacob ! dost thou hear that horn ?
Woe to the young posterity of Pork !
Their enemy is at hand.

Again, thou say'st

The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him !
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face, . . . nay, Jacob ! Jacob ! were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille ?
Fancy it dress'd, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend ; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse :
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair

Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
 And what is beauty, but the aptitude
 Of parts harmonious? Give thy fancy scope,
 And thou wilt find that no imagined change
 Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
 The starry glories of the peacock's pride,
 Give him the swan's white breast; for his horn hoofs
 Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves
 Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss
 When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose;
 Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him!
 All alteration man could think, would mar
 His pig perfection.

The last charge, . . . he lives

A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
 With noble and right reverend precedents,
 And show by sanction of authority
 That 'tis a very honourable thing
 To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
 On better ground the unanswerable defence.
 The pig is a philosopher, who knows
 No prejudice. Dirt? . . . Jacob, what is dirt?
 If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
 An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
 That stuffs him to the throat gates, is no more.
 If matter be not, but as sages say,
 Spirit is all, and all things visible
 Are one, the infinitely modified.
 Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
 Wherein he stands knee-deep!

And there ! the breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to a smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

THE BARBER'S NUPTIALS.

IN Liquorpond Street, as is well known to many,
An artist resided, who shaved for a penny,
Cut hair for three halfpence, for threepence he bled,
And would draw for a groat every tooth in your head.

What annoy'd other folks never spoil'd his repose,
'Twas the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose :
For blast and for mildew he cared not a pin,
His crops never fail'd, for they grew on the chin.

Unvex'd by the cares that ambition and state has,
Contented he dined on his daily potatoes ;
And the pence that he earn'd by excision of bristle,
Were nightly devoted to wetting his whistle.

When copper ran low, he made light of the matter,
Drank his purl upon tick at the Old Pewter Platter ;
Read the news, and as deep in the secret appear'd,
As if he had lather'd the minister's beard.

But Cupid, who trims men of every station,
And 'twixt barbers and beaux makes no discrimination,
Would not let this superlative shaver alone,
Till he tried if his heart was as hard as his hone.

The fair one, whose charms did the barber enthrall,
At the end of Fleet Market, of fish kept a stall,
As red as her cheek was no lobster e'er seen ;
Not an eel that she sold was so soft as her skin.

By love strange effects have been wrought, we are told,
In all countries and climates, hot, temp'rate, or cold ;
Thus the heart of our barber love scorch'd like a coal,
Though 'tis very well known he lived under the pole.

First, he courted his charmer in sorrowful fashion,
And lied like a lawyer, to move her compassion :
He should perish, he swore, did his suit not succeed,
And a barber to slay was a barbarous deed.

Then he alter'd his tone, and was heard to declare,
If valour deserved the regard of the fair,
That his courage was tried, though he scorn'd to disclose
How many brave fellows he'd took by the nose.

For his politics, too, they were thoroughly known,
A patriot he was to the very backbone ;
Wilkes he gratis had shaved for the good of the nation,
And he held the *Wig Club* in profound veneration.

For his tenets religious—he could well expound
Emanuel Swedenborg's mysteries profound,
And new doctrines could broach with the best of 'em all,
For a periwig-maker ne'er wanted a caul.

Indignant, she answer'd, 'No chin-scraping sot
Shall be fasten'd to me by the conjugal knot ;
No ! to Tyburn repair, if a noose you must tie,
Other fish I have got, Mr. Tonsor, to fry :

'Holborn-bridge and Blackfriars' my triumphs can tell,
From Billingsgate beauties I've long borne the bell :
Nay, tripe-men and fishmongers vie for my favour ;—
Then d'ye think I'd take up with a two-penny shaver ?

'Let dory, or turbot, the sov'reign of fish,
Cheek by jowl with red herring be served in one dish,
Let sturgeon and sprats in one pickle unite,
When I angle for husbands, and barbers shall bite.'

But the barber persisted (ah ! could I relate 'em)
To ply her with compliments soft as pomatum :
And took every occasion to flatter and praise her,
Till she fancied his wit was as keen as his razor.

He protested, besides, if she'd grant his petition,
She should live like a lady of rank and condition,
And to Billingsgate Market no longer repair,
But himself all her business would do to a hair.

Her smiles, he asserted, would melt even rocks,
Nay, the fire of her eyes would consume barbers' blocks,
On insensible objects bestow animation,
And give to old periwigs regeneration.

With fair speeches cajoled, as you tickle a trout,
'Gainst the barber the fish-wife no more could hold out :
He applied the right bait, and with flattery he caught her :
With flatt'ry a female's a fish out of water.

The state of her heart when the barber once guess'd,
Love's siege with redoubled exertion he press'd,
And as briskly bestirr'd him, the charmer embracing,
As the wash-ball that dances and froths in the basin.

The flame to allay their bosons did so burn,
They set out for the church of St. Andrew in Holborn,
Where tonsors and trulls, country Dicks and their cousins,
In the halter of wedlock are tied up by dozens.

The nuptials to grace came from every quarter,
The worthies at Rag Fair old caxons who barter,
Who the coverings of judges and counsellors robs :
Cut down into majors, queues, scratches, and bobs.

Mussel-mongers and oyster-men, crimps and coal-heavers,
And butchers, with marrow-bones smiting their cleavers :
Shrimp-scalders and mole-catchers, tailors and tilers,
Boys, butchers, brawls, bailiffs, and black-pudding boilers.

From their voices united such melody flow'd
As the Abbey ne'er witness'd, nor Tott'nham-court-
road ;

While St. Andrew's bells did so loud and so clear ring,
You'd given ten pound to 've been out of their hearing.

For his fee, when the parson this couple had join'd,
As no cash was forthcoming, he took it in kind :
So the bridegroom dismantled his reverence's chin,
And the bride entertain'd him with pilchards and gin.

THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

HORACE SMITH.

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon,
A Royal Jester
Had in his train, a gross buffoon,
Who used to pester
The Court with tricks inopportune,
Venting on the highest folks his
Scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes.

It needs some sense to play the fool,
Which wholesome rule
Occurr'd not to our jackanapes,
Who consequently found his freaks
Lead to innumerable scrapes,
And quite as many kicks and tweaks,

Which only seem'd to make him faster
Try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure,
Incurr'd the desperate displeasure
Of his serene and raging Highness :
Whether he twitch'd his most revered
And sacred beard,
Or had intruded on the shyness
Of the Seraglio, or let fly
An epigram at royalty,
None knows :—his sin was an occult one ;
But records tell us that the Sultan,
Meaning to terrify the knave,
Exclaim'd—' 'Tis time to stop that breath ;
Thy doom is seal'd :—presumptuous slave !
Thou stand'st condemn'd to certain death.
Silence, base rebel !—no replying !—
But such is my indulgence still,
That, of my own free grace and will,
I leave to thee the mode of dying.'

'Thy royal will be done—'tis just,'
Replied the wretch, and kiss'd the dust ;
' Since, my last moments to assuage,
Your Majesty's humane decree
Has deign'd to leave the choice to me,
I'll die, so please you, of old age !'

CONCERNING SISTERS-IN-LAW.

THEY look'd so alike as they sat at their work,
(What a pity it is that one isn't a Turk !)
The same glances and smiles, the same habits and arts,
The same tastes, the same frocks, and (no doubt) the
same hearts.

The same irresistible cut in their jibs,
The same little jokes, and the same little fibs—
That I thought the best way to get out of my pain
Was by—*heads* for Maria, and *woman* for Jane ;
For hang *me* if it seem'd it could matter a straw,
Which dear became wife, and which sister-in-law.

But now, I will own, I feel rather inclined
To suspect I've some reason to alter my mind ;
And the doubt in my breast daily grows a more strong
one,
That they're not *quite* alike, and I've taken the wrong
one.

Jane is always so gentle, obliging, and cool ;
Never calls me a monster—not even a fool ;
All our little contentions, 'tis she makes them up,
And she knows how much sugar to put in my cup :—
Yes, I sometimes *have* wish'd—Heav'n forgive me the
flaw !—

That my very dear wife was my sister-in-law.

Oh, your sister-in-law is a dangerous thing !
The daily comparisons, too, she will bring !

Wife—curl-paper'd, slip-shod, unwash'd and undress'd;
 She—ringleted, booted, and 'fix'd in her best ;'
 Wife—sulky, or storming, or preaching, or prating ;
 She—merrily singing, or laughing, or chatting :
 Then the innocent freedom her friendship allows
 To the happy half-way between mother and spouse.
 In short, if the Devil e'er needs a cat's-paw,
 He can't find one more sure than a sister-in-law.

That no good upon earth can be had undiluted
 Is a maxim experience has seldom refuted ;
 And preachers and poets have proved it is so
 With abundance of tropes, more or less *apropos*.
 Every light has its shade, every rose has its thorn,
 The cup has its headache, its poppy the corn ;
 There's a fly in the ointment, a spot on the sun—
 In short, they've used all illustrations—but one ;
 And have left it to me the most striking to draw—
 Viz. : that none, without *wives*, can have *sisters-in-law*.

SONG FOR PUNCH DRINKERS.

From the German of Schiller.

PUNCH.

FOUR be the elements,
 Here we assemble 'em,
 Each of man's world
 And existence an emblem.

Press from the lemon
 The slow-flowing juices—
 Bitter is life
 In its lessons and uses.

Bruise the fair sugar lumps—
 Nature intended
 Her sweet and severe
 To be everywhere blended.

Pour the still water—
 Unwarning by sound,
 Eternity's ocean
 Is hemming us round.

Mingle the spirit,
 The life of the bowl—
 Man is an earth-clod
 Unwarm'd by a soul!

Drink of the stream
 Ere its potency goes!—
 No bath is refreshing
 Except while it glows!

 NOBODY TO BLAME.

W. A. BUTLER.

CANTO I.

'PRAY whose is the fault,' inquired Doolittle Dolt,
 Of Ma'am Dorothy Ditto, as she pass'd him the salt,
 'Pray whose is the fault,

That nothing whatever comes on to this cloth,
 From a canvass-back duck to a basin of broth,
 But it's spoiled in the cooking? To scold I am loth,
 And in fact, as you know, ma'am, I never get wroth
 (Oh, confound that salt !) I don't care a rush ;
 But you'll find, Mrs. Dolt, you reckon too much
 On my patience, if these things are long to continue,
 For it's hard, after straining each nerve and each sinew
 To raise money enough to make both the ends meet,
 To find one end is bone, and the other not sweet,
 While, though lack, dear, of spice is by no means your
 fault,
 I'm e'en put on allowance of pepper and salt.'

 ' Now, Doolittle, pray do shut up ;
 We never to dine or to sup,

Or to have a good chat in the evening sit down,
 But your face, once so handsome, is spoil'd by a frown,
 While your back it goes up, and your foot it goes down,
 And at once you proceed to get up a great row, sir
 (Don't say that you don't, for you're doing it now, sir),
 And to scold till you're hoarse,
 And e'en threaten divorce,

When you know that you took me for better or worse '
 (Yes, and got much the worst of it, but that is of course).

 ' And unless, Mr. Dolt,
 You stop finding fault,

I'll—but no matter, please hand back the salt.'

 ' With pleasure, Ma'am Dolt, and now pray permit me—'

 ' Not a word, sir, unless of blame you acquit me,

And give up (why, bless me, you've used all the salt)
This ridiculous business of e'er finding fault.

Now I pray you at once just to bridle your tongue,
Or at least to stop singing that dolorous song,
Which grates worse on my ear than a sonorous gong,
That whatever goes on in this house is all wrong.

Why, whene'er you discover a fault or a flaw,
According to your notions of order and law,

You hem and haw,
And croak and caw,'
(Why not say jaw?)

'When you know that to please you I do, sir, my
best,

And from morning to night have no leisure nor rest,
And in fact hardly ever have time to get dress'd.'

Now, with all the virtuous indignation
Of a guilty man, his vindication

Poor Dolt he began,

And knowing, as who does not? that flattery
Is the very best weapon with which the battery

Of a woman to an-

Swer, proceeded thus: 'My dearest Dorothy

(You see I'm not worthy),

Though I've travell'd the world o'er from Dan to Beer-
sheba,

Not a woman I know, dear, no matter how fair she be'

(Here a fib, of course,

But the truth would embarrass one),

'Whose goodness with yours

Will at all bear comparison,

While your sex (and, my love, I admit that your sex
it is

That soothes and sustains us in all our perplexities)
Would crown you at once, dear, at any fair tourna-
ment,

Its proud queen of beauty, its pride and its ornament.

Thus, you see, Madam Dolt'

(Though 'twas plain that she didn't, for a certain sly toss
of her

Head, show'd that she saw he was playing philosopher),

' That in you not a fault, nor a flaw do I find,

Though you call me a monster and say I'm unkind ;

For since you're a woman,

Though e'en women are human

(Zounds ! as I am a true man,

I've drunk too much wine),

Of course you're a seraph, an angel, in fine,

Of course you're divine ;

So on that point I pray you to be at your ease

(That is, if you please),

While I go on to say,

In my own quiet way,

That when half the time, love, our meals are all spoil'd,

When the lamb is half roasted, the mutton half boil'd,

When the coffee is weak, and the butter is strong,

And the silver is short, and the service is long ;

When the milk is all sour, and the vinegar sweet,

And nought in the cupboard is fit to eat.

When the door-plate is dirty, the entry unswept,

And it's plain that the dogs in the parlour have slept,

When the buttons like acorns drop off from my—
shirt

(An indelicate word, but when a man's hurt,
The first one that comes, right out he will blurt),
When there are holes in my stocking as big as my heel
(‘The old stockings be darn’d, sir!’ say you : Gad, I
feel—

Though I hardly dare utter the same),
When these things are so, love, no others to name,
It’s as certain as salt is salt,
That to say that there’s no one at all, dear, to blame,
Is all nonsense, or, which just amounts to the same,
All gammon, Dorothy Dolt.’

It was now Dorothy’s turn, and she pour’d out such
volleys

Of satire and wit against husband’s follies,
And against men in general, who are all just the same
(So, at least, she thinks),

And find fault when they know that there’s no one to
blame ;

(Oh, the terrible minx !)
Their wives least of all,

That Doolittle’s gall
Was a-rising fast,
But reflecting at last,

That one might just as well
Hope, by striking, the ding to get out of a bell,
As a woman, by answering, to silence or quell,
He resolved then and there
The disputation

To end ; so with air
Of desperation,

He requested the servant to hand him the capers
(They had mutton for dinner), and the evening papers,
Which just then had come in overrunning with news,
As usual, of murders, and outbreaks, and stews,
Of shipwrecks and failures (great fun for the Jews),
Of riotous women and mutinous crews,
Of elopements, seductions, of whatever you choose,
All dress'd up our dear children and wives to amuse,
As he told Madam Dolt,
Who again pass'd the salt,
Just to turn his attention once more to the dinner,
And have her last word : 'Or, as I am a sinner,'
Said he, 'in our quarrels my wife's e'er the winner,
And whene'er I find fault
With no matter what (I confess it with shame),
Makes me own in the end there's nobody to blame,
Nobody to blame.'

'O Nobody! Nobody! how much you've to answer
for !'

Said Dolt, as his darling just then took her fan, sir, for
The purpose of cooling her wrath,
Which required, at the least, a cold bath
To dispel and
Subdue ;

'If my children went ragged as some children do,
(Hear them yell and
Boohoo !)

While their mothers are working for Timbuctoo,
Or the babes in New Zealand,
Or Kalamazoo ;
Or if ne'er a whole shirt I could boast for my back, or
There wasn't so much in the house as a cracker
To eat,
'Twould be just the same,
(Don't you see't ?)

And no matter whatever the fault I might name,
The answer 'd be ready of 'Nobody to blame.'

If the china is broken,
Nobody broke it ;

If the silver is taken,
Nobody took it ;

If the claret is muddy,
Nobody shook it ;

If the gas burns till daylight,
Nobody lit it ;

If the dog's ear is cloven,
Nobody slit it ;

And whatever the mischief,
Nobody did it.

Thus it's nobody, nobody, all the day long,
For, whatever is done, there is nobody wrong.'

CANTO SECOND.

Now by fate or good fortune, our Dolt was an owner
In onè or two steamships, besides a fine schooner,
Two flat-boats, a church, a new magazine
(For making gunpowder), a sewing-machine,

A steam reaping ditto (they two went together),
 And a bran-new mosquito-net made for cold weather,
 Not to mention here several neuralgiac potions,
 And some twenty or thirty new Yankeeified notions,
 From a fine-toothed saw-mill to a three-legged bed-
 stead,

In which his earthly all was invested.

Well, it now and then happen'd, and sometimes oftener,
 That before one had time to order his coffin, or
 Make his last will, on one of his steamers,
 Which (see large bill) are all of them screamers,
 Some unlucky flue or unluckier boiler
 Would explode, and at once the man's mortal old coil, or
 Whatever you call it, right off him was shaken,
 With no ghost of a chance, sir, to save his dear bacon :
 Or perhaps another on some ship went to wreck, or
 Was killed on a road in which Dolt was director,
 Or lost his dear life in some patent machine,
 Owned by Dolt, and in which, just because he was green,
 He got tangled, and never thereafter was seen.
 Now in all such cases the impertinent papers
 (Call'd the lights of the age, though they're nothing but
 tapers)

 Come right out the next day,

 Just because it will pay,

And publish at length all the frightful details,

 With most piteous comments,

 Setting forth all the torments

The editor feels in recording such tales

 (Though when there's a lack of 'em,

He prints a whole pack of 'em
 Of his own invention),
 And praying the mayor, without any detention,
 An inquest to order, in humanity's name,
 To find out, if it may be, who the deuce is to blame.

Now—only to think of it!—the very same day
 Mr. Dolt and his wife had the little affray
 Recorded above, news came of the wreck
 Of one of his ships
 (That splendid three-deck-
 Er, the 'Apocalypse')

On the banks of Newfoundland—how came she there?
 On her way—I've forgotten this moment from where—
 In a furious gale,
 Which caused her to leak (although five years since
 caulk'd,

 As tight as a whale),
 While all efforts to free her were constantly baulk'd,—
 So, at least, went the tale—
 Because (although how should the owners e'er know it,
 Or in case that they did know, how foolish to blow it),
 Not a pump on her deck could the captain make go,
 And so
 The ship she went down, as the best ships will do,
 With two-thirds of her passengers and most of her crew.

Now, Ma'am Dolt, when this story her husband he read
 it her,
 With the comments of the very belligerent editor,

Made an awful ado,
Just because he insisted (and you'd do it, too)
That a certain wise person, and he could tell who,
Could and would certify in the owner's own name,
That say what the world might, there was no one to blame.
'No one to blame,' cried she, 'that's of course,
Because you are the owner ; but whether is worse,
Mr. Doolittle Dolt,
For me, sir, to say
On some unlucky day,
When there's not enough salt
In the soup,
Or the stoop
Is not clean, or your shirt has a button off,
Or the dog has just carried a nice shoulder of mutton off,
That there's no one to blame,
Or for you to say the same ;
Now a ship with a crew to the bottom has sunk,
Because furnish'd much worse than a Chinese junk
(Which at least has pumps,
Though her masts are stumps),
When, to say it, I'm bold, sir,
If fitted and rigg'd as she ought to have been,
It's as certain as life, that no water had been
Very long in her hold, sir,
While the furious tempest she then might have weather'd,
Easy and free,
And round their dear homesteads that crew had been
gather'd,
Now drown'd in the sea.'

'Oh you men ! you men ! who are always so cruel
To us women to whom you preach up what a jewel

Consistency is !

Pray unriddle me this,

How is it you still declaim

'Gainst your wives and your daughters the weary day long,
And our sex defame,

As if woman were guilty for all that goes wrong ?

(E'en your own eccentricities ;

For vex'd men's bliss it is

To lay upon us, just as though we were Atlases,
The fault of their blunders, their sins, and rascalities.)

How is it our shame

You still will proclaim,

While the dreary old strain you for ever prolong,

That with you naught is wrong,

But that for all the disasters and follies and crimes

That dishonour your sex in these much boasted times

Of reform and what not,

There's no one to blame,

One tittle or jot,

No one to blame.'

'Didn't I tell you,' said Dolt, 'that my wife had the
best of it

In every quarrel ?

I might furnish you many another good test of it,

Nay, what's more, I'll

Engage (for it's clear that the women all fool ye)

That my case is in no way whatever peculiar,

But that in all this metropolis,
 Among gentry or populace,
 There's never a man with his wife tries his wits,
 But he's ever the first in the end to cry quits.'

True, men rarely give up,
 Yet that night when at sup
 (They had their evening confection late),
 Says Dolt, in a tone affectionate :
 ' My dear angel, I think it most clear that to-night
 We both have been wrong, yes, and both have been
 right,
 And if you who good sense have so often exhibited,
 Will admit——'
 But she kiss'd him right there and admitted it,
 And the subject at once they both cheerfully quitted it,
 They hoped once for all,
 And then wound up a quarrel by good manners pro-
 hibited,

With the following moral :

That as nearly all men, not to stretch it, are mortal,
 And nearly all women, beg pardon, the same,
 And we are more or less likely, it seems, to be caught all,
 In doing things justly entitled to blame,
 It follows that each, at his matins and vespers, is
 Bound to acknowledge not your but his trespasses,
 And that e'en in the matter of Dolt *versus* Dolt,
 It's their own private business, sir,
 Whose is the fault.

THE BABY'S DEBUT.

From *the Rejected Addresses* of Horace and James Smith, *vide* p. 52. It is an imitation, and an extremely successful one, of Wordsworth's most simple style, and Lord Jeffrey's criticism upon it is very accurate: 'The author does not,' Jeffrey wrote in the *Edinburgh Review*, 'in this instance, attempt to copy any of the higher attributes of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but has succeeded perfectly in the imitation of his mawkish affectations of childish simplicity and nursery stammering. We hope it will make him ashamed of his *Alice Fell*, and the greater part of his last volumes—of which it is by no means a parody, but a very fair, and indeed, we think, a flattering imitation.'

'Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,
 All thy false mimic fooleries I hate;
 For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
 Who is right foolish hath the better plea;
 Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee.'

CUMBERLAND.

[*Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.*]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
 And I was eight on New-Year's day;
 So in Kate Wilson's shop
 Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
 Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
 And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
 He thinks mine came to more than his;
 So to my drawer he goes,

Takes out the doll, and, oh, my stars !
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose !

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door :
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite :
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth !
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth !

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, ' Oh naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt :
No Drury-Lane for you to-day !'
And while papa said, ' Pooh, she may !'
Mamma said, ' No, she sha'n't !'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go : one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
 Stood in the lumber-room :
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
 And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
 (I always talk to Sam) :
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
 And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
 As these ; and, goodness me !
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
 As those that now I see.

What a large floor ! 'tis like a town !
The carpet, when they lay it down,
 Won't hide it, I'll be bound ;
And there's a row of lamps !—my eye !
How they do blaze ! I wonder why
 They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away ; but Mr. Thing-
 um bob, the prompter man,

Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
 And said, 'Go on, my pretty love ;
 Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You've only got to curtsey, whisper,
 hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
 And then you're sure to take :
 I've known the day when brats, not quite
 Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night ;
 Then why not Nancy Lake ?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa ?
 And where's my aunt ? and where's mamma ?
 Where's Jack ? Oh, there they sit !
 They smile, they nod ; I'll go my ways,
 And order round poor Billy's chaise,
 To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
 To join mamma, and see the show ;
 So, bidding you adieu,
 I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
 And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
 I'll blow a kiss to you.

[Blows a kiss, and exit.]

A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMAN.

In the Doric manner.

DEAN SWIFT.

Shepherd. ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly answer questions : shall I try ?

Echo. Try.

Shep. What must we do our passion to express ?

Echo. Press.

Shep. How shall I please her, who ne'er loved before ?

Echo. Before.

Shep. What most moves women when we them address ?

Echo. A dress.

Shep. Say, what can keep her chaste whom I adore ?

Echo. A door.

Shep. If music softens rocks, love tunes my lyre.

Echo. Liar.

Shep. Then teach me, Echo, how shall I come by her ?

Echo. Buy her.

Shep. When bought, no question I shall be her dear ?

Echo. Her dear.

Shep. But deer have horns : how must I keep her under ?

Echo. Keep her under.

Shep. But what can glad me when she's laid on bier ?

Echo. Beer.

Shep. What must I do when women will be kind ?

Echo. Be kind.

Shep. What must I do when women will be cross ?

Echo. Be cross.

Shep. Lord, what is she that can so turn and wind ?

Echo. Wind.

Shep. If she be wind, what stills her when she blows ?

Echo. Blows.

Shep. But if she bang again, still should I bang her ?

Echo. Bang her.

Shep. Is there no way to moderate her anger ?

Echo. Hang her.

Shep. Thanks, gentle Echo ! right thy answers tell
What woman is and how to guard her well.

Echo. Guard her well.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne,
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

‘ Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ’ quoth he,
‘ For an’ if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day,
That ever thou didst in thy life.

‘ Or hast thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an’ if she have, I’ll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.’

‘ I have left a good woman who never was here,’
The stranger he made reply,
‘ But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why ? ’

‘ St. Keyne,’ quoth the Cornish-man, ‘ many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angels summon’d her,
She laid on the water a spell.

' If the husband of this gifted well
 Shall drink before his wife,
 A happy man thenceforth is he,
 For he shall be master for life.

' But if the wife should drink of it first,
 God help the husband then !'
 The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the water again.

' You drank of the well I warrant betimes ?'
 He to the Cornish-man said :
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
 And sheepishly shook his head.

' I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
 And left my wife in the porch ;
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
 For she took a bottle to church.'

SAINT PATRICK.

DR. MAGINN.

William Maginn, LL.D., the 'Modern Rabelais' and 'Sir Morgan O'Doherty' of *Blackwood* and *Fraser*, and who is immortalized in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, was one of the most fertile and versatile writers of modern days. Born at Cork 1793, died 1842.

A FIG for St. Dennis of France,
 He's a trumpery fellow to brag on ;
 A fig for St. George and his lance,
 Which spitted a heathenish dragon.

And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot,
Are a couple of pitiful pipers,
Both of whom may just travel to pot, ;
Compared with the patron of swipers,—
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear !

He came to the Emerald Isle
On a lump of a paving-stone mounted ;
The steamboat he beat to a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, ' The salt-water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty,
So bring me a flagon of drink
To keep down the mullegrubs, burst ye !
Of drink that is fit for a saint !

He preach'd then with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching ;
With a pint he wash'd down his discourse,
' For,' says he, ' I detest your dry preaching.'
The people, with wonderment struck,
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaim'd, ' We're for you my old buck,
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below.'

This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice each cool afternoon,
Was to get most delightfully mellow.

That day, with a black jack of beer,
It chanced he was treating a party ;
Says the Saint, 'This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty ;
So give me a pull at the pot.'

The pewter he lifted in sport
(Believe me I tell you no fable),
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then planted it full on the table.
'A miracle !' every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo ;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell ; yet, by jingo !
The pot still froth'd over the brim.

Next day, quoth his host, 'Tis a fast,
But I've nought in my larder but mutton ;
And on Fridays who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton ?'
Says Pat, 'Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon ;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon !'
And the leg most politely complied.

You've heard, I suppose, long ago,
How the snakes in a manner most antic,
He march'd to the county Mayo,
And trundled them into th' Atlantic.

Hence not to use water for drink
 The people of Ireland determine ;
 With mighty good reason I think,
 Since St. Patrick has fill'd it with vermin,
 And vipers, and other such stuff.

Oh ! he was an elegant blade,
 As you 'd meet from Fair Head to Kilcrumper,
 And though under the sod he is laid,
 Yet here goes his health in a bumper !
 I wish he was here that my glass
 He might by art magic replenish ;
 But as he is not, why, alas !
 My ditty must come to a finish,
 Because all the liquor is out.

THE DECLARATION.

N. P. WILLIS.

'Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
 And light lay soft on the deserted room
 From alabaster vases, and a scent
 Of orange leaves, and sweet verbena came
 Through the unshutter'd window on the air,
 And the rich pictures with their dark old tints
 Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
 Seem'd hush'd into a slumber. Isabel,

The dark-eyed spiritual Isabel
 Was leaning on her harp, and I had stay'd
 To whisper what I could not when the crowd
 Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
 And with the fervour of a lip unused,
 To the cool breath of reason, told my love.
 There was no answer, and I took the hand
 That rested on the strings, and press'd a kiss
 Upon it unforbidden—and again
 Besought her, that this silent evidence
 That I was not indifferent to her heart,
 Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
 I kiss'd the small white fingers as I spoke,
 And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
 Her forehead from its resting-place, and look'd
 Earnestly on me—*She had been asleep!*

THE MILKMAID.

R. LLOYD.

ONCE on a time a rustic dame
 (No matter for the lady's name),
 Wrapt up in deep imagination,
 Indulged her pleasing contemplation ;
 While on a bench she took her seat,
 And placed the milk-pail at her feet.
 Oft in her hand she chink'd the pence,
 The profits which arose from thence ;
 While fond ideas fill'd her brain
 Of layings up, and monstrous gain,

Till every penny which she told
Creative fancy turn'd to gold ;
And reasoning thus from computation,
She spoke aloud her meditation.

‘ Please heaven but to preserve my health,
No doubt I shall have store of wealth ;
It must of consequence ensue
I shall have store of lovers too.
Oh, how I’ll break their stubborn hearts
With all the pride of female arts.
What suitors then will kneel before me!
Lords, Earls, and Viscounts shall adore me.
When in my gilded coach I ride,
My Lady, at his Lordship’s side,
How will I laugh at all I meet
Clattering in pattens down the street !
And Lobbin then I’ll mind no more,
Howe’er I loved him heretofore ;
Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
I will not hear the simple youth,
But rise indignant from my seat,
And spurn the lubber from my feet.’

Action, alas! the speaker’s grace,
Ne’er came in more improper place,
For in the tossing forth her shoe
What fancied bliss the maid o’erthrew !
While down at once with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.

CONTENTMENT.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

‘Holmes brings American humour to its finest point, and is, in fact, the first of American *Wits*. Perhaps the following verses will best illustrate a specialty of Holmes’s wit, the kind of *badinage* with which he quizzes common sense so successfully, by his happy paradox of serious, straightforward statement, and quiet qualifying afterwards, by which he tapers his point.’—*Quarterly Review*.

‘Man wants but little here below.’

‘LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
 I only wish a hut of stone
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do)
 That I may call my own ;
 And close at hand is such a one,
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
 Three courses are as good as ten ;
 If Nature can subsist on three,
 Thank Heaven for three—Amen !
 I always thought cold victual nice,—
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;
 Give me a mortgage here and there,
 Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
 Or trifling railroad share,—
 I only ask that Fortune send
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
 And titles are but empty names ;
 I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo—
 But only near St. James ;
 I'm very sure I should not care
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin
 To care for such unfruitful things—
 One good-sized diamond in a pin,
 Some, *not so large*, in rings,
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
 Will do for me—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear) ;
 I own perhaps I *might* desire
 Some shawls of true Cashmere—
 Some narrow crapes of China silk,
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glitt'ring upstart fool ;
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl ?
 Give grasping pomp its double care,—
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;

If Heaven more gen'rous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them *much*,—
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple *tastes and mind content!*

ORIGIN OF THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

FRANCIS BROWNE.

WHEN Faustus, at first, did his printing begin,
 A boy he employ'd, and confined him within ;
 Lest, perchance, if abroad he were suffer'd to stroll,
 'The gaff he might blow,' and discover the whole.

Now those who had seen the poor lad thro' a chink,
 All over begrimed with dirt, paste, oil, and ink ;
 Declared 'twas the Devil, since no one but he
 Could make copies so nice, to a tittle agree.
 Nay, some e'en went so far as to say that they saw
 The horns on his head, and his Devilship's paw.
 So 'twas held at that time, that whate'er was in print,
 Must be done by the Devil, and the Devil was in't.
 Thus the name was establish'd—and now, Sir, adieu ;
 But, for this information, give the Devil his due.

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and many other shorter poems which the 'world will

not let die,' such as *Hohenlinden*, *Ye Mariners of England*, *Battle of the Baltic*, *Exile of Erin*, etc., was born in Glasgow, 1777. He died 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

WHEN honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the Church genteelly—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation ;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemn'd to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candle-wick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation ;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon.

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On fagots briskly crackling ;
The friars enter'd with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jaqueline.

They bow'd and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave—
Those mouths that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, 'That very sorry cheer-
For men fatigued and dusty ;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty.'

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine, fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyænas.

Alternately the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aeronautic martyrs ;

And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipp'd her garters.

And if their hearers gasp'd, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the freres
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk, Good-night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host was nigh—
Had wife or he suspicion
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, Friars of orders grey,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And, when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed :
And hark ! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one ;
And talks of killing both the freres—
The fat one, and the lean one.

To-morrow by the break of day,
He orders too saltpetre
And pickling tubs ; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country folk
Give pigs the name of friars ;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they trod on briers.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What ! pickle and smoke us limb by limb !
God curse him and his lardners !
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he saltpetres his pardoners.

Yet, Dominick, to die !—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly ;

Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip, to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick! thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation;
And thou should'st have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet, 'midst this penitential plight,
A thought their fancies tickled,
'Twere better brave the window's height,
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of clay-hue;

Who, being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long, beneath the window's sconce,
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bronze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty ;
The pigs, you'd thought for game-sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination !

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement ;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads ;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurrah'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the Mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,

What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace,
Made all this hurly-burly?

Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins, Sir,
Are hence a league, or nigher,
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'arme's house,
Of twenty men, rode, sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's house.

As they were cantering towards the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swine-yard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, 'Rascal, hold thy whinyard.'

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery:—
'And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?'

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, 'Help, halloo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig, but, no!
They shall not barbacue me.'

Nor was this raving fit a sham ;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram—
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh !
Jacquez was comforting the frere
With a good glass of noyveau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row ; but, waxing mellow,
Squeezed Jacquez' hand, and, with a hiccup,
Said, You're a d—d good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath—
Here ended all the matter ;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henry Quatre !

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody ;
So may my readers too, perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good-day.

SAYING NOT MEANING.

WILLIAM BASIL WAKE.

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,
 When opening his toothpick-case, one said,
 'It was not until lately that I knew
 That *anchovies* on *terrâ firmâ* grew.'
 'Grow!' cried the other, 'yes, they *grow*, indeed,
 Like other fish, but not upon the land ;
 You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,
 Or in the Strand !'

'Why, sir,' returned the irritated other,
 'My brother,
 When at Calcutta
 Beheld them *bonâ fide* growing ;
 He wouldn't utter
 A lie for love or money, sir ; so in
 This matter you are thoroughly mistaken.'
 'Nonsense, sir ! nonsense ! I can give no credit
 To the assertion—none e'er saw or read it ;
 Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken.'

'Be shaken, sir ! let me observe, you are
 Perverse—in short—'
 'Sir,' said the other, sucking his cigar,
 And then his port—
 'If you will say impossibles are true,
 You may affirm just anything you please—
 That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,
 And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese !

Only you must not *force* me to believe
 What's propagated merely to deceive.'

'Then you force me to say, sir, you're a fool,'
 Return'd the bragger.

Language like this no man can suffer cool :

It made the listener stagger ;

So thunder-stricken, he at once replied,

'The traveller *lied*

Who had the impudence to tell it you ;'

'Zounds! then d'ye mean to swear before my face
 That anchovies *don't* grow like cloves and mace?'

'I *do* !'

Disputants often after hot debates

Leave the contention as they found it—bone,

And taking to duelling or thumping *têtes* ;

Thinking by strength of artery to atone

For strength of argument ; and he who winces

From force of words, with force of arms convinces !

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,

Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,

Our friends advanced ; and now portentous loading

(Their hearts already loaded) served to show

It might be better they shook hands—but no ;

When each opines himself, though frighten'd, right,

Each is, in courtesy, obliged to fight !

And they *did* fight : from six full measured paces

The unbeliever pull'd his trigger first ;

And fearing, from the braggart's ugly faces,

The whizzing lead had whizz'd its very worst,
 Ran up, and with a *duelistic* fear
 (His ire evanishing like morning vapours),
 Found him possess'd of one remaining ear,
 Who in a manner sudden and uncouth,
 Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth ;
 For while the surgeon was applying lint,
 He, wriggling, cried—' The deuce is in't—
 ' Sir ! I *meant*—CAPERS !'

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE day's at hand, the young, the gay,
 The lover's and the postman's day,
 The day when, for that only day,
 February turns to May,
 And pens delight in secret play,
 And few may hear what many say.
 Be it dull, or be it fine,
 Come with those bright eyes of thine ;
 Come, and make the season shine
 For the day, sweet Valentine !

Now are form'd sweet annual fates ;
 Now the birds elect their mates ;
 Now from dawn love goeth blind,
 Till its own true love it find :
 He'll not ope his eyes, nor she,
 Till themselves encounter'd be,

Fearing bond compulsory ;
Fearing Jones and fearing Jenkins,
And so they go with constant blinkings.
'And how should they their true love know ?'
Oh, by answers, soft and low ;
Or by some such touch of hand,
As only love can understand ;
Or a kiss (if safe from spies)
Bolder for the blindest eyes.
Gentle love, make bold with mirth,
Is the sweetest thing on earth.
Come, with those kind eyes of thine,
And make it bold, sweet Valentine !

Now, the servant maiden stops,
Doating on the stationers' shops,
Where she sees the hearts and darts,
Bleeding sweet as cherry tarts :
She'll to-day have one herself,
Or close on Dick the pantry shelf.
Come, with those kind eyes of thine
Come, and bring him, Valentine !

Now the postman may not choose
But wear out his winter shoes,
Knocking here, and knocking there,
Till a pulse fills all the air,
And the breathless blushes rise
Under letter-reading eyes.
Anne has one, and Jane another,
Flying from their snatching brother.

Oh, may loving freedom meet
As much pardon and heart-heat,
As impertinence meets ire,
And a thrust into the fire.
Come, and see that hearts combine
The P's and Q's, O Valentine !

And thou *dost* come. Lo ! I hear
Pinions ; and thy birds appear
Two and two. (Some larks from Dunstable
Clear the way, and act as constable.)
Cupids mingle with the birds,
Luring on, with winged words,
Youths and maidens, also pair'd,
Simple cheek'd and gentle hair'd,
But squeezing (simple though they be)
Each other's hands excessively.
You can't conceive how hard they do it,
Though their faces may not show it.
Hymen, then, hung all with rings,
Danceth to their jingellings,
In a robe of saffron hue,
Like the crocus, now that's new.
Golden robes, and rings, and hair—
Angel-like, he burns the air.
And then thou comest, O thou priest,
Whose sweet creed hath never ceased,
Christian truly and benign,
Orthodoxest Valentine !

EVENING.

By a Tailor.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom button'd it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about me.
Ah me! how lovely is the golden braid,
That binds the skirt of night's descending robe!
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken threads,
Do make a music like to rustling satin,
As the light breezes smooth their downy nap.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch,
So like a cushion? Can it be a cabbage?
It is, it is that deeply-injured flower,
Which boys do flout us with;—but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapp'd in a green surtout.
Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as bright
As these, thy puny brethren; and thy breath
Sweeten'd the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water?
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,

Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember, in my early years,
When these young hands first closed upon a goose ;
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a tailor, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were tailors ;
They had an ancient goose,—it was an heirloom
From some remoter tailor of our race.
It happen'd I did see it on a time
When none was near, and I did deal with it,
And it did burn me,—oh, most fearfully !

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,
And leap elastic from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,
The breaking thread, the din of clashing shears,
And all the needles that do wound the spirit,
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,
Lays bare her shady bosom ; I can feel
With all around me ;—I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle,—and yon quiet bird,
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.
But this unnatural posture of my legs
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

DELIA'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

From *The Love Elegies of Abel Shufflebottom*, a title under which Southey wrote a number of amatory and humorous pieces of poetry.

'Tis mine ! what accents can my joy declare ?
 Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout !
 Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
 That left the *tempting corner* hanging out !

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
 After long travel to some distant shrine,
 When at the relic of his saint he kneels,
 For Delia's POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF IS MINE.

When first with *filching fingers* I drew near,
 Keen hopes shot tremulous through every vein ;
 And when the *finish'd deed* removed my fear,
 Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What though the EIGHTH COMMANDMENT rose to mind,
 It only served a moment's qualm to move ;
 For thefts like this it could not be design'd—
 THE *eighth commandment* WAS NOT MADE FOR LOVE !

Here, when she took the maccaroons from me,
 She wiped her mouth to clear the crumbs so sweet !
 Dear napkin ! yes, she wiped her lips on thee !
 Lips *sweeter* than the *maccaroons* she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Moccabaw,
 That made my love so *delicately* sneeze,
 Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
 And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
 SWEET POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF ! thy worth *profane* ;
 For thou hast touch'd the *rubies* of my fair,
 And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

THE IMAGINATIVE CRISIS.

OH, solitude ! thou wonder-working fay,
 Come nurse my feeble fancy in your arms,
 Though I, and thee, and fancy town-pent lay,
 Come, call around, a world of country charms.
 Let all this room, these walls dissolve away,
 And bring me Surrey's fields to take their place :
 This floor be grass, and draughts as breezes play ;
 Yon curtains trees, to wave in summer's face ;
 My ceiling sky ; my water-jug a stream ;
 My bed, a bank, on which to muse and dream.
 The spell is wrought : imagination swells
 My sleeping-room to hills, and woods, and dells !
 I walk abroad, for nought my footsteps hinder,
 And fling my arms. Oh ! mi ! I've broke the *winder* !

THE DUKE AND THE TINKER.

The Duke and the Tinker is one of the 'Ballads that illustrate Shakspeare' in Dr. Percy's 'Relics,' originally derived from the Pepys collection. The story on which both it and the introduction to Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew' were founded, is thus related in Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy:—'The Duke of Burgundy, at the marriage of Eleonora, sister to the king of Portugall, at Burges in Flanders, which was solemnized in the deepe of winter; when, as by reason of unseasonable weather, he could neither hawke nor hunt, and was now tired with cards, dice, etc., and such other domestick sports, or to see ladies dance; with some of his courtiers he would in the evening walke disguised all about the towne. It so fortun'd, as he was walking late one night, he found a countrey fellow dead drunke, snorting on a bulke; he caused his followers to bring him to his palace, and there stripping him of his old clothes, and attyring him after the court fashion, when he wakened, he and they were all ready to attend upon his excellency, and persuade him that he was some great duke. The poor fellow admiring how he came there, was served in state all day long; after supper he saw them dance, heard musicke, and all the rest of those court-like pleasures; but, late at night, when he was well tiple'd, and again faste asleepe, they put on his old robes, and so conveyed him to the place where they first found him. Now the fellow had not made them so good sport the day before, as he did now, when he returned to himself; all the jest was to see how he looked upon it. In conclusion, after some little admiration, the poore man told his friends he had seen a vision, constantly believed it, and would not otherwise be persuaded, and so the jest ended.'—*Wills*.

Now as fame does report a young duke keeps a court,
 One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport;
 But amongst all the rest, here is one, I protest,
 Which will make you to smile when you hear the true
 jest;



Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ;
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.

A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a swoond.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd :
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes and
hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland : this was no great
hurt ;
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait ;
And the chamberling bare, then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware :
The poor tinker amazed, on the gentleman gazed,
And admired how he to this honour was raised.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a rich
suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dispute ;

With a star on his side, which the tinker oft eyed,
And it seem'd for to swell him no little with pride ;
For he said to himself, Where is Joan my sweet wife ?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life.

From a convenient place, the right duke his good grace
Did observe his behaviour in every case.

To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him : thought he, this is great :
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his guests,
He was placed at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair or bed, lined with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head :
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him
 amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again :

'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him strait, where they found him at
first ;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might ;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory to him so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream ;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he
sought

For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought ;
But his highness he said, Thou'rt a jolly bold blade,
Such a frolick before I think never was plai'd.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome joak ;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground,
Thou shalt never, said he, range the counteries round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess attend.

Then the tinker reply'd, What ! must Joan my sweet
bride

Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride ?
Must we have gold and land every day at command ?
Then I shall be a squire I well understand :
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace,
I was never before in so happy a case.

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

One of the 'Nine Stories of China.'

JOHN G. SAXE.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was little Min-Ne,
 Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke ;
 Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
 And her nose was flat as flat could be ;
 And never was seen such beautiful eyes,
 Two almond-kernals in shape and size,
 Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
 And not in the least disfigured by lashes ;
 And then such feet !
 You'd scarcely meet
 In the longest walk through the grandest street
 (And you might go seeking
 From Nanking to Peking)
 A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,
 Mere pedal lumps,
 That toddle along with the funniest thumps,
 In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.
 It seems a trifle, to make such a boast of it ;
 But how they *will* dress it :
 And bandage and press it,
 By making the least, to make the most of it !

As you may suppose,
 She had plenty of beaux
 Bowing around her beautiful toes,
 Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose
 In rapturous verse and elegant prose !
 She had lots of lovers, old and young ;
 There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
 Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
 Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
 Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
 None could please her of all the crowd ;
 Lung and Tung she thought too loud ;
 Opulent Tin was much too proud ;
 Lofty Long was quite too tall ;
 Musical Sing sung very small ;
 And, most remarkable freak of all,
 Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
 And Yu-be-Hung she mock'd the same,
 By echoing back his ugly name !

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt ;
 Love is a passion that *will* be felt ;
 And just when scandal was making free
 To hint 'What a pretty old maid she'd be,'—
 Little Min-Ne,
 Who but she ?
 Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt !

A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
 And low in purse, though high in station,—
 A sort of Imperial poor relation,
 Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
 Multiplied by a hundred dozen ;
 And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
 Had a pension clear
 Of three pounds a year,
 And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt !

 And gallant Ho-Ho
 Could really show
 A handsome face, as faces go
 In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,
 The finest flowers of beauty grow.
 He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
 And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
 And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—
 (Truth is mighty and will prevail !)
 He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
 Under the Emperor's chancery laws !

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
 The men declared they couldn't see ;
 But all the ladies, over their tea,
 In this one point were known to agree :
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea :
 A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
 A box of tea and a poodle dog,

And a painted heart that was all a-flame,
And bore, in blood, the lover's name.
Ah! how could presents pretty as these
A delicate lady fail to please?
She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
And kept the heart,—and that's the way
The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
Which fell in the lovely month of May;
Nor stop to tell of the Honey-moon,
And how it vanish'd all too soon;
Alas! that I the truth must speak,
And say that in the fourteenth week,
Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
 And their wedding suits began to doff,
Min-Ne was weeping and 'taking-on,'
 For *he* had been trying to 'take her off.'

Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
And being partial to number 'seven,'
He wish'd to add his latest pet,
Just, perhaps, to make up the set!
Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed;

And if in turn he marry a score,¹
 With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
 With a special cup of poison'd tea,
 But the lady smelling a mortal foe,
 Cried, ' Ho-Ho !
 I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
 But you, my love, you make it too strong.'

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
 Contrived the most infernal plan
 Invented since the world began ;
 He went and got him a savage dog,
 Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog ;
 Kept him a day without any prog,
 Then shut him up in an iron bin,
 Slipp'd the bolt and lock'd him in ;
 Then giving the key
 To poor Min-Ne,
 Said, ' Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
 In the chest beneath the orange-tree.'

.

Poor mangled Min-Ne ! with her latest breath
 She told her father the cause of her death ;
 And so it reach'd the Emperor's ear,
 And his highness said, ' It is very clear
 Ho-Ho has committed a murder here !'

And he doom'd Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife ;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung !)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,
And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way,
For a calendar month, three times a day.
And that's the way that Justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt !

THE BANDIT'S FATE.

HE wore a brace of pistols the night when first we met,
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet,
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow
tone,

Of a bandit-chief, who feels remorse, and tears his hair
alone—

I saw him but at half-price, yet methinks I see him
now,

In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his
brow.

A private bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he
wore ;

His salary, he told me, was lower than before ;

And standing at the O. P. wing he strove, and not in
vain,

To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.

I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he button'd up his pocket with a condescending
bow.

And once again we met ; but no bandit chief was there ;
His rouge was off, and gone that head of once luxuriant
hair :

He lodges in a two-pair back, and at the public near,
He cannot liquidate his 'chalk,' or wipe away his beer.

I saw him sad and seedy, yet methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his
brow.

THE CRITIC.

EPES SARGENT.

ONCE on a time, the nightingale, whose singing,
Had with her praises set the forest ringing,
Consented at a concert to appear :
Of course her friends all flock'd to hear,
And with them many a critic, wide awake
To pick a flaw, or carp at a mistake.

She sang as only nightingales can sing ;
And when she'd ended,
There was a general cry of 'Bravo ! splendid !'
While she, poor thing,
Abash'd and fluttering, to her nest retreated
Quite terrified to be so warmly greeted.

The turkeys gobbled their delight ; the geese,
 Who had been known to hiss at many a trial
 That this was perfect, ventured no denial :
 It seem'd as if th' applause would never cease.

But 'mong the critics on the ground,
 An ass was present, pompous and profound,
 Who said, ' My friends, I'll not dispute the honour
 That you would do our little *prima donna* :
 Although her upper notes are very shrill,
 And she defies all method in her trill
 She has some talent, and, upon the whole,
 With study, may some cleverness attain.
 Then, her friends tell me, she's a virtuous soul ;

But, but——'

' But '—growl'd the lion, ' by my mane,
 I never knew an ass, who did not strain
 To qualify a good thing with a but !'
 ' Nay,' said the goose, approaching with a strut,
 ' Don't interrupt him, sir ; pray let it pass ;
 The ass is honest if he is an ass !'

' I was about,' said Long Ear, ' to remark,
 That there is something lacking in her whistle :

Something magnetic,

To waken chords and feelings sympathetic,
 And kindle in the breast a spark
 Like—like, for instance, a good juicy thistle.'

The assembly titter'd, but the fox, with gravity,
 Said, at the lion winking,

‘Our learn’d friend, with his accustom’d suavity,
 Has given his opinion without shrinking.¹
 But, to do justice to the nightingale,
 He should inform us, as no doubt he will,
 What sort of music ’tis, that does not fail
 His sensibilities to rouse and thrill.’

‘Why,’ said the critic, with a look potential,
 And pricking up his ears, delighted much
 At Reynard’s tone and manner deferential,—
 ‘Why, sir, there’s nothing can so deeply touch
 My feelings, and so carry me away
 As a fine, mellow, ear-inspiring bray.’

‘I thought so,’ said the fox, without a pause ;
 ‘As far as you’re concern’d, your judgment’s true ;
 You do not like the nightingale, because
 The nightingale is not an ass like you.’

HOMŒOPATHIC SOUP

TAKE a robin’s leg
 (Mind ! the drumstick merely),
 Put it in a tub
 Fill’d with water nearly ;
 Set it out of doors,
 In a place that’s shady,
 Let it stand a week
 (Three days if for a lady)

Drop a spoonful of it
In a five-pail kettle,
Which may be made of tin
Or any baser metal ;
Fill the kettle up,
Set it on a boiling,
Strain the liquor well,
To prevent its oiling ;

One atom add of salt,
For the thickening one rice kernel,
And use to light the fire
'The Homœopathic Journal.'
Let the liquor boil
Half-an-hour, no longer
(If 'tis for a man
Of course you'll make it stronger).

Should you now desire
That the soup be flavory,
Stir it once around
With a stalk of savory.
When the broth is made,
Nothing can excel it :
Then three times a day
Let the patient *smell* it.
If he chance to die,
Say 'twas Nature did it ;
If he chance to live,
Give the soup the credit.

A LOVER'S CHRONICLE.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita first of all ;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 (Though loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
 Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
 Fundamental laws she broke,
 And still new favourites she chose,
 Till up in arms my passions rose,
 And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
 Both to reign at once began ;
 Alternately they sway'd ;
 And sometimes Mary was the fair,
 And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
 And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose ;
 A mighty tyrant she !
Long, alas ! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
 Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me :
 But soon those pleasures fled ;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
 And Judith reignèd in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power :
 Wondrous beautiful her face !
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
 And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
 And th' artillery of her eye ;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
 She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy-maid ;
 To whom ensued a vacancy :

Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast ;
 Bless me from such an anarchy !

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began ;
 Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria ;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
 And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state ;
 The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
 That make up all their magazines ;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;
 The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
 (Numberless, nameless mysteries !)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid ;
 I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
 Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
 Since few of them were long with me.

An higher and a nobler strain
 My present Emperess does claim,
 Heleonora, first o' th' name ;
 Whom God grant long to reign !

THE BEST OF WIVES.

A TALE.

A MAN had once a vicious wife
 (A most *uncommon* thing in life) ;
 His days and night were spent in strife
 Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
 Sweet contradiction still her song,
 And all the poor man did was wrong
 And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,
 From speeches long as statesmen spin,
 Or rest from her eternal din,
 He found not

He every soothing art display'd,
 Tried of what stuff her skin was made ;
 Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
 To take her.

Once walking by a river's side,
 In mournful terms, 'My dear,' he cried,
 'No more let feuds our peace divide ;
 I'll end them.

'Weary of life, and quite resign'd,
 To drown I have made up my mind,
 So tie my hands as fast behind
 As can be ;

'Or Nature may assert his reign,
 My arms assist, my will restrain,
 And, swimming, I once more regain
 My troubles.'

With eager haste the dame complies,
 While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes ;
 Already in her thoughts he dies
 Before her.

'Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
 Nature revolts,' he said ; 'beside,
 I would not be a suicide,
 And die thus :

'It would be better far, I think, -
 While close I stand upon the brink,
 You push me in—nay, never shrink,
 But do it !'

To give the blow the more effect,
 Some twenty yards she ran direct,
 And did what she could least expect
 She should do :

He slips aside, himself to save ;
 So souse she dashes in the wave,
 And gave what ne'er before she gave—
 Much pleasure.

' Dear husband, help ! I sink !' she cried ;
 ' *Thou best of wives !*' the man replied,
 ' I would—but *You* my hands have tied ;
 God help ye !'

JOLLY GOOD ALE AND OLD.

The following well-known and thoroughly characteristic verses originally appeared in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, an old English comedy, which was long supposed to be the earliest written in the language, but which now ranks as the second in point of age. It was written about 1561 by John Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

I CANNOT eat but little meat ;
 My stomach is not good ;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I nothing am a-cold ;

I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
And little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, etc.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek :
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'

Back and side, etc.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;

They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
 Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.

Back and side, etc.

THE ILL WIND.

IN debt, deserted, and forlorn,
 A melancholy elf
Resolved, upon a Monday morn,
 To go and hang himself.

He reach'd the tree, when lo! he views
 A pot of gold conceal'd ;
He snatch'd it up, threw down the noose,
 And scamper'd from the field.

The owner came—found out the theft,
 And, having scratch'd his head,
Took up the rope the other left,
 And hung himself instead.

THREE BLIND TIPPLERS.

THOMAS MOORE.

THREE sightless inmates of the sky,
Whose names were Justice—Fortune—Cupid,
Finding their public life on high
Somewhat monotonous and stupid,
Resolved one morning to unite
Their powers in an Alliance Holy,
And purify the earth, whose plight
They all agreed was melancholy.

Quoth Justice—of the world below
I doubtless have the best idea,
Since, in the golden age, you know,
I ruled it jointly with Astrea ;
While, therefore, we on earth abide,
For fear our forces should be parted,
Let us be your perpetual guide :—
Agreed *nem. con.* and off they started.

Love first, and Fortune next descends,
Then Justice, though awhile she tarried,
Then Cupid cries—This flight, my friend,
Has made my throttle somewhat arid :
Beneath each wing, before our trip,
I popp'd a golden vase of nectar,
And I for one should like a sip—
What says our worshipful director ?

The proposition, 'twas decreed,
Redounded to the mover's glory,
So down they sat upon the mead,
And plied the flagon *con amore*;
But not reflecting that the draught
With air of earth was mix'd and muddled,
Before the second vase was quaff'd,
They all became completely fuddled.

Now reeling, wrangling, they proceed,
Each loudly backing his opinion,
And 'stead of letting Justice lead,
All struggle fiercely for dominion ;
Whereat her sword in wrath she draws,
And throws it in her scales with fury,
Maintaining that the rightful cause
Requires no other judge and jury.

Fortune purloining Cupid's darts,
Tips them with gold for sordid suitors,
Making sad havoc in the hearts
Of matrimonial computers ;
While Love on Fortune's wheel apace
Plagues mortals with incessant changes,
Gives flying glimpses of his face,
Then presto !—pass ! away he ranges.

Their pranks, their squabbles, day by day
Gave censurers a better handle,
Till Jove, impatient of their stay,
And anxious to arrest the scandal,

Bade Fortune—Justice—Love return ;
 But to atone for their miscarriage,
 Lest men for substitutes should yearn,
 He sent them down Luck, Law, and Marriage.

SIGNS OF RAIN.

Dr. Jenner, the celebrated discoverer of vaccination (1749-1823), wrote the following lines as an excuse for not accepting the invitation of a friend to join him in an excursion.

THE hollow winds begin to blow,
 The clouds look black, the glass is low,
 The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
 And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
 Last night the sun went pale to bed,
 The moon in halos hid her head ;
 The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
 For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
 The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
 Closed is the pink-eyed pimpermell.
 Hark ! how the chairs and tables crack,
 Old Betty's joints are on the rack ;
 Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry,
 The distant hills are looking nigh.
 How restless are the snorting swine,
 The busy flies disturb the kine ;
 Low o'er the grass the swallow wings ;
 The cricket, too, how sharp he sings.
 Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
 Sits, wiping o'er his whisker'd jaws.

Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch th' incautious flies ;
The glowworms, numerous and bright,
Illumed the dewy dell last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Hopping and crawling o'er the green ;
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays ;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is drest.
Though June, the air is cold and still ;
The yellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast ;
And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight,
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall—
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain, I see with sorrow ;
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

LINES ON DR. JOHNSON.

PETER PINDAR.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch th' importance of a mile ;
Casts of manure a waggon-load around
To raise a simple daisy from the ground ;

Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?—
 To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat ;
 Creatures a whirlwind from the earth to draw
 A goose's feather or exalt a straw ;
 Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter :
 To force up one poor nipperkin of water ;
 Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
 To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore. ;
 Alike in every theme his pompous art,
 Heaven's awful thunder, or a rumbling cart !

THE WATER CURE.

WILLIAM HARRISON.

MISS MOLLY, a famed Toast, was fair and young,
 Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue,
 From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
 Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
 Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame ;
 Possess'd, he thought, of every joy of life :
 But his dear Molly proved a very wife.
 Excess of fondness did in time decline ;
 Madam loved money, and the knight loved wine ;
 From whence some petty discord would arise,
 As 'You're a fool !' and, 'You are mighty wise !'

Though he, and all the world, allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet ;
When she began, for hat and sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint kiss, cry, ' B'ye dear Moll :
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose.'
' And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose !
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine :
Sure, never virtuous love was used like mine !'

Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle, gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off—because alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come ;
But arm'd with Bordeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepared,
She rattled loud, and he, impatient, heard :
' 'Tis a fine hour ! in a sweet pickle made !
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight ;
Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolved to break my heart as well as rest.'

' Hey ! hoop ! d'ye hear my cursed obstreperous spouse ?
What, can't ye find one bed about the house ?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still ?
That rival to the softness of a mill ?
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncursed with wife and noise.'

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smoked the matter as it was ;
'Cheer up,' cried he, 'and I'll remove the cause.
A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife ;
The best elixir t' appease man and wife :
Strange are th' effects ; the qualities divine ;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum ;
Smile, and look pleased, when he shall rage and scold ;
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold !
One month this sympathetic med'cine tried,
He'll grow a lover ; you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose.'

A water bottle's brought for her relief ;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief.
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And female like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepared for clamour and domestic war ;
Entering, he cries, 'Hey ! where's our thunderer fled !
No hurricane ! Betty, 's your lady dead ?'

Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks :
Wondering, he stares, scarcely his eyes believed,
But found his ears agreeably deceived.
'Why how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now ?'
She smiles, and answers only with a bow.
Then, clasping her about, 'Why, let me die !
These night clothes, Moll, become thee mightily !'
With that he sigh'd, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls her lady to undress.

For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last ;
'Twas used and gone. Then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post-haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies ;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state.

'Why niece,' says he, 'I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself the friend.
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm ;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm :
Be silent, and complying ; you'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'cine will be kind.'

JACK FROST.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE Frost look'd forth one still clear night,
And whisper'd, ' Now I shall be out of sight
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain ;
But I'll be as busy as they.'

Then he flew to the mountain and powder'd its crest ;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads ; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept :
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things : there were flowers and trees ;
There were beves of birds, and swarms of bees ;
There were cities, with temples and towers ; and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair :
 He peep'd in the cupboard, and finding there
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare—

‘ Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,’ said he,
 ‘ This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three ;
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me
 Shall ‘ tchick !’ to tell them I’m drinking.’

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes.

THOMAS GRAY,

Author of the Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

’TWAS on a lofty vase’s side,
 Where China’s gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw, and purr’d applause.

Still had she gazed, but, 'midst the tide,
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize :
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent,
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between
 (Malignant Fate sat by and smiled) :
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
 She stumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
 She mew'd to every watery god
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel Tom or Susan heard :
 A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived,
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold :

Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

FLATTERY.

A Fable.

SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS.

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams [1709-1759], a wit and satirist of George the Second's time, and a friend of Horace Walpole. Sat in Parliament for Monmouth. His writings were chiefly of an ephemeral character, and but few pieces will bear reproduction.

FANNY, beware of flattery,
 Your sex's much-loved enemy ;
 For other foes we are prepared,
 And Nature puts us on our guard :
 In that alone such charms are found,
 We court the dart, we nurse the hand ;
 And this, my child, an Æsop's Fable
 Will prove much better than I'm able.

A young vain female Crow,
 Had perch'd upon a pine tree's bough,
 And sitting there at ease,
 Was going to indulge her taste,
 In a most delicious feast,
 Consisting of a slice of cheese.

A sharp-set Fox (a wily creature)
Pass'd by that way
In search of prey ;
When to his nose the smell of cheese,
Came in a gentle western breeze ;
No Welshman knew, or loved it better :
He bless'd th' auspicious wind,
And straight look'd round to find,
What might his hungry stomach fill,
And quickly spied the Crow,
Upon a lofty bough,
Holding the tempting prize within her bill.
But she was perch'd too high,
And Reynard could not fly :
She chose the tallest tree in all the wood,
What then could bring her down,
Or make the prize his own ?
Nothing but flatt'ry could.
He soon the silence broke,
And thus ingenious hunger spoke :
' Oh, lovely bird,
Whose glossy plumage oft has stirr'd
The envy of the grove ;
Thy form was Nature's pleasing care,
So bright a bloom, so soft an air,
All that behold must love.
But, if to suit a form like thine,
Thy voice be as divine ;
If both in these together meet,
The feather'd race must own

Of all their tribe there's none,
Of form so fair, of voice so sweet.
Who'll then regard the linnet's note,
Or heed the lark's melodious throat?
What pensive lovers then shall dwell
With raptures on their Philomel?
The goldfinch shall his plumage hide,
The swan abate her stately pride,
And Juno's bird no more display
His various glories to the sunny day:
Then grant thy Suppliant's prayer,
And bless my longing ear
With notes that I would die to hear!
Flattery prevail'd, the Crow believed
The tale, and was with joy deceived;
In haste to show her want of skill,
She open'd wide her bill:

She scream'd as if the de'il was in her.
Her vanity became so strong
That, wrapt in her own frightful song,
She quite forgot, and dropt her dinner:
The morsel fell quick by the place
Where Reynard lay,
Who seized the prey
And ate it without saying grace.

He, sneezing cried, 'The day's my own,
My end's obtain'd,
The prize is gain'd,
And now I'll change my note.
Vain, foolish, cheated Crow,

Lend your attention now,
A truth or two I'll tell you !
For, since I've fill'd my belly,
 Of course my flatt'ry's done :
Think you I took such pains,
And spoke so well only to hear you croak ?
No, 'twas the luscious bait,
And a keen appetite to eat,
That first inspired, and carried on the cheat.
'Twas hunger furnish'd hands and matter,
Flatterers must live by those they flatter ;
But weep not, Crow ! a tongue like mine
Might turn an abler head than thine ;
 And though reflection may displease,
If wisely you apply your thought,
To learn the lesson I have taught, '
Experience, sure, is cheaply bought,
 And richly worth a slice of cheese.'

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER.

A Ballad.

JOHN G. SAXE.

AN Attorney was taking a turn,
 In shabby habiliments drest ;
His coat it was shockingly worn,
 And the rust had invested his vest.

His breeches had suffer'd a breach,
His linen and worsted were worse ;
He had scarce a whole crown in his hat,
And not half-a-crown in his purse.

And thus as he wander'd along,
A cheerless and comfortless elf,
He sought for relief in a song,
Or complainingly talk'd to himself :

' Unfortunate man that I am !
I've never a client but grief ;
The case is, I've no case at all,
And in brief, I've ne'er had a brief !

' I've waited and waited in vain,
Expecting an ' opening ' to find,
Where an honest young lawyer might gain
Some reward for the toil of his mind.

' 'Tis not that I'm wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

' Oh, how can a modest young man
E'er hope for the smallest progression—
The profession's already so full
Of lawyers so full of profession !'

While thus he was strolling around,
His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sigh'd to himself, 'It is well !'

To curb his emotions he sat
On the curb-stone the space of a minute,
Then cried, 'Here's an opening at last !'
And in less than a jiffy was in it !

Next morning twelve citizens came
('Twas the coroner bade them attend),
To the end that it might be determined
How the man had determined his end !

'The man was a lawyer, I hear,'
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse ;
'A lawyer ? Alas !' said another,
'Undoubtedly he died of remorse !'

A third said, 'He knew the deceased,
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt from the want of a cause.'

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter,
'That the lawyer was drown~~ed~~, because
He could not keep his head above water !'

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

W. MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

WERTHER had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter ;
Would you know how first he met her ?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sigh'd and pined and ogled,
And his passion boil'd and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

THE RETORT.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

George P. Morris is a well-known American journalist, and author of several very popular songs. He has published a volume of

Poems; and, in conjunction with N. P. Willis, he edited *The Prose and Poetry of England and America*.

OLD NICK, who taught the village school,
 Wedded a maid of homespun habit ;
 He was stubborn as a mule,
 She was playful as a rabbit.

Poor Jane had scarce become a wife,
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country-polish'd life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Jenny sadly miss'd him ;
 When he return'd, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kiss'd him !

The husband's anger rose !—and red
 And white his face alternate grew !
 ' Less freedom, ma'am !'—Jane sigh'd and said,
 ' *Oh, dear ! I didn't know 'twas you !*'

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

CHARLES LAMB.

By Charles Lamb [1775-1834], the genial 'Elia,' *Essayist, Poet,*
 and *Humorist*, known and loved by all who read the English
 language.

MAY the Babylonish curse
 Straight confound my stammering verse,

If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT !
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate :
For I hate, yet love thee, so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine ;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimèd lovers take
'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune that would thwart us
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;

While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowèd features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle ?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before

All his panthers, and the brawls
 Of his piping Bacchanals.
 These, as stale, we disallow,
 Or judge of *thee* meant : only thou
 His true Indian conquest art ;
 And, for ivy round his dart,
 The reformèd god now weaves
 A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
 Chemic art did ne'er presume
 Through her quaint alembic strain,
 None so sov'reign to the brain ;
 Nature, that did in thee excel,
 Framed again no second smell.
 Roses, violets, but toys
 For the smaller sort of boys,
 Or for greener damsels meant ;
 Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
 Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
 Africa, that brags her foison,
 Breeds no such prodigious poison.
 Henbane, nightshade, both together,
 Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,
 Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
 Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
 'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee ;
 None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee ;

Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike ;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,

On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, TOBACCO, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife ;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces ;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

TO THE TOOTHACHE.

*Written when the Author was grievously tormented by
that disorder.*

ROBERT BURNS.

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortured gums along ;
And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
Wi' gnawing vengeance ;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes ;
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
Wi' pitying moan ;
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
Aye mocks our groan !

Adown my beard the slavers trickle !
I kick the wee stools o'er the mickle,
As round the fire the giglets keckle,¹
To see me loup ;²
While, raving mad, I wish a heckle*
Were in their doup.

¹ The mirthful children laugh.

² Jump.

* A frame in which is stuck, sharp ends uppermost, from fifty to a hundred steel pikes, through which the hemp is drawn to straighten it for manufacturing purposes.

But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man !

You're at an evening party, with
A group of pleasant folks,—
You venture quietly to crack
The least of little jokes,—
A lady doesn't catch the point,
And begs you to explain—
Alas for one that drops a jest
And takes it up again !

You're talking deep philosophy
With very special force,
To edify a clergyman
With suitable discourse,—
You think you've got him—when he calls
A friend across the way,
And begs you'll say that funny thing
You said the other day !

You drop a pretty *jeu-de-mot*
Into a neighbour's ears,
Who likes to give you credit for
The clever thing he hears,
And so he hawks your jest about,
The old authentic one,
Just breaking off the point of it,
And leaving out the pun !

By sudden change in politics,
Or sadder change in Polly,
You lose your love or loaves, and fall
A prey to melancholy ;
While everybody marvels why
Your mirth is under ban,—
They think your very grief 'a joke,'
You 're such a funny man !

You follow up a stylish card
That bids you come and dine,
And bring along your freshest wit
(To pay for musty wine) ;
You 're looking very dismal, when
My lady bounces in,
And wonders what you 're thinking of,
And why you don't begin !

You 're telling to a knot of friends
A fancy-tale of woes
That cloud your matrimonial sky,
And banish all repose—
A solemn lady overhears
The story of your strife,
And tells the town the pleasant news :
You quarrel with your wife !

My dear young friend, whose shining wit
Sets all the room a-blaze,
Don't think yourself 'a happy dog,'
For all your merry ways ;

But learn to wear a sober phiz,
Be stupid, if you can,
It's such a very serious thing
To be a funny man!

NEIGHBOUR NELLY.

ROBERT B. BROUGH.

I'm in love with Neighbour Nelly,
Though I know she's only ten;
While, alas, I'm eight-and-forty,
And the *marriedest* of men.
I've a wife that weighs me double,
I've three daughters all with beaux;
I've a son with noble whiskers,
Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a squaretoes and a fogey,
Yet I've sunshine in my heart;
Still, I'm fond of cakes and marbles—
Can appreciate a tart;
I can love my Neighbour Nelly
Just as though I were a boy:
I could hand her cakes and apples
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller;
She is vigorous of limb;
(You should see her play at cricket
With her little brother Jim!)

She has eyes as blue as damsons ;
She has pounds of auburn curls ;
She regrets the game of leap-frog
Is prohibited to girls !

I adore my Neighbour Nelly,
I invite her in to tea,
And I let her nurse the baby,
Her delightful ways to see.
Such a darling bud of woman !
Yet remote from any teens—
I have learnt from Neighbour Nelly
What the girls' doll-instinct means.

Oh, to see her with the baby !
(He adores her more than I,)
How she choruses his crowing,
How she hushes every cry !
How she loves to pit his dimples,
With her light forefinger deep !
How she boasts, as one in triumph,
When she gets him off to sleep !

We must part, my Neighbour Nelly,
For the summers quickly flee,
And the middle-aged admirer,
Must supplanted quickly be.
Yet, as jealous as a mother,
A suspicious, canker'd churl—
I look vainly for the setting
To be worthy such a pearl !

THE TOWN OF PASSAGE.

By the Rev. Francis Mahoney, the *Father Prout* whose *Reliques* in *Fraser* and other magazines are so well known to all lovers of wit, humour, and scholarship. *The Town of Passage*—the Queens-town of Cork of the present day—is a parody on the *Groves of Blarney*, a rambling and thoroughly Irish rhapsody; one of those, says Samuel Lover, ‘so frequently heard amongst the peasantry, who were much given, of old, to the fustian flights of hedge schoolmasters, who delighted in dealing with gods and goddesses, and high historic personages, and revelled in the “Cambyes vein.”’

THE town of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situated

 Upon the say;
'Tis nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent,
To come from Cork

 On a summer's day.
There you may slip in
To take a dippin',
Forenent the shippin'

 That at anchor ride;
Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe

 On the other side.
Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charmin',
With sailors' garments
Hung out to dry;

And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious,
 In their strawbuilt sty.
'Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats, and herrings,
 And oyster-shells ;
Nor any lack, oh !
Of good tobacco,
Though what is smuggled
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
 In whisky punch ;
And you may go in
Where one Molly Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel
 For a quiet lunch.
But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,
Whatsoever country
 You come hither from,
Or an invitation
To a jollification
With a parish priest,
 That's called ' Father Tom.'

Of ships there's one fixt
 For lodging convicts—
 A floating 'stone jug'
 Of amazing bulk ;
 The hake and salmon,
 Playing at bagammon,
 Swim for divarsion
 All round this hulk ;
 There 'Saxon' sailors
 Keep brave repairers,
 Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh
 From th' Em'rald Island,
 Ne'er to see dry land
 Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

THE PIG IN A POKE.

A TALE.

A FARMER'S lease contain'd a flaw ;
 To mend it, he appeal'd to law.
 Dear-bought experience told him plain,
 That law without a fee was vain ;
 And that, to clear his counsel's tone, he
 Must bribe him or with meat or money.
 One morn he calls his clown in chief,
 'Here, take this pig to Lawyer Brief.'

The clown (unlike his wife, they say)
Could both be silent, and obey :

The pig, secured within a sack,
At ease hung dangling from his back ;
Thus loaded, straight to town he went,
With many an awkward compliment.

A half-way house convenient stood,
Where host was kind, and ale was good :
In steps the clown, and calls to Cecil—
'A quart of stout, to wet my whistle !'
Eased of his load, he takes a chair,
And quaffs oblivion to all care.

Three artful wags accost the clown,
And ask his errand up to town.
With potent ale his heart grows warm,
Which, drunk or sober, meant no harm :
He tells them plainly whence he came ;
His master, and the lawyer's name ;
And, ere the circling mug was drain'd,
Show'd what the prostrate sack contain'd.
Whilst two the witless clown amuse,
With merry tales, and mournful news,
A third removes the sack unseen,
And soon sets free the guest within :
But, lest our clown the trick should trace,
A well-fed cur supplies the place.
The point clear'd up of what's to pay,
Our clown in peace pursued his way.
Arrived, he makes his awkward bow,
With many a *Wherefore*, and *As how*.

'Heaven bless your honour many a year!
 Look what a pig I've brought you here.'
 The sack untied without demur,
 Forthwith out gently crept the cur.
 Both stood aghast with eager eyes,
 And both, no doubt, look'd wond'rous wise.
 The clown, who saw the lawyer foam,
 Swore 'twas a pig when brought from home :
 And, wondering at the queer disaster,
 In haste return'd to tell his master.

Well pleased to see him take the bait,
 The wags his quick return await.
 What peals of noisy mirth prevail,
 To hear him tell the mystic tale !
 The devil is in 't, they all agree,
 And seem to wonder more than he.
 From them to Cecil he repairs,
 To her the strange event declares :
 Meantime the wags, to end the joke,
 Replace the pig within it's poke.
 The rustic soon resumes his load,
 And, whistling, plods along the road.

Th' impatient farmer hails the clown,
 And asks, 'What news from London town ?
 The pig was liked ; they made you drink ?'—
 'Nay, master ! master ! What d'ye think ?
 The pig (or I'm a stupid log)
 Is changed into a puppy dog.'—
 'A dog !'—'Nay, since my word you doubt,
 See here ; I'll fairly turn him out.'

No sooner was the sack untied,
 Than a loud grunt his word belied :
 'Death,' cries the farmer, 'tell me whence
 Proceeds this daring insolence ?
 Make haste, take back this pig again you
 Presuming elf ; or, zounds ! I'll brain you !'

The clown of patient soul and blood,
 Awhile in silent wonder stood ;
 Then briefly cried, with phiz demure—
 'Yon lawyer is a *witch*, for sure !
 How hoarse his voice ! his face how grim !
 What's pig with us is dog with him :
 Heaven shield my future days from evil !
 For, as I live, I've seen the devil.'

BETTER WALK THAN RIDE.

SPAVINED SAPPHICS.

Lo ! how much grander for a human being,
 When he would journey, never to demean him-
 Self with a horse or carriage, but to leg it
 Free from all cumbrance.

Sure, 'tis a folly, humble degradation,
 For a strong biped, muscular and nervous,
 Tied to a horse tail, in a cracking coach to
 Drag on dependent.

'But it is quicker—it is less fatiguing ;'
 True, these are reasons when the knees are gouty,

Or, one would flee that bashful man the sheriff,
Or, from the small-pox.

And, let a doctor, or a country parson,
Stride like dividers, spurring like a Sambo
When one is qualmish with the pangs of nature,
Or with a neck broke.

But for a tourist, sketching what his eyes see ;
But for a scholar, nursing as he mopes on ;
Just as well, better, pleasanter, and safer,
For them to foot it.

That we have two legs, evident to all 'tis,
Who are not maim'd ; and if any doubt it,
Let him his own count, and if he deny it,
Best learn to cipher.

Well then, these legs were given us to walk with ;
Nothing more true is to a man of science ;
For all the joints are fitted to this purpose,
Supple, and firm too.

Then never tell me more of fleetest horses,
Chariots and tandems—rather boots and shoes on.
Take up your staff, and, free and philosophic,
Ride on your own feet.

Cease now, Miss Musey, spitting out your sapphics,
Go, for I hate ye preaching 'bout your plodding ;
Give me a coach and dappled pair of geldings,
You may ride Shank's mare.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT, AND THE
STRANGER.

IN Bond Street Buildings, on a winter's night,
Snug by his parlour fire a gouty wight
Sate all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The *Public Ledger*, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmerick, turpentine, and tin ;
When lo ! a decent personage in black
Enter'd, and most politely said,—
'Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track,
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice.'

'Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
In time of danger
Such kind attentions from a stranger.
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows, too, the unconscious elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself.'
'Indeed !' replied the stranger, looking grave,
'Then he's a double knave.

He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
 Nightly beset unguarded doors :
 And see how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your nose
 Perform his knavish tricks,
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles—*thus*—and *thus*
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off *thus*.'

So said—so done—he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But march'd off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

AN EPITAPH, OR PUNNING RUN MAD.

HERE lies old JOHN MAGEE, late the landlord at the
 Sun,
 He never had an *ail* unless when all his *ale* was done :
 The Sun was on his sign, tho' what sign his sun was on,
 No studier of the Zodiac could ever hit upon.
 Some said it was Aquarius, so queerious he'd get ;
 But he declared no *soda-hack* should ever share his *whet* ;
 His burnish'd sun was sol-o, soul-heart'ning was his
 cheer,
 And quaffing of good *porter* long kept him from his *bier*,

As draughtsman he'd no equal, his drawings were so good,

And many a noble draught has he taken from the wood,—

Rare *spirited* productions, with tasty views near *Cork*;
And then he had a *score* or two *rum* characters in *chalk*.

Beside the parlour window his tally it was nail'd,
And tho' he'd lost one eyesight, his *hop-ticks* never fail'd.

Good ale and cider *sold here*, oft made the *soldier* halt,
And sailor Jack, his sail aback, would hoist aboard his malt ;

Most cordially he'd pour out a cordial for the fair,

Whose peeper meant to ogle the pepper-mint so rare.

While buxom Jen would toss off the juniper so gay,

And swear it was both sweet and nice as any *shrub* in May.

At last JOHN took to drinking, and drank till drunk with drink,

His stuffing he would stuff in till stuff began to shrink ;

Tho' mistress shook her hand high, he suck'd the sugar-candy,

And often closed his brand eye by tipping of the brandy :

His servants always firking, his firkins ran so fast,

And staggering round his bar-rails, his barrels breathed their last ;

And when he treated *all hands* his *Hollands* ran away,

Nor reap'd he fruit from *any seed* for *anisced* to pay.

And tho' he drank the bitters, his bitters still increased

He pufft the more *parfait aucour* till all his efforts ceased,

The storm, alas ! was brewing, the brewer drew his till :
 And Mrs. Fig, for 'bacca, to back her brought her bill.
 Distillers still'd his spirits, but couldn't still his mind ;
 He told the bailiff he would try a bail if he could find,
 But fumbling round the tap-room, Death tapp'd him on
 the head,
 So here he lies quite flat and stale, because, d'ye see, he's
 dead.

THE PRAISE OF EATING.

YE sons of the platter, give ear,
Venter habet aures, they say,
 The praise of good eating to hear,
 You'll never be out of the way ;
 But with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
 Stand ready to cut through the fat and the lean—
 Through the fat and the lean,—
 Sit ready to cut through the fat and the lean.

The science of eating is old,
 Its antiquity no man can doubt,
 Though Adam was squeamish, we're told,
 Eve soon found a dainty bit out—
 Then with knives sharp as razors, and stomachs as keen,
 Our passage let's cut through the fat and the lean—
 Etc., etc.

Through the world, from the west to the east,
 Whether City, or County, or Court,
 There's no honest man, whether Laic or Priest,
 But with pleasure partakes in the sport ;
 And with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
 His passage doth cut through the fat and the lean,
 Etc., etc.

They may talk of their roast and their boil'd,
 They may talk of their stew and their fry,
 I am gentle simplicity's child,
 And I dote on a West-Riding pie—
 While with knife sharp as razor, and stomach as keen,
 I splash through the crust to the fat and the lean,
 Etc., etc.

PATENT BROWN STOUT.

A BREWER in a country town,
 Had got a monstrous reputation ;
 No other beer but his went down.
 The hosts of the surrounding station,
 Carving his name upon their mugs,
 And painting it on every shutter ;
 And though some envious folks would utter
 Hints that its flavour came from drugs,
 Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter ;
 But owing to his monstrous vat,
 At least as corpulent as that
 At Heidelberg . . . and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty Black,
An honest fellow ;
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day in this top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid
(Just then with boiling beer supplied),
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd—fell in—and nothing more said,
But in his favourite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought,
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.
Meanwhile the beer was day by day
Drawn into casks and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker,
When, lo ! outstretch'd upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done . . . in liquor.

See, cried his moralizing master,
I always new the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster ;
His fate should other tipplers strike.

Poor Mungo ! there he welters like
A toast at bottom of a tankard !
Next morn a publican, whose tap,
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Come to demand a fresh supply,
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer *gusto*
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favour,
Some more of the exact same flavour.

Zounds ! cried the Brewer, that's a task
More difficult to grant than ask—
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing,
But where am I to find a Black
And boil him down at every brewing ?

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The following pithy fable, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, is one of the very few instances in which the most profound thinker and eminent philosopher in America has condescended to enter the ranks of light literature.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter ' Little prig ;'

Bun replied,
 ' You are doubtless very big,
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry :
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ ; all is well and wisely put ;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut.'

MONEY.

LORD BYRON.

An Extract from the Tenth Canto of *Don Juan*.

WHY call the miser miserable ? as
 I said before : the frugal life is his,
 Which in a saint or cynic ever was
 The theme of praise : a hermit would not miss
 Canonization for the self-same cause,—
 And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities ?

Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial ;—
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

He is your only poet ;—passion, pure,
And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
Nations athwart the deep : the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure :
On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze ;
While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dies
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

The lands on either side are his : the ship
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip ;
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip ;
His very cellars might be kings' abodes ;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,
To build a college, or to found a race,
An hospital, a church—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face.
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base ;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
 May be the hoarder's principle of action,
 The fool will call such mania a disease :—

What is his *own*? Go—look at each transaction,
 Wars, revels, love—do these bring men more ease
 Than the mere plodding through each 'vulgar fraction?'
 Or do they benefit mankind? Lean Miser!
 Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser!

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests
 Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
 (Not of old victors, all whose heads and crests
 Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
 But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests
 Some likeness, which the glittering cirque confines,
 Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp!—
 Yes? ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

'Love rules the camp, the court, the grōve,—for love
 Is heaven, and heaven is love :' so sings the bard ;
 Which it were rather difficult to prove
 (A thing with poetry in general hard).
 Perhaps there may be something in 'the grove,'
 At least it rhymes to 'love :' but I'm prepared
 To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
 If 'courts' and 'camps' be quite so sentimental.

ON THE OXFORD CARRIER.

JOHN MILTON.

The following epitaphs on Hobson, the Cambridge University Carrier, 'who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London, by reason of the Plague,' were written by the author of *Paradise Lost*. The phrase 'Hobson's Choice' derived its origin from the worthy subject of the epitaphs. He kept an inn, and let horses on hire, but he would not allow his patrons to select the horses for themselves. He compelled each customer to take the one nearest the door. Hence 'Hobson's Choice' passed into a proverb as a choice without an alternative.

HERE lies old Hobson ; death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half-glad when he had got him down ;
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd ;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain,
Shew'd him his room where he might lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light :
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
'Hobson has supp'd, and 's newly gone to bed.'

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move ;
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot ;
Made of sphere metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time :
And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd ;
'Nay,' quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
'If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.'
Ease was his chief disease ; and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light :
His leisure told him that his time was come.
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried, ' More weight ;'
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.

Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wane was his increase :
 His letters are deliver'd all, and gone,
 Only remains the superscription.

CHURCH AND STATE.

THOMAS MOORE.

WHEN Royalty was young and bold,
 Ere, touch'd by Time, he had become—
 If't is not civil to say *old*—
 At least, a *ci-devant jeune homme*.

One evening, on some wild pursuit,
 Driving along, he chanced to see
 Religion, passing by on foot,
 And took him in his *vis-à-vis*.

This said Religion was a friar,
 The humblest and the best of men,
 Who ne'er had notion or desire
 Of riding in a coach till then.

'I say'—quoth Royalty, who rather
 Enjoy'd a masquerading joke—
 'I say, suppose, my good old father,
 You lend me, for a while, your cloak.'

The friar consented—little knew
What tricks the youth had in his head ;
Besides, was rather tempted, too,
By a laced coat he got in stead.

Away ran Royalty, slap-dash,
Scampering like mad about the town ;
Broke windows—shiver'd lamps to smash,
And knock'd whole scores of watchmen down.

While naught could they whose heads were broke,
Learn of the ' why ' or the ' wherefore,'
Except that 'twas Religion's cloak
The gentlemen, who crack'd them, wore.

Meanwhile, the Friar, whose head was turn'd
By the laced coat, grew frisky too—
Look'd big—his former habits spurn'd—
And storm'd about as great men do—

Dealt much in pompous oaths and curses—
Said, ' Damn you,' often, or as bad—
Laid claim to other people's purses—
In short, grew either knave or mad.

As work like this was unbecoming,
And flesh and blood no longer bore it,
The Court of Common Sense then sitting,
Summon'd the culprits both before it ;

Where, after hours in wrangling spent
 (As courts must wrangle to decide well),
Religion to St. Luke's was sent,
 And Royalty pack'd off to Bridewell :

With this proviso—Should they be
 Restored in due time to their senses,
They both must give security
 In future, against such offences—

Religion ne'er to *lend his cloak*,
 Seeing what dreadful work it leads to ;
And Royalty to crack his joke—
 But *not* to crack poor people's heads, too.

THE PILGRIM.

THE night was dark, and drear the heath,
 And sudden howl'd the wind,
When o'er the wold a pilgrim stray'd
 Some friendly inn to find.

He hasten'd to a feeble light
 That glimmer'd from afar,
By which he view'd a sign project,
 And found it was the Star.

Good fare was there for man and horse,
 And rest for weary bones ;
A famed and long-establish'd house,
 And kept by Mary Jones.

Three gentle taps the pilgrim gave,
When Mary oped the door,
And usher'd in her weary guest,
Not knowing he was poor.

But Mary's een was rather dim,
Or else she might have kenn'd
He was nae muckle wealthy wight
The widow to befriend.

No cockle-shell or cowl had he,
Nor pilgrim's staff so tall ;
Nor sandal shode had he, I wean,
If any shoone at all.

He ate, he drank, he praised the ale,
Most sumptuously he fed,
And, when he heard the clock strike twelve,
He march'd up-stairs to bed.

Next morning breakfast was prepared,
Of which he ate his fill ;
When Mary Jones, in neat array,
Brought in the pilgrim's bill.

He heeded not the items there,
But unto Jones did say,
'I bear a pilgrim's ancient name,
'And ne'er bring cash to pay.'

'To touch the vile polluted ore
My conscience would offend ;
I neither borrow cash nor plate,
Nor either do I lend.

Daughter, I liked thy supper much,
And much I liked the dressing ;
Therefore, for all I have received,
I leave thee, child, my blessing.'

Poor Mary Jones astonish'd stood,
To see the good man pray ;
At length the hostess silence broke,
And thus to him did say :

'I ne'er a pilgrim housed before,
Nor such like holy folk ;
But, as you say the custom's old,
I bend beneath the yoke.

'No doubt you have a conscience good,
Nor do I mean to shock it ;
But, pilgrim, when you call again,
Bring money in your pocket.'

F O L L Y.

THERE is folly in all the world,
Or go we east or west,
A folly that vexes the old,
And keeps the young from rest.

The miser has folly enough,
For his soul is in sordid bags ;
And the spendthrift's folly, alas !
Brings him to sin and rags.

There is folly in statesmen's schemes,
For, spite of their plotting and wit,
There's a wiser hand above
That leads them with bridle and bit.

There's folly in power and pride,
That makes full many to fall ;
There's a folly in maiden's love,
But that is the sweetest of all.

But of all the follies, the worst—
For it stings with constant smart,
The scorpion of the mind—
Is that of a thankless heart.

For the thankless heart is cursed,
And with blessings encompass'd grieves—
For it cannot rejoice with the hand
That gives nor yet receives.

To be thankful makes better the good ;
And if Heaven should send us ill,
There is kindness in Him that gives—
So let us be thankful still.

Oh, let us be thankful in youth,
And let us be thankful in age ;
Let us be thankful through life,
For there's pleasure in every stage.

Youth has its own sweet joys,
And he must be blind as a bat,
Who cannot see Love's sweet smile,
And will not be thankful for that.

There are friends the dearest to cheer,
Ere half our sand is run ;
And affection makes wintry days
As bright as the summer's sun.

And when from the dearest on earth
We part, let us hope 'tis given
A boon to the thankful still
To meet them again in heaven.

P R O V E R B S.

My good Aunt Bridget, spite of age,
Versed in Varlerian, Dock, and sage,
Well knew the virtues of herbs ;
But Proverbs gain'd her chief applause :
' Child,' she exclaim'd, ' respect old saws,
And pin your faith on Proverbs.'

Thus taught, I dubb'd my lot secure,
And playing long-rope 'slow and sure,'
Conceived my movement clever ;
When lo ! an urchin by my side
Push'd me head foremost in, and cried,
'Keep moving—Now or Never.'

At Melton next, I join'd the hunt,
Of boys and bushes bore the brunt,
Nor once my courser held in ;
But when I saw a yawning steep,
I thought of 'Look before you leap,'
And curb'd my eager gelding.

While doubtful thus I rein'd my roan,
Willing to save a fractured bone,
Yet fearful of exposure,
A sportsman thus my spirit stirr'd—
'Delays are dangerous ;'—I spurr'd
My steed and leap'd th' enclosure.

I ogled Jane, who heard me say
That 'Rome was not built in a day,'
When lo ! Sir Fleet O'Grady
Put this, my saw, to sea again,
And proved, by running off with Jane,
'Faint heart ne'er won fair Lady.'

Aware 'New Brooms sweep clean,' I took
An untaught tyro for a cook
(The tale I tell a fact is),

She spoilt my soup ; but when I chid,
 She thus once more my work undid,
 ' Perfection comes from practice.'

Thus, out of every adage hit,
 And, finding that ancestral wit
 As changeful as the clime is
 From Proverbs, turning on my heel,
 I now cull Wisdom from my seal
 Whose motto's *Ne quid nimis*.

A FRIEND.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

WHO borrows all your ready cash,
 And with it cuts a mighty dash,
 Proving the lender weak and rash?—

Your friend !

WHO finds out every secret fault,
 Misjudges every word and thought,
 And makes you pass for worse than naught ?

Your friend !

WHO wins your money at deep play,
 Then tells you that the world doth say,
 'Twere wise from clubs you kept away ?'

Your friend !

Who sells you for the longest price,
Horses, a dealer in a trice
Would find unsound, and full of vice?
Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd;
Wishes you had a cook like Ude?
For then, much oft'ner would intrude—
Your friend!

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,
And owns, that though he sports not fine,
Crockford's the only place to dine?—
Your friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond
To sign for him a heavy bond,
'Or else, by Jove! must quick abscond?'—
Your friend!

Who makes you all the interest pay,
With principal, some future day,
And laughs at what you then may say?—
Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,
Knowing you prize her more than life,
And breeds between you hate and strife?—
Your friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,
Insists that out your man you call,
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?
Your friend!

IN PRAISE OF SLEEP.

From the Italian of Passeroni.

'Già molte cose, e molte sopra 'l Sonno.'

How many things have oft been sung or said
Concerning Sleep, in poetry and prose!—
There's scarce an author worthy to be read
But something on the subject can disclose;
While some declare it good, with nodding head,
Others its torpid influence oppose;—
And thus its good or evil each enhances,
As it may chance to suit their different fancies.

He who extols its worth, we always find
Loves frequent naps, and after-dinner snoozes;
But he who is not drowsily inclined,
Old Morpheus, for the vilest god, abuses;
As one who tow'rds the lady of his mind
The honey'd terms of admiration uses,—
Yet those who do not care a farthing for her,
Despise her charms, or mention her with horror.

By some, in terms of glowing praise addrest,
As rest to wearied mortals sent from heav'n—
Of all its gracious gifts esteem'd the best—
A brief oblivion to our sorrows given !
Others deny its virtues, and protest
Somnus from earth has every virtue driven :
One calls him Son of Erebus,—another
Swears he is nothing better than Death's brother.

Some say it keeps us healthy,—and again,
For sickness 'tis a soothing remedy ;
Others declare it stagnates every vein,
Making us, like the blood, creep lazily.
All this may be, or not ; but I maintain,
When I am snoring, that I feel quite free
From trouble or annoyance ; and I hate
A blockhead who disturbs that tranquil state.

Sleep can at least a truce to sorrow bring,
Altho' it may not *conquer* miseries,
For o'er our couch he spreads his dusky wing,
And grief before its mighty power flies ;
And, as I somewhere heard a poet sing,
' Beggars and kings sleep soon can equalize ;'
So, when asleep, perchance I am as good
As any lord or prince of royal blood !

Nay, I am happier still, for I must own
My sleep is not disturb'd by constant fear

That others may attack my wife, or throne,
 Or that the threat'ning Sultan marches near ;
 I am not roused by the shrill trumpet's tone—
 Indeed, *no* startling sound disturbs my ear,
 Unless it be the neighb'ring abbey's chime,
 With noisy zeal proclaiming matin time.

And if in visions phantom shades arise,
 Invoking midnight terrors—what of them ?
 How oft on soaring wings we range the skies—
 At banquets sit—or find some costly gem—
 Discover where a hoarded treasure lies—
 Or wear a monarch's jewell'd diadem ?
 For many such adventures we may meet,
 Raised by sleep's magic-wand, with kind deceit.

Moreover, I am wedded to no mate,
 Thinking my holy slumber she might break ;
 I am no doctor—thief—or advocate—
 For they must ever keep both eyes awake.
 Oh ! when I take a hearty supper, late
 How sweetly sleep creeps o'er me ! I betake
 My wearied limbs to bed ; and, when once there,
 Why the dog barks, I neither know nor care !

ODE TO THE TREADMILL.

CHARLES LAMB.

INSPIRE my spirit, Spirit of De Foe,
 That sang the Pillory,

In loftier strains to show
A more sublime Machine
Than that, where thou wert seen
With neck out-stretcht and shoulders ill awry,
Courting coarse plaudits from vile crowds below—
A most unseemly show !

In such a place
Who could expose thy face,
Historiographer of deathless Crusoe !
That paint'st the strike
And all the naked ills of savage life,
Far above Rousseau ?
Rather myself had stood
In that ignoble wood,
Bare to the mob, on holiday or high day.
If nought else could atone
For waggish libel,
I swear on Bible,
I would have spared him for thy sake alone,
Man Friday !

Our ancestors' were sour days,
Great Master of Romance !
A milder doom had fallen to thy chance
In our days :
Thy sole assignment
Some solitary confinement
(Not worth thy care a carrot),
Where, in world-hidden cell
Thou thy own Crusoe might have acted well,

Only without the parrot ;
By sure experience taught to know,
Whether the qualms thou makest him feel were truly
such or no.

But stay ! methinks in statelier measure—
A more companionable pleasure—
I see thy steps the mighty Treadmill trace
(The subject of my song,
Delay'd however long),
And some of thine own race,
To keep thee company, thou bring'st with thee along.
There with thee go,
Link'd in like sentence,
With regulated pace and footing slow,
Each old acquaintance,
Rogue thief—that live to future ages
Through many a labour'd tome,
Rankly embalm'd in thy too natural pages.
Faith, friend De Foe, thou art quite at home !
Not one of thy great offspring thou dost lack,
From pirate Singleton to pilfering Jack.
Here Flandrian Moll her brazen incest brags ;
Vice-stript Roxana penitent in rags,
There points to Amy, treading equal chimes,
The faithful handmaid to her faithless crimes.

Incompetent my song to raise
To its just height thy praise,
Great Mill !

That by thy motion proper
(No thanks to wind, or sail, or working rill),
Grinding that stubborn corn, the Human will,
Turn'st out men's consciences,
That were begrimed before, as clean and sweet
As flour from purest wheat,
Into thy hopper.

All reformation short of thee but nonsense is,
Or human or divine.

Compared with thee,
What are the labours of that Jumping Sect,
Which feeble laws connive at rather than respect ?
Thou dost not bump,
Or jump,
But *walk* men into virtue ; betwixt crime
And slow repentance giving breathing time
And leisure to be good ;
Instructing with discretion demi-reps
How to direct their steps.

Thou best philosopher made out of wood !
Not that which framed thy tub,
Where sate the Cynic cub,
With nothing in his bosom sympathetic ;
But from those groves derived, I deem,
Where Plato nursed his dream
Of immortality ;
Seeing that clearly
Thy system all is merely
Peripatetic.

Thou to thy pupils dost such lessons give
Of how to live
With temperance, sobriety, morality
(A new art),
That from thy school, by force of virtuous deeds,
Each Tyro now proceeds
A 'Walking Stewart!'

THE COURT OF ALDERMEN AT FISH-
MONGERS' HALL.

Is that dace or perch?
Said Alderman Birch;
I take it for herring,
Said Alderman Perring.
This jack's very good,
Said Alderman Wood;
But its bones might a man slay,
Said Alderman Ansley.
I'll butter what I get,
Said Alderman Heygate.
Give me some stew'd carp,
Said Alderman Thorp.
The roe's dry as pith,
Said Alderman Smith.
Don't cut so far down,
Said Alderman Brown:

But nearer the fin,
Said Alderman Glyn.
I've finish'd, i' faith man,
Said Alderman Waithman :
And I too, i' fatkins,
Said Alderman Atkins.
They've crimp'd this cod drolly,
Said Alderman Scholey ;
'Tis bruised at the ridges,
Said Alderman Brydges.
Was it caught in a drag? Nay,
Said Alderman Magnay.
'Twas brought by two men,
Said Alderman Ven-
ables : Yes, in a box,
Said Alderman Cox,
They care not how *fur 'tis*,
Said Alderman Curtis.
From air kept, and from sun,
Said Alderman Thompson ;
Pack'd neatly in straw,
Said Alderman Shaw :
In ice got from Gunter,
Said Alderman Hunter.
This ketchup is sour,
Said Alderman Flower ;
'Then steep it in claret,
Said Alderman Garret.

T A B L E T A L K.

To weave a culinary clue,
 Whom to eschew, and what to chew,
 Where shun, and where take rations,
 I sing. Attend, ye diners-out,
 And if my numbers please you, shout
 ‘Hear, hear!’ in acclamations.

There are who treat you, once a year,
 To the same stupid set : good cheer
 Such hardship cannot soften.
 To listen to the self-same dunce,
 At the same leaden table, once
 Per annum’s once too often.

Rather than that, mix on my plate
 With men I like the meat I hate—
 Colman with pig and treacle ;
 Luttrell with ven’son-pasty join,
 Lord Normanby with orange-wine,
 And rabbit pie with Jekyll.

Add to George Lambe a sable snipe,
 Conjoin with Captain Morris tripe,
 By parsley-roots made denser ;
 Mix Macintosh with mack’rel, with
 Calves-head and bacon Sydney Smith,
 And mutton-broth with Spencer.

Shun sitting next the wight, whose drone
Bores, *sotto voce*, you alone

With flat colloquial pressure :
Debarr'd from general talk, you droop
Beneath his buzz, from orient soup,
To occidental Cheshire.

He who can only talk with one,
Should stay at home, and talk with none—
At all events, to strangers,
Like village epitaphs of yore,
He ought to cry, ' Long time I bore,'
To warn them of their dangers.

There are whose kind inquiries scan
Your total kindred, man by man,
Son, brother, cousin joining.
They ask about your wife, who's dead,
And eulogise your uncle Ned,
Who died last week for coining.

When join'd to such a son of prate,
His queries I anticipate,
And thus my lee-way fetch up—
' Sir, all my relatives, I vow,
Are perfectly in health—and now
I'd thank you for the ketchup !'

Others there are who but retail
Their breakfast journal, now grown stale,
In print ere day was dawning ;

When folks like these sit next to me,
 They send me dinnerless to tea ;
 One cannot chew while yawning.

Seat not good talkers one next one,
 As Jacquier beards the Clarendon ;
 Thus shrouded you undo 'em !
 Rather confront them, face to face,
 Like Holles Street and Harewood Place,
 And let the town run through 'em.

Poets are dangerous to sit nigh—
 You waft their praises to the sky,
 And when you think you're stirring
 Their gratitude, they bite you. (That's
 The reason I object to cats—
 They scratch amid their purring.)

For those who ask you if you ' malt,'
 Who ' beg your pardon ' for the salt,
 And ape our upper grandees,
 By wondering folks can touch Port-wine ;
 That, reader, 's your affair, not mine—
 I never mess with dandies.

Relations mix not kindly : shun
 Inviting brothers ; sire and son
 Is not a wise selection :
 Too intimate, they either jar
 In converse, or the evening mar
 By mutual circumspection.

Lawyers are apt to think the view
 That interests them must interest you ;
 Hence they appear at table
 Or supereloquent, or dumb,
 Fluent as nightingales, or mum
 As horses in a stable.

When men amuse their fellow-guests
 With Crank and Jones, or Justice Best's
 Harangue in Dobbs and Ryal—
 The host, beneath whose roof they sit,
 Must be a puny judge of wit,
 Who grants them a new trial.

Shun technicals in each extreme :
 Exclusive talk, whate'er the theme,
 The proper boundary passes :
 Nobles as much offend, whose clack's
 For ever running on Almack's,
 As brokers on molasses.

I knew a man, from glass to delf,
 Who talk'd of nothing but himself,
 'Till check'd by a vertigo ;
 The party who beheld him 'floor'd,'
 Bent o'er the liberated board,
 And cried, '*Hic jacet ego.*'

Some aim to tell a thing that hit
 Where last they dined ; what there was wit
 Here meets rebuffs and crosses.

Jokes are like trees ; their place of birth
Best suits them : stuck in foreign earth,
They perish in the process.

Ah ! Merriment ! when men entrap
Thy bells, and women steal thy cap,
They think they have trepann'd thee.
Delusive thought ! aloof and dumb,
Thou wilt not at a bidding come,
Though Royalty command thee.

The rich, who sigh for thee—the great
Who court thy smiles with gilded plate,
But clasp thy cloudy follies :
I've known thee turn, in Portman Square,
From Burgundy and Hock, to share
A pint of Port at Dolly's.

Races at Ascot, tours in Wales,
Whitebait at Greenwich oft-times fail,
To wake thee from thy slumbers.
E'en now, so prone art thou to fly,
Ungrateful nymph ! thou'rt fighting shy
Of these narcotic numbers.

SYMPATHY.

REGINALD HEBER.

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love ;

A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

‘ Oh, never was knight such a sorrow that bore !’
‘ Oh, never was maid so deserted before !’
‘ From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company !’

They search’d for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed ;
‘ How tiresome it is !’ said the fair with a sigh ;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight ;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height !
‘ One mournful embrace,’ sobb’d the youth, ‘ ere we die !’
So kissing and crying kept company.

‘ Oh, had I but loved such an angel as you !’
‘ Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true !’
‘ To miss such perfection how blinded was I !’
Sure now they were excellent company !

At length spoke the lass, ’twixt a smile and a tear,
‘ The weather is cold for a watery bier ;
When summer returns we may easily die—
Till then let us sorrow in company !’

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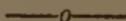
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