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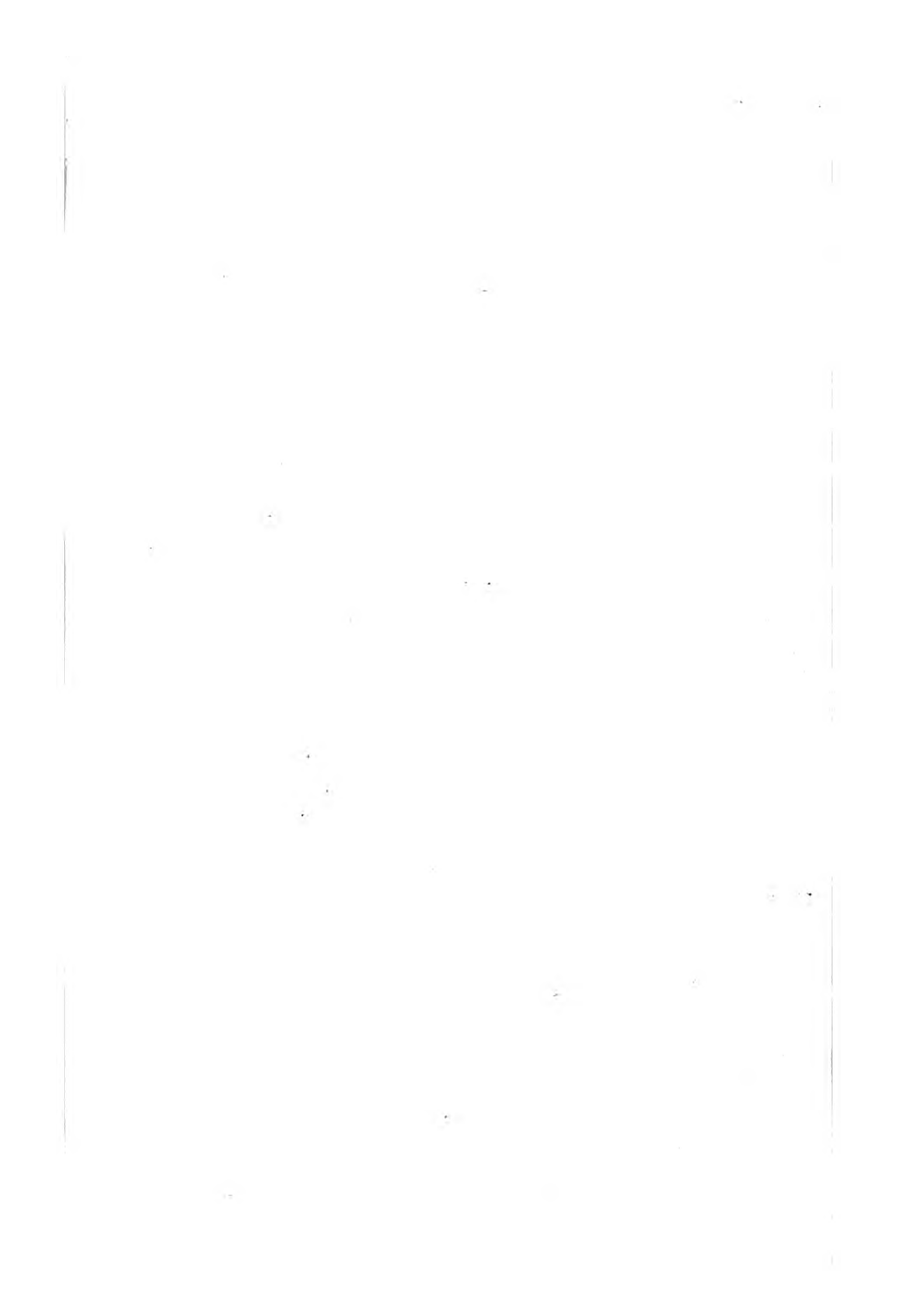


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THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

THIRD SERIES.

LONDON :
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.





REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

Thomas (Ingoldsby)



THE
Ingoldsby Legends

OR

MIRTS AND MARVELS

by

THOMAS INGOLDSBY

ESQUIRE

THIRD SERIES

FIFTH EDITION.



LONDON
RICHARD BENTLEY.
MDCCCLII.

COOK sc





PREFACE.

SOME few words are necessary by way of explanation, in submitting the present volume to the reader. It is enough to state, as regards its object, that a wish was conveyed to his family by certain of the late Mr. Barham's friends, and through them by many also who knew him only from his writings, that a collection should be made of the remaining "INGOLDSBY LEGENDS," and printed uniformly with the first and second Series, and that at the same time a more complete Memoir of his Life should be prefixed, than any that had hitherto appeared in the public prints. Such a request was of course entitled to every attention; the more so, as it came strongly backed by the judgment of the gentleman who proposed to undertake the publication in question.

It may perhaps be questioned, whether, under any circumstances, a very near relative is a fit person to fill the office of Biographer: independently of the

prepossession by which he must almost necessarily be swayed, and of the restraint which a consciousness of its existence induces, expressions both of eulogy and the reverse, seem to fall ungracefully from his pen. The writer has no immunity to plead in the present instance from the effects of this law. There were considerations, however, which precluded his entrusting the task to another; among the most weighty of which was an unwillingness to submit correspondence and memoranda, written with that unguarded openness for which Mr. Barham was remarkable, to the eye of a third person; the unavoidable exposure indeed of matters of confidence, of which he was the depositary, would have rendered it highly improper to do so.

There are two classes of readers, in particular, to whom this imperfect sketch will doubtless prove unsatisfactory; those who may take it up in the expectation of finding a budget of confidential letters, and private anecdotes of the gifted individuals still living, with whom it was the lot of its subject to be associated; and those who may desire a more regular and detailed biography, and who may be apt to consider the following pages of too unconnected and too light a character to answer to the title which they bear. For the first of these we have no answer; but we would intreat the second to bear in mind,

that it is only in a literary point of view—only as a poet—whose wit and originality attracted no ordinary notice, only, in short, as “Thomas Ingoldsby,” that Mr. Barham is brought before the public at all; and it is to these traits of character that we have been mainly confined, as being alone of sufficient general interest to demand or bear illustration.

On the other hand, should it be urged that the poetical trifles here appended are not of a quality to advance the author’s reputation, we must reply, at the risk of being taxed with a tendency to argue in a circle, that a reputation of the kind was not an object of his ambition. To say that he was indifferent to applause and censure, would be to invest him with a degree of stoicism which he was among the last either to profess or feel; but the fact of all his productions having appeared either anonymously, or pseudonymously, is sufficient to show that he possessed no inordinate craving after fame. Writing, in a word, was to him an amusement, the more agreeable if it chanced to conduce to that of others. It is in a similar spirit that the present collection is laid before the public; and a hope is entertained that it may not altogether do discredit to the partiality of those at whose suggestion it has been made.

Most of these poems have been previously published in various periodicals; some few are now printed

for the first time. In the selection of the former, which are of an evanescent character, for the most part bearing upon the gossip of the day, attention has almost of necessity been paid more to the comparative notoriety of the subject than to the degree of humour evinced in the performance.

There remains, in conclusion, but to express a hope, that no one will feel aggrieved by the appearance of any of the historiettes, &c., which have been inserted; the great variety of amusing matter of this kind, contained in Mr. Barham's memoranda, furnished perpetual temptations to transgress; how they have been resisted it is for others to decide. The anecdotes recorded of living persons are few in number, and refer principally to men raised by their genius above the common level of society, and who, as a necessary condition to the eminence they enjoy, must be content to dispense with much of that privilege of privacy which their less distinguished brethren have a right to claim; it is a kind of quit-rent of popularity which they are doubtless not indisposed to pay.

R. H. D. BARHAM.

LOLWORTH,
Nov. 17th, 1847.

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MEMOIR OF
REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Barham's Family — Reginald Fitzurse and Thomas à Becket—
Tappington—Serious Accident—Strange Conduct of the "Next of
Kin"—St. Paul's School—Dr. and Mrs. Roberts—Poetical Criticism
—Brazenose College—Theodore Hook's Matriculation—Regular Habits
—Determination to enter Holy Orders—Melancholy Death of an
Undergraduate—"My Cousin Nicholas"—Mr. Barham presented to
the Curacy of Westwell—Anecdote of one of his Parishioners—His
Marriage—Inducted to the Living of Snargate—Smugglers—Romney
Marsh and its Clergy—Anecdote—Ghost Story—"Baldwin"—Journey
to London—Elected Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral.

T is hardly to be denied, that, though sought after with considerable avidity, memoirs of literary men form the least satisfactory portion of biography; either being, for the most part, deficient in point of incident, or exciting a painful interest by disclosures of a melancholy and forbidding cast. We shall here find no exception to the general rule: if the subject

of the present sketch was removed from the daily struggles and temptations of those unfortunate or improvident sons of genius whose necessities compel them to "forestall the blighted produce of the brain," his career, on the other hand, was unmarked by events of a more animating and romantic turn. His course, indeed, resembled one of those unnumbered, nameless streams, which pass from the spring-head into ocean without a "rapid" and without a check. To this easy flow of life, his sacred calling naturally contributed; but, as the grave details of his professional experience could not with propriety be introduced in a work of this description, the reader must, once for all, be requested to bear in mind, that it is intended in the following pages simply to throw together some slight records of his leisure hours and recreative pursuits.

Richard Harris Barham was born on Dec. 6, 1788, in Canterbury, where his family had for many generations resided, having derived its name from, or given it to, certain lands and lordships in the vicinity. He, indeed, in his love of antiquarian lore, was wont to trace its arduous ascent to one Ursus or Urso, a knight of worship in the days of the Conqueror; and if an occasional "*hiatus valde deflendus*" yawned in the way, there was generally found some "horseman armed," some spare Sir Richard or Sir Ralph, ready, like another Curtius, to fill up the gulf. A son of the worthy Norman alluded to, styled Reginald Fitzurse, obtained an unenviable notoriety by his share in the murder of Thomas à Becket, who appears, by the way, to have been not only the Sovereign's opponent,

but (a curious coincidence, to say the least of it) the knight's landlord also. After the perpetration of this, doubtless, disinterested act, Sir Reginald, not unnaturally, retired to Ireland, where he assumed the name of Mac Mahon, of the same import with his own. Subsequently he proceeded to Rome, obtained dispensation from the Pope, and ended his days, as became a gallant warrior and respectable Catholic, in the Holy Land. His brother Robert, on succeeding to the estates, the manor of Barham among the rest, again metamorphosed his patronymic, still with an eye to its original signification, into De Berham, which, modestly clipped and modernised, has been retained to the present day.

Mr. Barham's father, who was certainly not to be ranked among the purblind class, *qui propter patrimoniam vivunt*, possessed much of that cheerfulness of disposition and peculiar turn of humour which were afterwards so fully developed in his son: in point of activity, both of mind and body, he was by much inferior to the latter, as, perhaps, may be inferred from the fact of his having attained to the enormous weight of seven-and-twenty stone before he completed his forty-eighth year.

Dying in 1795, he bequeathed a moderate estate, somewhat encumbered indeed and shorn of its fair proportions, to his only son, then about five or six years of age. A portion of this property consisted of the manor known as Tappington, or Tapton Wood, so often alluded to in the "Ingoldsby Legends;" and, albeit the description of the mansion therein given is rather of what it might, could, would, or should be,

than of what it actually and truly is, many of the particulars are, nevertheless, perfectly correct. Dismissing, then, the "shaded avenue, terminating in a lodge, whose gates support the Ingoldsby device," together with Mrs. Botherby and the secret passage, as pardonable myths, a very comfortable and picturesque manor-house still remains, boasting its "gable ends, stone stanchions, and tortuous chimneys," and, above all, its blood-stained stair, the scene of the remarkable fratricide, which is a genuine tradition, and the sanguinary evidence of which is pointed out with enviable faith by the present tenants.

An accident, however, occurred about the year 1802, which had well nigh led to the transfer of Tappington and all thereunto appertaining to the hands of strangers, and which exercised a lasting influence over the future life of its proprietor. This was no other than the mutilation of his right arm, occasioned by the upsetting of the Dover mail, in which he was travelling on his way to St. Paul's School. Bewildered by the terrific pace of the horses, who had taken fright, he thrust his hand from the window, for the purpose of opening the door; at that moment the vehicle turned over upon its side, pinning the exposed limb to the ground, and dragging it a considerable distance along a recently repaired road. On being released from his situation, his shattered arm was hastily bound up, and he was despatched alone in a hackney-coach—for the accident occurred at the Bricklayers' Arms—to his destination.

As may be supposed, the effects of so dreadful a laceration, aggravated by neglect in the first instance,

and acting upon a frame at that time far from robust, soon brought the sufferer to the very verge of the grave. So certain did his speedy death appear in the eyes of those whose wish, may be, was "father to that thought," that, to obviate any disagreeable delay in the disposal of the expected property, they sent their surveyor (somewhat prematurely, perhaps), with instructions to report on the state of the farm buildings, to look to the repair of fences, mark out timber for felling, &c.

It was, under God's blessing, mainly owing to the unwearied care of Mrs. Roberts, the wife of the worthy head-master, that these gentlemen were gratified in respect of little but their curiosity, for, contrary to the expectations of all, more especially of the surgeons, who only refrained from amputation from a fear of hastening the catastrophe, not only did the patient begin to mend, but the appearance of the wounded limb induced a hope that it might eventually be restored in some measure to the exercise of its proper functions. Mrs. Roberts, meanwhile, was far from confining her kindness to the sick-bed; "as we plant a twig, and water it because we have planted it," so a similar feeling seems to have taken possession of the lady in question; certain it is she began to regard her young charge with an unusual degree of interest, and, on becoming convalescent, he was frequently permitted to be present at certain *réunions* of a literary character which were held at her house. Here, as most of the *habitués* were of the softer sex, his first attempts at composition met with every encouragement, and he stood in no small peril of

being "forced," under their fostering, into a kind of premature and poetical phenomenon. Even the irrefragable Doctor contributed in no small degree to fan the flame, by employing him to write speeches for himself and the younger boys.

One of these poems, which had for its subject the battle of Trafalgar, bears remarkable testimony to the taste of the worthy head-master himself. Towards the conclusion occurred the following stanza:—

"Presumptuous thought!" Britannia's genius cries.
 "Rise, my loved sons, my brave defenders, rise;
 Tell them, while each with emulation strives—
 Though Nelson falls, a Collingwood survives!"

This, however, was not only found wanting in emphasis, but was also pronounced to be an unpardonably familiar mode of introducing a nobleman, and one not even demanded by the exigence of metre. The last line was accordingly desired to be both printed and spoken,

"Though Nelson falls, *Lord* Collingwood survives."

A stroke of criticism not unworthy of a Greek commentator, and only to be surpassed by that of a gallant captain of militia, who returned a volume of Campbell's poems with the happy emendation—

"Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge—with all thy *cavalry!*"

At St. Paul's School Mr. Barham formed friendships with many of his fellows, Dr. Roberts (no relation of the above), Mr. Bentley, Sir Charles Clark, and the present chief Baron among the number, which, outlasting the common run of boyish

intimacies, closed only with his life. From the first of these early companions he received, in seasons of sickness and bereavement, such constant counsel and assistance, as could scarcely have been expected at the hands of the nearest relative; and whose advice, had it been strictly and promptly carried out, would, in all human probability, have brought his last illness to a very different result; while his connection with Mr. Bentley, composed of far stronger ties than serve to unite author and publisher, the existence of which it preceded and outlived, led to the production of those remarkable articles upon which his literary reputation chiefly rests.

Having continued, in consequence of his youth, for two years "Captain" of St. Paul's, he entered at nineteen as a gentleman commoner at Brazenose College, and was speedily elected a member of the well-known Phoenix Common Room, at that time one of the "Crack" University Clubs. Here he found a kindred spirit in the gay and gifted Lord George Grenville (now Lord Nugent). Here, too, he was again thrown into contact with one whom he had known in earlier days, Cecil Tattersall, the friend of Shelley and Lord Byron, and, like most of that misguided party, but too well known by his abused talents and melancholy end. And here also his intimacy with Theodore Hook took rise, whose residence, however, did not extend beyond a couple of terms, and who, at first, was well nigh refused matriculation by Dr. Parsons, for professing a too accommodating readiness to subscribe not only to thirty-nine, but forty articles, if required.

College life, more especially at that day, was likely to present numerous and sore temptations to one who was overflowing with good-nature and high spirits, and whose early loss had not only placed a perilous abundance of funds at his disposal, but left him utterly unchecked by parental counsel and authority. It was scarcely to be expected that he should pass through this ordeal unscathed. His reply to Mr. Hodson, his tutor, afterwards principal of Brazenose, will convey some notion of the hours he was wont to keep. This gentleman, who, doubtless discerning, spite of an apparent levity, much that was amiable and high-minded in his pupil, had treated him with marked indulgence, sent, on one occasion, to demand an explanation of his continued absence from morning chapel.

“The fact is, sir,” urged his pupil, “you are too *late* for me.”

“Too late!” repeated the tutor, in astonishment.

“Yes, sir. I cannot sit up till seven o’clock in the morning: I am a man of regular habits; and unless I get to bed by four or five at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day.”

An impertinence better rebuked by the “look more of sorrow than of anger” which it drew forth, than by any amount of punishment that could have been inflicted. All affectation was cast aside at the instant—an apology sincerely offered, and silently accepted.

Whatever amendment in point of college discipline might have resulted from this conversation, the habit which gave rise to it was one for “time to strengthen,

not efface." No one might have quoted the old Scotch ballad with greater feeling and sincerity:—

“Up in the morning’s nae for me,
Up in the morning airly:
I’d rather watch a winter’s night
Than up in the morning airly.”

Most men have their seasons of late hours; and, among undergraduates especially, there are not wanting those who, after an evening’s dissipation, esteem it passing “fast” to sit up half the night nodding over their books with wet towels tied round their heads: such feats at least, if not reduced to common practice, are spoken of among a certain class, as those fearful and mysterious ceremonies, yclept “Collections,” “Little Go,” and “The Great” draw nigh,—as mere matters of course and elementary indications of spirit. It was far otherwise with Mr. Barham; with him a strong natural bent supplied the place of caprice or love of singularity, and he sat up, because he found, as the morning advanced, his ideas flowed more freely, and his mental energies became in every way more active than at any other period of the twenty-four hours. It could hardly fail of exciting a considerable degree of astonishment, to mark how, after a day spent without one moment’s rest or relaxation, in the intricacies of business, often of a harassing and momentous nature, his eye would light up and his spirits overflow, as the chimes of midnight were approaching; an entirely new set of faculties seemed to come into play, and if there was no one at hand to benefit by his conversation—to

listen to his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation, he would devote himself to the investigation of some obscure genealogical point, or the perusal of some treasured volume in black letter, with a freshness and vigour not to be surpassed by the most orderly of mortals. At these times, too, his powers of composition reached their culminating point, and he wrote with a facility which not only surprised himself, but which he actually viewed with distrust; and he would not unfrequently lay down his pen, from an apprehension that what was so fluent must of necessity be feeble also. Indeed, he was no adept in the art of cudgelling the brain, and, in respect of poetry, at all events, he wrote easily or not at all. The slightest check would often delay the publication of an article of this kind for months, and there are numbers of manuscripts of numerous dates now in possession of the writer, whose unfinished state is to be attributed to some trifling stumbling-block, which a little labour might have levelled or avoided.

Of artificial aid to composition he thus speaks in a letter addressed to an old friend, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter :—“ You ask me if I think locomotion favourable to composition. I answer, decidedly ‘yes,’ the best thing in the world for it. Others prefer gin-and-water; the latter taken hot on the box of the Worcester Mail, I certainly have found efficacious, perhaps as containing both the grand requisites.

“ The force of genius will no farther go ;
To make the third she joins the other two.”

“ Byron loved gin-and-water and galloping. Your

friend Tom C—— drinks gin-and-water, and rolls in the gutter. Hook likes brandy better, but despiseth not ‘toddy’ with the easy motion of a cabriolet. M—— runs up and down stairs at Bowood and Holland House, and though restricted to coffee, sighs in his heart and soul for *poteen*. That his mind has been less prolific of late, I attribute solely to the deprivation.”

It was during the course of a short, but severe illness, not inopportunately sent, that Mr. Barham first entertained the notion of becoming a candidate for holy orders; and though he so far prosecuted his original design of preparing for the bar as to become a pupil of an eminent conveyancer, he soon relinquished the profession of law, in favour of one, for which a disposition abounding in goodwill towards men, and imbued with a spirit of active though unostentatious piety, assuredly qualified him. It would be too much, perhaps, to assume that he was in any degree influenced in his determination by an occurrence which took place during the latter part of his residence at Brazenose,—no other than the death, under most distressing circumstances, of a young man, with whom he was more than slightly acquainted; but he was beyond question most seriously and permanently affected by it.

A death at the University, at least among the junior members, always seems to produce an effect more solemn and appalling than elsewhere. Much of this may be attributed to the youth and parity of age in the circle that is broken; much to the course of folly, if not sin, in which too often the victim

is arrested; but most of all, perhaps, to the comparative rarity of the event, and to its being in general of a sudden, if not violent nature. A gloom, however, unusually heavy, hung round the fate of the individual in question. He was the only son of a gentleman of respectable standing, but straitened means. Regardless, and probably not altogether aware, of the difficulty his parent experienced in supplying him with the means of qualifying for a liberal profession, he launched into the expensive gaieties of College life. His demands upon his father's purse becoming larger and more frequent, the latter at length, on inclosing a considerable sum which he could ill spare, positively refused to make any further sacrifices on his behalf.

It is, however, by no means an easy matter for a young man to stop short in a career of extravagance, without possessing the means of discharging debts already incurred. At the Universities, in particular, his resources are gauged with the nicest accuracy, and the unhappy victim is allowed no peace till all are exhausted. It may be a hazardous matter to lay the hand of legislation upon so delicate a fabric as that of credit; but some restriction is urgently demanded with regard to the disastrous system pursued at Oxford, and, though to a less extent, at Cambridge also. To many, the accumulated liabilities incurred in that residence of a year and a half (for in point of fact it amounts to no more), if not of weight to crush them at once, form the nucleus of an incumbrance which presses upon and impedes them through life. Some modification of the Statute

of Limitations might, perhaps, be brought to bear upon the case; and, at all events, the iniquities of the Vice-Chancellor's court might be abolished.

To return to —. Having availed himself to the utmost of the usual expedients, such as increasing his orders, borrowing of his companions, and raising money upon accommodation bills, in a fit of utter desperation he again applied to his father, laid his case fully and fairly before him,—pledged himself to a thorough change of life in the event of being released from his embarrassments, and concluded by stating that his very existence depended upon the reply which he should look for by return of post.

There was no mistaking the intimation conveyed in the latter portion of the letter; and the fond parent, in an agony of alarm at the bare possibility of losing his child, hastily penned an answer, forgiving all, and undertaking that the sums necessary to set him once more in an independent position should be forthwith placed at his disposal. Fearful of trusting so important a missive to the chances of the post-office, he unfortunately gave it into the custody of the mail-guard, seeing the man with a sovereign on his engaging to deliver it with his own hands as soon as the College gates should be opened. Eagerly on the following morning did poor — rush towards the porter, who was going his usual round with the letters—fruitlessly he searched the packet again and again—there was not one for him. He returned to his rooms, whither the guard, reeling drunk, made his way late in the afternoon, only to find a coroner's inquest being held over the body of their former

occupant. His head was shattered to atoms by a pistol-ball.

Much of the scene of "My Cousin Nicholas" is laid at Oxford, and many of the incidents introduced have foundation in fact; the hero's denial of his father, for example, subsequently introduced with great propriety of illustration in the popular comedy of "London Assurance," is no fiction, but owes its origin to a similar event in the life of the celebrated Bonhill Thornton. The burlesque personification of the tutor, also, is recorded to have been actually perpetrated by the father of the present Lord L——.

Having passed his examination with sufficient credit to entitle him to a place in the "Second Class," Mr. Barham was in due time admitted to the curacy of Ashford, in Kent. Thence he proceeded to Westwell, a small parish some few miles distant. In this cure he was succeeded by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, the talented author of "The Subaltern," "The Country Curate," &c., who drew many of his sketches in the latter work, among which may be numbered "The Poacher" and "The Smuggler," from living originals in that vicinity. One of the desperate characters, with which the neighbourhood was infested, having been shot through the body, in an affray with the Custom-House officers, actually confessed, while lying on what he believed to be his death-bed, that there was not a crime in all the dark catalogue of human guilt that he had not committed. The man recovered for the time, to afford another testimony to the truth of the old saw respecting the effect sickness is supposed to have upon a certain

individual and his followers, but fell dead upon his face, after the lapse of a few years, while in the act of planting vegetables in his garden.

In 1814 Mr. Barham married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart, of the Royal Engineers, and shortly afterwards, on being presented by the Archbishop to the living of Snargate, he removed to Warehorn, the curacy of which was at the same time offered him. These parishes were about two miles apart, and situated, the former in, the latter on the verge of Romney Marsh; and, as may be expected, they abounded even more than the spot he had just quitted in desperadoes, engaged in what by technical euphemism is termed "The Free Trade."

But, notwithstanding the reckless character of these men, the new rector met with nothing of outrage or incivility at their hands. Many a time and oft indeed, on returning homewards late at night, has he been challenged by some half-seen horseman, who looked in the heavy gloom like some misty condensation, but a little more substantial than ordinary fog; but on making known his name and office, he was invariably allowed to pass on with a "Good night—it's only parson!" while a long and shadowy line of mounted smugglers, each with his led horse laden with tubs, filed silently by. Nay, they even extended their familiarity so far, as to make the church itself a *dépôt* for contraband goods; and on one occasion, a large seizure of tobacco had been made in the Snargate belfry—calumny contended for the discovery of a keg of hollands under the vestry-table. When we add, that the nightly wages, paid

whether a cargo was run or not, were at the rate of seven and sixpence to an unarmed man, and fifteen shillings to one who carried his cutlass and pistols, little surprise can be felt if nearly the whole population pursued more or less so profitable an avocation.

The district, moreover, appears up to a late period to have been utterly neglected in point of religious instruction and superintendence. It seems to have been one of the last strongholds of the Trullibers. Will it be credited, that in the nineteenth century one of the reverend gentlemen in question has been known on a Sabbath day to cart a load of bricks, *in propria persona*, to the church-yard, for the purpose of repairing the chancel? Such was the fact. It is recorded of the same individual that even during divine service it was not unfrequent for him to mingle secular matters with divine, in a manner no less ludicrous than indecent: leaning, for example, over his churchwarden's pew as he passed from the reading-desk to the pulpit, and observing, as the result of long and recently concluded deliberation, "Well, Smithers, I'll have that pig."

We may here introduce a somewhat singular occurrence which took place at the residence of another clergyman in this neighbourhood; one, however, we are bound to say, in every respect the opposite of the gentleman just alluded to. He had lost a beloved daughter under circumstances peculiarly affecting. She was playing in the garden in high spirits and apparent health, when, suddenly approaching her father, she looked up in his face, and saying "Father, take care of my fowls!" without another word,

laid her head upon his knees and died. The blow was stunning, and Mr. — never entirely recovered from its effect. For some months his reason was despaired of, and though afterwards restored to cope in full vigour with ordinary subjects, it sank into monomania, on the approach of one—his daughter.

A belief took full possession of his mind that he was constantly subject to the visits of his lost child; he intimated, moreover, that the spirit spoke of poison having been administered, and urgently pressed upon him the avenging of the murder. In the earlier stages of the disease, his friends entertained hopes of reasoning or rallying him out of so distressing a delusion. Mr. Barham, among the rest, being present at his table, ventured some sceptical remarks on the theory of apparitions.

“I sincerely hope, sir,” replied his host, “you may never have occasion to change your opinion; but, unless I greatly err, your unbelief will meet with a check in the course of this very night.”

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the party was startled by a loud noise, as of a falling body, proceeding from the hall. Mr. — looked round with an air of calm triumph, while his guest, not altogether convinced that the interruption was necessarily to be attributed to spiritual agency, opened the door to ascertain its cause. He returned with his own hat, which had been forced, probably by the wind, which happened to be unusually high, from the wall.

“You see, gentlemen, I am no false prophet,” said the host, quietly.

“ Well,” urged Mr. Barham, half annoyed at the aptitude of the accident, “ if that be the handiwork of your familiar, I should take it as a favour if you would represent to him or her, as the case may be, that, as the hat happens to be my best ”——“ Oh ! ” interrupted the seer, “ if you are still disposed to treat the subject with levity, we will drop it at once.” Dropped accordingly it was, leaving the unfortunate gentleman more confirmed than ever in his visionary creed.

To return to “ The Marsh.”—It was scarcely to be expected that the pursuit of literature should flourish in so uncongenial an atmosphere, however favourable it might prove for the development of that “ holy vegetation ” of which Mr. Peter Plymley pleasantly discourses. It was reserved for a second accident, no other than the breaking of one leg, and the spraining its fellow, occasioned by the overturn of a gig, to bring a taste into play which might otherwise have lain dormant for years, or died for lack of exercise. A novel, entitled “ Baldwin,”* rapidly thrown off in a few weeks, was the result; a work faulty perhaps in style, but by no means destitute of merit, as regards plot and delineation of character, but which fell still-born from the Minerva-press, under the management of the matrons of that establishment.

Scarcely was his restoration to health complete,

* The price he received for this work was twenty pounds, with additional advantages dependent on certain of those bookselling “ contingencies,” which Theodore Hook used to describe as *things that never happen*. The definition was not violated in the present instance.

when a third time illness, though on this occasion exhibited in the person of one of his children, proved indirectly the cause of a thorough change in Mr. Barham's life, and served to usher him into a field of action, affording full scope for his talents and industry—a field wherein, upon the whole, the day went prosperously with him, and from which he retired at last with cheerfulness and resignation, as one who had not proved altogether barren and unprofitable in his generation.

He had undertaken a journey to London for the purpose of consulting Abernethy in the case alluded to, when he chanced to encounter an old friend who was on the point of posting a letter. It contained an invitation, he said, to a young clergyman, to come up and stand for a minor canonry then vacant at St. Paul's. Simultaneously the idea struck both that Mr. Barham himself should become the candidate. The letter was forthwith scattered to the winds; and having resigned curacy and living, the latter immediately took the field under the auspices of Mr. —, the only one in the body to whom he was personally known.

His friends, according to the diversity of their gifts, ridiculed, blamed, or condoled with him on the step he had taken; to all, failure appeared certain. It befell otherwise; and, in spite of knowledge, in spite of prophecy, in spite of the *utter impossibility of the thing*, (an objection, by-the-by, which throughout life never daunted him, provided, as he observed, it stood alone,) he was duly elected, and in 1821 received his first piece of metropolitan preferment.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Barham appointed Priest of the Chapel Royal—Presented to the Living of St. Gregory — The Rev. E. Cannon — His History — His Offence to the Prince Regent—Anecdote of Lord Thurlow—Subsequent Kindness of George IV. to Mr. Cannon—Anecdote—His Legacy and Death.

IT has been quaintly said that literature is “an excellent walking-stick, although a bad crutch;” doubtless at this period of his life it proved a serviceable auxiliary to Mr. Barham, who found his income diminished at a time when an increasing family and a residence in London would admit of no curtailment of expenditure. Accordingly, while articles of the lighter sort, mostly bearing on the events of the day, were struck off in rapid succession, he devoted considerable time and industry towards the completion of a book then in progress, called “Gorton’s Biographical Dictionary,” and about one-third of which was contributed by him. His professional duties, however, which were extending gradually but considerably, soon precluded his continuing any regular literary engagement, or undertaking any work of importance. Poetical trifles, indeed, fell as usual from his pen, and together with an occasional review, &c., made their

appearance in "Blackwood," "The John Bull," "The Globe and Traveller," and sundry other periodicals. We find, for example, the following passage in his diary, entered about this time:—"My wife goes to bed at ten to rise at eight, and look after the children, and other matrimonial duties; I sit up till three in the morning working at rubbish for 'Blackwood,'—she is the slave of the ring, and I of the lamp."

In 1824 he received the appointment of a priest in ordinary of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, and was shortly afterwards presented,—by one of those chances with which every man's life abounds, and which serve to show how slight and seemingly insignificant are the pivots on which the wheels of human fortune turn,—to the incumbency of St. Mary Magdalene and St. Gregory by St. Paul.

At the time of his application there happened to be two livings vacant in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's: as the junior minor canon, Mr. Barham had naturally asked for that which was the less eligible in point of emolument and position, and which, situated in the marshes of Essex, rejoiced in the euphonious and characteristic name of Mucking. His application was favourably received, and the presentation papers of both benefices were, we believe, actually signed, sealed, and all but delivered, when the sudden and inexplicable commission of a grave offence led to the removal of his fellow-candidate from the body, and the forfeited preferment was offered to him.

On admission he found the "united parishes" in a

state of most admired disorder. A loud, if not large party, altogether hostile to the discipline and interests of the Church, held entire possession of the vestry-room, and rendered it the scene of ceaseless and indecent squabbling. As the more quietly disposed of the inhabitants had for some time withdrawn themselves from these displays of party feeling, few were found prepared to support the new rector, and it is to be taken as no slight evidence of his peculiar tact and conciliatory art, that, in the course of a few months, he not only succeeded in restoring peace and propriety to these meetings, but carried such measures as were essential to the interests committed to his care, and effected much towards promoting a cordial and lasting unanimity among his parishioners.

With regard to himself, as he became more generally known, but one feeling seems to have prevailed, that of affectionate esteem—a testimonial the more worthy as it was won by no assumption of manner or pliability of principle, but simply by the exercise of those stable qualities of head and heart which rendered him not only most earnest, but commonly most successful in the discharge of his duties.

In the pulpit he was not remarkable, less, perhaps, from the want of power, than from a rooted disapproval of anything like oratorical display in such a place,—anything, in short, that might seem calculated to convert the house of prayer into a mere theatre for intellectual exhibition. It was not, then, as a popular preacher, “pleasant to sit under,” that he was beloved, still less as a party one; he published no pamphlets, got up no petitions, nor was his

voice to be heard at Exeter Hall; but he was ever watchful over the welfare of his people, temporal and eternal; to the poorer portion of his brethren more especially did he commend himself by the kindness and assiduity with which he relieved their necessities and furthered their views; he would bestow as much time and attention in conducting the cause of one of the meanest of these, as though the interests of those nearest and dearest to him were involved in the result. Most fortunate, too, was he in the companionship of one who, as a Christian clergyman's wife, fulfilled with exemplary zeal those numerous and nameless offices of charity which fall more peculiarly within the province of woman's superintendence.

But his exertions on the behalf of others were by no means confined to the limits of his own parish—from every quarter, from every rank of society, and bearing reference to well nigh every object, came applications for assistance and advice; the piles of letters that he left, consisting, with comparatively few exceptions, of alternacies of request and acknowledgment, bear ample testimony to the wide circle through which his influence extended. And herein he found his pleasure—this was his delight; never was he so completely at home, never so happy as when engaged in promoting the happiness of others; verily he had his reward; for it has probably fallen to the lot of few in his station of life to have enjoyed so many and ample opportunities of tasting “the luxury of doing good.”

His appointment in the Chapel Royal led to an

acquaintance which quickly ripened into a warm friendship, with the late Rev. Edward Cannon, also one of the priests of the household, and who for many years had been on intimate terms with the family of Mrs. Barham. This singular being, introduced to the world under the name of Godfrey Moss, in Theodore Hook's celebrated novel "Maxwell," claims some slight notice, the more so as he has scarcely met with justice at the hands of his facetious friend.

For a general idea of what may be termed his mannerism, we can but refer to the striking portrait alluded to, one of the most perfect ever committed to paper. As he is there depicted, so precisely did he live and move in daily life,—not an eccentricity is exaggerated, not an absurdity heightened! It is, however, to be regretted, that the great master restricted himself to the delineating the less worthy features of the outward and visible man, and touched but lightly those high and noble traits of character which had gone far to relieve the mass of cynicism and selfishness but too correctly drawn.

Mr. Cannon was, in fact, both a spoiled and a disappointed man. Brought up under the immediate care of Lord Thurlow, his brilliant wit, his manifold accomplishments, and, as may be hardly credited by those who knew him only in his decline, his fascinating manners, procured him a host of distinguished admirers, and proved an introduction to the table of royalty itself. A welcome guest at Carlton House, Stowe, and other mansions of the nobility,—patronised by the Lord Chancellor, courted and caressed by men,

to say nothing of women, of the highest rank and influence, — he might possibly have become too extravagant or too impatient in his expectations; while more reasonable views would scarcely have been met by a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales, and a lectureship at St. George's, Hanover Square. This neglect, as he esteemed it, was especially calculated to work evil on a disposition naturally independent to a fault, and associated, as it was, with a humour tintured overmuch with bitterness. His caprices indulged and fostered, and his hope delayed, he fell gradually into utter disregard of all the amenities and conventional laws of society. The extreme liberties he began to take, and the bursts of sarcasm,* which he took the less heed to restrain as he advanced in years, deprived him betimes of all his powerful patrons, and at the last alienated most of his more attached friends. As regards the circumstances which led immediately to his dismissal from the palace, his conduct was certainly not chargeable

* At one of the annual dinners of the members of the Chapel Royal, a gentleman had been plaguing Mr. Barham with a somewhat dry disquisition on the noble art of fencing. Wishing to relieve himself of his tormentor, the latter observed that his crippled hand had precluded him from indulging in that amusement; but pointing to Cannon, who sat opposite, he added, "That gentleman will better appreciate you; he was an enthusiastic admirer of fencing in his youth." After a few minutes the disciple of Angelo contrived to slip round the table, and commenced a similar attack upon Cannon; for some time he endured it with patience, till at length, on his friend's remarking that Sir George D—— was a great fencer, Cannon, who disliked the man, replied, "I don't know whether Sir George D—— is a great fencer, but Sir George D—— is a great fool." A little startled, the other rejoined, "Possibly he is; but then you know, a man may be both." "So I see, sir," said Cannon, turning away.

with blame, but was the natural working of an unbending spirit, which scorned to flatter even princes.

His great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procuring him the honour of accompanying his royal master on the pianoforte; on one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the Prince inquired, "Well, Cannon, how did I sing that?"

The latter continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply.

"I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer," repeated the Prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent.

"I think, sir," said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, "I have heard your royal highness succeed better."

"Sale and Attwood," observed the latter, sharply, "tell me I sing that as well as any man in England."

"They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be," replied Cannon.

George the Fourth was too well bred, as well as too wise a man, to manifest any open displeasure at the candour of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favour which had been unhesitatingly accorded an hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon's hand, and turned abruptly away. A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time, that it

would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment.

Cannon, at first, refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present.

“The *creetur* gave it me with his own hand,” he urged; “if he wants it back let him come and say so himself.”

It was represented, however, that the Prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it—the box was immediately returned without further hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time from the precincts of Carlton House.

He was, however, not a man to permit a single affront to obliterate from his memory all traces of former kindness, and accordingly, when the trial of Queen Caroline had excited so much of popular clamour against the Sovereign, Cannon was the first, on the termination of that affair, to get up and present an address from the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to his royal master. Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favourite, the King was all courtesy and condescension.

“You are not looking well,” he observed at length.

“I am not so well, Sire, as I have been,” replied Cannon with a smile.

“Well, well! I must send H—— to prescribe for you,” said the King; nor did this prove to be an idle compliment; in due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the

same time to intimate that he might expect to be admitted again to the royal parties. This honour Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined; on being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered,

“I have been early taught when I want to say no and can say no, to say no, but never give a reason,”—a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow; and a neglect of which, the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late Majesty George III.

Thus it was; he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother, for a certain post, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he bowed and was about to retire, when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, “anything else I shall be happy to bestow upon your relative, but this unfortunately is an office never held but by a man of high rank and family.”

“Then, Sire,” returned Lord Thurlow, “I must persist in my request—I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England.”

The Chancellor was firm, and the King was compelled to yield.

“He gave me his reasons,” said the former, “and I beat him.”

With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanation at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions.

“The *creetur*,” he said, “has turned me out of his house once; he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again.”

Whatever version of this interview reached the royal ear, one circumstance deserves to be recorded, as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling, which have been so lavishly directed against the illustrious personage alluded to.

Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who, though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money and almost ignorant of its value, and who generally carried all he received loose in his waistcoat-pocket, giving it away to any one who seemed to need it—was himself severely suffering from the effects of ill health and his improvident liberality—the King, who accidentally heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made inquiries, with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision; but ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in his profession inexpedient—he, entirely unsolicited, forwarded him an hundred pounds from his privy purse.

This assistance proved most opportune, and served to supply his immediate necessities. He was staying at the time at a small hotel on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, from which he was unable, or rather unwilling, to depart, till his bill, which had swollen to a somewhat formidable size, was discharged. Mr. Barham, therefore, and another friend hastened down to release him from a position which most people would have deemed embarrassing in the extreme. They found him, however, perfectly happy in his retirement; clothed from head to foot in mine

host's habiliments, and, altogether, appearing so much better in health and spirits than could have been anticipated, that Mr. Barham was led to address some compliment to the landlady on the good looks of her guest.

"Well, Sir, to be sure," replied that worthy personage, "we have done our best to keep him tidy and comfortable, and if you had only seen him last Sunday, when he was *washed and shaved*, you really might have said he *was* looking well."

He had formed, it appeared, a close intimacy with a monkey belonging to the establishment, and spent the principal portion of his time in his society, exchanging it occasionally for that of adventurous bipeds whom the steam-boats, then "few and far between," landed at the Eyot, according as he found them more or less intelligent than his quadrupedal companion.

Like his friend, Cannon was one of those who gave full assent to the poet's doctrine :

"The best of all ways,
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from night," &c.

And so resolutely did he at times carry it out in practice, as to be productive of no little inconvenience to his entertainers. After a dinner, for example, given by Mr. Stephen Price of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests, with the exception of Cannon and Theodore Hook, having long since retired, the host, who was suffering from a severe attack of gout, was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness

of the hour ; no notice, however, was taken of the hint, and unable to endure any longer the pain of sitting up, Mr. Price, at length, slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning, he inquired of his servant—" Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night ? "

" Go, Sir ? " replied John ; " they are not gone, Sir : they have just rung for coffee. "

It was not to be supposed that these eccentricities should altogether escape episcopal observation, and although they met with considerable indulgence, a rebuke was sometimes unavoidable. Cannon, however, resented the slightest attempt at interference with a warmth and jealousy, ill-advised, to say the least of it. His hostility, indeed, to his diocesan, he attributed to no private feeling ; and certainly it could not have been warranted by any treatment he experienced at his hands. Many, however, of the bitter satires that appeared in the periodicals, directed against certain proceedings of this eminent individual, were from his pen. More than one of the more powerful and personal of these, Mr. Barham was fortunate enough to save from publication. He borrowed the copy, and that once in his possession, he knew that Cannon was too indolent a man to write another, or to persevere in demanding the restoration of the original. Those, however, who have read the " Dives and Lazarus," and lines written on the exclusion of ill-dressed persons from certain seats in the Chapel Royal, though they can scarcely fail to admit that nothing Byron or Churchill have produced has excelled them in pungency of wit, will,

nevertheless, consider their suppression justifiable, even by an act of friendly felony.

That much of this caustic spirit sprang from blighted prospects, and was nurtured by the frequent supplies of his favourite "ginnum and water," there can be little doubt; his natural disposition was most amiable, and the kindness of his heart, and his complete freedom from selfishness in matters of importance, exhibited themselves in numberless instances, and never more conspicuously than in a case of self-denial which graced his declining days. He was summoned to the bedside of an old and valued friend. The lady (for a lady it was; like his "double," Godfrey Moss, he had been a lady-killer in his time) announced to him, that, believing her health to be rapidly giving way, she had made her will, by which, at her demise, the whole of a considerable fortune was to be placed at his disposal. Cannon looked at her doubtfully.

"I don't believe it," he said, at length.

The lady re-assured him that she was incapable of trifling on such a subject, and at such a moment; and added, that the document itself was lying in an escritoire in the room.

"I won't believe it," persisted the other, "unless I see it."

Smiling at such incredulity, the lady placed the will in his hands. Cannon took it, and read it.

"Well," said he, "if I had not seen it in your own hand-writing, I would not have believed you could have been such an unnatural brute;" and he deliberately thrust the paper between the bars of the grate.

“What!” he continued, “have you no one more nearly connected with you than I am, to leave your money to? No one who has better reason to expect to be your heir, and who has a right to be provided for first and best? Pooh! you don’t know how to make a will. I must send down D——, a very respectable man in his way—red tape and parchment, and all that—he shall make your will; you may leave me a legacy—there’s no harm in that. I am a poor man, and want it; but I am not a-going to be d—— to please you.”

A new will was accordingly drawn up on Cannon’s suggestion, bequeathing to him merely a sum of four thousand pounds. It will scarcely be credited, that, on the death of the testatrix, advantage was taken of some technical informality (in ignorance, it is to be hoped, of previous circumstances), to resist his claim even to this. The point, however, after the delay of more than a year, was eventually decided in his favour, and the remainder of his life relieved from further apprehension on the score of pecuniary distress. He withdrew, shortly afterwards, to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, taking his accustomed seat on the pier, with a pertinacity that gained for him among the boatmen the *soubriquet* of the *Pier Gun*. Want of exercise, at length, and the slow poison he became a slave to, did their work. As with Swift,—to whom, in the general structure of his mind, in the power of his reasoning, and in the peculiar bent of his humour, he bore no little resemblance—his last hours were such as might well have roused

“The bitter pangs of humbled genius,”

they were those of one,

“ Marked above the rest,
For qualities most dear, plunged from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood’s night.”

He died forgotten, and almost alone; and it was left for a comparative stranger to raise the simple tablet that pleads for the memory of Edward Cannon.

CHAPTER III.

Lines on the Death of Mr. Barham's Daughter—Diary—Anecdotes—
 “ Hot, Sir, Hot ”—Cannon's Handbill—Mr. Barham's first connection
 with “ Blackwood ”—Anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott—“ Too late ”
 —Mr. Theodore Hook and Lord Byron at Harrow—Anecdotes—An
 extemporaneous Burletta by Hook.

MR. BARHAM had been but a few years in town when he was visited by the first of a series of domestic afflictions, which proved the only troubled passages in a course, otherwise, fair and uniform. Devoted, too fondly perhaps, to his family, he felt most keenly the chastening of that hand which withdrew from him, at intervals, five of his children. For a time he was unmanned and prostrated by the blow ; the natural elasticity, however, of his mind, aided by that faith which bids us “ not sorrow as men without hope,” rapidly restored him to a cheerfulness not more constitutional than the result of a thankful appreciation of the many blessings he was still permitted to enjoy. In the year 1825 he lost his eldest daughter, after a lingering disease, which from the first rendered recovery not only hopeless, but almost to be deprecated. The following touching lines, which appeared shortly after in “ Blackwood's Magazine,” bear reference to that event :—

ON THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER.

'Tis o'er—in that long sigh she past—
The enfranchised spirit soars at last!

And now I gaze with tearless eye,
On what to view was agony.
That panting heart is tranquil now,
And heavenly calm that ruffled brow ;
And those pale lips which feebly strove
To force one parting smile of love,
Retain it yet—soft, placid, mild,
As when it graced my living child.

Oh ! I have watched with fondest care
To see my opening floweret blow,
And felt the joy which parents share,
The pride which fathers only know.

And I have sat the long, long night,
And marked that tender flower decay,
Not torn abruptly from the sight,
But slowly, sadly, waste away.

The spoiler came, yet paused, as though
So meek a victim checked his arm,
Half gave and half withheld the blow,
As forced to strike, yet loth to harm.

We saw that fair cheek's fading bloom
The ceaseless canker-worm consume,
And gazed on hopelessly ;
Till the mute suffering pictured there,
Wrung from a father's lip a prayer ;
Oh, God ! the prayer his child might die !

Ay, from his lip—the rebel heart
E'en then refused to bear its part.

But the sad conflict's past—'tis o'er,
That gentle bosom throbs no more!
The spirit's freed;—through realms of light
Faith's eagle glance pursues her flight
To other worlds, to happier skies—
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth;
No mortal sound the voice which cries,
“The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.”

About this period (1826) Mr. Barham, in place of the miscellaneous and unconnected notes he was wont to throw together in any memorandum-book that came to hand, commenced a diary, which for some time he continued with considerable spirit and regularity: it is to be regretted that it was not carried through with equal care, the more so as the *hiatus* occurs the more frequently, and is of wider extent, during that portion of his life which was spent in constant and intimate intercourse with eminent men, of whom every record is valuable. We shall avail ourselves of such passages in his Journal as may seem to bear a general interest, without trespassing, it is to be hoped, in the slightest degree upon that social confidence, which every man is bound in common honesty to preserve inviolate.

“July 26.—Dined with Lord W——, L——.

“Cannon, who was present, and in most entertaining mood, told, among other things, his story of a general officer, who, having passed many years of his

life in India, was taken by a friend, on his return, to dine with their mutual relation. All parties being anxious to conciliate the nabob, who was rich, old, and a bachelor, every attention was shown him during dinner time. The General, however, either from paucity of ideas, or from his regards being riveted upon the good things before him, was invincibly taciturn.

“ ‘ Pray, General,’ said a female cousin on his left, ‘ how did you like India ?’

“ ‘ Hot, Ma’am,’ said the commander, scarcely raising his eyes from his basin of mulligatawney,— ‘ hot, very hot !’

“ Another pause ensued, which was broken by her brother on his right :

“ ‘ General, we have heard much in England lately of the increase of Suttees in India ; may I ask if the burning of an Hindoo widow ever came under your personal notice ?’

“ ‘ Widow !—burning !—Oh, ay, it was very hot, Sir, devilish hot, never so hot in my life !’

“ An excellent curry had now engaged his attention, when the General was again addressed by a tall, thin, antiquarian-looking personage, from the lower end of the table.

“ ‘ Pray, General, during the many years you spent in Asia, did duty or inclination ever carry you into the neighbourhood of the celebrated caves of Elephanta ?’

“ ‘ Elephanta ! Oh, ah, Elephanta—the caves—of course. Why, Sir, it was very hot, devilish hot ; hot all the time I was there ; never was so hot in my life ; Sir, it was as hot as h—— !’

“ This climax, delivered with the only spark of energy which the worthy officer had as yet exhibited, completely precluded any further attempt to engage him in conversation, and the observant veteran was permitted to relapse into silence: several of the party, however, declared the next morning that they had derived much pleasure from their relation the General’s interesting description of the state of our Oriental empire.

“ Repeated as much as I could recollect of the hand-bill respecting Cannon. The latter having gone off into the Isle of Wight with Vaughan, last Lent, without making any arrangement for the performance of his duty at St. George’s, Hanover-square, a placard was, a few mornings after his arrival, affixed nearly opposite his window at the ‘ Bugle Horn ’ hotel, near the bottom of Ryde pier, to the following effect:—

‘ STOLEN OR STRAYED.

‘ A Stout Black Horse, of the Punch breed. Face tan, with a brown mark under the nostrils, coat rough, with brown spots, aged, but has the teeth of a young one. Fore feet blacker than the hind. Is a little hard in the mouth, but gentle, having been ridden by a lady; goes a little lame on one leg, from having been ill-driven in a buggy, and *shies a Church bell*; supposed to have been carried off in Passion-week, by some itinerant musicians, who have been traced into Hampshire. Whoever will give information, &c.’ ”

“ August 16th.—Received a letter from Blackwood, with a copy of numbers 115 and 116 of his

Magazine, thanking me for 'The Ghost, a Canterbury Tale,' which appeared in the first of the two numbers, and which Mr. John Hughes (son of our Residentiary) had transmitted to him from me, informing him, at the same time, of the fact of their having appeared in sections, in three successive numbers of the 'London Chronicle,' just before that paper was merged in the 'St. James's Chronicle.' Of this journal Dr. Johnson was the first editor, and I the last. The causes of its decline may be inferred."

"November 26th.—Dined at Doctor Hughes's. Sir Walter Scott had been there the day before: and the Dr. told me the following anecdote, which he had just heard from the 'Great Unknown.'—A Scottish clergyman, whose name was not mentioned, had some years since been cited before the Ecclesiastical Assembly at Edinburgh, to answer to a charge brought against him of great irreverence in religious matters, and Sir Walter was employed by him to arrange his defence. The principal fact alleged against him was his having asserted, in a letter which was produced, that 'he considered Pontius Pilate to be a very ill-used man, as he had done more for Christianity than all the *other nine apostles* put together.' The fact was proved, and suspension followed."

"1827. May 18th.—Henry S—— (of the Treasury), Cannon, Tom Hill, Sir A. B——, and myself, went up to Twickenham by the steamboat; on the road we talked all sorts of nonsense, and laughed at everything, and everybody. A queer-looking old

gentleman served especially to amuse S——, who took a delight in quizzing him.

“ ‘What is this bridge we’re coming to?’ asked the old gentleman of the skipper.

“ ‘Kew, Sir,’ returned the man.

“ ‘How dare you insult a respectable individual,’ cried S——, ‘by insinuating that he is a *Kew comer*?’

“ One of the company asserting that he had seen a pike caught, which weighed thirty-six pounds, and was four feet in length,

“ ‘Had it been a sole,’ said Henry, ‘it would have surprised me less, as Shakspeare tells us,

All the *souls* that are, were *four feet* (forfeit) once.’ ”

“ October 6th.—Mr. Attwood, who had set to music my lines entitled ‘Too Late,’ and published them in ‘The Harmonicon’ last year, gave me to-day some verses, written, on perusing them, by a lady, a friend of his.”

The song in question, which we give below, was elicited by an expression in a letter, from a dear and near relative. He was in the army, and had struggled on, many a weary year, unnoticed and a subaltern, happy, however, in the cheering companionship of an affectionate wife; at length the partner of his toils and hopes sank by the way, and was taken from him; then, in quick succession, came wealth, honours, promotion; but they had been “delayed till he was indifferent, and did not care for them, till he was solitary, and could not impart them”—in his own words, it was—

TOO LATE.

Too late ! though flowerets round me blow,
 And clearing skies shine bright and fair ;
 Their genial warmth avails not now—
 Thou art not here the beam to share.

Through many a dark and dreary day,
 We journeyed on 'midst grief and gloom ;
 And now at length the cheering ray
 Breaks forth, it only gilds thy tomb.

Our days of hope and youth are past,
 Our short-lived joys for ever flown ;
 And now when Fortune smiles at last,
 She finds me cheerless, chilled—alone !

Ah ! no ; too late the boon is given,
 Alike the frowns and smiles of Fate ;
 The broken heart by sorrow riv'n,
 But murmurs now, “ Too late ! Too late ! ”

About this time Mr. Barham found opportunities of renewing his acquaintance with one who, in many respects, was to be ranked among the most extraordinary men of his age, the late Mr. Theodore Hook. To say nothing of this gentleman's unequalled happiness in impromptu versification, conveying, as he not unfrequently did, a perfect epigram in every stanza—a talent, by the way, which sundry rivals have affected to consider mere knack, and one of whom still bears in his side the *lethalis arundo* of James Smith, for his bungling effort at imitation ; to pass by that

particular province of practical humour* with which his name is so commonly associated, and in which he was *facile princeps*, Mr. Hook yet possessed depth and originality of mind, little dreamed of, probably, by those who were content to bask in the sunshine of his wit, and to gaze with wonder at the superficial talents which he exhibited at table, but sufficient, nevertheless, to place him far beyond the station of a mere sayor of good things, or "diner out of the first water." To those indeed who have never been fortunate enough to witness those extraordinary displays, no description can convey even a faint idea of the brilliancy of his conversational powers, of the inexhaustible prodigality with which he showered around puns, bon mots, apt quotations, and every variety of anecdote; throwing life and humour into all by the exquisite adaptation of eye, tone, and gesture to his subject. His writings fail to impress one in any way commensurate with his society.

Of the few sketches of him that have been given in novels, not one can claim the merit of being more than a most shadowy resemblance. It needs a

* Much as Mr. Barham, with all reasonable and right-thinking people, condemned this practice of playing practical jokes, there was something so original and irresistibly ludicrous in the positions brought about by Theodore Hook's humour, as to draw a smile from the most unbending. The only thing of the kind in which Mr. B. was ever personally engaged was as a boy at Canterbury, when, with a schoolfellow, now a gallant major, "famed for deeds of arms," he entered a Quakers' meeting-house: looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny tart, and said solemnly, "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie."—"Go thy way," commenced a drab-coloured gentleman, rising,—“go thy way, and”——“The pie's yours, sir,” exclaimed D——, placing it before the astounded speaker, and hastily effecting his escape.

graphic skill, surpassing his own, to draw his portrait with any approach to correctness; indeed, it were well nigh as easy to depict on canvass the diamond's blaze, as to pourtray that intensity of genius, that dazzling vivacity of spirit which distinguished him even among the peers of intellect. Nowhere, perhaps, is failure more conspicuous than in the miserable and meagre attempt in "Coningsby." Not the faintest glow of humour, not one flash of wit, not an ebullition of merriment breaks forth from first to last; the author, in utter incapacity for the task, contents himself with simply observing, "Here Mr. Lucian Gay (the name under which Hook is introduced) was vastly amusing—there he made the table roar," &c., much in the manner of the provident artist, who, to obviate mistake, affixed the notice to his painting: "This is the lion—this is the dog." Of the moral portraiture, we will venture to say that it is as unjust as the material is weak. For a more accurate estimate of his character and position, and for an account of the main incidents of his life, we may refer the reader to an able, though not over indulgent article in "The Quarterly Review."

As regards the great calamity (the defalcation at the Mauritius) which befell him in his youth, and which darkened the remainder of his career, shutting out hope, paralysing his best energies, and by consequence inducing much of that recklessness of living which served to embitter his privacy and hasten his end, it may almost be unnecessary to say, that one who continued to regard him with the feelings of

affection which Mr. Barham entertained, must have had full reason for believing him free from every imputation save that of carelessness, not very inexcusable in one so young, so inexperienced, and, at the time, so constitutionally giddy.

The writer in the "Quarterly" observes, "Born in the same year with Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel, he was their schoolfellow at Harrow, but not in the same memorable form, nor do we see any trace of his having been personally acquainted with either of them, though he often alluded to the coincidence of dates with an obvious mixture of pride and regret—perhaps we ought to say remorse." That he was not, however, altogether, a stranger to one at least of these eminent individuals, may be seen from the following extract from the Diary before us :—

"Hook mentioned several anecdotes of his early life; among others, he said that the day on which he was first sent down to Harrow School, Lord Byron, who was there at the time, took him into the square, showed him a window at which Mrs. Drury was undressing, gave him a stone, and bid him 'knock her eye out with it.' Hook threw the stone, and broke the window. Next morning there was a great 'row' about it, and Byron coming up to him, said :

" ' Well, my fine fellow, you've done it! She had but one eye (the truth), and it's gone!' Hook's *funk* was indescribable.

" He said that my old friend Cecil Tattersall, whom he knew at Canterbury and at Christ Church,

was at that time there. He was very intimate with Byron, and had the *soubriquet* of 'Punch Tattersall.'

"He spoke in the course of the evening of his two eldest daughters, of whom Mary, the senior, had just turned twenty-one; the name of the second was Louisa, and he designated them accordingly as 'Vingt-un' and 'Loo!' He read us a letter also from his eldest son in India, who had just got his commission, there, at the age of seventeen. It was full of fun, and showed much of his father's talent, together with a great deal of good feeling. Hook gave me on this occasion the proofs of all he ever wrote of his last novel, 'Peregrine Bunce,' which I brought away with me."

The concluding chapters of this story, the design of which was, we believe, in the first instance, suggested by Mr. Barham, and which is founded on the matrimonial speculations of a common acquaintance, are, as is intimated by the writer before alluded to, by a different hand. The work itself, manifestly the weakest of Hook's productions, was written during the intervals allowed by increasing sickness, and labours under the additional disadvantages of never having undergone the author's revision, and of having the catastrophe wound up by one who could not have been in the secret of the plot. As was not unfrequently the case with Mr. Hook's writings, the earlier portions of this novel were forwarded to his friend for inspection, previous to publication; the following note accompanied the proofs of the second volume:—

“ Monday.

“ DEAR CARDINAL,—When you have run through ‘Peregrine,’ will you send him in *pacquet* to me at the Athenæum. I have no other ‘document’ wherewith to refresh my memory as to his progress. If you like it, put on it (G.); if you don’t, put (B.); if mediocre (T.). If none of these should express your opinion, I shall expect to see (D. B.) or (V. G.) as the case may be.

“ Yours most truly, T. E. H.”

The address here refers to the senior cardinal’s stall, a relic of the *ancien régime*, which Mr. Barham had for some time held in St. Paul’s Cathedral.

Of what occurred, at that which appears to have been the latter’s first interview with his old companion after their separation at college, we have a somewhat detailed account :—

“ November 6th.—Passed one of the pleasantest evenings I ever spent at Lord ——’s. The company, beside the host and hostess, consisted of Mr. Cannon, Mr. C. Walpole, Mr. Hill, generally known as ‘Tom Hill,’ Theodore Hook, and myself. It was Hook’s first visit there, and none of the party but myself, Cannon, and Hill, who were old friends of his, had ever seen him before. While at dinner, he began to be excessively amusing. The subject of conversation was an absurdly bombastic prologue, which had been given to C——, of D. L. T., to get by heart, as a hoax, beginning—

‘ When first the drama’s muse by freedom reared,
In Grecian splendour unadorned appeared,’ &c.

“ Gattie, whose vanity is proverbial, was included in the joke. The stage-manager, who had the arranging of it, offered him also some equally ridiculous lines, which he said the author of the new comedy had written for himself, but that he had not sufficient nerve to deliver them.

“ ‘ No man on the stage has such nerve as I,’ interrupted Gattie.

“ ‘ Then it must be spoken in five characters ; the dresses to be thrown off one after the other.’

“ ‘ No performer can change his dress so quickly as I can,’ quoth Gattie.

“ ‘ Then I am afraid of the French dialect and the Irish brogue.’

“ ‘ I’m the only Frenchman and Irishman on the stage,’ roared Gattie.

“ The hoax was complete, and poor Gattie sat up the whole night to learn the epilogue ; went through three rehearsals with five dresses on, one over the other, as a Lady, a Dutchman, a Highlander, a Teague, and, lastly, as ‘ Monsieur Tonson come again.’ All sorts of impediments were thrown in his way, such as sticking his breeches to his kilt, &c. The time at length arrived, when the stage-manager informed him with a long face, that Colman, the licenser, instigated, no doubt, by Mathews, who trembled for his reputation, had refused to license the epilogue : and poor Gattie, after waiting during the whole of the interlude, in hopes that the license might yet come down, was obliged to retire most reluctantly and disrobe.

“ Hook took occasion from this story to repeat part

of a prologue which he once spoke as an amateur, before a country audience, without one word being intelligible from the beginning to the end. He afterwards preached part of a sermon in the style of the Rev. —, of Norwich, of whom he gave a very humorous account; not one sentence of the harangue could be understood, and yet you could not help, all through, straining your attention to catch the meaning. He then gave us many absurd particulars of the Berners-street hoax, which he admitted was contrived by himself and Henry H——, who was formerly contemporary with me at Brazenose, and whom I knew there, now a popular preacher. He also mentioned another of a similar character, but previous in point of time, of which he had been the sole originator. The object of it was a Quaker who lived in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden. Among other things brought to his house were the dresses of a punch and nine blue devils, and the body of a man from Lambeth bone-house, who had the day before been found drowned in the Thames.

“In the evening, after Lady — had sung ‘I’ve been roaming,’ Hook placed himself at the pianoforte, and gave a most extraordinary display of his powers, both as a musician and an improvisatore. His assumed object was to give a specimen of the burlettas formerly produced at Sadlers’ Wells, and he went through the whole of one which he composed upon the spot. He commenced with the tuning of the instruments, the prompter’s bell, the rapping of the fiddlestick by the leader of the band, and the overture, till, the curtain being supposed to rise, he proceeded to describe:—

“The first scene.—A country village—cottage, (o. p.)—church (p. s.) Large tree near wing. Bridge over a river occupying the centre of the background. Music.—Little men in red coats seen riding over bridge. Enter—Gaffer from cottage, to the symphony usually played on introducing old folks on such occasions. Gaffer, in recitative, intimates that he is aware that the purpose of the Squire in thus early

‘ A crossing over the water,
Is to hunt not the stag, but my lovely daughter.’

Sings a song and retires, to observe Squire’s motions, expressing a determination to balk his intentions ;

‘ For a peasant’s a man, and a squire’s no more,
And a father has feelings, though never so poor.’

“Enter Squire with his train.—Grand chorus of huntsmen—‘ Merry toned horn, Blythe is the morn,’ ‘ Hark forward, away, Glorious day,’ ‘ Bright Phœbus,’ ‘ Aurora,’ &c. &c.

“The Squire dismisses all save Confidant, to whom, in recitative, he avows his design of carrying off the old man’s daughter, then sings under her window. The casement up one pair of stairs opens. Susan appears at it, and sings—asking whether the voice which has been serenading her is that of her ‘true blue William, who on the seas,—is blown about by every breeze.’ The Squire hiding behind the tree she descends to satisfy herself; is accosted by him, and refuses his offer: he attempts force. The old man interferes, lectures the Squire, locks up his daughter, and exit (p. s.) Squire sings a song expressive of

rage and his determination to obtain the girl, and exit (p. s.)

“Whistle—Scene changes with a slap.—Public-house door; sailors carousing, with long pig-tails, checked shirts, glazed hats, and blue trousers. Chorus—‘Jolly tars, Plough the main,—Kiss the girls, Sea again.’ William, in recitative, states that he has been ‘With brave Rodney,’ and has got ‘Gold galore;’ tells his messmates he has heard a land-lubber means to run away with his sweetheart, and asks their assistance. They promise it.

‘Tip us your fin! We’ll stick t’ye, my hearty,
And beat him! Haven’t we beat Boneyparty?’

Solo, by William, ‘Girl of my heart, Never part,’
Chorus of sailors—‘Shiver my timbers,’ ‘Smoke, and fire, d—n the Squire,’ &c. &c. (Whistle—scene closes—slap.)

“Scene—the village as before. Enter Squire; reconnoitres in recitative; beckons on gipsies, headed by Confidant in red. Chorus of gipsies entering—‘Hark! hark! Butchers’ dogs bark! Bow, wow, wow. Not now, not now.’ ‘Silence, hush! Behind the bush. Hush, hush, hush.’ ‘Bow, wow, wow.’ ‘Hush, hush.’ ‘Bow, wow.’ ‘Hush! hush! hush!!’ Enter Susan from cottage. Recitative,

‘What can keep father so long at market?
The sun has set, although it’s not quite dark yet.

—Butter and eggs,
—Weary legs,’

“Gipsies rush on and seize her; she screams;

Squire comes forward. Recitative *affettuoso*—‘She scornful, imploring, furious, frightened!’ Squire offers to seize her; True Blue rushes down and interposes; Music *agitato*; Sailors in pig-tails beat off gipsies; Confidant runs up the tree; True Blue collars Squire. Enter Gaffer:—

‘Hey-day! what’s all this clatter;
William ashore?—why what’s the matter?’

“William releases Squire, turns to Sue; she screams and runs to him; embrace; ‘Lovely Sue; Own True Blue;’ faints; Gaffer goes for gin; she recovers, and refuses it; Gaffer winks, and drinks it himself; Squire, Recitative—‘Never knew, about True Blue; constant Sue;’ ‘Devilish glad, here, my lad; what says dad?’ William, recitative—‘Thank ye, Squire; heart’s desire; roam no more; moored ashore.’ Squire joins lovers — ‘Take her hand; house, and bit of land; my own ground;

‘And for a portion here’s two hundred pound!’

Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, and sailors with pigtails; Solo, Susan—‘Constant Sue; own True Blue.’ Chorus; Solo, William—‘Dearest wife, laid up for life.’ Chorus; Solo, Squire—‘Happy lovers, truth discovers.’ Chorus; Solo, Gaffer—‘Curtain draws, your applause.’ Grand chorus; huntsmen, gipsies, sailors in pig-tails; William and Susan in centre; Gaffer (o. p.), Squire (p. s.), retires singing,

‘Blythe and gay—Hark away!
Merry, merry May;
Bill and Susan’s wedding day.’”

Such is a brief sketch, or skeleton, thrown together

from memory, of one of those extemporaneous melodramas with which Hook, when in the vein, would keep his audience in convulsions for the best part of an hour. Perhaps, had his *improvisatising* powers been restricted to that particular class of composition, the impromptu might have been questioned; but he more generally took for subjects of his drollery the company present, never succeeding better than when he had been kept in ignorance of the names of those he was about to meet; but, at all times, the facility with which he wrought in what had occurred at table, and the points he made bearing upon circumstances impossible to have been foreseen, afforded sufficient proof that the whole was unpremeditated. Neither in this, nor in any other of his conversational triumphs, was there anything of trickery or effort. No abruptness was apparent in the introduction of an anecdote; no eager looking for an opportunity to fire off a pun, and no anxiety touching the fate of what he had said. In fact, he had none of the artifice of the professional wit about him, and none of that assumption and caprice which minor 'Lions' exhibit so liberally to their admirers. It may be fairly said, as he knew no rival, so he has left no successor:

"Natura lo fece, e poi ruppe la stampa."

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Thomas Hill—Origin of the American Sea Serpent—A Paradox—Charades—History of a Literary Adventurer—Young Norval—Cannon and Theodore Hook—Literary Fund—Portrait of Sir John Soane—Epigram—Hoax of Theodore Hook's Martha the Gipsy—Hook at Lord Melville's trial—The Dowager Peeresses, and Cardinal Wolsey.

IT can be hardly necessary to remind the reader that the Mr. Hill mentioned in the preceding chapter, is the Mr. Hull of "Gilbert Gurney," and also that this good-humoured and good-hearted, albeit somewhat inquisitive personage, furnished the idea of Mr. Poole's admirable "Paul Pry." "Pooh pooh! he must happen to know that." It may not, however, be so generally known that to his spirit of inquiry was owing the discovery of the celebrated American sea serpent. He was in the constant habit of visiting Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane, at his room in the theatre, and the latter soon found, to his surprise, that much that fell from him in conversation relating to the receipts, &c., of "the house," together with portions that he might have communicated of his American correspondence, appeared the following morning in one of the papers.

“When I discovered this, Sir,” said Price, “I gave my friend a lie a day;” and accordingly the public were soon treated with the most extraordinary specimens of Transatlantic intelligence; among the rest, with the first falling in with the body of the sea monster, somewhere about the Bermudas, and the subsequent appearance of his tail, some hundred miles to the north-east.

“Well, my dear boy,” used to exclaim the credulous visitor, on entering the manager’s sanctum, “any news; any fresh letters from America?”

“Why, Sir,” would reply Price, with the utmost gravity, “I have been just reading an extract, sent under cover, from Captain Lobcock’s log; they’ve seen, Sir, that d—d long sea-sarpent again; they came upon his head off Cape Clear, Sir.”

And so the hoax continued, till the proprietors of the journal which was made the vehicle for these interesting accounts, finding they were not received with the most implicit faith, unkindly put a stop to any further insertions of the kind.

To recur to the Diary:—

“Nov. 18.—Coming home in the evening from the Chapel Royal, where I had been doing duty, I overtook in the Strand two lads, having much the appearance of linendrapers’ shopmen, and endeavouring to smoke certain abominations under the semblance of cigars; both of them very tipsy. The obliquity of their motions, which resembled that sort of progress called by sailors ‘tack and half tack,’ rendered it difficult to pass them, and while thus kept, half voluntary, half compulsory, following in

their wake, I heard the following conundrum put by the shorter one to his friend.

“ ‘ I say, Tom, do you know where that place is in the world where two friends, let them be ever so intimate, as good friends as you and me, Tom, can't be half-an-hour together without quarrelling? Now that is a *paradox* for you !’

“ ‘ A what? a Paradise?’

“ ‘ No, you fool, a *paradox*.’

“ ‘ A paradox is it? very well, and what's that?’

“ ‘ What, don't you know what a *paradox* is? Why, a paradox is a—what a fool you must be not to know what's a paradox; it's a sort of—oh, it's no good talking to a chap that don't know what a paradox is !’

“ Here the speaker relapsed into an indignant silence, which he maintained till I was obliged to pass them, and I remain to this hour as ignorant of the meaning, or rather solution (for meaning it may have none) of the conundrum as his antiparadoxical ally.”

Mr. Barham, perhaps, was more fortunate in the weaving than in the disentangling knots of this description. We will venture to subjoin a couple of specimens from the same page :—

CHARADE.

My first on a schoolboy, your bounty bestows,
 Though 'tis commonly seen at the end of his nose;
 My second you 'll say, when my whole you explore,
 Which once upon two legs walked proud at Mysore,
 Now in town, less majestic, it capers on four.

Ans. “ Tippoo,” an Italian greyhound.

ENIGMA.

To be called by my name you would highly disdain,
 Though with titles of honour I rank in the list ;
 By law and by custom I single remain,
 Though unless I am double I cannot exist.

Ans. " A Fellow."

On his first arrival in London, Mr. Barham had become acquainted with a young man named G——, who may be remembered as moving some years ago in respectable literary circles ; he was possessed of considerable intellectual attainments, a prepossessing appearance, and very pleasing manners. The history of his career, detailed in the following extract, is not without interest, presenting, as it does, the melancholy spectacle of one endowed with high gifts, all blighted and rendered barren through want of principle.

"Dec. 2. — Dined with Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. * * * Had some conversation with him respecting W. G.——, late editor of 'The Literary Museum,' whom I knew well, when he filled that situation. He was a tall, slight, gentlemanly young man ; rather, but not offensively dandified, and with abilities and information which might have made him anything he chose to be. He was, I found, on comparing notes with Price, an American by birth, and at the age of seventeen had committed a forgery on a person of high respectability at Philadelphia. He was detected, but pardoned by the gentleman whom he had attempted to defraud,

on account of his youth, and out of regard to his family, but on the express condition that he should leave the country. G—— went, at first, no further than New York, where Mr. Price was then practising at the American Bar. The latter received a letter from the gentleman alluded to, requesting him to call on the young man, and either compel him to quit America forthwith, or send him back in custody to Philadelphia. This commission Price executed to the letter, allowing him four days for departure, and G—— sailing for England landed at Plymouth. Here he was for a short time in the company of Mr. Foote, then manager of the Plymouth Theatre, and father to the (subsequently) celebrated Miss Foote, of Covent Garden Theatre, to whose Juliet, I have heard him say, he played Romeo; he also performed the part of Frederick in ‘The School of Reform,’ she playing the heroine. With Miss Foote he was, according to his own account, much ‘smitten’ at the time, and to this early attachment was owing several of his rhyming effusions later in life; one I recollect ran the round of the newspapers, and was attributed to others, but I have heard G—— claim it; the only verse I can call to mind runs:—

‘Had I the land that’s in the Strand,—
Gentles, I beg your pardon,—
I’d give each Foot, and more to boot,
For one of Covent Garden.’

“An opportunity occurring for a literary engagement in London, G—— came to town, when he distinguished himself as a contributor to the magazines

and other periodicals. It was about this time I first knew him. A gentleman with whom he had become acquainted in the course of business, had, I understood, taken a great fancy to him, had sent him for a while to Cambridge, and at his death bequeathed him an annuity of 300*l.* This, however, was soon disposed of, and the sum raised was, according to some accounts, lost in speculation, while others said it was spent in debauchery—of this I know nothing; the only reason I ever had for suspecting he was of a dissipated turn, was an account he himself once gave me, when we met accidentally—that a young woman had that evening called at his lodgings in a hackney-coach, and (I think on his declining to see her) had cut her throat on the spot. She was not dead at the time he mentioned this, and the result I never learned. The nature of this circumstance, and the want of feeling exhibited in the recital, were, of course, sufficient to check any favourable opinion I might have formed of him, and to replace our acquaintance on the most distant footing.

“When Mr. Price first came to London, with the view of taking a lease of Drury Lane Theatre, he was walking one evening with a friend in the lobby of that house, when he met G—, but without recognising him; the latter, however, watched his opportunity, and drawing him aside, inquired if he did not recollect him.

“‘Why, Sir,’ said Price, ‘I have certainly seen you before, but where, and under what circumstances, I cannot at present call to mind; the impression I feel, however, respecting you, is a painful one; and it

strikes me that either in my professional capacity, or otherwise, I have seen you involved in some disgrace.'

"G—— did not hesitate to prompt a memory, which further reflection might render less treacherous, but avowed himself at once, adding that he was now prospering, and filling a respectable situation in the world, and begging Price not to betray that they had ever met before. This Price promised. Some short time after, the latter was called to dine with Mr. R——, to whom he had been recently introduced; G—— was also asked for the same day, and had unhesitatingly accepted the invitation, but happening afterwards to hear that he would meet his countryman Mr. Price, he at once recollected 'a previous engagement at Chelsea,' and that in so marked a manner, that his friend perceived it was a strong disinclination to meet the person he had just named which occasioned his retracting. He of course said no more to G——; but having a very slight acquaintance at the time with Mr. Price, actually went to a mutual friend to ask 'if he were quite sure of Mr. Price's respectability as G—— evidently would not meet him.'

"The real state of the case he did not learn for a long time after, when G——, having run through all he possessed or could borrow, drew several forged bills on Mr. C. Knight, Mr. Whitaker, &c., and absconded with the money. He succeeded in returning to America, and there became sub-editor of a periodical paper, when a quarrel arising between him and a young man at a dinner party, G—— struck

him; a challenge was the consequence, and the assailant being shot through the body at the first fire, died almost immediately. This happened in the autumn of 1827."

"March 13, 1828.—Lord ——, Sir A. B——, Theodore Hook, Stephen Price, and Cannon dined here. Cannon told a story of a manager at a country theatre, who, having given out the play of 'Douglas,' found the whole entertainment nearly put to a stop, by the arrest of 'Young Norval' as he was entering the theatre. In this dilemma, no other performer of the company being able to take the part, he dressed up a tall, gawkey lad who snuffed the candles, in a plaid and philabeg, and pushing him on the stage, advanced himself to the footlights, with the book in his hand, and addressed the audience with, 'Ladies and Gentlemen—

This young gentleman's name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
His father feeds his flock, a frugal swain,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son (this young gentleman) at home.
For this young gentleman had heard,' &c.

And so on through the whole of the play, much to the delectation of the audience.*

"In the evening Hook went to the piano, and played and sang a long extempore song, principally levelled against Cannon, who had gone up earlier

* In this anecdote, which rests on the authority of a celebrated singer, who told it to Cannon as having been herself present at the representation, will be recognised the subject of one of the late Mr. Mathews's most successful *scenas*; it was introduced by him in his "Comic Annual" for 1831.

than the rest, and fallen asleep on the sofa in the drawing-room. Sir A. B——, who now met the former for the first time, expressed a wish to witness more of his talent as an improvisatore, and gave him Sir Christopher Wren* as a subject, on which he immediately commenced and sang, without a moment's hesitation, twenty or thirty stanzas to a different air, all replete with humour.

“ March 23.—Dined at Sir A. B——’s, who was summoned away to attend the King. * * * In the meantime an unpleasant altercation took place between Cannon and Hook, owing to an allusion, somewhat ill-timed, made by the former to ‘treasury defaulters.’ This circumstance interrupted the harmony of the evening, and threw a damp upon the party. Hook made but one pun: on Walpole’s remarking that, of two paintings mentioned, one was ‘a shade above the other in point of merit,’ he replied, ‘I presume you mean to say it was a *shade over* (*chef d’œuvre*).’ ”

“ May 14.—Acted as one of the stewards to the Literary Fund dinner. Fitzgerald, *the poet*, spouted as usual, and broke down. Cannon observed ‘Poeta nascitur non *Fitz*. I beg his pardon, I am afraid I am wrong in a letter.’ ”

Of the admirable institution alluded to in the foregoing memorandum, Mr. Barham remained for many years an active and influential member. The sphere of its beneficence, and the peculiar delicacy with which its assistance was administered, were sufficient

* Mr. Barham’s house was situated in St. Paul’s Churchyard.

to enlist his best energies in its cause. Throughout the lengthened period, during which he continued on the council, scarcely a meeting was held at which he was not present. Many a bereaved family, ignorant perhaps of the existence of this society, or of the mode of making application to it, many an author of education and talent, too sensitive to appeal to vulgar charity, or to whom such degradation would be ruin, has owed timely, and it may be invaluable, relief to his patient investigation and strenuous advocacy.*

The general conduct of this association has ever been beyond suspicion; it is hardly possible, however, but that a board composed of mere mortal committee-men should be open to occasional imposture from without, or should at times exhibit some slight tendency towards partiality within. These cases, *rari nantes*, seldom escaped Mr. Barham's vigilance; but the tact and good humour with which he resisted any unwise or inappropriate application of the funds of the society, never left any visible ill-feeling in the hearts of his opponents.

* Having been instrumental, on one occasion, in obtaining a donation of thirty pounds for a distressed author, he resolved to make a *détour* on his way home, and inform the poor man of the succour that had been awarded him. He found the applicant in an upper room, without an article of furniture: there was no fire in the grate, but in one corner about as many coals as—to use his expression—"would fill a pint pot." The wife was sitting on an inverted tub nursing a dying child, and one great source of regret appeared to be that the poor infant would expire without the rite of baptism. This anxiety was removed by Mr. Barham on the instant, who immediately proceeded to administer that sacrament. The child died on the following day; but the parents were restored by the society's bounty to the comforts of life, and subsequently enabled to regain their position in society.

One trifling *fracas* may yet be held in memory by many of our readers. A portrait of Sir John Soane was presented to the society by that admirable artist, Mr. Maclise, but the original, not deeming that his fair proportions had been treated with sufficient tenderness, peremptorily demanded its surrender, promising to replace it with a much handsomer, and *ergo* more correct representation by Sir Thomas Lawrence. During the somewhat lengthened discussion which ensued, a certain member of the council, remarkable not more for his literary talent than for his social kindness and love of peace, put an end to all contention by entering the committee-room, and cutting the caricature of Sir John (as the latter chose to term it) into pieces with his pen-knife. The following "Lament" appeared a few days afterwards in the "John Bull":—

(Dr. T. *loquitur.*)

Ochone ! ochone !
 For the portrait of Soane,
 J——! you ought to have let it alone !
 Don't you see that instead of removing the bone
 Of contention, the apple of discord you've thrown ?
 One general moan,
 Like a tragedy groan,
 Burst forth when the picturecide deed became known.
 When the story got "blown,"
 From the Thames to the Rhone,
 Folks ran, calling for ether and eau de Cologne,
 All shocked at the want of discretion you've shown.

If your heart's not of stone,
You will quickly atone.

The best way to do that's to ask Mr. RONE-
Y to sew up the slits; the committee, you 'll own,
When it's once stitch'd together, must see that it's SOANE.*

“ September 6.—Called at Hook's on my return from the Isle of Thanet. * * * * A Mr. E— came in, an Irish barrister, rich and stingy, from whom Hook afterwards told me he had taken his character of Gervase Skinner, in the third series of ‘ Sayings and Doings.’ He told us an amusing story of his going down to Worcester, to see his brother, the dean, with Henry H— (his companion in many of his frolics). They arrived separately at the coach, and taking their places in the inside, opposite to each other, pretended to be strangers. After some time they began to hoax their fellow-travellers—the one affecting to see a great many things not to be seen, the other confirming it and admiring them.

“ ‘ What a beautiful house that on the hill !’ cried H—, when no house was near the spot ; ‘ it must command a most magnificent prospect from the elevation on which it stands.’

“ ‘ Why, yes,’ returned Hook, ‘ the view must be extensive enough, but I cannot think these windows in good taste ; to run out bay windows in a Gothic front, in my opinion, ruins the effect of the whole building.’

“ ‘ Ah ! that is the new proprietor's doings,’ was

* *Qy. Sewn ?—Print. Dev.*

the reply, 'they were not there when the Marquis had possession.' Here one of their companions interfered; he had been stretching his neck for some time, in the vain hope of getting a glimpse of the mansion in question, and now asked,

" 'Pray, Sir, what house do you mean? I don't see any.'

" 'That, Sir, with the turrets and large bay windows on the hill,' said Hook, with profound gravity, pointing to a thick wood.

" 'Dear me,' returned the old gentleman, bobbing about to catch the desired object, 'I can't see it for those confounded trees.'

" The old gentleman, luckily for them, proved an indefatigable asker of questions, and the answers he received, of course, added much to his stock of genuine information.

" 'Pray, Sir, do you happen to know to whom that house belongs?' inquired he, pointing to a magnificent mansion and handsome park in the distance.

" 'That, Sir, replied Hook, 'is Womberly Hall, the seat of Sir Abraham Hume, which he won at billiards from the Bishop of Bath and Wells.'

" 'You don't say so!' cried the old gentleman, in pious horror, and taking out his pocket-book, begged his informant to repeat the name of the seat, which he readily did, and it was entered accordingly—the old gentleman shaking his head gravely the while, and bewailing the profligacy of an age in which dignitaries of the Church encouraged gambling to so alarming an extent.

" The frequency of the remarks, however, made by

the associates on objects which the eye-sight of no one else was good enough to take in, began at length to excite some suspicion, and Hook's bursting suddenly into a raptuous exclamation at 'the magnificent burst of the ocean' in the midst of an inland country—a Wiltshire farmer who had been for some time staring alternately at them and the window, thrust out his head, and after reconnoitering for a couple of minutes, drew it in again, and looking full in the face of the sea-gazer, exclaimed with considerable emphasis,

“ ‘ Well, now then, I 'm d—d if I think you can see the ocean as you call it, for all you pretends, ’—and continued very sulky all the rest of the way.”

Mr. Hook has been accused of a tolerably strong leaning to superstition ; one instance in particular is given by Mrs. Mathews, in the memoirs of her husband, of the ludicrous advantage taken by the latter of this weakness, for the purpose of turning the tables on his former tormentor. The writer also in “The Quarterly” alludes to indications of a similar feeling apparent in the diary to which he had access ; but for these concurrent testimonies, we might be apt to refer the following statement to that love of mystification in which this singular being was so profound an adept. Mr. Barham, however, always believed it to have been in perfect accordance with his creed ; and certainly the circumstances of the story in question, supported, as they are, by most respectable authority, have more than common claims on the attention of the sceptical.

“ As we passed down Great Russell-street, Hook

paused on arriving at Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, and, pointing to the north-west corner, nearly opposite the house (the second from the corner), in which he himself was born, observed,

“ ‘There, by that lamp-post, stood Martha, the gipsy !’ *

“ ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I know that is the spot on which you *make* her stand.’

“ ‘It is the spot,’ rejoined Hook, seriously, ‘on which she actually did stand ;’ and, he went on to say, that he entertained no doubt whatever as to the truth of the story ; that he had simply given the narrative as he had it from one who was an eye-witness to the catastrophe, and was present when the extraordinary noise was heard on the evening previous to the gentleman’s decease. He added, that he was intimately acquainted with the individual who had experienced the effects of Martha’s malediction, and whose name he mentioned. He said, further, that he had merely heightened the first accident, which had been but a simple fracture of the leg, occasioned by his starting at the sight of the gipsy, and so slipping off the curb-stone, but that in all other main incidents he had adhered strictly to fact.”

With his vivid imagination, and strong passion for the marvellous, it is not to be altogether wondered at, if Mr. Barham himself appeared a little disposed to give credence to the existence of things undreamed of in our philosophy. He seemed at times to endeavour to persuade himself into credulity, much

* Vide First Series of “Sayings and Doings.”

in the way that some people strive to convict themselves of a bodily ailment. He loved, as it were, to lull reason to sleep for a while, and leave an uninterrupted field for the wildest vagaries of fancy. Unlike poor Lady Cork, whose enjoyment of "her murders" sensibly declined, he never lost his relish for a "good ghost story;" nothing delighted him more than to listen to one of those "true histories," properly fitted with the regular complement of names, dates, and locale, attested by "living witnesses of unblemished reputation," and hedged in on all sides by circumstantial evidence of the most incontrovertible nature; one, in short, of those logical *cul de sacs*, which afford no exit, but by unceremoniously kicking down the opposing barrier. It was Sir Walter Scott, we believe, who was thus driven to extricate himself from a similar dilemma, when, on being asked "how he accounted" for some strange tale he had related, on no less authority than that of his own grandmother, he was forced to reply, after some deliberation, "Aiblins my grandmither was an awfu' leear."

We shall conclude this chapter, which brings us to the close of the year 1828, with one more instance of Mr. Theodore Hook's innate love of hoaxing:—

"December 8.—Hook called, and in the course of conversation gave me an account of his going to Lord Melville's trial with a friend. They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said,—

“ ‘I beg your pardon, Sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?’

“ ‘Those, Ma’am,’ returned Theodore, ‘are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior Peers always come first.’

“ ‘Thank you, Sir, much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear! (turning to a girl about fourteen) tell Jane (about ten), those are the Barons of England, and the Juniors (that’s the youngest, you know) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home.’

“ ‘Dear me, Ma!’ said Louisa, ‘can that gentleman be one of the *youngest*? I am sure he looks very old.’

“ ‘Human nature,’ added Hook, ‘could not stand this; any one, though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax.’

“ ‘And, pray, Sir,’ continued the lady, ‘what gentlemen are these?’ pointing to the Bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz., the rochet and lawn sleeves over their doctors’ robes.

“ ‘Gentlemen, Madam!’ said Hook, ‘these are not gentlemen; these are ladies, elderly ladies—the Dowager Peeresses in their own right.’

“ The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying, as plainly as an eye can say, ‘Are you quizzing me or no?’ Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably well satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered,—

“ ‘Louisa dear, the gentleman *says* that these are elderly ladies and Dowager Peeresses in their own right. Tell Jane not to forget that.’ ”

“ All went on smoothly, till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes.

“ ‘ Pray, Sir,’ said she, ‘ and who is that fine-looking person opposite ?’

“ ‘ That, Madam,’ was the answer, ‘ is Cardinal Wolsey !’

“ ‘ No, Sir !’ cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, ‘ we knows a little better than that ; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year !’

“ ‘ No such thing, my dear Madam, I assure you,’ replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural, ‘ it has been I know so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in fact ; those rascally newspapers will say anything.’

“ The good old gentlewoman appeared thunder-struck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp ; *vox faucibus hæsit* ; seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot.”

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Hughes and "My Cousin Nicholas"—Mr. Barham's Correspondence
—"The University we've Got in Town"—"Hint to King's College"
—Singular Dream—Ghost Stories.



THE name of Hughes is so well known among those conversant with the lives of modern authors, and is so nearly associated with many of the most successful productions of Mr. Barham's pen, that little apology can be needed for introducing to the public the friendship it was his happiness to form with members of that family. His duties at St. Paul's were necessarily the means of bringing him under the frequent observation of the late Dr. Hughes, Canon Residentiary of that cathedral: of the comparative intimacy which ensued, and of the many acts of kindness, being mostly of a professional character, which he received at his hands, it is unnecessary further to allude. Not so as regards his intercourse with the son and widow of that excellent and amiable man.

It would be impertinent to dwell here upon the many virtues and accomplishments of the individuals upon whose privacy we thus venture to intrude. It

is enough to say, Mr. Barham had ample means of estimating, and ample cause for remembering them. To pass by, then, the obvious advantage and gratification naturally accruing from the society of friends so gifted and so zealous, we come to speak of those literary obligations more immediately connected with the object in view.

To Mrs. Hughes, more especially, the correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, Southey, and other ornaments of the age, Mr. Barham was indebted, not only for a large proportion of the legendary lore, which forms the groundwork of the "Ingoldsby" effusions, but also for the application of a stimulus, that induced him to complete many papers, which diffidence, or that aptitude, previously spoken of, to turn aside at the faintest suspicion of "a lion in the way," would have left unattempted or unfinished. The distich, inscribed in a copy of the "Ingoldsby Legends," presented to the lady in question, implies no more than the actual fact:—

"To Mrs. Hughes who *made* me do 'em,
Quod placeo est—si placeo—tuum."

To her activity, indeed, the publication of "My Cousin Nicholas"* was mainly owing. The MS.,

* In one of his letters to this lady, he observes of Nicholas, "Whatever his demerits may be, they must in fairness rest at your door, since you certainly, if you did not absolutely call him into life, prevented his being overlaid in his *première jeunesse*; but for your fostering care he had expired long since of laziness and indigestion."

The work was afterwards published with additions, in three volumes, by Mr. Bentley, and has lately been reprinted by him in "The Standard Novels."

which had been laid aside in an imperfect state for some years, being placed in her hands, so favourable was her opinion of its merits, that, acting "with a friendly vigour beyond the law," she submitted it forthwith to the inspection of Mr. Blackwood; the first intimation the author received of the circumstance, being the appearance of the introductory chapters in the pages of that gentleman's magazine. Retreat was of course impossible; the difficulties, if difficulties there were, were speedily surmounted, and the catastrophe worked up in a manner which certainly brought no discredit on the earlier portions of the work.

Thanks are due to the same kind friend for much of the material of the present volume, which, in a great measure, owes its existence to the lively interest she has ever exhibited in everything concerning Mr. Barham and his family. Of the letters, which it was his privilege to address to this lady, we are enabled to lay before our readers such specimens as seem best suited to convey a notion of that happy temperament with which he was endowed, and that almost involuntary flow of humour which distinguished his conversation and correspondence, not less than his more elaborate efforts.

" TO MRS. HUGHES.

" April 15, 1828.

" MY DEAR MADAM,—Nothing has afforded me greater regret than that, though I called three times at the deanery, I missed seeing Doctor Hughes on his visit. I had a story of an old acquaintance of his (as I believe), Bishop G. Beresford, which I think would

have amused him, but it must rest *altá mente repóstum* (I make no apology for *being learned to you*), till I have the pleasure of seeing him in the autumn. I have little news to tell you, except that Mrs. —, the *auctioneeress*, if there be such a word, is likely to die, and that the sorrowing widower, *in posse*, is said to have already made arrangements to take the beautiful (Oh! that I could add prudent) Miss Foote, as her successor. He, at least, says green-room scandal, wears a watch riband she has given him, as the decoration of a military order; while others add, that though the gentleman is unquestionably anxious to become a 'Knight Companion,' the lady is still 'Grand Cross.'

"I enclose a set of rhymes, as yet in a chrysalis state; should 'John Bull' get hold of them, after they have thrown off the grub, I am afraid they are too well adapted for his purpose for him to refrain from appropriating what is now a mere embryo.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY;

OR,

STINKOMALEE TRIUMPHANS.

AN ODE TO BE PERFORMED ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW COLLEGE OF
GRAFTON-STREET EAST.

WHENE'ER with pitying eye I view
 Each operative sot in town,
 I smile to think how wondrous few
 Get drunk who study at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town,
 niversity we've Got in town.

FRANK JEFFREY, of the Scotch Review,—
 Whom MOORE had nearly shot in town,—
 Now, with his pamphlet stiched in blue
 And yellow, d—ns the other two,
 But lauds the ever-glorious U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

* Great BIRKBECK, king of chips and glue,
 Who paper oft does blot in town,
 From the Mechanics' Institu-
 tion, comes to prate of wedge and screw,
 Lever and axle at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

LORD WAITHMAN, who long since withdrew
 From Mansion House to cot in town ;
 Adorn'd with chair of ormolu,
 All darkly grand, like Prince Lee Boo,
 Lectures on *Free Trade* at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Fat F——, with his coat of blue,
 Who speeches makes so hot in town,
 In rhetoric, spells his lectures through,
 And sounds the V for W,
 The *vay they speaks* it at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

* Stanzas 8, 9, 12, 13, were added in the copy which subsequently appeared in the "John Bull."

Then H—E comes, who late at New-
 gate-market, sweetest spot in town !
 Instead of one clerk popped in two,
 To make a place for his ne-phew,
 Seeking another at the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

There's Captain Ross, a traveller true,
 Has just presented, what in town-
 's an article of great *virtu*,
 (The telescope he once peep'd through,
 And 'spied an Esquimaux canoe
 On Croker Mountains), to the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

Since MICHAEL gives no roast nor stew,
 Where Whigs might eat and plot in town,
 And swill his port, and mischief brew—
 Poor CREEVY sips his water gru-
 el as the beadle of the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

There's JERRY BENTHAM and his crew,
 Names ne'er to be forgot in town,
 In swarms like Banquo's long is-sue—
 Turk, Papist, Infidel, and Jew,
 Come trooping on to join the U-
 niversity we've Got in town.

To crown the whole with triple queue—
 Another such there 's not in town,
 Twitching his restless nose askew,

Behold tremendous HARRY BROUGH-
AM ! Law Professor at the U-

niversity we've Got in town.

niversity we've Got in town.

Grand chorus :

Huzza ! huzza ! for HARRY BROUGH-

AM ! Law Professor at the U-

niversity we've Got in town.

“ I have room for no more than to say that I am
most sincerely and truly yours, R. H. B.”

As a *pendant* to the above may be subjoined the
following hint to a rival establishment :—

ON THE WINDOWS OF KING'S COLLEGE REMAINING
BOARDED.

Loquitur Discipulus Esuriens.

PROFESSORS, in your plan there seems

A something not quite right :

'Tis queer to cherish learning's beams,

By shutting out the light.

While thus we see your windows block'd,

If nobody complains ;

Yet everybody must be shock'd,

To see you don't take pains.

And tell me why should bodily

Succumb to mental meat ?

Or why should *ητα, βητα, πι,*

Be all the pie we eat ?

No *helluo librorum* I,
 No literary glutton,
 Would veal with Virgil like to try,
 With metaphysics, mutton.

Leave us no longer in the lurch,
 With Romans, Greeks, and Hindoos :
 But give us beef as well as birch,
 And *board us*—not your windows.

The following note contains an acknowledgment of one of those beguiling Berkshire delicacies so fraught with peril to the inexperienced or unwary :—

“ TO MRS. HUGHES.

“ St. Paul’s Churchyard, Jan. 5, 1830.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—I know not how to thank you ; ‘rude I am in speech and manner ;’ never till this hour tasted I such a dainty !

“ But young Norval never had such a ‘pig’s head’ *

* A similar present from the same quarter elicited the narration of a touching incident in early life. “It reminded me,” writes Mr. Barham, “of what passed between myself and Dr. Willmott’s little daughter many years ago ; I accompanied the little body, a fine, intelligent, and, as I thought, too *sentimental* child of nine years old, out into the poultry-yard, to look at her ‘dear little chicks,’ during the awkward half-hour before dinner. We were great friends ; and after introducing me to the ‘grey hen who was *cluck*,’ and to the ‘bantams,’ and to the ‘everlasting layers,’ I was at length ushered to the pig-stye to look at her ‘own dear little pig,’ whom she ‘loved so much.’ All due commendation was of course lavished on my side upon such a *pet* ; and when we took leave of the little brute, whose eyes really seemed to look gratefully towards its too partial mistress, the young lady concluded her *au revoir* with ‘Bless you, dear little piggy ! how pretty you are ! and how nice you will be

to be thankful for: it is truly delicious, almost too much so, indeed, for it tempted me last night to do what I very seldom do, and never ought to do — viz., eat a hearty supper: the consequence was, that I ‘dreamt of the d—l, and awoke in a fright:’—

Methought I was seated at church,
 With Wellington acting as clerk,
 And there in a pew,
 Was Rothschild the Jew
 Dancing a jig with Judge Park :
 Lady Morgan sat playing the organ ;
 While behind the vestry door,
 Horace Twiss was snatching a kiss
 From the lips of Hannah More.

“In short, I cannot tell you half the vagaries I was carried through, at least within any moderate compass in a letter, but I mean to put as much of it down as I can call to remembrance, and, following the example of Mr. Bottom, the weaver, get some good-natured Peter Quince to ‘make a ballad of it,’ and ‘it shall be called Barham’s dream,’ not because ‘it hath no bottom,’ but because it proceeded from a pig’s head, a metaphor in which Mrs. B. sometimes speaks of mine, when, more than usually persevering, I resist unto the death some measure which I

when we come to eat you!’ It was impossible to doubt the probability of the prophecy; but, however I might revere her as a sage, the young lady sank to zero as a sentimentalist. After all, this *nouvelle* Heloise was right, perhaps, and only working out her great namesake’s problem,

‘What *pork* we doat on, when ’tis *pigs* we love.’ ”

consider wrong and she right, or *vice versá*, as the case may be. Let me not forget to add, however, that in the present instance she is to the full as much inclined to be pig-headed as myself, and begs me to join her thanks to my own. * * * * I know of no other private news; the public, I think, notwithstanding the cloud in the Irish horizon, is more favourable than it has been; the necessity of repressing the mob seems now to be so universally felt, that no danger exists any longer from that source. O'Connell, I understand, waited on Lord Anglesea before he left town, and told him that as he had received personal marks of attention from him when last in Ireland, he thought it right and fair to call and say that he was now going over, with a determination to agitate the country, and that he begged Lord A. to believe, that, while he felt it his duty to oppose the Government in every possible way, yet personally he felt a great respect for his lordship.

“The peer was quite as civil and to the full as open as the commoner. He replied that he thanked Mr. O'C. for his candour; that he, too, was uninfluenced by motives of personal opposition to that gentleman, but that he was going over with a firm determination to repress agitation, *coûte qui coûte*, and that, if the boundaries laid down by law were once overstepped, he would embody a special commission instantly, and hang every agitator in his power. My informant adds that O'Connell retired very much crest-fallen, and seemed to think himself that he had taken nothing by his motion. Lord A. is

quite the man to do the thing if he has the opportunity.

“ And now, my dear Madam, &c.,

“ Most faithfully and truly yours,

“ R. H. BARHAM.”

To recur to the diary. About this time there is an entry containing two stories of the supernatural order, the latter of which was furnished by Mrs. Hughes. To this lady's extensive acquaintance with “the curiosities” of county history, as we have said, Mr. Barham was frequently indebted for the subject of his poetical legends, the manner in which she herself delivered these “undoubted facts” leaving little room for embellishment within the limits of prose. For some reason the following was never incorporated with the Ingoldsby revelations, and we give it accordingly much in the way in which it fell from the lips of the original narrator.

The anecdote which serves as an introduction, rests on the authority of an intimate friend, who had it from the veracious dreamer of dreams himself.

“ Sept., 1829.—A Mr. Philipps stated to my friend W——, that, about the year 1805, he awoke one night in some perturbation, having dreamt that he had been sentenced to be hanged, when the agony of his situation roused him at the very moment they were in the act of pinioning his arms in the press-yard. Heartily pleased at finding it but a dream, he turned and fell asleep again, when precisely the same scene was repeated, with the addition that he now reached the foot of the gallows, and was preparing to mount, before he awoke. The crowd, the fatal tree,

the hangman, the cord, all were represented to him with a frightful distinctness, and the impression on his mind was so vivid that he got out of bed and perambulated the room for some minutes before he could reconcile himself to the attempt at seeking rest on his pillow again.

“ He was a long while before he could close his eyes, but towards morning he fell into a perturbed slumber, in which precisely the same tragedy was acted over again : he was led up to the scaffold, placed upon the drop, the rope was fitted to his neck by the executioner, whose features he distinctly recognised as those of the man whom he had seen in his former vision ; the cap was drawn over his face, and he felt the trap giving way beneath his feet, when he once more awoke as in the very act of suffocation, with a loud scream that was heard by a person sleeping in a neighbouring apartment.

“ Going to sleep again was now out of the question, and Mr. Philipps described himself as rising and dressing, though it was then hardly daybreak, in a state of the greatest possible nervous excitement. Indeed, so strong a hold had this dream—so singularly repeated—taken upon his imagination, that he found it almost impossible to shake off the unpleasant feeling to which it give rise, and had almost resolved to send an excuse to a gentleman with whom he had engaged to breakfast, when the reflection that he must, by so doing, defer the settlement of important business, and all on account of a dream, struck him as so very pusillanimous a transaction, that he determined to keep his appointment.

“ He might, however, as well have stayed away, for his thoughts were so abstracted from the matter they met to discuss, and his manner was altogether so *distract*, that his friend could not fail to remark it, and abruptly closed the business by an abrupt inquiry if he was not unwell. The hesitation and confusion exhibited in his answer drew forth other questions, and the matter terminated in Mr. Philipps fairly confessing to his old acquaintance the unpleasant impression made upon his mind, and its origin. The latter, who possessed good-nature as well as good sense, did not attempt to use any unwarrantable raillery, but endeavoured to divert his attention to other subjects, and, their meal being concluded, proposed a walk. To this Mr. P. willingly acceded, and, having strolled through the parks, they at length reached the house of the latter, where they went in. Several letters had arrived by that morning’s post, and were lying on the table, which were soon opened and read. The last which Mr. Philipps took up was addressed to him by an old friend. It commenced :—

“ Dear Philipps,—You will laugh at me for my pains, but I cannot help feeling uneasy about you ; do pray write and let me know how you are going on. It is exceedingly absurd, but I really cannot shake off from my recollection an unpleasant dream I had last night, in which I thought I saw you *hanged*’—

“ The letter fell from the reader’s hand ; all his scarcely-recovered equanimity vanished ; nor was it till some weeks had elapsed that he had quite recovered his former serenity of mind.

“ It is unfortunate for the lovers of the marvellous

that five-and-twenty years have now elapsed, and Mr. P. has not yet come under the hands of Jack Ketch: I suppose we must take it, '*Exceptio probat regulam.*'

“ A story, with much more of the supernatural about it, was related to me by Mrs. Hughes the other day, which is, I think, one of the best authenticated ghost stories in existence. It was narrated to her by Mrs. H——, wife of Captain H——, and ran to the following effect:—

“ Captain and Mrs. H—— were driving into Portsmouth one afternoon, when a Mr. ——, who had recently been appointed to a situation in the dockyard there, made a third in their chaise, being on his way to take possession of his post. As the vehicle passed the end of one of the narrow lanes which abound in the town, the latter gentleman, who had for some little time been more grave and silent than usual, broke through the reserve, which had drawn a remark from the lady, and gave the following reason for his taciturnity:—

“ ‘ It was,’ said he, ‘ the recollection of the lane we have just passed, and of a very singular circumstance which occurred to me at a house in it some eighteen years ago, which occupied my thoughts at the moment, and which, as we are old friends, and I know you will not laugh at me, I will repeat to you.

“ ‘ At the period alluded to, I had arrived in the town for the purpose of joining a ship, in which I was about to proceed on a mercantile speculation in which I was then engaged. On inquiry I found that

the vessel had not come round from the Downs, but was expected every hour. The most unpleasant part of the business was, that two or three king's ships had just been paid off in the harbour, a county election was going on, and the town was filled with people waiting to occupy berths in an outward-bound fleet, which a contrary wind had for some days prevented from sailing. This combination of events, of course, made Portsmouth very full and very disagreeable. To me it was particularly annoying, as I was a stranger in the place, and every respectable hotel was quite full. After wandering half over the town without success, I at length happened to inquire at a tolerably decent-looking public-house, situate in the lane alluded to, where a very civil, though a very cross-looking landlady, at length made me happy by the intelligence that she would take me in, if I did not mind sleeping in a double-bedded room. I certainly did object to a fellow-lodger, and so I told her; but, as I coupled the objection with an offer to pay handsomely for both beds, though I should only occupy one of them, our bargain was settled, and I took possession of my apartment.

“ ‘ When I retired for the night, I naturally examined both the beds, one of which had on a very decent counterpane, the other being covered with a patchwork quilt, coarse, but clean enough. The former I selected for my own use, placed my portmanteau by its side, and having, as I thought, carefully locked the door, to keep out intruders, undressed, jumped beneath the clothes, and fell fast asleep.

“ ‘ I had slept, I suppose, an hour or more, when I

was awakened by a noise in the lane below, but being convinced that it was merely occasioned by the breaking-up of a jolly party, I was turning round to recompose myself, when I perceived, by the light of the moon, which shone brightly into the room, that the bed opposite was occupied by a man, having the appearance of a sailor; he was only partially undressed, having his trousers on, and what appeared, as well as I could make it out, to be a Belcher handkerchief, tied round his head, by way of a nightcap. His position was half-sitting, half-reclining, on the outside of the bed, and he seemed to be fast asleep.

“ ‘ I was, of course, very angry that the landlady should have broken her covenant with me, and let another person into the room, and at first felt half disposed to desire the intruder to withdraw, but as the man was quiet, and I had no particular wish to spend the rest of the night in an altercation, I thought it wiser to let it alone till the morning, when I determined to give my worthy hostess a good jobation for her want of faith. After watching him for some time, and seeing that my chum maintained the same posture, though he could not be aware that I was awake, I reclosed my eyes, and once more fell asleep.

“ ‘ It was broad daylight when I awoke in the morning, and the sun was shining full in through the window. My slumbering friend, apparently, had never moved, for there he was still, half-sitting, half-lying on the quilt, and I had a fair opportunity of observing his features, which, though of a dark complexion, were not ill-favoured, and were set off by a

pair of bushy black whiskers, that would have done honour to a rabbi. What surprised me most, however, was, that I could now plainly perceive that what I had taken in the moonlight for a red handkerchief on his forehead, was in reality a white one, but quite saturated in parts with a crimson fluid, which trickled down his left cheek, and seemed to have run upon the pillow.

“ ‘ At the moment the question occurred to me how could the stranger have procured admission into the room, as I saw but one door, and that I felt pretty confident I had myself locked in the inside, while I was quite positive my gentleman had not been in the chamber when I retired to bed.

“ ‘ I got out and walked to the door, which was in the centre of one side of the room, nearly half-way between the two beds, and as I approached it, one of the curtains interposed for a moment, so as to conceal my unknown companion from my view. I found the door, as I had supposed it to have been, fastened, with the key in the lock, just as I had left it; and, not a little surprised at the circumstance, I now walked across to the farther bed, to get an explanation from my comrade, when, to my astonishment, he was nowhere to be seen. Scarcely an instant before, I had observed him stretched in the same position which he had all along maintained, and it was difficult to conceive how he had managed to make his exit so instantaneously, as it were, without my having perceived or heard him. I, in consequence, commenced a pretty close examination of the wainscot near the head of the bed, having first satisfied

myself that he was neither concealed under it nor by the curtain. No door nor aperture of any kind was to be discovered, and, as the rawness of the morning air began by this time to give me a tolerably strong hint that it was time to dress, I put on the rest of my clothes, not, however, without occasionally pausing to muse on the sailor's extraordinary conduct.

“ ‘I was the first person up in the house; a slipshod, ambiguous being, however, in whom were united all the various qualities and functions of ‘boots,’ chambermaid, waiter, and potboy, soon made its appearance, and yawning most terrifically, began to place a few cinders, &c., in a grate not much cleaner than its own face and hands, preparatory to the kindling a fire. From this combination I endeavoured to extract some information respecting my nocturnal visitor, but in vain; it ‘knewed nothing of no sailors,’ and I was compelled to postpone my inquiries till the appearance of the mistress, who descended in due time.

“ ‘After greeting her with all the civility I could muster, no great amount by the way, as my anger was in abeyance only, not extinct, I proceeded to inquire for my bill, telling her that I certainly should not take breakfast, nor do anything more ‘for the good of the house’ after her breach of promise respecting the privacy of my sleeping-room. The good lady met me at once with a ‘Marry come up,’ a faint flush came over her cheek, her little grey eyes twinkled, and her whole countenance gained in animation what it lost in placidity. ‘What did I mean? I had bespoke the whole room, and I had had

the whole room, and though she said it, there was not a more comfortable room in all Portsmouth ; she might have let the spare bed five times over, and had refused, because of my fancy ; did I think to *bilk* her ? and called myself a gentleman she supposed !’

“ ‘I easily stopped the torrent of an eloquence that would have soon gone near to overwhelm me, by depositing a guinea (about a fourth more than her whole demand) upon the bar, and was glad to relinquish the offensive for the defensive. It was, therefore, with a most quaker-like mildness of expostulation that I rejoined, that, certainly, I had not to complain of any actual inconvenience from the vicinity of my fellow-lodger, but that, having agreed to pay double for the indulgence of my whim, if such she was pleased to call it, I, of course, expected the conditions to be observed on the other side ; but I was now convinced that it had been violated without her privity, and that some of her people had doubtless introduced the man into the room, in ignorance, probably, of our understanding.

“ ‘What man ?’ retorted she briskly, but in a much more mollified tone than before the golden peace-maker had met her sight. ‘There was nobody in your room, unless you let them in yourself ; had you not the key, and did not I hear you lock the door after you ?’

“ ‘That I admitted to be true ; nevertheless,’ added I, taking up my portmanteau, and half turning to depart, as if I were firing a last stern chaser at an enemy which I did not care longer to engage, ‘there certainly was a man—a sailor—in my room last night, though I know no more how he got in or out

than I do where he got his broken head, or his unconscionable whiskers.'

“‘ My foot was on the threshold as I ended, that I might escape the discharge of a reply which I foreboded would not be couched in the politest of terms. But it did not come, and as I threw back a parting glance at my fair foe, I could not help being struck with the very different expression of her features from that which I had anticipated. Her attitude and whole appearance was as if the miracle of Pygmalion had been reversed, and a living lady had been suddenly changed into a statue; her eyes were fixed, her cheek pale, her mouth half open, while the fingers, which had been on the point of closing on the guinea, seemed arrested in the very act.

“‘ I hesitated, and at length a single word, uttered distinctly, but lowly, and as if breathlessly spoken, fell upon my ear; it was ‘WHISKERS!!’

“‘ Ay, *whiskers*,’ I replied, ‘I never saw so splendid a pair in my life.’

“‘ And a broken——for Heaven’s sake come back one moment,’ said the lady, whom I now perceived to be labouring under no common degree of agitation.

“‘ Of course I complied, marvelling not a little that a word, which though, according to Mr. Shandy, it once excited a powerful commotion in the Court of Navarre, is usually very harmless in our latitudes, should produce so astounding an effect on the sensorium of a Portsmouth landlady.

“‘ Let me intreat, you, Sir,’ said my hostess, ‘to tell me, without disguise, who and what you saw in your bedroom last night?’

“‘No one, Madam,’ was my answer, ‘but the sailor of whose intrusion I before complained, and who, I presume, took refuge there from some drunken fray, to sleep off the effects of his liquor, as, though evidently a good deal knocked about, he did not appear to be very sensible of his condition.’

“‘An earnest request to describe his person followed, which I did to the best of my recollection, dwelling particularly on the wounded temple and the remarkable whiskers, which formed, as it were, a perfect fringe to his face.

“‘Then Lord have mercy upon me!’ said the woman in accents of mingled terror and distress, ‘it’s all true, and the house is ruined for ever!’

“‘So singular a declaration only whetted my already excited curiosity, and the landlady, who now seemed anxious to make a friend of me, soon satisfied my inquiries in a few words, which left an impression no time will ever efface.

“‘After entreating and obtaining a promise of secrecy, she informed me, that, on the third evening previous to my arrival, a party of sailors, from one of the vessels which were paying off in the harbour, were drinking in her house, when a quarrel ensued between them and some marines belonging to another ship. The dispute at length arose to a great height, and blows were interchanged. The landlady, in vain, endeavoured to interfere, till at length a heavy blow, struck with the edge of a pewter pot, lighting upon the temple of a stout young fellow of five-and-twenty, who was one of the most active on the side of the sailors, brought him to the ground, senseless, and

covered with blood. He never spoke again, but, although his friends immediately conveyed him up stairs, and placed him on the bed, endeavouring to staunch the blood, and doing all in their power to save him, he breathed his last in a few minutes.

“ ‘In order to hush up a circumstance which could hardly fail, if known, to bring all parties concerned “into trouble,” the old woman admitted that she had consented to the body’s being buried in the garden, where it was interred the same night by two of his comrades. The man having been just discharged, it was calculated that no inquiry after him was likely to take place; but, then, sir,’ cried the landlady, wringing her hands, ‘it’s all of no use. Foul deeds will rise, and I shall never dare to put any body into your room again, for there it was he was carried; they took off his jacket and waistcoat, and tied his wound up with a handkerchief, but they never could stop the bleeding till all was over, and, as sure as you are standing there a living man, he is come back to trouble us, for if he had been sitting to you for his picture, you could not have painted him more accurately than you have done.’

“ ‘Startling as this hypothesis of the old woman’s was, I could substitute no better, and as the prosecution of the inquiry must have necessarily operated to delay my voyage, and, perhaps, involve me in difficulties, without answering, as far as I could see, any good end, I walked quietly, though certainly not quite at my ease, down to the Point, and my ship arriving in the course of the afternoon, I went immediately on board, set sail, the following morning, for

the Mediterranean, and though I have been many years in England since, have never again set foot in Portsmouth from that hour to this.'

"Thus ended Mr. ——'s narrative.

"The next day the whole party set out to reconnoitre the present appearance of the house, but some difficulty was experienced, at first, in identifying it, the sign having been taken down, and the building converted into a greengrocer's shop about five years before. A dissenting chapel had been built on the site of the garden, but nothing was said by their informant of any skeleton having been found while digging for the foundation, nor did Mr. —— think it advisable to push any inquiries on the subject. The old landlady, he found, had been dead several years, and the public-house had passed into other hands before the withdrawal of the licence, and its subsequent conversion to the present purposes."

Another singular tradition, also "well authenticated," of the appearance of a wraith, or death-fetch, current in her family, is entered as thus told by the same lady:—

"Nov. 1832.—At the death of her father, Miss R——* inherited, among other possessions, the home farm called Compton Marsh, which remained in her own occupation, under the management of a bailiff. This man, named John ——, was engaged to be married to a good-looking girl, to whom he had long been attached, and who superintended the dairy.

"One morning, Miss R——, who had adopted

* An intimate friend of an ancestor of the narrator.

masculine habits, was going out with her greyhounds, accompanied by a female friend, and called at the farm. Both the ladies were struck by the paleness and agitation evinced by the dairymaid. Thinking some lovers' quarrel might have taken place, the visitors questioned her strictly respecting the cause of her evident distress, and at length, with great difficulty, prevailed upon her to disclose it.

“She said that, on the night preceding, she had gone to bed at her usual hour, and had fallen asleep, when she was awakened by a noise in her room. Rousing herself, she sat upright, and listened. The noise was not repeated, but between herself and the window, in the clear moonlight, she saw John standing within a foot of the bed, and so near to her, that, by stretching out her hand, she could have touched him. She called out immediately, and ordered him peremptorily to leave the room. He remained motionless, looking at her with a sad countenance, and in a low, but distinct tone of voice, bade her not be alarmed, as the only purpose of his visit was to inform her that he should not survive that day six weeks, naming, at the same time, two o'clock as the hour of his decease. As he ceased speaking, she perceived the figure gradually fading, and growing fainter in the moonlight, till, without appearing to move away, it grew indistinct in its outline, and finally was lost to sight.

“Much alarmed, she rose and dressed herself, but found everything still quiet in the house, and the door locked in the inside as usual. She did not return to bed, but had prudence enough to say

nothing of what she had seen, either to John, or to any one else. Miss R—— commended her silence, advising her to adhere to it, on the ground that these kinds of prophecies sometimes bring their own completion along with them.

“The time slipped away, and, notwithstanding her unaffected incredulity, Miss R—— could not forbear, on the morning of the day specified, riding down to the farm, where she found the girl uncommonly cheerful, having had no return of her vision, and her lover remaining still in full health. He was gone, she told the ladies, to Wantage market, with a load of cheese which he had to dispose of, and was expected back in a couple of hours. Miss R—— went on and pursued her favourite amusement of coursing; she had killed a hare, and was returning to the house with her companion, when they saw a female, whom they at once recognised as the dairy-maid, running with great swiftness up the avenue which led to the mansion.

“They both immediately put their horses to their speed, Miss R—— exclaiming, ‘Good God! something has gone wrong at the farm!’ The presentiment was verified. John had returned, looking pale and complaining of fatigue, and soon after went to his own room, saying he should lie down for half an hour, while the men were at dinner. He did so, but not returning at the time mentioned, the girl went to call him, and found him lying dead on his own bed. He had been seized with an aneurism of the heart.”

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Frost and the Medico-Botanico Society—His Interviews with the Dukes of Wellington and ——.—The Rev. Sidney Smith—His Sketch for a Novel—Anecdote of Townsend the Bow Street Officer—Anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott—Dominie Sampson—Review of “Old Mortality”—Death of Mr. Barham’s Son—Letters to Mrs. Hughes—“Summer Hill”—“Tom D—— and Fraser”—West Kent Election—Sidney Smith—A Receipt for Salad—Letters—George IV. and the Turnpike.

Diary continued.

JAN. 1830.—All the papers of this date were full of the quarrel between the Medico-Botanico Society and its Director, as he was called, and founder, Mr. John Frost, a gentleman equally remarkable for his modest assurance and that high estimate he had formed of his own pretensions, on what many persons thought singularly insufficient grounds. The Royal Society, as a body, were unquestionably of this opinion, as on his name being submitted to the ballot, he was almost unanimously blackballed. His perseverance, however, in beating up for recruits for his favourite Society, was unparalleled. It was his custom to run about with a highly ornamented album to every distinguished person, British or Foreign, to whom he

could by any possibility introduce himself, inform them that they were elected honorary members of the Medico-Botanico Society, and give a flourishing account of its merits : and as one of the rules required that a member should write his own name in their book, Mr. F. procured by these means a valuable collection of autographs.

“The best of the joke was, that, having written to several foreign princes through the medium of their ambassadors, and under Lord Aberdeen’s government franks, procured through the interest of Lord Stanhope, the president and head of the Society (for the high-sounding office of Director was, in fact, that of Secretary), he contrived to get no less than a dozen potentates of various grades to consent to their enrolment, and to acknowledge the compliment. Two, indeed, of them, the Emperor of the Brazils was one, went so far as to enclose the insignia of one of their minor orders, addressed to ‘the Director,’ as they had never heard of any higher officer, and these Jacky Frost, as he was commonly called, lost no time in mounting upon his coat, much to the annoyance of Lord Stanhope and the rest of the body.

“It was determined, in consequence, to get rid of Mr. Frost, by doing away with the office of Director altogether ; the orders, however, and the album he could not be induced to part with. His honours after all were dearly purchased, as the Royal Humane Society, thinking, perhaps, that it was sadly *infra dig.* for a chevalier, with two crosses on his breast, to be holding the bellows to the nose of every chimney-sweeper picked out of the Serpentine, dismissed him from the

employment he held under them, whereby he lost 200*l.* a-year and a good house in Bridge-street.

“ Among the cool stratagems which he occasionally made use of, to procure signatures to his book, was one which he played off on the Duke of Wellington, which, had it not been vouched for by Mr. W——, F.R.S., I should hardly have credited. Having failed in repeated attempts to get with his quarto into Apsley House, he heard by good luck that his Grace, then Commander-in-chief, was about to hold a levee of general officers. Away posted Jacky to a masquerade warehouse—hired a Lieut.-general’s uniform, under cover of which he succeeded in establishing himself fairly in the Duke’s ante-room, among thirteen or fourteen first-rate ‘ Directors ’ of strategetics.

“ Everybody stared at a general whom nobody knew, and at length an aide-de-camp, addressing him, politely requested to know his name.

“ ‘ What general shall I have the honour of announcing to his Grace ? ’

“ ‘ My name is Frost, Sir.’

“ ‘ Frost, General Frost ! I beg your pardon, but I really do not recollect to have heard that name before ! ’

“ ‘ Oh, Sir, I am no general, I have merely put on this costume, as I understood I could not obtain access to his Grace without it ; I am the Director of the Medico-Botanico Society, and have come to inform his Grace that he has been elected a member, and to get his signature.’

“ ‘ Then, Sir, I must tell you that you have taken

a most improper method and opportunity of so doing, and I insist upon your withdrawing immediately.'

"Jacky, however, was too good a general to capitulate on the first summons, and he stoutly kept his ground, notwithstanding a council of war at once began to deliberate on the comparative eligibility of kicking him into the street, or giving him in charge to a constable. Luckily for him the aide-de-camp thought his Grace had a right to a voice in the matter, as the offence was committed in his own house. On the business, however, being mentioned to him, the hero of Waterloo, not choosing perhaps to risk the laurels he had won from Napoleon in a domestic encounter with so redoubtable a champion, said, 'Let the fellow in,' cut short Jacky's oration by writing his name hastily in the book, and gave the sign to 'show him out again;' it was doubtful, however, whether any other sanctuary than the house he was in would have sheltered him from the indignation of the *militaires* in waiting, at the sight of, what they considered, a degradation of the national uniform.

"Quite as amusing was this gentleman's interview with the Duke of ——. The 'Director' easily got his Grace's consent to be elected a member, and the book was produced for his signature. The latter took up a pen, and commenced '*Du—*,' when he was interrupted by his visitor,

"'No, I beg pardon, it is your Grace's title we require, written by your own hand.'

"'Well, my title is Duke of ——, is it not?'

"'Yes, your Grace, undoubtedly, but your signature

merely—the way in which your Grace usually signs.’ —Here the Duchess interfered, and — was soon written, in a large German-text, school-boy hand, the ‘*Du*’ having been previously expunged by a side wipe of his Grace’s forefinger. Mr. Frost bowed, pocketed the subscription, pronounced all to be *en règle*, congratulated his noble friend on having become a brother Medico-Botanico, and quitted Stratton-street in high glee.

“Not long afterwards it was his good fortune again to encounter his Grace, on some public occasion. Of course he paid his respects, and equally of course the Duke inquired of ‘Mr. *Thingumee*,’ as he called him, how that ‘medical thing’ that he belonged to went on.

“‘Exceedingly prosperous, indeed, my Lord Duke,’ was the answer; ‘we are increasing both in numbers and respectability every day; I have got twelve Sovereigns down since the commencement of the present year.’

“‘Oh, if you have only got twelve *sovereigns* in all that time, I don’t think you are getting on so very fast; you know I gave you *five guineas* of them myself.’”

In the autumn of 1831, the appointment of Mr. Sidney Smith to one of the canonries of St. Paul’s proved the means of introducing Mr. Barham to the society of this distinguished individual, and circumstances led afterwards to a pretty frequent correspondence between them, chiefly, indeed, bearing reference to matters of business, but abounding, on the part of the latter, with instances of that decided

spirit and peculiar humour inseparable from his writings and conversation. Differing, as they did, in political opinion, not less than in the character and subject-matter of their wit, there was, nevertheless, a sufficient appreciation of each other to induce a greater degree of intimacy than their relative positions might have called for. The first appearance of Mr. Smith at the cathedral, for the purpose of taking possession of his stall, is thus briefly noted:—

“Oct. 2, 1831.—Rev. Sidney Smith read himself in as Residentiary at St. Paul’s; dined with him afterwards at Dr. Hughes’s. He mentioned having once half offended Sam Rogers by recommending him, when he sat for his picture, to be drawn saying his prayers, with his face in his hat.”

No one at all familiar with the writings of this extraordinary person, can fail to have remarked the professional turn his wit is apt to take. In his adoption, indeed, of the phraseology and structure of sentences commonly employed upon solemn subjects, he is perhaps too dexterous, occasionally trembling on the very verge of propriety; while his frequent, and, as must be admitted, his irresistibly ludicrous allusions to the technicalities with which he was concerned, leave the most distinctive traces upon every subject he undertakes. In his *bon mots* this peculiarity is equally noticeable, most of those on record bearing some reference, more or less, to clerical matters. Perhaps no better illustration of this uniform flow of ideas can be adduced, than a description of an interview,

furnished by himself, with a well-known fashionable publisher.

He said that the gentleman in question called upon him with an introduction from a certain literary baronet, and after hinting a condolence on his recent losses in the American funds, proposed, probably by way of repairing them, the production of a novel in three volumes.

“ Well, Sir,” said Mr. Smith, after some seeming consideration, “ if I do so I can’t travel out of my own line, *ne sutor ultra crepidam* ; I must have an archdeacon for my hero, to fall in love with the pew-opener, with the clerk for a confidant—tyrannical interference of the churchwardens—clandestine correspondence concealed under the hassocks—appeal to the parishioners, &c. &c.”

“ All that, Sir,” said Mr. —, “ I would not presume to interfere with ; I would leave it entirely to your own inventive genius.”

“ Well, Sir, returned the canon with urbanity, “ I am not prepared to come to terms at present, but if ever I do undertake such a work, you shall certainly have the refusal.”*

His pertinent question to a French *savant*, at

* To this may be added the advice he is said to have given to the Bishop of New Zealand, previous to his departure, recommending him to have regard to the minor as well as to the more grave duties of his station—to be given to hospitality—and, in order to meet the tastes of his native guests, never to be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack, and a cold clergyman on the side-board. “ And as for myself, my Lord,” he concluded, “ all I can say is, that when your new parishioners *do* eat you, I sincerely hope you will disagree with them.” Of Dean C—— he said, his only adequate punishment would be, to be preached to death by wild curates.

H—— House, deserves mention, as a favourable specimen of conversational adroitness. The gentleman in question, not, perhaps, in the best possible taste, had been indulging, both before and during dinner, in a variety of freethinking speculations, and ended by avowing himself a materialist.

“Very good soup this,” said Mr. Smith.

“*Oui, Monsieur, c'est excellente.*”

“Pray, Sir, do you believe in a *cook*?”

“Cannon called in the evening, and told us an adventure of his with Townsend, the Bow-street officer, at Brighton. A little Jew boy had been plaguing him the day before to buy pencils, saying that he had a sick mother, thirteen brothers and sisters, and that his father was dead, &c.; Cannon gave him a trifle, but desired him not to bother him again; the next day, however, the little Israelite attacked him as before, when he called to Townsend, standing on the Steyne, and told him not to be rough with the lad, but to prevent his continuing to annoy him.

“Townsend commenced a regular examination of the youth. ‘Do you know Mr. Goldsmith? Do you know Houndsditch?’ &c., till he made Cannon open his eyes by asking, ‘When were you last at Purim?’

“The boy’s answer was satisfactory, and when he was dismissed Cannon turned to the officer and inquired how *he* came to know anything about the Jewish festivals.

“‘Why God *blesh* you,’ says Townsend, ‘Purim’s one of these rascals’ Grand Feasts; the High Priest



wets his thumb, and the fellows fall a knocking as if they was all at Bartle-my fair. Why, blesh your soul! there was a Queen Easter, you know, once, and if it had not ha' been for her all these scamps would have been hanged altogether. Now you know how I respect 'The Establishment,' so you won't be offended at what I am going to say, which is this—you remember these *Smouches* are said to be 'whited sepulchres,' well enough to look at outside, but good for nothing within—well, so they continues to be to this very day—and I'm blessed if you'll find any lead in that chap's pencils.'—The illustration proved perfectly correct."

"Oct., 1831.—Sir Walter Scott came to town and visited Dr. Hughes, is much sunk in spirits, but still retains gleams of his former humour, and he told, with almost his usual glee, the story of a placed minister, near Dundee, who, in preaching on Jonah, said:—'Ken ye, brethren, what fish it was that swallowed him? Aiblins ye may think it was a shark; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae shark: or aiblins ye may think it was a saumon; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae saumon: or aiblins ye may think it was a dolphin; nae, nae, my brethren, it was nae dolphin.'

"Here an old woman, thinking to help her pastor out of a dead lift, cried out, 'Aiblins, Sir, it was a dunter.' (The vulgar name of a species of whale common to the Scotch coast.)

"'Aiblins, Madam, ye're an auld witch for taking the word o' God out of my mouth,' was the reply of the disappointed rhetorician.

“ Mr. L——, late chaplain to the archbishop, dined there, and, in a conversation which ensued, mentioned his having, in a late tour, fallen in with the original Dominie Sampson. This gentleman was a Mr. Thompson, the son of the placed minister of Melrose, and himself in orders, though without a manse. He had lived for many years a chaplain in Sir Walter’s family, and was tutor to his children, who used to take advantage of his absence of mind, to open the window while he was lecturing, get quietly out of it, and go to play, a circumstance he would rarely perceive. Sir Walter had many opportunities of procuring him a benefice, but never dared avail himself of them, satisfied that his absence of mind would only bring him into scrapes, if placed in a responsible situation. Mr. T. was once very nearly summoned before the Synod for reading the ‘visitation of the sick’ service from our Liturgy, to a poor man confined to his bed by illness.”

To authors’ oaths, as well as to those of lovers, Jove, it is to be hoped, is particularly indulgent ; for, assuredly, whatever amount of affirmative perjury may be perpetrated by the latter, it is to the full paralleled by the ample negations put forth by the former. The remarkable instance of Southey has recently been made public, whose attempt to hoax Theodore Hook, as regards the authorship of “The Doctor,”* had well

* At Mr. Hook’s death, a packet of letters was found addressed to him, as the author of “The Doctor,” and acknowledging presentation copies—one from Southey among the rest. They had been forwarded from the publisher, and were intended, it is presumed, if they were intended for anything, as a trap for Hook’s vanity.

nigh recoiled upon himself. But, perhaps, a greater degree of "nerve" is exhibited by Mr. Sidney Smith, who positively denying all connexion with the "Plymley Letters" in one edition, actually publishes them in a collection of his acknowledged works some few months after. The mystery that hung so long around the Wizard of the North is yet more notorious; the following anecdote may serve to show the anxiety of the "Great Unknown" to preserve his incognito.

"Feb. 11.—Dined with Sir George W——r. John Murray, the publisher, who was present, told me that Sir Walter Scott, on being taxed by him, as the author of 'Old Mortality,' not only denied having written it, but added, 'In order to convince you that I am not the author, I will review the book for you in 'The Quarterly,'—which he actually did, and Murray still has the MS. in his handwriting."

July, 1832, brought with it a sudden and severe shock to Mr. Barham's domestic happiness: his second son was smitten by the cholera, then raging fearfully in London. The peculiar phenomena of this dreadful disease were developed in all their horrors in the case in question. Within the short space of four-and-twenty hours was compressed the sad succession of events, embracing health, sickness, death, and burial; while less than half that time was sufficient to work so fearful a change in the features and expression of the sufferer, that, in the words of his bereaved father, "none but a parent could have recognised his identity."—"The suddenness of the blow," he goes on to say, "was stunning: but a few hours before the question had been, whether we should take

him with us to the theatre ; and now they asked me about his funeral, his immediate interment. God's hand pressed, indeed, heavily upon me, and I fear my heart was not right towards him, even when I said 'his will be done.' ”

From the publication of "My Cousin Nicholas" in Blackwood, to the establishment of Bentley's Miscellany in 1837, nothing worthy of note in the way of literature engaged Mr. Barham's attention. His election to the chaplaincy of the Vintners' Company, during this interval, added not a little to his professional duties, involving, as it did, a weekly visit to the Company's alms-houses, at Mile End, where, besides the performance of Divine Service, the little and sometimes large differences, incidental to a colony of twelve elderly ladies, afforded ample employment for the morning. This post enabled him to appreciate the worth and charitable feeling of bodies of men, whom it is too much the fashion to hold up to ridicule, if not opprobrium. That the "love of the turtle," indeed, is rife in the land, may be admitted, that the "rage of the vulture" has been thereby excited is also a matter of notoriety ; but to the justice and liberality with which many of these civic charities are administered he could bear ample testimony ; that, so far from appropriating to private indulgence moneys committed to their charge for especial purposes, the present guardians have made considerable addition to these funds, and have been withheld from doing more, solely from an apprehension of having the management of their bounty transferred to other hands, and applied to indifferent objects,

were also facts that came under his personal observation.

During this period his leisure was mainly directed to the prosecution of genealogical and archæological inquiries, and more especially to the acquiring a knowledge of the various early editions of the Bible, in whole and in parts. He subsequently conceived the design, in which, by the liberal aid of the Chapter, he was enabled to make considerable progress, of restoring and re-arranging the valuable library of St. Paul's. That his labours met with due encouragement, may be seen from the following characteristic note from one of that body :—

“April 6, 1844.

“DEAR BARHAM,—I send this order for 20*l.*—a sum which, with your care and discretion, will soon raise the library at St. Paul's to a level with that of Alexandria in ancient times; I don't mean its level after combustion, but before.

“Yours, truly,

SIDNEY SMITH.”

Meanwhile, he was not altogether unmindful of the Muse, but occasionally enlivened his friends and the public with “pieces didactic, descriptive,” &c., as circumstances might call forth. Of these the “rough copy” was usually forwarded to his kind friend at Kingston Lisle.

“TO MRS. HUGHES.

“St. Paul's Churchyard, July 27, 1833.

“MY DEAR MADAM,—Here we are at last, once more returned to the immediate vicinity of the

‘Wren’s Nest,’ where I am happy to find that all things have gone on tolerably smoothly in the main, and order has once more sprung out of confusion.
 * * * The children, of course, miss their fields and gardens very much at present; and I own I should not myself have been grieved at being able to run about a little longer among the groves of Summer Hill, which I think I described to you as the seat of Charles the Second, and since of Mr. James Alexander, the East India Director, and immediately adjoining our grounds. As you encourage me to bestow all my tediousness on your worship, I shall make no apology for enclosing a copy of ‘an effusion’ which burst from a heart overflowing with nonsense when I quitted it, for the last time, on my return to the ‘Wells;’ will it do for another number of ‘Family Poetry?’ ”

ODE ON A NEARER PROSPECT OF SUMMER HILL.

O Summer Hill! if thou wert mine,
 I’d order in a pipe of wine,
 And ask a dozen friends to dine.
 In faith, I would not spare the guineas,
 But send for Pag and other ninies,
 Flutes, hautboys, fiddles, pipes, and tabors,
 Hussars with moustaches and sabres,
 Quadrilles, and that grand waltz of Weber’s,
 And give a dance to all my neighbours;
 And here I’d sit and quaff my fill
 Among the trees of Summer Hill.

Then with bland eye careering slowly,
 O'er bush-crowned ridge and valley lowly ;
 I'd drain the cup to thee, old Rowley !
 To thee, and to thy courtly train,
 Once tenants of thy fair domain ;
 Soft Stewart, haughtiest Castlemaine,
 Pert Nelly Gwynne, and Lucy Waters,
 Old England's fairest, frailest daughters.
 E'en now, 'midst yonder leafy glade,
 Methinks I see thy Royal shade
 In amplitude of wig arrayed ;
 Near thee thy rival in peruke,
 Stands Buckingham, uproarious Duke,
 With Tony Hamilton and Killegrew ;
 And Wilmot, that sad rake till ill he grew,
 When to amend his life and turn it
 He promised pious Doctor Burnet ;
 In time let's hope to make old Nicholas
 Lose all his pains, and look ridiculous !

O Alexander ! loftier far
 Now culminates thy happier star
 Than his of old, my ancient crony,
 Thy namesake erst of *Macedony*,
 Unrivalled, save, perhaps, by Boney.
 Oh ! happier far in thy degree
 Art thou, although a conqueror he,
 While thou art but an ex-M.P.
 Yea, far more blessed my Alexander,
 Art thou than that deceas'd commander ;
 Much though his name be honour'd, Fate,
 Making thee Lord of this estate,
 Dubbed thee in verity " The Great."

Thou ne'er wert led through wanton revelling,
 These sylvan scenes to play the devil in ;
 In these sweet shades so praised by Grammont,
Thou didst not call thyself " Young Ammon."'
 And I, for one, wouldst thou invite us,
 Would never fear the fate of Clytus.

No lady of too easy virtue
 E'er made *you* drink enough to hurt you,
 And then with recklessness amazing,
 Bade you set house and all a-blazing.
 ('Tis hard to say which works the quicker,
 To make folks blockheads, love or liquor.
 But oh ! it is an awful thing,
 When both combine to make a king
 Descend to play the part of Swing !)
 Another world, thou dost not sigh
 To conquer, much less *pipe thine eye*,
 I dare be sworn—no ! Alexander,
 Thou art not half as great a gander :
This is thy globe—here toujours gai
 Thy motto still, though, well-a-day,
 Sarum be popp'd in schedule A.

O Summer, Summer, Summer Hill,
 Fain would I gaze and linger still ;
 But see the moon her silver lamp
 Uprears, the grass is getting damp.
 And hark ! the curfew's parting knell
 Is toll'd by Doctor Knox's bell !
 I go to join my wife and daughters,
 Drinking these nasty-flavoured waters.

O Summer Hill ! I must repine,
 Thou art not, never will be mine !
 —I have not even got the wine.

“ And now having surfeited you with rubbish enough for one dose, let me conclude with my best acknowledgments, &c.

“ Your much obliged,
 “ R. H. BARHAM.”

“ Nov. 1834.

“ And now let me thank you, which I do most gratefully, for your fine moral poem, which has amused my wife and myself amazingly. I have not yet read Ayesha, but shall do so forthwith, Inshallah ! In the meanwhile I have picked out enough of the story from the reviews to appreciate the excellence of the principles you inculcate. I have ever been the enemy of sans-culottism in all its ramifications, and am delighted with so admirable a testimonial to the value of that fine old national appendage to Toryism, which, by an odd jumble of the numbers, O’Connell would call ‘ a breeches.’ It is a noble institution, which seems always to have flourished and decayed as good or evil principles have prevailed in a state ; and one of the worst features in the French Revolution was its contempt of this splendid proof of the wisdom of our ancestors. The history of ‘ a breeches,’ from the fall, to the nineteenth century, would afford grave matter for reflection to the poet, the philosopher, and the statesman, and nothing but the conviction of my being incompetent to the task

of worthily handling so great a subject, prevents my undertaking it.

“ I turn with reluctance from so interesting a theme. I have just had a letter from Dick ; he has now been a fortnight domiciled at Oriel, close to ‘ Sally,’ an approximation which sounds rather dangerous, and at first affected his mother with a vague apprehension, not unlike that which seized upon the mama of a Cambridge student on being told that her son was ‘ sticking close to Catherine Hall.’ Mr. Hughes, however, will be able to inform you what sort of a belle ‘ Sally’* is. His rooms, which, however, he will only keep this term, are confessedly the worst in college, but he has been, and thinks himself much too fortunate in getting in at all, to whisper the ghost of a murmur at the temporary inconvenience. That they are not à la Louis Quatorze you will conceive, when I tell you that I have just remitted nine pounds three shillings, in full payment for ‘ all those moveables whereof his predecessor stood possessed ;’ and as a bed, and its concomitants, form items in the inventory, I conclude that either it is not stuffed with eider-down, or that he has got his furniture a bargain.

* * * Of news, public or private, I have little to tell you. You have, of course, heard of Tom D——’s absurd challenge to F——, for quizzing his *liaison* with Madame —— ; if not, the enclosed doggerel will make you *au fait* of the facts.”

* The chapel bell was so named.

THE TWO M.P.'S.

(MAGAZINE PUBLISHER AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.)

BEING A TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND MILLING MATCH
THAT DIDN'T TAKE PLACE.

SAYS Tom D—— to F——r
 T' other morning, " I say, Sir,
 You've call'd me a *Roué*, a Dicer, and Racer,
 Now I'd have you to know, Sir,
 Such names are ' No Go,' Sir ;
 By Jove, Sir, I never knew anything grosser.

" And then Madame ——
 Extremely distrest is
 At your calling her *Lais*—she's more like *Thalestris*,
 As you'll find, my fine joker,
 If once you provoke her,
 She's a d—l if once she gets hold of a poker.

" For myself, to be candid,
 And not underhanded,
 I write thus to say I'll be hang'd if I stand it.
 So give up the name
 Of the man or the dame
 Who has made this infernal attack on my fame,
 And recall what you've said of
 A man you're afraid of,
 Or turn out, my Trump, and let's see what you're made of.

“ I have ‘ barkers ’ by Nock, Sir,
 With percussion locks, Sir,
 Will give you your gruel—hang me if I box, Sir,
 And I’ve sent my old Pal in,
 My ‘ noble friend Allen,’
 To give you this here, and to stop your caballing ! ”

Then says F——r, says he,
 “ What a spoon you must be,
 Tommy D——, to send this here message to me :
 Why if I was to fight about
 What my friends write about,
 My life I should be in continual fright about !

“ As to telling you, who
 Wrote that thing about you,
 One word’s worth a thousand—Blow me if I do !
 If you *will* be so gay, Sir,
 The people *will* say, Sir,
 That you *are* a *Roué*, and I’m

Yours,
 JEMMY F——R.”

Taking no active part in politics himself, saving as regards the occasional sallies before alluded to, and scrupulously forbearing the exercise of any direct influence he might have held over others, Mr. Barham, nevertheless, remained a stanch and true Conservative, invariably recording his vote spite of any inconvenience to which it might subject him. He was wont to dwell with great *gout* upon the following amusing incident, as bearing so directly upon the general characteristics of the opposing parties :—

“I told you that we had been busy with the West Kent election: in East Kent the Tories walked over the course. Oh, had we but *known* our strength, not only would Rider have been unseated, as he was, but ‘Hodge’s *best*’ exertions would have failed to have kept him, too, in the saddle. ‘Backallum! we shall see.’ What amused me very much was, that on landing from the steamboat at Gravesend, where my vote was to be taken, the rain was falling pretty steadily, and every one of the passengers who boasted an umbrella, of course, had it in play. A strong detachment of the friends of all the candidates lined the pier, to see us come on shore, and loud cheers from either party arose as any one mounted the steps bearing their respective colours: with that modesty which is one of my distinguishing characteristics, I had endeavoured to decline the honour of a dead cat at my head, with which I was favoured on a previous occasion, by mounting no colours at all; but something *distingué* in my appearance, as self-complacency fondly whispered in my ear, made the Tory party roar out as I mounted the platform,—

“ ‘Here comes von o’ hour side!’

“ ‘You be blowed!’ said a broad-faced gentleman in sky-blue ribbons, ‘I say he’s our’n.’

“ ‘Be blowed yourself,’ quoth one of my discriminating friends opposite, ‘Why, don’t you see the gemman’s got a *silk umbrella*?’

“The conclusion was irresistible—Tory I must be, and the ‘*I know’d it*’ which responded to my ‘Geary for ever’ was truly delicious.”

“Nov. 17, 1832.—Dined with Mr. [Sidney] Smith.

He told me of the motto he had proposed for Bishop B——'s arms, in allusion to his brother, the well-known fish-sauce projector,

“ *Gravi jampridem saucia curâ.*”

In a few days afterwards, Mr. Barham received the following invaluable recipe ; it was forwarded by post without signature or comment of any kind ; he, of course, had far too much respect for the modesty of the author, to hazard even a conjecture as to his name. Some of our readers may be less scrupulous ; under any circumstances, it is commended to the serious consideration of all housekeepers possessed of a spark of culinary enterprise, their special regards being requested to the final monition :—

A RECEIPT FOR SALAD.

LAST EDITION.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve,
 Unwonted softness to the salad give ;
 Of ardent mustard add a single spoon,
 Distrust the condiment which bites so soon ;
 But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
 To add a double quantity of salt ;
 Three times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
 And once with vinegar, procured from town,
 True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
 The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs ;
 Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
 And, scarce suspected, animate the whole ;

And, lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
 A magic teaspoon of anchovy sauce.
 Then, though green turtle fail, though venison's tough,
 And ham and turkey are not boiled enough,
 Serenely full, the epicure may say,—
 "Fate cannot harm me,—I have dined to-day."

N.B.—As this salad is the result of great experience and reflection, it is to be hoped young salad-makers will not attempt any improvements upon it.

The following letter refers principally to a change of abode, which, by the kindness of Mr. Smith, who placed a residentiary house in Amen-corner at his disposal, Mr. Barham was enabled to make. The building, coeval with the cathedral itself, having remained for a considerable time unoccupied, or tenanted only by rats and cats, "and such small deer," its condition will readily be understood by those conversant in such matters; to the uninitiated, the description here given will suffice:—

"Sept. 17, 1839.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—Delightful as it always is to hear from you, I do not hesitate to say that your last is the most agreeable letter I have yet been favoured with from Kingston Lisle, and that from its announcing your determination to quit those delicious 'green fields' which Falstaff babbled of, and like his antitype Morris, to take up again with 'the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.' Not that I have any objection to the country in summer, or even

in autumn—quite the reverse—but then I manage my enjoyment of it, as Lady Grace says, ‘*soberly.*’ ‘When through the hawthorn blows the cold wind’ I confess I like London as well as Lady Townley herself.

“As to ourselves we are literally ‘moving,’ and moving we shall be for this month to come. Never before did I fully comprehend the bitterness of David’s curse, ‘Make them like unto a wheel;’ he had certainly a ‘fitting’ in his eye at the time he uttered it. By the way, the Scotch, who are usually very happy in their terms, are singularly infelicitous in this. To flit gives one the idea of light and airy locomotion such as befits a ghost or a gossamer, it speaks of light clouds, thistledown, and shadows by moonlight; not chests of drawers, warming-pans, and crockery, with all the ten thousand nondescripts of domestic economy—*flit?* A bat may flit, or perhaps a bachelor, but not a middle-aged gentleman of fourteen stone six; his ‘desert is too heavy to mount.’ Then as to the invasion and its consequences, I protest I can scarcely think of it at times without compunction; it almost seems like Cortez and his ruffians ‘wading through slaughter to a throne,’ and shutting the gates of mercy on ten thousand unoffending aborigines, who have grown old in the peace and tranquillity of half a century. Do not suppose that the S——s are the only animals who will bewail our avatar. ‘What millions died that Cæsar may be great!’ My heart sickens at the thought of this wholesale massacre—this sacrifice to Moloch, for I grieve to say, that, denied the

tender mercies of the thumb and finger, wives, husbands, fathers, and 'all, all their pretty ones' perished, like so many Suttees, in the flames. As I heard the one exterminating crackle, I could not help feeling for the moment that a Thugg was a respectable member of society in comparison with myself. That their progeny, if not their ghosts, will 'murder sleep' hereafter I cannot but fear.

"To turn from so painful a subject, as extremes always meet, I jump at once from the lowest to the highest in the scale of created beings, from the meanest retainer of the crown to the crown itself. What think you of a visit from, and confabulation with, the Queen of the Belgians! On Saturday, I was in the library at St. Paul's, my 'custom always in an afternoon,' with a bookbinder's 'prentice and a printer's devil, looking out fifty dilapidated folios for re-binding; I had on a coat which, from a foolish prejudice in the multitude against patched elbows, I wear nowhere else, my hands and face encrusted with the dust of years, and wanting only the shovel—I had the brush—to sit for the portrait of a respectable master chimney-sweeper, when the door opened, and in walked the Cap of Maintenance bearing the sword of, and followed by, the Lord Mayor in full fig, with the prettiest and liveliest little Frenchwoman leaning upon his arm. Nobody could get at the 'Lions' but myself, I was fairly in for it, and was thus presented in the most *recherché*, if not the most expensive, court dress that I will venture to say the eyes of royalty were ever greeted withal. *Heureusement pour moi*, she spoke excellent English, and rattled on

with a succession of questions, which I answered as best I might—they were sensible, however, showed some acquaintance with literature, and a very good knowledge of dates.

“ My *gaucherie* afforded her one opportunity of displaying her acquaintance with chronology which she did not miss. The date of a MS. was the question; I unthinkingly referred to that of the *Battle of Agincourt*, an allusion which a courtier would have shunned as a rock ahead, considering the figure an Orleans cut in that fight. It was not quite so bad certainly as the gentleman telling Prince Eugene that ‘ a certain event took place in the year the Countess of Soissons (his mother) poisoned her husband,’ but it was enough to have made poor Colonel Dalton faint. She relieved me, however, in an instant by saying, ‘ Ah! 1415,’ while George C——, who was with her, coolly asked ‘ when it was *printed*?’ She turned to him briskly and said at once, ‘ You see it is a manuscript,’ which satisfied the gentleman of the bedchamber, and saved my reply. More of this when we meet, but my paper, like Macheath’s courage, ‘ is out,’ so for the present, believe me as ever,

“ Yours, most faithfully, R. H. B.”

We add, by way of postscript, another anecdote anent royalty:—

“ I must tell you one of his (Moore’s) stories, because, as Sir Walter Scott is the hero of it, I know it will not be unacceptable to you. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the ‘ pisintry,’ delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the king passed through,

“Och, now! an’ his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike, an’ how’s that?”

“‘Oh! kings never does, we let’s ’em go free,’ was the answer.

“‘Then there’s the dirty money for ye,’ says Pat. ‘It shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him.’

“Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits.

“‘Now, Mr. Moore,’ replied Scott, ‘there ye have just the advantage of us; there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his Majesty, but—pay the turnpike.’”

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Mr. Barham's youngest Son—Bentley's Miscellany—The Ingoldsby Legends—"Hamilton Tighe," and "Patty Morgan"—"Gervase Matcham"—"Old Woman in Grey"—Pickled Cockles—"Game Feathers"—Dr. Harris—Purpose of the Legends.

WITHIN the period of a year from his removal, Mr. Barham's new abode was changed into a house of mourning. This, as it was the last, so it was the heaviest affliction with which it pleased God to visit him, leaving traces upon body and mind never to be obliterated. In former cases of bereavement, the first paroxysms of grief over, the tide of cheerfulness had rapidly returned; in the present case there was an ebb to which no adequate flow succeeded. The loss which wrought this permanent depression of spirit, was that of his youngest son, who had just attained his thirteenth year; a boy of a peculiarly amiable and thoughtful disposition, and possessed of an intelligence beyond his age. A practised eye might, probably, have detected in that premature, and almost unnatural development of intellect, evidence of disease, and seen in the too early flowering no dim intimation of as rapid a decay. Of his own

sensations, when the lapse of some weeks had enabled him to look more calmly on the event, Mr. Barham thus writes:—

“I am better both in mind and body; the former has received much comfort from ‘Lockhart’s Life of Sir Walter Scott,’ the sixth volume of which (the first five I had read before, but was interrupted before I could finish the work) fell into my hands here. His feelings with regard to poor little Johnnie seem to have been so exact a transcript of my own, during the close of my dear boy’s existence, the characters of the two children, their intellect and amiability, seem to have been so similar, that the recorded feelings and sentiments of that great and *good* man in circumstances, when in addition to calamities such as mine he had heavy ones of his own, from which it has pleased God to keep me free, called up a burning sensation of shame amidst the comforts which I could not help deriving from the perusal. It has done me good every way. What a perfect anatomist he was of the human heart! it is astonishing how close my feelings have come in many respects to his own, especially where he describes the occasional, and not unfrequent intrusion of light, and even ludicrous, images amidst all his sorrows. This elasticity of spirit, which, in spite of nature herself, as it were, will rebound under pressure, is one and not the least of God’s blessings.”

But even at the time of writing the foregoing passages, he had not learned to estimate the full effects of the blow he had sustained. The elasticity of which he speaks was cramped, and its action, which





Thos. Ingoldsby.

heretofore had been prompt and true, proved now but sluggish and imperfect. From this period a feeling of indifference was occasionally to be observed in him; a lack of energy and interest in favourite pursuits, foreign from his disposition, and which seemed to give evidence of the extinction of some powerful motive principle.

In 1837, Mr. Bentley published the first number of his "Miscellany;" having engaged the services of Mr. Charles Dickens, then rising rapidly in public estimation, and an ample staff of regular collaborators, he sought to secure any occasional auxiliaries whose assistance might be of value; among others he applied to Mr. Barham, who entered at once and very warmly into the design, promising such aid as more important avocations might allow.

Up to this time he had been an anonymous and comparatively unknown writer. The popularity, however, of "The Ingoldsby Legends," which now appeared in rapid succession in the pages of the new periodical, rendered the pseudonym he had, for obvious reasons, assumed, a very insufficient disguise, and though he never entirely abandoned it, he was soon pretty generally known to be their author. As has been before intimated, for the ground-work of many of these effusions he was indebted to the inexhaustible stores of Mrs. Hughes and her son, the latter himself a proficient in the higher range of poetry.

"Hamilton Tighe" was the first subject derived from the source in question. " 'The Original Ghost Story,' writes Mr. Hughes, "was said to have

occurred in the family of the late Mr. Pye, the Poet Laureate, a neighbour and brother magistrate of my maternal grandfather, and the date of it was supposed to be connected with the taking of Vigo." 'Patty Morgan, the Milk-maid's Story,' and the 'Dead Drummer,' were transmitted also through the same medium; the former having been recounted by Lady Eleanor Butler* as a whimsical Welch Legend, the

* The story, as told by Lady Eleanor Butler, one of the celebrated "Ladies of Llangollen," ran, that a young carpenter, residing in the valley, had married a girl to whom he was much attached, and they lived together for several years very happily, till the wife's mother dying, bequeathed to her daughter some household furniture, and among other articles a clock. They had previously possessed a clock of their own, and the husband now proposed to sell the new one, which the wife objected to, as it had belonged to her mother, wishing on the other hand to dispose of their own. From this the husband was averse, from a similar reason. A dispute, the first they had ever known, followed, and, as he persisted in selling the legacy, was frequently renewed. From this moment they became as remarkable for living unhappily together, as they had previously been for the contrary. The husband occasionally even used blows, and either from the ill-treatment which she received, or from natural causes, the wife soon fell into a languishing, low way. At length she died; but whether any very recent injuries had been inflicted to hasten her decay does not appear. The carpenter, however, seems to have anticipated it, as a fortnight after her funeral he had engaged himself to a second wife.

Her betrothed was on his way along the mountain path which led to her cottage, the evening before the day fixed for the celebration of his second nuptials, when one of the fogs so common among the hills came suddenly on. Well acquainted with his road he felt no alarm, but some surprise at a singular sound which he heard behind him, as of some heavy body following. The fog for some time prevented his discovering what it was; but at length a gust of wind partially removing the mist, he distinctly perceived, at a distance of only a few yards, the clock which had been the cause of all his matrimonial strife. It came on apparently self-moved, and as he looked again, he beheld not the usual face, but that of his deceased wife, which occupied the place generally allotted to the hours, minutes, and hands.

He uttered a loud scream and rushed forward, the clock still following

latter by Sir Walter Scott, who, having better means than most men of ascertaining facts and names, believed in their authenticity.

As regards the latter story, the main incidents are fully attested by a contemporary pamphlet, purporting to be a narrative of the "Life, Confession, and Dying Speech of Jarvis Matchan," and signed by the Rev. J. Nicholson, who attended him as minister, and another witness. The murder, however, was committed not on Salisbury Plain, but in the neighbourhood of Alconbury, in Huntingdonshire, and the culprit was accordingly, "on Wednesday the 2nd of August, 1786, executed at Huntingdon, and hung in chains in the parish of Alconbury, for the wilful murder of Benjamin Jones, a drummer boy in the 48th Regiment of Foot, on the 19th of August, 1780." Matchan's escape to sea, and the subsequent vision on Salisbury Plain, which wrung from him his confession, and proved unquestionably the grounds of his conviction, are given with great minuteness, and though differing a little in detail, are to the full as marvellous as anything recorded in the poem.

"The Hand of Glory" also owes its origin to the same source. "Nell Cook," "Grey Dolphin," "The Ghost," and the "Smuggler's Leap," are veritable

him, and it was, as he fancied, on the point of overtaking him, when he fell exhausted against the cottage door. The sound of his fall attracted the attention of the inmates, who found him lying at the threshold in a swoon. After some time he recovered his senses, when he repeated this story with the strongest assertions of its truth in every particular. A fever was the consequence of the great mental excitement occasioned by the delusion, and he did not survive his adventure many days.

Kentish Legends, a little renovated, perhaps, as regards "dresses and decorations," but, without doubt, sufficiently authentic for the purpose. Greater liberties have been taken with the "Old Woman Clothed in Grey," who, for anything that appeared to the contrary, was a well-disposed ghost enough, haunting an old rectory within a few miles of Cambridge. It is represented to have been her custom to stroll about the house at dead of night, with a bag of money in her hand, of which she appeared exceedingly anxious to be relieved, offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in the course of her peregrinations; no one, however, seems to have been bold enough to accept the gift. The principal improbability of the tale manifestly consists in the fact, that no one was found sufficiently enterprising to meet her wishes.

So strong was the belief that treasure was concealed about the building in question, that when it was taken down and the materials sold, on the erection of the present parsonage-house, the incumbent expressly stipulated for the right and title to all valuables that might be discovered, and he actually received, we believe, three battered half-pence in fulfilment of the agreement. As for the old lady, as she has never appeared since the destruction of her favourite "walk," it is conjectured, either that she has taken refuge in an old cellar which has been bricked over, and is likely to remain undisturbed for years, or that she has adopted an effectual method of disencumbering herself of all superfluous cash, by investing it in the scrip of some "great fen railroad

company," and may even now be wandering an unhappy shade around the precincts of Capel Court ; not being a member, she would be excluded from the Stock Exchange.

The materials of most of the tales referring to Popish superstition were derived from a variety of monkish chronicles and writings, the " Aurea Legenda" among the rest, with which the library of Sion College abounds, and with most of which Mr. Barham was tolerably familiar. Of the " Jackdaw of Rheims," he gives the following account :—

" I have no time to do more for this number than scratch off a doggerel version of an old Catholic legend that I picked up out of a High Dutch author. I am afraid the poor ' Jackdaw ' will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time, I meant to have engrafted on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance.

" ' A certain notable housewife,' he used to say, ' had observed that her stock of pickled cockles were running remarkably low, and she spoke to the cook in consequence, who alone had access to them. The cook had noticed the same serious deficiency,—" she couldn't tell how, but they certainly disappeared much too fast !" A degree of coolness, approaching to estrangement, ensued between these worthy individuals, which the rapid consumption of the pickled cockles by no means contributed to remove. The lady became more distant than ever, spoke pointedly and before company, of " some people's unaccountable partiality to pickled cockles," &c. The cook's character was at stake ; unwilling to give warning,

with such an imputation upon her self-denial, not to say honesty, she, nevertheless, felt that all confidence between her mistress and herself was at an end.

“One day the jar containing the evanescent condiment being placed as usual on the dresser, while she was busily engaged in basting a joint before the fire, she happened to turn suddenly round, and beheld, to her great indignation, a favourite magpie, remarkable for his conversational powers and general intelligence, perched by its side, and dipping his beak down the open neck with every symptom of gratification. The mystery was explained—the thief detected! Grasping the ladle of scalding grease which she held in her hand, the exasperated lady dashed the whole contents over the hapless pet, accompanied by the exclamation—

“‘Oh, d—me, *you’ve* been at the pickled cockles, have ye?’

“Poor Mag, of course, was dreadfully burnt; most of his feathers came off, leaving his little round pate, which had caught the principal part of the volley, entirely bare. The poor bird moped about, lost all his spirit, and never spoke for a year.

“At length when he had pretty well recovered, and was beginning to chatter again, a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, discovered a very bald head! The magpie, who happened to be in the room, appeared evidently struck by the circumstance; his reminiscences were at once powerfully excited by the naked appearance of the gentleman’s skull. Hopping upon the back

of his chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed, in the ear of the astounded visitor—

“ ‘Oh, d—me, *you* ’ve been at the pickled cockles, have ye?’ ”

In the same letter he goes on to say :—

“ I cannot sufficiently thank you for your story of the ‘Virgin Unmasked;’ it is a most amusing one, and highly characteristic of the standard of morality too commonly found in ‘Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain.’ As to the communication of the gallivanting propensities of her husband to the dying woman, it is only to be paralleled by what Mr. —, the conchologist, once told me, and which I think carries friendly consolation and good offices *in extremis* to even a higher pitch.

“ He was once a surgeon at W——, in Kent, and said that in the course of his practice, he had to pay what he considered would be his last visit to an elderly labouring man on Adisham Downs. He had left him in the last stage of illness the day before, and was not surprised on calling again to find him dead, but did experience a little astonishment at seeing the bed on which he had been lying now withdrawn from under the body, and placed in the middle of the floor. To his remarks, the answer given by her who had officiated as nurse (?) was—

“ ‘Dearee me, Sir, you see there was partridge feathers in the bed, and folks can’t die upon *geame* feathers no how, and we thought as how he never *would* go, so we pulled bed away, and then I just pinched his poor nose tight with one hand, and shut

his mouth close with t'other, and, poor dear ! he went off like a lamb !' ”

However incredible it may appear to those who are accustomed to treat the slightest ailment with tenderness, to watch with unwearied patience over the bed of the sufferer, ministering without a murmur to his slightest wish, and employing all the resources of art and care to prolong the final, fruitless struggle, and keep alive the flickering flame to the last moment allowed by nature ; it is, nevertheless, perfectly true that, among the lower classes, in many of our neglected districts, a helping hand was, and doubtless is, not unfrequently lent by the attendants of those who seem disposed to “die hard ;” and this not more from the desire to relieve themselves of a heavy, and, as they think, unnecessary burden, than from a sincere conviction that the act is one of kindness and charity to the dying person. For the truth of the following illustration the writer can vouch ; it occurred but a few years ago, and in the neighbourhood of a considerable town in East Kent. A woman who had tended with exemplary devotion a sick child, who lingered on long after the case had been pronounced hopeless by the medical man, being questioned as to the particulars of its decease, replied to the lady who was interrogating :

“ Ah, poor little dear ! he lived on, and on, and on : and then he got so terrible bad surely, nothing would ease him, so at last we was forced to *squidge* him under the blankets.”

To return to “The Legends.” “The Singular Passage in the Life of the late Doctor Harris,”

though drawing not a little on the reader's faith, certainly so far originated in fact that the strange details were communicated to Mr. Barham by a young lady on her sick-bed, and who herself was so impressed with their truth, as to urge most strongly the apprehension of the young man of whose horrible arts she believed herself to be the victim. The delusion only terminated with her life. It is worthy of remark that the very gentleman to whom she referred, and who was also well known to Mr. Barham, was shortly afterwards taken into custody on the charge of perpetrating a robbery at one of the theatres. His identity was sworn to most positively by the prosecutrix, but an *alibi* was so irrefragably established as to place his innocence beyond suspicion. This story, though printed in the first series of "The Ingoldsby Legends," appeared originally in "Blackwood," and has, indeed, little in common with the productions with which it is at present associated.

As respects the poems, remarkable as they have been pronounced for the wit and humour which they display, their distinguishing attraction lies in the almost unparalleled flow and facility of the versification. Popular phrases, sentences the most prosaic, even the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches from well-nigh every language, are wrought in with an apparent absence of all art and effort that surprises, pleases, and convulses the reader at every turn; the author triumphs with a master's hand over every variety of stanza, however complicated or exacting; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced; syllables the most intractable find

the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of language, and couple together as naturally as those kindred spirits which poets tell us were created pairs, and dispersed in space to seek out their particular mates. A harmony pervades the whole, a perfect modulation of numbers never, perhaps, surpassed, and rarely equalled in compositions of this class. This was the *forte* of Thomas Ingoldsby; a harsh line or untrue rhyme grated like the Shandæan hinge upon his ear; no inviting point or alluring pun would induce him to entertain either for an instant; sacrifice or circumlocution were the only alternatives. At the same time, scarcely any vehicle could be better adapted for the development of his peculiar powers, than that unshackled metre which admits of no laws save those of rhyme and melody; but which also, from the very want of definite regulations, presents no landmark to guide the poet, and demands a thorough knowledge of rhythm to prevent his becoming lost among a succession of confused and unconnected stanzas.

Of the unflagging spirit of fun which animates these productions, there can be but one opinion; Mr. Barham was, unquestionably, an adept in the mysteries of mirth, happy in his use of anachronism, and all the means and appliances of burlesque; he was skilled, moreover, to relieve his humour, however broad, from any imputation of vulgarity, by a judicious admixture of pathos and antiquarian lore. There are, indeed, passages in his writings, the "Execution," for example, and the battle-field in "The Black Mousquetaire," standing out in strong contrast from

the ludicrous imagery which surrounds them, and affording evidence of powers of a very opposite and far higher order.

That he had his faults is, of course, not to be denied; the digressions may sometimes appear too long or too frequent; the moral a little forced, and here and there an occasional objectionable expression might be discovered; but some indulgence may be claimed on the score of hurried composition and the very slight opportunity of correction afforded by the mode of publication.

It would be improper, perhaps, to dismiss this subject without touching briefly upon a charge of coarseness and want of reverence which has been brought, unadvisedly we think, against the work in question, albeit few authors, upon the whole, have been more tenderly dealt with by the press, than Thomas Ingoldsby.* As regards the first moiety of this alleged offence against good taste, little need be said; it could only have been detected by one deeply imbued with that transatlantic spirit of delicacy, such singular instances of which have, from time to time, made their appearance in the papers; he must be sensitive overmuch, constituted

“tremblingly alive all o’er,
To smart and agonise at every pore,”

* One of these attacks, not the wisest, and exhibiting, on the part of the writer, a most amusing imperviousness to the force of humour, was fairly met by the following retort from the assailed:—

For turning grave things to farce, Prior asserts,
A ladle once stuck in an old woman’s skirts;
My muse then may surely esteem it a boon,
If in hers there sticks only a *bit of a spoon*.—T. I.

who fears to rub against the plain language of "The Legends."

The second count in the indictment demands more serious notice. No one who knew Mr. Barham would for a moment suspect him to be guilty of any intentional irreverence, and the supposition seems to have originated altogether in a misconception of his design. Firmly and conscientiously opposed to avowed Popery, and not less so to that anomalous system which means Romanism if it means anything, he could not view the rapid propagation of these opinions with indifference.

"*Non ex quovis ligno fit Mercurius ;*" he, perhaps, was not of the wood out of which schoolmen and controversialists are framed ; but furnished with goodly weapons of the lighter sort, he did not hesitate to direct them against the errors in question. An occasional appeal to the *nonsense* of the public has its effect. Availing himself, therefore, of the acknowledged right of every disputant to suppose an extreme case, and of the test thereby afforded to the soundness of theory, he applied himself, not unsuccessfully, to the task of showing the latent imposture, contradiction, and impiety abounding in the Roman Catholic doctrines—doctrines, in behalf of which the protecting "*noli me tangere*" seems now to be urged, but which, be it remembered, have been pronounced by the greatest authorities of our church to be in some cases heretical, in others even damnable. It is worse than folly to claim indulgence and immunity from ridicule, for tenets which we denounce as both absurd and destructive.

The question comes to this,—Has the satirist exceeded his prescribed limits? We think not; he has invented nothing, misrepresented nothing; he has simply drawn his subject fairly out, and developed its natural and inevitable tendencies. He has stripped off the gold and the silver, the purple and fine linen, and all the pomp and circumstance of undue solemnity, and bared the dull, clumsy idol beneath. In point of fact, so far from exaggerating, he has been compelled to soften or suppress many of the details in these monkish histories; and it was against the advancement of a superstition, which countenances all this trash and absurdity, that he was rightfully, though mirthfully, contending. If there be apparent trifling with solemn subjects, the fault lies with those who seek to engraft such profane folly upon religion; not with him who detects and exposes it.

That there was danger in this application of humour, is not to be denied—a danger, however, which consisted rather in possible misconception on the part of the reader, than in any probability of a violation of propriety on that of the author. He intended, had he been spared, to have thrown together the *dissecta membra* of his design into a more systematic form, and to have rendered it more perfect and compact; the admixture, indeed, of articles fraught with a deeper purpose, with others of a merely superficial character, was not, perhaps, judicious, and certainly seems to have led to much of the confusion we are deprecating.

. Without pursuing the subject further within the borders of controversy, it may be sufficient to observe

that auricular confession, penance, pardons, purgatory, the celebration of masses, and the worshipping of saints and images, are among the "fond things," against which particular legends are directed; to these may be added those mediæval miracles and ceremonial vanities upon which all are brought to bear in common. That some few instances of inadvertence may be pointed out, where the least becomes palpable, is quite possible; but that they are rare, and of little import, we must maintain, so rare indeed, as to draw from every candid reader the indulgent—

" Ubi plura nitent,
Non ego paucis offendar maculis."

If we have dwelt longer upon this matter, or invested it with a greater importance than the occasion might seem to demand, it has been out of regard to the express wishes of him who would have been deeply grieved to have placed a block of stumbling in the path of the weakest of his brethren.

CHAPTER VIII.

Theodore Hook and "The Wood Demon"—Engagement to meet Sidney Smith—Matrimonial Adventure—Lines—Phrenology—Garrick Club—Mr. Mathews—Story of the Irish Race—Death of Mr. Hook—Mr. Barham's last interview with him—Lines—Letter to Dr. Roberts—Mrs. Ricketts' Ghost Story.

TO return to the Diary:—

"August 21, 1839.—Hook drove me down to Thames Ditton, from his house at Fulham. Fished all day, and dined *tête-à-tête* at the 'Swan.' Though not in health, his spirits were as good as ever. We caught eight dozen and a half of gudgeons, and he repeated to me almost as many anecdotes. Among the rest, one of a trick he played when a boy behind the scenes of the Haymarket. He was there one evening, during the heat of the Westminster election, at the representation of 'The Wood Demon,' and observing the prompter with the large speaking-trumpet in his hand used to produce the supernatural voices incidental to the piece, he watched him for some time, and saw him go through the business more than once. As the effect was to be repeated, he requested of the man to be allowed to make the noise for him; the prompter

incautiously trusted him with the instrument, when, just at the moment, the 'Fiend' rose from the trap, and the usual roar was to accompany his appearance, 'SHERIDAN FOR EVER!!!' was bawled out in the deepest tones that could be produced—not more to the astonishment of the audience, than to the confusion of the involuntary partisan himself, from whom they seemed to proceed.

“ He mentioned also a reply that he made to the Duke of Rutland, who, observing him looking about the hall, as they were leaving the Marquis of Hertford's, asked him what he had lost ?

“ ‘ My hat. If I had as good a beaver (Belvoir) as your Grace, I should have taken better care of it.’ ”

Whether Theodore Hook and his great rival, Mr. Sidney Smith, ever met in society, we do not know ; if they did so, it must have been towards the close of their career, when the habitual caution of acknowledged wits, in each other's presence, would probably have prevented any unusual display on either side. An arrangement was made for the purpose of bringing them together at the table of a common friend, but, alas ! a tailor—

“ What dire mishaps from trivial causes spring ! ”

one to whom Hook owed a considerable sum, having failed in the interval, the latter was unable, or indisposed to keep the appointment. The circumstance served to elicit one of those happy strokes of sarcasm which the Canon dealt so adroitly.

Mr. H——, the host, not aware of the cause of his detention, delayed dinner for some time, observing

that "he was sure Hook would come, as he had seen him, in the course of the afternoon, at the Athenæum, evidently winding himself up for the encounter with tumblers of cold brandy and water."

"That's hardly fair," said Smith, "I can't be expected to be a match for him unless wound up too, so when your servant ushers in Mr. Hook, let Mr. H——'s *Punch* be announced at the same time."

It was, we believe, at the breaking-up of the same party, that one of the company having said he was about to "drop in" at Lady Blessington's, a young gentleman, a perfect stranger to him, said, with the most "gallant modesty,"

"Oh! then you can take me with you; I want very much to know her, and you can introduce me."

While the other was standing aghast at the impudence of the proposal and muttering something about being "but a slight acquaintance himself," and "not knowing very well how he could take such a liberty," &c., Sidney Smith observed,

"Pray oblige our young friend; you can do it easily enough by introducing him in a capacity very desirable at this close season of the year—say you are bringing with you the *cool* of the evening."

"March 21.—Drove down to Harrow with the R——s. While I was engaged in taking an impression of a brass plate in the church, I heard sounds of lamentation and woe proceeding from the church. It seemed the curate, a Mr. B——, had gone to London, forgetting there was a couple to be married that morning. No other clergyman could be procured; twelve o'clock was rapidly approaching,

and at length, much to their relief, and the clerk's amazement, I volunteered to perform the ceremony. The service over, I left my card with that functionary, and also with the newly-married couple, but never heard one word from Mr. B—— on the subject. Probably he thought I had been guilty of a great piece of intrusion. I wrote the following 'occasional lines' on Byron's tomb (as it is called) in the churchyard:—

Mr. B—— Mr. B——,
 When the matrimonial noose
 You ought here at Harrow to be tying,
 If you choose to ride away
 As you know you did to-day,
 No wonder bride and bridegroom should be crying;
 It's a very great abuse,
 Mr. B——, Mr. B——!
 And you're quite without excuse,
 And of very little use
 As a curate,
 Mr. B——!

“ Dec. 5.—Met my old friend Charles D——, who appears to have become quite a convert to phrenology; went with him to De Ville to have his head felt; scribbled the following lines during the 'manipulation':—

Oh, my head! my head! my head!
 Alack! for my poor unfortunate head!
 Mister De Ville
 Has been to feel,
 And what do you think he said!

He felt it up, and he felt it down,
 Behind the ears, and across the crown,
 Sinciput, occiput, great and small,
 Bumps and organs, he tickled 'em all;
 And he shook his own, as he gravely said,
 " Sir, you really have got a most singular head !"

 " Why here's a bump,
 Only feel what a lump;
 Why the organ of ' Sound ' is an absolute hump;
 And only feel here,
 Why, behind each ear,
 There's a bump for a butcher or a bombardier;
 Such organs of slaughter
 Would spill blood like water;
 Such ' lopping and topping ' of heads and of tails,
 Why, you'll cut up a jackass with Alderman S——."

[*Cætera desunt.*]

Among the various departments of literature in which Mr. Barham sought relaxation, the drama occupied a considerable portion of his attention; from the Greek tragedians to Shakspeare and the more modern playwrights, there was scarcely an author possessed of any pretensions to merit, with whose writings he was not familiar. His acquaintance, indeed, with the works of the Swan of Avon, was such as to enable him, at one time, when his memory was in its full vigour, to supply the context to any quotation that could be made from them, and to mention the play, the act, and generally the very scene from which it had been taken. Nor was his admiration for this species of composition confined merely to the

litera scripta: from a boy, his cry had been with Hamlet, "the play, the play is the thing!" In early life, his own amateur performances had attracted the favourable notice of several "regulars," one of whom, an actress of note, seriously assured him, that, with a little study, he might soon arrive at a respectable position in the profession, and at all events make a very agreeable stage villain. Warmly attached to the cause of the drama, he looked with considerable interest on the formation of "the Garrick Club,"* which was established with some design of being made instrumental in bringing back the neglected Muse "to glory again." Among the original members of this society, was the late respected Mr. William L——, a gentleman who, himself an ardent admirer of "The Bard," was in the habit of indulging his friends with somewhat lengthy recitations from his favourite author. On one occasion he had begun to spout from the opening of "Macbeth," and would probably have gone all through the scene, had he not been cut short by Mr. Barham at the third line:

"When the hurly-burly's done."

* The following lines, composed by Mr. B., and set as a glee by Mr. Hawes, were sung at the opening dinner:—

Let Poets of superior parts
Consign to deathless fame
The larceny of the Knave of Hearts
Who spoiled his Royal Dame.

Alack! my timid muse would quail
Before such thievish cubs,
But plumes a joyous wing to hail
Thy birth, fair Queen of *Clubs!*

“What on earth are you talking about?” interrupted the latter. “Why, my dear L——, it is astonishing that a man so well read in Shakspeare as yourself, should adopt that nonsensical reading! What is ‘*hurly burly*’ pray? There is no such word in the language; you can’t find an allusion to it in Johnson.”

Mr. L——, whose veneration for Dr. Johnson was only inferior to that which he entertained for the great poet himself, said,—

“Indeed! are you sure there is not? What can be the reason of the omission? The word, you see, is used by Shakspeare.”

“No such thing,” was the reply; “it appears so, indeed, in one or two early editions, but is evidently mistranscribed. The second quarto is the best and most authentic copy, and gives the true reading, though the old nonsense is still retained upon the stage.”

“Indeed! and pray what do you call the true reading?”

“Why of course the same that is followed by Johnson and Steevens in the edition up stairs:

‘When the *early purl* is done;’

that is, when we have finished our ‘early purl,’ *i.e.* directly after breakfast.”

L—— was startled, and after looking steadily at his friend to see if he could discover any indication of an intention to hoax him, became quite puzzled by the gravity of the latter’s countenance, and only gave

vent, in an hesitating tone, half doubtful, half indignant, to the word "Nonsense!"

"Nonsense!" repeated Mr. Barham; "it is as I assure you. We will send for the book, and see what Steevens says in his note upon the passage."

The book was accordingly sent for, but Mr. Barham took good care to interrupt it before it reached his companion, and taking it from the servant, began to turn over the leaves, till at last, affecting to have found the line, he pretended to read from the volume:

" 'When the hurly-burly's done.'

"Some copies have it, 'When the *early purl* is done;' and I am inclined to think this reading the true one, if the well-known distich be worthy of credit—

" 'Hops, reformation, turkeys, and beer,
Came to England all in one year.'

This would seem to fix the introduction of beer, and consequently of early purl, into this country, to about that period of Henry VIII.'s reign when he intermarried with Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth, Shakspeare's great friend and patroness, and to whom this allusion may, perhaps, have been intended by the poet as a delicate compliment. Purl, it is well known, was a favourite beverage at the English court during the latter part of the tenth century; and, from the epithet then affixed to it, 'early,' an adjunct which it still retains, was no doubt in common use for breakfast at a time when the China trade had not yet made our ancestors familiar with

the produce of the tea-plant. Theobald's objection, that whatever may have been the propriety of its introduction at the court of Elizabeth, the mention made of it at that of Macbeth would be a gross anachronism, may be at once dismissed as futile; does not Shakspeare in the very next scene talk of 'Cannons overcharged with double cracks,' and is not allusion made by him to the use of the same beverage at the court of Denmark, at a period coeval or nearly so, with that under consideration—

'Hamlet, this purl is thine!'"

"But, dear me," broke in L——, "that is *pearl*, not purl. I remember old Packer used to hold up a pearl, and let it drop into the cup."

"Sheer misconception on the part of a very indifferent actor, my dear L——, be assured."

Here B——y, who was present, observed, "'early purl' is all very well, but my own opinion has always leaned to Warburton's conjecture, that a political allusion is intended; he suggests,

'When the Earl of Burleigh's done;'

that is, when we have '*done*,' i.e. cheated, or deceived the Earl of Burleigh, a great statesman, you know, in Elizabeth's time, and one whom, to use a cant phrase among ourselves, 'you must get up very early in the morning to take in.'"

"But what had Macbeth or the witches to do with the Earl of Burleigh? Stuff! nonsense!" said L—— indignantly. And though B——y made a good fight

in defence of his version, yet his opponent would not listen to it for an instant.

“No, no,” he continued, “the ‘*Earl of Burleigh*’ is all rubbish, but there may be something in the other reading.”

And as the book was closed directly the passage had been repeated, and was replaced immediately on the shelf, the unsuspecting critic went away thoroughly mystified, especially as Tom Hill, for whose acquaintance with early English literature he had a great respect, confirmed the emendation with—

“‘Early purl!’ Pooh, pooh! to be sure it is ‘early purl;’ I’ve got it so in two of my old copies.”

It was impossible to be long an *habitué* of this agreeable resort without becoming a witness of the singular powers of the late Mr. Charles Mathews, whose conversation in private was to the full as entertaining as any public display of his professional talent.

Mr. Barham’s acquaintance with this extraordinary individual was of some years’ duration, but never reached intimacy; it was accompanied, nevertheless, by feelings of no ordinary regard: the golden opinions, indeed, which Mathews won in his professional career on the stage, were not more than commensurate with the universal esteem which he inspired as a man.

We give one of the few passages relating to him that appear in the Diary; it is a story told by himself at a dinner party at Theodore Hook’s, and one which would afford ample room for the development of his peculiar powers of impersonation.

“An Irish surgeon named M——, who kept a running horse, applied to him on one occasion for his opinion respecting a disputed race.

“‘Now, Sur,’ commenced the gentleman, ‘Mr. Mathews, as you say you understand horse-racing, and so you do, I’ll just thank ye to give me a little bit of an opinion, the least taste in life of one. Now, you’ll mind me, Sur, my horse had won the first *hate*; well, Sur, and then he’d won the second *hate*; well’—

“‘Why, Sir,’ said Mathews, ‘if he won both the heats, he won the race.’

“Not at all, my dear fellow, not at all. You see he won the first *hate*, and then, somehow, my horse fell down, and then the horse (that’s not himself, but the other) came up’——

“‘And passed him, I suppose,’ said Mathews.

“‘Not at all, Sur, not at all; you quite mistake the gist of the matter. Now, you see, my horse had lost the first *hate*’—

“‘Won it, you mean; at least won it you said.’

“‘Won it, of course, I said won it; that is, the other horse won it, and the other horse, that is, *my* horse, won the second *hate*; when another, not himself, comes up and tumbles down—but stop! I’ll demonstrate the circumstance ocularly. There—you’ll keep your eye on that decanter; now, mighty well; now, you’ll remember that’s *my* horse, that is, I mane it’s not my horse, it’s the other, and this cork—You observe this cork, this cork’s my horse, and my horse, that is this cork, had won the first *hate*’—

“‘Lost it, you said, Sir, just now,’ groaned

Mathews, rapidly approaching a state of complete bewilderment.

“ ‘Lost it, Sur, by no manes; won it, Sur, I maintain (’pon my soul, your friend* there that’s grinning so, is a mighty bad specimen of an American); no, Sur, *won* it, I said: and now I want your opinion about the *hate*, that is, not the *hate*, but the race, you know, not, that is, the first *hate*, but the second *hate*, that would be the race when it was won.’

“ ‘Why, really, my dear Sir,’ replied the referee, ‘I don’t precisely see the point upon which’—

“ ‘God bless me, Sur! do ye pretend to understand horse-racing, and can’t give a plain opinion on a simple matter of *hates*! Now, Sur, I’ll explain it once more. The stopper, you are aware, is my horse, but the other horse—that is the other *man’s* horse,’ &c. &c.

“And so poor M—— went on for more than an hour, and no one could tell at last which horse it was that fell; whether he had won the first *hate*, or lost it; whether his horse was the decanter or the cork; or what the point was, upon which Mr. M—— wanted an opinion.”

The death of Theodore Hook, which occurred on the 24th of August, 1841, deeply affected Mr. Barham; a warm attachment had sprung up between them during an intimacy of twenty years, and he heard of the event that had dissolved it with the most heartfelt grief, not unmixed with something of a sinister foreboding as regarded himself.

* Stephen Price, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre.

One of the last parties, at which Hook was present, was at Amen Corner; he was unusually late, and dinner was served before he made his appearance; Mr. Barham apologised for having sat down without him, observing that he had quite given him up, and had supposed "that the weather had deterred him."

"Oh!" replied the former, "I had determined to come, *weather* or no."

He ate literally nothing save one large slice of cucumber, but seemed in tolerable spirits, and towards the end of the evening the slight indications of effort which were at first visible had completely disappeared. Mr. Barham saw him but once again; he spent the morning with him at Fulham, about a month before his decease; and of this last interview with one so universally admired and regretted, the particulars may not be unacceptable; they are thus given in a letter to Mrs. Hughes, written shortly after the melancholy event had occurred.

"Margate, Sept. 2, 1841.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—You do me no more than justice, in supposing that the loss of my poor friend would indeed cast a gloom over me; in fact it came upon me like a thunder-clap, and I even yet can scarcely believe it real. On Monday, the 29th of July, I went down to Fulham, and spent the whole morning with him, having heard that he was out of sorts, and wishing to see him before I came down here, where I had promised to preach a sermon for the benefit of 'The Sea-bathing Infirmary.' *That day month* was the day of his funeral. I dreamt of no such thing then, for though I could not

persuade him to taste even the fowl which we had for luncheon, yet his spirits were so high, and his countenance wore so completely its usual expression, that I thought him merely labouring under one of those attacks of bilious indigestion, through so many of which I had seen him fight his way, and which I trusted that the run to the sea-side, in which he commonly indulged at this time of the year, would entirely remove.

“ I was, I confess, a little startled, when he told me that he had not tasted solid food for three days, but had lived upon effervescent draughts—his *fizzic*, as he called it—taken alternately with rum and milk, and Guinness’s porter. There was something in this mixture of medicine, food, and tonic, with the stimulants which I knew he took besides, though he said nothing about them, that gave me some apprehension as to whether the regimen he was pursuing was a right one, and I pressed him strongly to have further advice. He promised me, that if he was not better in a day or two, he would certainly do so.

“ He went on to speak of some matters of business connected with the novel he was employed on, part of which he read to me; and much, my dear friend, as you, in common with the rest of the world, have enjoyed his writings, I do assure you the effect of his humour and wit was more than doubled, when the effusions of his own genius were given from his own mouth. Never was he in better cue, and his expressive eye revelled in its own fun. I shall never forget it!

“ We got afterwards on miscellaneous subjects,

and then he was still the Theodore Hook I had always known, only altered from him of our college days, by the increased fund of anecdote, which experience and the scenes he had since gone through had given him. There was the same good-nature which was one of the most distinguishing characteristics of his mind ; indeed it has so happened that, intimate as has been our friendship for the last twenty years, since his return from the Mauritius renewed the connection of our earlier days, I have been but rarely witness to that bitter and cutting sarcasm of which he had perfect command, and could employ without scruple when provoked ; the reason of this, perhaps may be, that, frequently as we met, it was either in a quiet stroll or dinner by ourselves, or in the society of a few intimate friends, all of whom loved and regarded each other too well to give occasion for the slightest ebullition of temper. The only instances I can call to mind in which he has given way to any severity of expression, have ever been in mixed company, and generally with one single exception, perhaps, I might say universally, when undue liberties taken by those whose acquaintance with him was not sufficient to justify the familiarity, drew from him a rebuff which seldom made a second necessary. His friends *could* not provoke him.

“ After more than three hours spent in a *tête-à-tête*, I got up to leave him, and then, for the first time, remarked that the dressing-gown he wore seemed to sit on him more loosely than usual. I said, as I shook his hand, for the last time,

“ ‘Why, my dear Hook, this business seems to have pulled you more than I had perceived.’

“ ‘Pulled me!’ said he, ‘you may well say that; look here,’ and, opening his gown, it was not without a degree of painful surprise that I saw how much he had fallen away, and that he seemed literally almost slipping through his clothes, a circumstance the more remarkable from the usual portliness of his figure.

“ I was so struck with his change of appearance that I could not refrain from again pressing him to accompany me for a few days down here; but he declined it as being impossible, from the necessity of his immediately winding up ‘Peregrine Bunce’ and ‘Fathers and Daughters’ (the novel he was publishing in Colburn’s Magazine), but he added that in a fortnight or three weeks he should so far have ‘broken the necks of them both’ as to admit of his running down to Eastbourne, where he said ‘he could be quiet.’ Alas! he little thought, or I, *how* quiet, or what his rest would be, before the expiration of that term! I left him, but without any foreboding that it was for the last time.

“The first intimation I had of his danger was on Tuesday the 24th ult., in a letter from my son, who went down to Fulham to call on him on the Monday; that letter stated, that to his equal surprise and grief, the answer he received had been that Mr. Hook was given over; that mortification had taken place, was rapidly going on, and that a few hours at farthest must close the scene. In point of fact, he expired about half-past four that same afternoon, as I heard from Bentley by the following post. It was well for

my engagement with the latter that I had a few days before sent him up the legend I had promised for the month, for, feeling apart, the confusion of intellect I was in, would have rendered it impossible for me ever to have looked at a proof."

Although not altogether in place, yet, for the want of a more convenient opportunity, we will venture to introduce here a few stanzas left by Mr. Barham, in lieu of a card, at his friend's cottage at Fulham, on finding that he had just gone into town.

LINES LEFT AT HOOK'S HOUSE IN JUNE, 1834.

As Dick and I
Were a-sailing by
At Fulham-bridge, I cock'd my eye,
And says I, "Add-zooks!
There's Theodore Hook's,
Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books.

"I wonder," says I,
Still keeping my eye
On the house, "if he's in—I should like to try;"
With his oar on his knee,
Says Dick, says he,
"Father, suppose you land and see!"

"What! land and *sea*,"
Says I to he.
"Together! why Dick, why how can that be?"
And my comical son,
Who is fond of fun,
I thought would have split his sides at the pun.

So we rows to shore,
 And knocks at the door—
 When William, a man I'd seen often before,
 Makes answer and says,
 "Master's gone in a chaise
 Call'd a homnibus, drawn by a couple of bays."

So I says then,
 "Just lend me a pen;"
 "I wull, Sir," says William—politest of men ;*
 So having no card, these poetical brayings,
 Are the record I leave of my doings and sayings.

Like most men resident in London, however much its occupations may be in accordance with their taste, there was nothing Mr. Barham so thoroughly enjoyed as to snatch a hasty run into the country, more especially if, in addition to fresh breezes, green fields, and odorous flowers, there could be obtained what poor Cannon used to denominate a "sniff of the briny." To feel secure from the inroads of the most adventurous morning caller, to get beyond the reach even of the long-armed Post itself; to shut the gates of business on mankind; to "forget that such things were," and were most troublesome; this was a happiness intense in proportion to its rarity. Such excursions, alas! were few and brief at best, deferred too often till heart and head grew sick, and generally

* This proved eventually not to be a well-placed epithet, William, who had lived many years with Hook, grew rich and saucy. The latter used to say of him, that for the first three years he was as good a servant as ever came into a house; for the next two a kind and considerate friend, and afterwards an abominably bad master.

abridged by some unexpected and peremptory recall to town.

He had started, about the middle of August, for Margate (whence the letter preceding is dated,) full of spirits at the prospect of a longer holiday than usual, which was to embrace a week's shooting among the Kentish hills, little dreaming of the evil tidings that were to follow him; immediately on his arrival he addressed the following amusing "log" to his old and valued friend Dr. Roberts:—

"DEAR ROBERTS,—

"August 16.—Nine A.M.—Two cabs, three trunks, one band-box, a wife, three girls, two carpet-bags, portfolio, and a Dick on the dickey.

"Half-past Nine.—On board the Royal George; luggage safe stowed, all but the Dick, who quitted.

"Three-quarters-past Nine.—Rum and milk, eggs, and cold beef.

"Ten.—Off she goes; 'Times' and 'Morning Herald.'

"Eleven.—Blackwall Railroad Company, all well.

"Half-past Twelve.—Off Gravesend.

"Half-past One.—Off Sheppey, bell rings, dinner; 'more mutton for the lady.'

"Three.—Off Herne Bay, beautiful weather, sea like a duck-pond; gin-and-water.

"Twenty minutes past Four.—Landed on Margate jetty, went to old lodgings, landlady moved and gone to America.—N.B. Husband has another wife there. Forced to seek for quarters, old ones being laid into the hotel.

"Half-past Four.—Three bed-rooms and first-floor

sitting-room at a hatter's on Marine Parade. Don't know whether engaged or not, depends on next post, which comes in at half-past six; old woman, former lodger, to send her answer by it; have tea there upon speculation.

“ Five.—Very good tea, ditto bread, ditto butter; hurdygurdy under window, ‘ Nix my Dolly.’

“ Five minutes past Five.—Another cup. Bagpipes under window, ‘ Jim Crow.’

“ Ten minutes past Five.—Conjuror under window, lots of tricks, three eggs out of a handkerchief.

“ Six.—Post in, old woman don't come, take the lodgings, three guineas a week, seem very comfortable, children at window looking at conjuror, hurdygurdy, ‘ I'd be a butterfly;’ fiddler, ‘ College Hornpipe;’ bagpipes, ‘ Within a mile of Edinburgh Town;’ wish they were! Post going off, God bless you, all well, and in screaming spirits.

R. H. B.”

“ August 16, 1841.—Margate, 2, High Street, as it is called, being, of course, the lowest in the town, and directly opposite the harbour; better always direct post-office.”

The last extract we shall make from Mr. Barham's Note-book contains some extraordinary particulars relative to a “ haunted house ” in Hampshire. They were furnished by Mrs. Hughes, who heard them originally from Mrs. G——, an eye-, or rather ear-witness of the strange occurrences, and subsequently from many others (the late Duchess of Buckingham, a resident in the neighbourhood, among the rest), all of whom were perfectly familiar with the details, and,

we believe, impressed with their truth ; many having had opportunities of examining the " attested Diary " referred to. It is right to premise, that certain slight alterations have been made by Mr. Barham in this narrative since Mrs. H. communicated it to him.

" It is evident," he says, " that she must have confounded Mr. Ricketts, who was a bencher of Gray's Inn, and had large estates in the island of Jamaica, with his son, Captain William Ricketts, who took his uncle's name, Jervis, in 1801, and was the father of the present Viscount. Mary Jervis married Mr. Ricketts in 1757, and lived to the advanced age of ninety, dying in 1828. A MS. pedigree seems to justify these amendments, which, however, in no respect affect the authenticity of the incidents themselves :—

MRS. RICKETTS' GHOST STORY.

" It was about the period when Captain Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, commanded the ' Thunderer ' (Foudroyant ?), in which he so much distinguished himself, that, on the return of that gallant commander to England, he found his sister, Mrs. Ricketts, the wife of Mr. Ricketts, of Jamaica, a bencher of Gray's Inn, residing in a house between Alston and Alsford, in Hampshire, about four or five miles from Abingdon, the seat of the Buckingham family. This house, then called ' New House,' was part of the property of the noble family of Legge, and of that particular branch of it of which the Lord S——ll (a peerage now extinct) had been the head.

It had been principally occupied during his life by a Mr. Legge, a scion of the family, notorious for his debauched and profligate habits, and after his decease had remained for some time unoccupied, gradually acquiring, as is the case with most unoccupied mansions of a similar description, the reputation of being the resort of supernatural visitants.

“To this circumstance, perhaps, and the consequent difficulty of finding a tenant, may be attributed the easy terms on which Mr. Ricketts obtained it, as a residence for his wife and family, during his own absence on a visit to his estates in the West Indies. This gentleman seems to have held the stories connected with the building in thorough contempt, a sentiment partaken of by Mrs. Ricketts herself, who was naturally a strong-minded woman, and whose good sense had acquired additional vigour from the advantages of an excellent education.

“To ‘New House,’ then, the lady repaired almost immediately after her husband’s departure for Jamaica, purposing in quiet retirement to superintend there the education of her daughter (afterwards married to the Earl of N——k).

“Mrs. Ricketts had not been long located in her new domicile, before the servants began to complain of certain unaccountable noises which were heard in the house by day, as well as by night, and the origin of which they found it impossible to detect. The story of the house being ‘haunted’ was revived with additional vigour, especially when its mistress became herself an ear-witness of those remarkable sounds, and an investigation set on foot, and carried on

under her own immediate superintendence, assisted by several friends whom she called in upon the occasion, had proved as ineffectual as those previously instituted by the domestics. The noises continued, as did the alarm of the servants, which increased to an absolute panic, and the whole of them, at length, with the exception of an old and attached attendant on Mrs. Ricketts' person, gave warning and left their situations in a body.

“A thorough change in the household, however, produced no other effect than that of proving, beyond a doubt, that the noises, from whatever cause they might proceed, were at least not produced by the instrumentality or collusion of the domestics. A second and a third set were tried, but with no better result; few could be prevailed upon to stay beyond the month.

“It was at this time that Mrs. G——, from whose month Mrs. Hughes had this relation, came to reside a short time with her old and dear friend, and being a woman of strong nerve, she remained with her longer than she had originally intended, although not a day or night passed without their being disturbed. Mrs. G—— described the sounds as most frequently resembling the ripping and rending of boards, apparently those of the floor above or below (as the case might be), that in which her friend and herself were sitting; but, on more than one occasion, she herself distinctly heard the whisperings of three voices seemingly so close to her, that, by putting out her hand she fancied she could have touched the persons uttering them. One of the voices was clearly that

of a female, who appeared to be earnestly imploring some one with tears and sobbings; a manly, resolute voice was evidently refusing her entreaty, while rough, harsh, and most discordant tones, as of some hardened ruffian, were occasionally heard interfering; these last were succeeded by two loud and piercing shrieks from the female; then followed the crashing of boards again, and all was quiet for the time.

“The visitations were so frequently repeated, that at length even Mrs. G——’s constancy began to give way, and she prepared to leave her friend. Previously to her departure, however, one night she was aroused by Mrs. Ricketts’ cries (who slept in the next chamber to her), and, on running to her assistance, was informed that, just before, she had distinctly heard some person jump from the window-sill down on the floor at the foot of the bed, and that as the chamber door had continued bolted, he must still be in the room. The strictest search was made, but no one was discovered.

“Various were the causes assigned in the neighbourhood by the peasantry for these supernatural visitations, the history of which had now become rife all over that country side. Among other things, it was said that Mr. Legge had always been a notorious evil liver; that he had held in his employ one *Robin*, as butler, a man with a remarkably deep-toned, hoarse, guttural voice, who was well known as a pander to all his master’s vices and worst passions, and the unprincipled executor of all his oppressive dealings with his tenantry. That there was also a niece of Mr. Legge’s resident with her uncle, and

that dark rumours had been afloat of her having been at one time in the family-way, though, as they said, ‘nothing ever came of it,’ and no child was ever *known* to have been born ; heavy suspicions, indeed, had been entertained on that score by the village gossips, which had gone so far, that nothing but the wealth and influence of the squire had stifled inquiry. What had eventually become of the young lady no one knew, but it was supposed she had gone abroad before her uncle’s death.

“Mrs. Ricketts and her friends endeavoured to follow up these rumours, but the only thing they could arrive at with any degree of certainty, was what they learned from an aged man, a carpenter, who declared that many years ago he had been sent for to the Hall, and had been taken by Robin up into one of the bed-rooms, where, by his direction, he had cut out a portion of one of the planks, and also part of the joist below ; upon which the butler had brought a box, which he said contained valuable title-deeds that his master wished to have placed in security, and having put it into the cavity, ordered him to nail down the plank as before. This, he said, he had done, and could easily point out the place.

“Mrs. Ricketts ordered the man to be conducted up stairs, when he at once fixed on the door of her own sleeping apartment, saying, that, though it was a good many years ago, he was certain that was the room. On being introduced, he looked about for an instant, and then pointed out a part of the floor where there was evidently a separation in the plank, and which Mrs. R—— declared was the precise spot,

as near as she herself could have described it, where the supposed intruder had alighted on his jump from the window.

“The board was immediately taken up, the joist below was found to be half sawn through, and the upper portion removed, precisely as the carpenter had stated it to be : the cavity, however, was empty, and the box, if box there had been, must have been removed at some previous opportunity. After this investigation, which ended in nothing, the noises and the whisperings, though never distinct, continued with but little diminution in frequency, and proved sufficient to render the house exceedingly uncomfortable to its inmates.

“Matters were in this state, when Captain Jervis, on his return to England, made his appearance at New House, with his friend Colonel Luttrell, to pay a visit to his sister. He had already heard of her annoyance, by letter, and of her disinclination to take the step he recommended, of removing, from the fear of offending her husband, who was somewhat of a martinet at home, and would of course treat the whole story as a fable. Captain Jervis seemed himself very much inclined to look upon it, at first, in the same light, or rather to consider it as a trick, for he had no doubt of his sister’s veracity, and a trick which he was determined to find out.

“With this view, the Colonel and himself, sending all the rest of the family to bed, sat up, each in a separate parlour on the ground-floor, with loaded pistols by their side, and all other appurtenances most approved, when people have the prospect

before them of a long night to be spent in ghost-hunting.

“The clock had stricken ‘one,’ when the sounds already mentioned, as of persons ripping up the floor above were simultaneously heard by both. Each rushed from the parlour he occupied, with a light in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, and encountered his friend in the passage. At first, a slight altercation ensued between them, each accusing the other of a foolish attempt at a hoax, but the colloquy was brought to an abrupt termination by the same sounds, which each had heard separately, being now renewed, and to all outward seeming, immediately above their heads. The whispering, too, at this juncture, became audible to both.

“The gentlemen rushed up stairs, aroused their servants, and commenced a vigorous and immediate search throughout the whole premises; nothing, however, was found more than on any former occasion of the same kind, with this exception, that in one of the rooms sounds were distinctly heard of a different character from any before noticed, and resembling, as Mrs. G—— averred, ‘the noise which would be produced by the rattling dry bones in a box.’ They seemed to proceed from one of two presses, which filled up a portion of the apartment; the door was immediately burst open, and the piece of furniture knocked to pieces; every search was made around, and even in the wall to which it had adjoined; but still, as heretofore, all investigation was fruitless. Captain Jervis, however, at once took upon himself the responsibility of removing his sister and her

family to a farm-house in the same parish, where they remained till Mr. Ricketts' return.

“That part of the county of Hants being much the resort of smugglers, an attempt has been made to account for these events, by attributing them to their agency, aided by the collusion of the servants. The latter part of the supposition could not be true,—the whole household having been so frequently changed: even Mrs. Ricketts' favourite maid had, at last, most reluctantly, abandoned her; besides which, Mrs. R. had, throughout the whole business, kept a diary of the transaction, which she had regularly caused every domestic, as they left her service, to sign, in attestation of its truth, as far as their own personal experience had qualified them so to do. Mrs. G—— herself, as well as a few other visitors, had done the same; and this diary coming into the hands of her daughter, at her mother's decease, has been in the same way transmitted to the grand-daughter, in whose possession it now is.

“It remains to be added, that with Lord St. Vincent the subject was a very sore one to the day of his death; and any allusion to it always brought on a fit of ill-humour, and a rebuke to him who ventured to make it. The house has been since, I believe, pulled down; but it does not appear that anything has occurred to throw any light on the mystery, or to strengthen or refute the suspicions, which the good folks in the neighbourhood entertained of the crime of Mr. Legge, and the unrest which his spirit, and those of his supposed coadjutor and victim, had experienced from the date of his delinquency.”

CHAPTER IX.

Preferment—Death of Mr. Sidney Smith—An unlucky Present—The Archæological Association — Mr. Barham's Illness — His Visit to Clifton — His Return and Death — Testimonials of Respect—Conclusion.

IN 1840, Mr. Barham succeeded, in course of rotation, to the presidency of Sion College, a sort of clerical Lord Mayoralty, (with reverence be it spoken,) held like that honourable office for the space of one year, and one to which the incumbents of the city of London are, in turn, eligible. In 1842, his long services at St. Paul's were rewarded with the divinity readership in that cathedral, and by his being permitted to exchange his living for the more valuable one of St. Faith, the duties of which were far less onerous than those he had fulfilled during well nigh twenty years. For this increase of preferment he was indebted mainly to the influence exercised in his behalf by a venerable prelate, whose esteem he had long since had the happiness to engage, and to whose many exhibitions of unforgotten kindness we venture to make but a passing allusion.

The parting with his old parishioners, endeared to him not less by private friendship than by those peculiar ties which bind a minister to his people,

was not to be effected without an effort, one greater perhaps than he was altogether prepared for. In the farewell sermon which he preached on the 9th of October, he assured them, in all sincerity, that it was his greatest gratification to reflect, that the connexion which had so long subsisted was only to be partially loosened, not dissolved ; he spoke also of the prospect, too soon to be realised, of being permitted to lay his bones among them, by the side of his children, and of that final reunion to be hoped for, by the blessing of Him, whose courts below they had trodden together. The regret at separation was reciprocal, and more than one moistened eye followed him from that spot, whither, within three short years, he was destined to return, to quit no more.

On the termination of his incumbency a substantial "testimonial of respect and friendship," in the shape of a handsome silver salver, was presented to himself and Mrs. Barham, whose services in the management of the school, and as a visitor, were highly appreciated, by the inhabitants of St. Gregory and St. Mary Magdalene.

As his recent advancement involved no change of residence, he still remained a neighbour, and continued under the bishop's license in his old abode in Amen Corner. This, indeed, he was enabled to do till his decease, although shortly after his induction, the death of Mr. Sidney Smith placed the residentiary house in other hands. The last communication he received from this gentleman, the last at least that is preserved, is of so characteristic a nature, that we cannot refrain from inserting it. It runs as follows :—

“Green-street, Monday.

“Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is that of roast pheasant and bread sauce;—barn-door fowls for dissenters, but for the real churchman, the thirty-nine times articulated clerk, the pheasant, the pheasant!

“Ever yours, SIDNEY SMITH.”

A more laconic note, in acknowledgment of a similar arrival was penned by Mr. Barham himself, but whether it ever reached the hands of the eminent individual to whom it appears to have been addressed, is doubtful:—

“Many thanks, my dear Lord, for the birds of your giving,
Though I wish with the dead, you had sent me the *living*.”

The living, however, arrived in due time, and fortunately happened to be one contiguous to that he had previously held. Of course the ready welcome he met with from his new congregation, and the rapid progress he made in interesting their warmer feelings, was, in a great measure to be attributed to the fact of his not coming among them as a stranger.

The manner in which he acquitted himself at the delicate juncture brought about by the Bishop of London's well-known charge of 1842, which served to place the clergy in so awkward a position, as regarded their Diocesan and the laity, contributed not a little to rivet their esteem. Of his own opinions he made no secret; but he had too strict a regard for constituted authority to offer anything like opposition to his spiritual superior, but at the same time was so deeply impressed with the present inapplicability of the proposed measures, that he applied for and

obtained full permission to exercise his own judgment on the subject. It is needless to add, that no untimely recurrence to a set of forms which, however decorous, seem to have become out of date, embroiled him with those committed to his charge. In this and in all matters connected with his duty, he met with their unqualified approval and support. More touching instances of respect could scarcely have been exhibited had his whole life been devoted to their service, than this brief ministry, of scarcely three years' duration, served to elicit.

Among his former parishioners, was one, in character and costume the beau ideal of a citizen of "famous London town;" the snuff-coloured coat, drab shorts, resplendent buckles, and ample frill, were in perfect keeping with his retired and somewhat dusky shop: the latter, innocent of plate glass and "tremendous sacrifices," was garnished, in lieu thereof, with a goodly sign, beyond the date of which, the memory of man runneth not, everything, in short, proclaimed him a tradesman "of credit," if not "renown." With a trifling addition to the waistcoat, and some little remodelling of the beaver, he might have sat for the portrait of a common councilman of worship, in the days of the first Georges. He was, alas! he is no more—an excellent and a worthy person; true and just in all his dealings; charitable to the poor, and ever ready "to do suit and service" to the worshipful company of —, as he periodically assured them at their court dinners, though not perhaps having the clearest notion of the duties in which he so readily undertook to engage.

There was a twinkle, moreover, about the old man's eye, a merry turn occasionally perceptible on his lip, which bespoke one who, albeit intent on business, could relish and could well afford his jest.

Of course, he had his stories—marvellous instances of judicial acumen displayed by long-forgotten Lord Mayors — bon-mots of their chief clerks — perilous swan-hopping voyages, and extraordinary white-baitings ; indeed, an endless variety of civic “ Sayings and Doings ;” nor was he altogether wanting in tales of a moving and romantic turn ; one of these last has been fortunately preserved : we give it, in the hope that it may prove a warning to all young ladies addicted overmuch to despotism, and to such classic youths as may have been unfortunate enough to have imbibed with their syntax the fallacious principle conveyed in the “ *Amantium iræ*,” &c.

An old gentleman, a merchant in Bush-lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary ;—she was engaged, and devotedly attached to a young man in her own rank of life, and in every respect well worthy of her choice ; all preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed “ positively for the last time of marrying,” to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would), had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party ; the “ tiff ” arose in

consequence of his paying more attention than she thought justifiable to a young lady, with sparkling een and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which, it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader, pardon the unavoidable expression!) she was “*putting on the breeches a little too soon.*”

After supper, both the lovers had become more cool; iced champagne and cold chicken had done their work, and leave was taken by the bridegroom *in posse*, in kindly and affectionate, if not in such enthusiastic terms, as had previously terminated their meetings.

On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feeling he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm with which he had given it vent, and as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress, which he had previously bespoke for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—

“DEAREST * * *,—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate * * *.”

Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel ; but as a pair of his nether garments happened, at the time, to stand in need of repairing, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, in his way to Bush-lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

The reader foresees the inevitable *contretemps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder ! consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliments, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described, nor appeased ; so exasperated was she, at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called, she ordered the door to be closed in his face ; refused to listen to any explanation ; and resolutely broke off the match. Before many weeks had elapsed, means were found to make her acquainted with the history of the objectionable present, but she, nevertheless, adhered firmly to her resolve, deeply lamenting the misadventure, but determined not to let the burden of the ridicule rest upon her.

About 1843-4 a society was formed, under the title of "The Archæological Association," avowedly for the purpose of prosecuting antiquarian research, and comprehending in its plan certain annual trips, of a very agreeable and scientific character. Of this design, Mr. Barham was a zealous supporter, being moved thereto, no less by his intimacy with many of the original promoters, than by a thorough appreciation of its objects, primary and incidental.

The first session was held at Canterbury, in the summer of 1844; the principal feature of the performance being the examination of certain tumuli in grounds belonging to the Marquess of Conyngham, the president. With the result of this interesting investigation the public have been apprised, through the pages of "The Athenæum," and other journals. We shall venture to give a less technical version of "The Transactions," from the pen of Mr. Barham, "for the benefit of the ladies and country gentlemen." It was forwarded in a letter to his son:—

"The Archæological business went off favourably, save that one heavy shower drove our party into a mill, while the Professors were opening one barrow, and shifting its contents into another, *a wheel one!* Here we remained for some time, 'covered with science' (not 'glory,') and flour, like Frederick, at the battle of—I forget where. We lost nothing, however, by this, for the weather cleared up soon after; and, in the mean time, we had an opportunity of examining the miller's breeches, which were pronounced to be decidedly *sacks on*. In the graves were found two or three urns, some buckles, a spear-head, and a knife, with a number of beads, and a very oddly-shaped flint-stone. The mummy was a splendid one, direct from Thebes, a present from Champollion. Pettigrew unrolled, and explained it as splendidly, making hieroglyphics level to the meanest capacity. The young gentleman—for such he proved to be—had the whole of his face magnificently gilt, just like a gingerbread wife at a fair. His name, it seems, was 'Har, the son of Unnefer, child

of the lady of the house,' which, I take it, corresponds with the favourite Sultana.

"On Thursday, Lord Albert, Sir William Betham, &c., started off to Dovor, where we examined the Pharos scientifically, and declared it to be unquestionably Roman, which everybody, I believe, knew very well before. Hartshorne's plans, however, which he had been three months preparing, made the whole affair very amusing, and the interest was much heightened by a capital luncheon at the governor's apartments, with iced champagne, and everything to match. We got back to a late dinner at the 'Fountain,' and afterwards had a *soirée* with glees, and a grand Archæological Polka, at the Assembly Rooms, to wind up with.

"Among other things it appears that somebody had put it into Buckland's head, that native *guano* had produced spontaneous combustion at Pisa Cathedral, and that from the number of pigeons (apparent from the broken windows, &c.) about the building, the same thing might occur at Canterbury; the latter accordingly got up and made a speech upon the subject, which old A—— knocked at head in a moment very funnily, by saying, that 'they did not happen to have any pigeons whatever, and that were he to go and hunt, he would not be able to fill a pint pot with "the perilous stuff" alluded to, but that they certainly had observed a couple of robins hopping about the church, who might be dangerous, &c.' While the thing was going on I handed the following lines to Archdeacon B——, by way of—

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL HINT TO THE CURATORS OF
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

From the droppings of Dicky birds fann'd by a breeze, a
Spontaneous combustion occur'd once at Pisa ;
Beware then grave guardians of old *Durovernum*
Lest Cock Robins *build** in your cloisters and burn 'em.

“I have brought home a bit of the Mummy's waistcoat, and some of his seasoning, which smells very nice, something like a *pastille*. And now I shall take my leave,” &c.

It would be beside our purpose to go into the details of the disagreements which soon after took rise in the society, and the eventual separation to which they led. Without venturing to offer the slightest opinion upon the merits of the case, it may be sufficient to state that Mr. Barham devoted himself with sincerity and warmth to that party which he believed to be in the right, and which numbered the president and other officers among its constituents.

The zeal, indeed, which he manifested on this occasion, and which induced him to quit his retirement at Bath, to attend a meeting of the association, and take part in the debate which ensued, contributed not a little to further the progress of the malady which had already become firmly fixed upon his constitution. Excitement of every kind, and especially any which might lead to the exercise of the voice, had been strictly prohibited; the injunction, however, proved insufficient to restrain him from lending every

* The word is illegible in the MS.

assistance in his power to his friends, whom he considered to be unjustly assailed, and its neglect was unhappily followed, almost immediately, by symptoms of an alarming nature.

The first indications of this disease had exhibited themselves on the 28th of October, 1844, the day of the Queen's visit to the City, for the purpose of opening the Royal Exchange. He had accompanied his wife and daughters to a friend's house to witness the procession, and had even remarked, as a cutting east wind whistled through the open windows, that, in all probability, that day's sight-seeing would cost many of the imprudent gazers their lives. In the course of the evening he was attacked with a violent fit of coughing, the result of sudden and severe inflammation in the throat, but which he attributed to irritation produced by unguardedly swallowing the core of a pear. It was this conviction, doubtless, that induced him to pay but little attention to the circumstance in the first instance, although accompanied by illness sufficiently severe to confine him to the house, and compel him to have recourse to the assistance of his valued friend and schoolfellow, Dr. Roberts.

This gentleman's professional talents were always at his command, and he had unfortunately experienced but too many occasions to avail himself of the "brotherly kindness," as he himself expresses it, which was so uniformly lavished upon him and his whole family. Despite, however, the warm gratitude he felt for his care, and the full confidence he placed in his skill, he could not bring himself to follow with any exactness the strict regimen prescribed.

To one of Mr. Barham's habits, seclusion from society and the pleasures of conversation required no ordinary amount of self-restraint, the more so, as he was unable to perceive any adequate cause for the sacrifice; and his general health being in a great measure restored, and the local affection relieved, by the prompt measures of his kind friend, he soon resumed his usual mode of life. Fresh attacks succeeded, fresh rallyings, and alas! fresh exposure.

The case at length began to assume a more visibly serious aspect; the pain increased, his articulation became impeded, and a tendency to suffocation shewed itself, so as to produce, as he expressed it, "the not very agreeable sensation of slow hanging." A temporary withdrawal from London and its temptations were felt by himself to be absolutely necessary. Bath was the spot selected for his retreat, and he was again making considerable progress in convalescence, when he was unhappily induced to terminate his stay abruptly, and to hurry back to town, principally for the purpose of attending the meeting already mentioned of "The Archæological Association."

Of course, a variety of business presented itself on his return, and, feeling much improved in strength and spirits, he strove to enter once more upon his accustomed occupations. The result may be foreseen. An attack, far more severe than any which he had as yet sustained, succeeded, and one which laid him for a time completely prostrate.

Up to this period, no apprehensions were entertained for his life; so far as human judgment may venture to pronounce, the disease might have been

effectually grappled with, even at a later stage; a permanent thickening of the membrane, and consequent loss of voice, was the worst that was hitherto anticipated. He himself, however, was not entirely free from misgivings, even at this point, and he was accordingly led to attach something of significance to an event, trifling enough in itself, but which certainly proved remarkable by the subsequent coincidence.

He had been for many years on the committee of the Garrick club, and, by the rules of the society, at an annual meeting, held on St. George's day (the anniversary both of the birth and death of Shakspeare), the names of the aforesaid committee, twenty-four in number, are placed in the ballot-box, from which six are taken as chance may decide. It was singular, perhaps, that, on the present occasion, Mr. Barham's should have been the *first* name so withdrawn. On being informed of the fact, and also that he had been unanimously re-elected, he shook his head, and observed that "it was useless; that it had been well to have accepted the omen, and filled up his place at once." He never entered the club again.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the painful scenes that followed; suffice it to say, that, on the 5th of May, he proceeded with his wife, who had, for some time, been herself a sufferer, to Clifton, in the hope of benefiting by quiet and change of air,—a step which proved most calamitous in its consequences to both. They had been domiciled but a few hours in their lodging, when Mrs. Barham was seized with an illness, which confined her, during the whole period of their stay, to her bed, placed her own life in peril,

and utterly incapacitated her for ministering to her husband, whose immediate danger had now become apparent.

Alone, among strangers, placed under the medical treatment of those who could not be expected to be conversant with the particulars of their case, straitened for room when all the comforts and appliances of home were most needful—a more distressing situation can hardly be imagined! Fortunately, their eldest daughter was enabled speedily to join them, who, with a judgment beyond her years, and an unwearied watchfulness such as women only can preserve, calling, though it does, for a degree of physical endurance under which strong men grow faint, tended them unceasingly, and afforded witness in that season of trial, to the value of the “gift and heritage which cometh from the Lord.”

In the beginning of June, a temporary amendment enabled them to return to town. Here everything was done that human skill and care could effect, friends gathered round, professional advice of the highest character was freely offered; Dr. Roberts, and the eminent surgeon, Mr. Coulson, were unremitting in their attentions. No language can convey, —none, at least, the writer can command—the sense of obligation which his family must ever entertain towards these and other gentlemen, whose names we abstain from mentioning, for their unremitting exertions displayed on that occasion. In Mr. Barham’s case all was of no avail; the vantage ground had been lost, never to be regained, the malady had reached a point beyond the influence of medicine,

and recovery was pronounced impossible. There was the customary and very natural disinclination on the part of his physicians to deprive their patient of all hope; he, however, was not to be lulled by the evasive nature of their replies, and, to place the matter beyond doubt, he prepared a series of questions, couched in the closest terms, in the manner of an examination paper, to which he requested specific answers in writing. Their opinion was, of course, betrayed by their hesitation to comply.

To say that he received the intimation thus conveyed with fortitude, would afford but a very inadequate notion of the calmness and contentment with which he regarded his approaching end. Having arranged, with his usual perspicuity, all the details of his temporal affairs, he partook for the last time, of the holy communion, in company with all his household, and set himself, in perfect self-possession, to make final preparation for the awful change at hand.

There was something peculiarly affecting; something at variance with the common phenomena of a death-bed scene, in a man scarcely passed the prime of life, with intellectual faculties unimpaired, and bodily strength comparatively unbroken, awaiting without a murmur of remorse, or an expression of regret, the fatal stroke which the exercise of common care might, in all human probability, have averted. His mind appeared chastened and subdued; every symptom of impatience and irritability had vanished, and though he was among the last to place anything of dependence on man's imperfect services, it cannot

be doubted but that the review of a life not altogether ill-spent did much towards relieving the coming struggle of its terrors.

His cheerfulness never deserted him, save under the pressure of anxiety concerning his wife, whose danger seemed daily increasing; nor was the "ruling passion" quelled, till every thought was claimed for high and solemn things; no degree of pain was capable of extinguishing it; there had been times, even recently, ere the exigences of his position were fully understood, when his ideas fell into their accustomed train, and found a vent through their accustomed channel; and had his disease terminated differently, his friends might have found matter for mirth in more than one effort of his poetic genius, acting almost spontaneously, even in the midst of suffering. His last lines, entitled, "As I laye a-thynkyng," were written but a few days before he quitted Clifton, and are of a more sombre hue, referring chiefly to the death of his youngest son, to whom his latest thoughts were constantly recurring. They were placed, at his express desire, in the hands of Mr. Bentley for publication.

On the morning of the 17th of June, 1845, he expired in the fifty-seventh year of his age, without a struggle, in faith, and hope, and in charity with all men. His funeral took place on the 21st, and was conducted, according to his own wish, with such privacy as the sympathy of his friends would allow. Conscious, however, as his family could not fail to be, of the very high esteem in which he was held by those with whom he had been professionally connected, they were not prepared for the unanimous

demonstration of respect which they thought good to exhibit on this occasion. The windows of the streets situated in the parishes of St. Faith and St. Gregory, through which the funeral procession passed, were closed. Both churches were hung with black cloth; and the officers of the latter one, in deep mourning, received his remains at the porch, and, together with many of his old parishioners, witnessed their consignment to the Rector's vault, beneath that altar at which he had ministered so long. Nor did their expression of kind feeling terminate here: memorials of their appreciation of the worth of their late pastor, and of regret at his loss, were soon after forwarded to his widow from the inhabitants of St. Faith and St. Augustine, and a disposition was evinced, were such a course deemed fitting, to petition the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to confer the vacant living upon his son. This kind offer was of course declined.

Nor were other and different manifestations of affection wanting. Some beautiful stanzas record the grief of his attached friend Mr. Hughes, and are appended to a memoir prepared by that gentleman, and which appeared in the pages of "Colburn's Magazine." Lines breathing a similar spirit were addressed by Stephen Isaacson, A.M., to Mr. Pettigrew, and were produced at the last "Congress of the Archæological Association" at Winchester.

Independent, indeed, of any admiration, Mr. Barham's wit and talent might excite, there was a warmth of heart about him, and an amiability of disposition which rendered him justly dear to many

even beyond the pale of intimacy. His spirits were fresh and buoyant, his constitution vigorous, and his temperament sanguine. His humour never ranged "beyond the limits of becoming mirth," and was in its essence free from gall. Where irony was his object, it was commonly just, and always gentle. On his writings might, in fairness, be inscribed :—

" Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam,
Nulla venenato est litera mixta joco."

Perhaps his virtues were of a kind especially adapted to win their own reward ; certain it is, he had ever cause to view humanity under its fairest aspect. He never lost a friend : he never met with coldness or neglect. His family were devotedly attached to him ; those upon whom he was instrumental in conferring benefits were rarely, if ever, wanting in gratitude : and his own claims to consideration were readily and liberally allowed. All these things pass away. His memory may be cherished as a faithful pastor and firm friend, by some few "fashioned of the better sort of clay," and his social qualities may secure him a place for a season in the recollection of those who only sought in him an agreeable companion, but as an author, he can scarcely be forgotten. His productions, whatever may be their defects or blemishes, and we would fondly hope they are neither numerous nor important, must occupy that niche in the literature of the country, which his originality has carved out.

THE
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

(THIRD SERIES.)

THE LORD OF THOULOUSE.

A LEGEND OF LANGUEDOC.

Veluti in speculum.—*Theatre Royal Cov. Gard.*



COUNT RAYMOND rules in Lan-
guedoc,

O'er the champaign fair and wide,
With town and stronghold many a one,
Wash'd by the wave of the blue
Garonne,

And from far Auvergne to Rousillon,
And away to Narbonne,
And the mouths of the Rhone ;

And his Lyonnois silks and his Narbonne honey,
Bring in his lordship a great deal of money.

A thousand lances, stout and true,
Attend Count Raymond's call ;

And Knights and Nobles, of high degree,
 From Guienne, Provence, and Burgundy,
 Before Count Raymond bend the knee,
 And vail to him one and all.

And Isabel of Arragon
 He weds, the Pride of Spain,
 You might not find so rich a prize,
 A Dame so "healthy, wealthy, and wise ;"
 So pious withal—with such beautiful eyes—
 So exactly the Venus de' Medicis' size—
 In all that wide domain.

Then his cellar is stored
 As well as his board,
 With the choicest of all *La Belle France* can afford ;
 Chambertin, Château Margaux, La Rose, and Lafitte,
 With Moet's Champagne, "of the Comet year," "neat
 As imported,"—"fine sparkling,"—and not over sweet ;
 While his Chaplain, good man, when call'd in to say grace,
 Would groan, and put on an elongated face
 At such turtle, such turbot, John Dory, and plaice ;
 Not without blushing, pronouncing a benison,
 Worthy old soul ! on such *very* fat venison,
 Sighing to think
 Such victuals and drink,
 Are precisely the traps by which Satan makes men his own,
 And grieving o'er scores
 Of huge barbecued Boars,
 Which he thinks should not darken a Christian man's doors,
 Though 'twas all very well Pagan Poets should rate 'em
 As "*Animal propter convivia natum.*"

He was right, I must say,
 For at this time of day,
 When we're not so precise, whether cleric or lay,
 With respect to our food, as in time so *passé*,
 We still find our Boars, whether grave ones or gay,
After dinner, at least, very much in the way,
 (We spell the word now with an E, not an A ;)
 And as honest *Père Jacques* was inclined to spare diet, he
 Gave this advice to all grades of society,
 "Think less of pudding—and think more of piety."

As to his clothes,
 Oh ! nobody knows
 What lots the Count had of cloaks, doublets, and hose,
Pantoufles, with bows
 Each as big as a rose,
 And such shirts with lace ruffles, such waistcoats and
 those
 Indescribable garments it is not thought right
 To do more than whisper to *oreilles* polite.

Still in spite of his power, and in spite of his riches,
 In spite of his dinners, his dress, and his——which is
 The strangest of all things—in spite of his Wife,
 The Count led a rather hum-drum sort of life.
 He grew tired, in fact, of mere eating and drinking,
 Grew tired of flirting, and ogling, and winking
 At nursery maids
 As they walk'd the Parades,
 The Crescents, the Squares, and the fine Colonnades,
 And the other gay places, which young ladies use
 As their *promenade* through the good town of Thoulouse.

He was tired of hawking, and fishing, and hunting,
 Of billiards, short-whist, chicken-hazard, and punting ;
 Of popping at pheasants,
 Quails, woodcocks, and—peasants :
 Of smoking, and joking,
 And soaking, provoking
 Such headaches next day
 As his fine St. Peray,
 Though the best of all Rhone wines can never repay,
 Till weary of war, women, roast-goose, and glory,
 With no great desire to be “ famous in story,”
 All the day long,
 This was his song,
 “ Oh, dear ! what will become of us ?
 Oh, dear ! what shall we do ?
 We shall die of blue devils if some of us
 Can't hit on something that's new ! ”

Meanwhile his sweet Countess, so pious and good,
 Such pomps and such vanities stoutly eschew'd,
 With all fermented liquors and high-seasoned food,
 Devilled kidneys, and sweet-breads, and ducks and green peas ;
 Baked sucking-pig, goose, and all viands like these,
 Hash'd calf's-head included, no longer could please,
 A curry was sure to elicit a breeze,
 So was ale, or a glass of port-wine after cheese,
 Indeed, any thing strong,
 As to tippie, was wrong ;
 She stuck to “ fine Hyson,” “ Bohea,” and “ Souchong,”
 And similar imports direct from Hong-Kong.
 In vain does the family Doctor exhort her
 To take with her chop one poor half-pint of porter ;

No!—she alleges
She's taken the pledges!
Determined to aid
In a gen'ral Crusade
Against publicans, vintners, and all of that trade,
And to bring in sherbet, ginger-pop, lemonade,
Eau sucrée, and drinkables mild and home made;
So she claims her friends' efforts, and vows to devote all
hers
Solely to found "The Thoulousian Teetotallers."
Large sums she employs
In dressing small boys
In long duffle jackets, and short corduroys,
And she boxes their ears when they make too much noise;
In short, she turns out a complete Lady Bountiful,
Filling with drugs and brown Holland the county full.

Now just at the time when our story commences,
It seems that a case
Past the common took place,
To entail on her ladyship further expenses,
In greeting with honour befitting his station
The Prior of Arles, with a Temperance Legation,
Despatched by Pope Urban, who seized this occasion
To aid in diluting that part of the nation,
An excellent man,
One who stuck to his can
Of cold water "without"—and he'd take such a lot of it;
None of your sips
That just moistens the lips;
At one single draught he'd toss off a whole pot of it,—
No such bad thing
By the way, if they bring

It you iced as at Verrey's, or fresh from the spring,
 When the Dog Star compels folks in town to take wing,
 Though I own even then I should see no great sin in it,
 Were there three drops of Sir Felix's gin in it.

Well, leaving the lady to follow her pleasure,
 And finish the pump with the Prior at leisure,
 Let's go back to Raymond, still bored beyond measure,

And harping away,

On the same dismal lay,

“ Oh dear ! what will become of us ?

Oh dear ! what can we do ?

We shall die of blue devils if some of us,

Can't find out something that's new !”

At length in despair of obtaining his ends
 By his own mother wit, he takes courage and sends,
 Like a sensible man as he is, for his friends,
 Not his Lyndhursts or Eldons, or any such high sirs,
 But only a few of his “ backstairs ” advisers ;

“ Come hither,” says he,

“ My gallants so free,

My bold Rigmarole, and my brave Rigmaree,
 And my grave Baron Proser, now listen to me !
 You three can't but see I'm half dead with *ennui*.

What's to be done ?

I *must* have some fun,

And I will too, that's flat—ay, as sure as a gun.
 So find me out ‘ something new under the sun,’
 Or I'll knock your three jobbernowls all into one !—

You three

Agree !

Come, what shall it be ?

Resolve me—propound in three skips of a flea !”

Rigmarole gave a "Ha!" Rigmaree gave a "Hem!"
 They look'd at Count Raymond—Count Raymond at them,
 As much as to say "Have you *nihil ad rem*?"

At length Baron Proser
 Responded, "You know, sir,
 That question's some time been a regular poser;
 Dear me!—let me see,—
 In the way of a 'spree'
 Something new?—Eh!—No!—Yes!—*No!*—'tis really
 no go, sir."

Says the Count, "Rigmarole,
 You're as jolly a soul,
 On the whole, as King Cole, with his pipe and his bowl;
 Come, I'm sure you'll devise something novel and droll."—
 In vain—Rigmarole, with a look most profound,
 With his hand to his heart and his eye to the ground,
 Shakes his head as if nothing was there to be found.

"I can only remark,
 That as touching a 'lark'
 I'm as much as your Highness can be, in the dark;
 I can hit on no novelty—none, on my life,
 Unless, peradventure, you'd 'tea' with your wife!"
 Quoth Raymond, "Enough!
 Nonsense!—humbug!—fudge!—stuff!
 Rigmarole, you're an ass,—you're a regular Muff!
 Drink tea with her ladyship?—I?—not a bit of it?
 Call you that fun?—faith, I can't see the wit of it;

Mort de ma vie!

My dear Rigmaree,
 You're the man, after all,—come, by way of a fee,
 If you will but be bright, from the simple degree
 Of a knight I'll create you at once a *Mar-quis!*
 Put your conjuring cap on—consider and see,
 If you can't beat that stupid old 'Sumph' with his 'tea!'"

“That’s the thing! that will do!

Ay, marry, that’s new!”

Cries Rigmaree, rubbing his hands, “that will please—
My ‘*Conjuring cap*’—it’s the thing;—it’s ‘the cheese!’
It was only this morning I pick’d up the news;
Please your Highness, a *Conjuror’s* come to Thoulouse;
I’ll defy you to name us
A man half so famous

For devildoms,—Sir, it’s the great Nostradamus!
Cornelius Agrippa, ’tis said, went to school to him,
Gyngell’s an ass, and old Faustus a fool to him.
Talk of Lilly, Albertus, Jack Dee!—pooh! all six
He’d soon put in a pretty particular fix;
Why he’d beat at digesting a sword, or ‘Gun tricks’
The great Northern Wizard himself all to sticks!

I should like to see you

Try to *sauter le coup*

With this chap at short whist, or unlimited loo,
By the Pope you’d soon find it a regular ‘Do:’
Why he does as he likes with the cards,—when he’s
got ’em,

There’s alway’s an Ace or a King at the bottom;
Then for casting Nativities!—only you look
At the volume he’s publish’d,—that wonderful book!
In all France not another, to swear I dare venture, is
Like, by long chalks, his ‘*Prophetical Centuries*’—
Don’t you remember how, early last summer, he
Warn’d the late King ’gainst the Tournament mummer?
Didn’t his Majesty call it all flummery,

Scorning

The warning,

And get the next morning

His poke in the eye from that clumsy Montgomery?

Why he'll tell you, before
 You're well inside his door,
 All your Highness may wish to be up to, and more !”

“ Bravo!—capital!—come, let's disguise ourselves—quick !
 —Fortune's sent him on purpose here, just in the nick ;
 We'll see if old Hocus will smell out the trick ;
 Let's start off at once—Rigmaree, you're a Brick !”

The moon in gentle radiance shone
 O'er lowly roof and lordly bower,
 O'er holy pile and armed tower,
 And danced upon the blue Garonne :
 Through all that silver'd city fair,
 No sound disturb'd the calm, cool air,
 Save the lover's sigh alone !
 Or where, perchance, some slumberer's nose
 Proclaim'd the depth of his repose,
 Provoking from connubial toes
 A hint—or elbow bone ;
 It might, with such trifling exceptions, be said,
 That Thoulouse was as still as if Thoulouse were dead,
 And her “ oldest inhabitant ” buried in lead.

But hark ! a sound invades the ear,
 Of horses' hoofs advancing near !
 They gain the bridge—they pass—they're here !
 Side by side
 Two strangers ride,
 For the streets in Thoulouse are sufficiently wide,
 That is I'm assured they are—not having tried.
 —See, now they stop
 Near an odd looking shop,
 And they knock, and they ring, and they won't be denied.

At length the command
 Of some unseen hand
 Chains, and bolts, and bars obey,
 And the thick-ribb'd oaken door, old and grey,
 In the pale moonlight gives, slowly, way.

They leave their steeds to a page's care,
 Who comes mounted behind on a Flanders mare,
 And they enter the house, that resolute pair,
 With a blundering step, but a dare-devil air,
 And ascend a long, darksome, and rickety stair ;
 While, arm'd with a lamp that just helps you to see
 How uncommonly dark a place can be,
 The grimmest of lads with the grimmest of grins,
 Says, " Gentlemen, please to take care of your shins !
 Who ventures this road need be firm on his pins !
 Now turn to the left—now turn to the right—
 Now a step—now stoop—now again upright—
 Now turn once again, and directly before ye
 's the door of the great Doctor's Labora-tory."

A word ! a blow !

And in they go !

No time to prepare, or to get up a show,
 Yet everything there they find quite *comme il faut* :—
 Such as queer-looking bottles and jars in a row,
 Retorts, crucibles, such as all conjurors stow
 In the rooms they inhabit, huge bellows to blow
 The fire burning blue with its sulphur and tow ;
 From the roof a huge crocodile hangs rather low,
 With a tail, such as that, which, we all of us know,
 Mr. Waterton managed to tie in a bow ;
 Pickled snakes, potted lizards, in bottles and basins
 Like those at Morel's, or at Fortnum and Mason's,

All articles found, you're aware without telling,
In every respectable conjuror's dwelling.

Looking solemn and wise,
Without turning his eyes,
Or betraying the slightest degree of surprise,
In the midst sits the doctor—his hair is white,
And his cheek is wan—but his glance is bright,
And his long black roquelaure, not over tight,
Is marked with strange characters much, if not quite,
Like those on the bottles of green and blue light
Which you see in a chymist's shop-window at night.
His figure is tall and erect—rather spare about
Ribs,—and no wonder—such folks never care about
Eating or drinking,
While reading and thinking,
Don't fatten—his age might be sixty or thereabout.

Raising his eye so grave and so sage,
From some manuscript work of a bygone age,
The seer very composedly turns down the page,
Then shading his sight,
With his hand from the light,
Says, " Well, Sirs, what would you at this time of night ?
What brings you abroad these lone chambers to tread,
When all sober folks are at home and abed ? "

" Trav'lers we,
In our degree,
All strange sights we fain would see,
And hither we come in company ;
We have far to go, and we come from far,
Through Spain and Portingale, France and Navarre ;

We have heard of your name,
 And your fame, and our aim,
 Great Sir, is to witness, ere yet we depart
 From Thoulouse,—and to-morrow at cock-crow we start—
 Your skill—we would fain crave a touch of your art !”

“ Now naye, now naye—no trav'lers ye !

Nobles ye be
 Of high degree !

With half an eye that one may easily see,—
 Count Raymond, your servant !—Yours, Lord Rigmaree !
 I must call you so now since you're made a *Mar-quis* ;
 Faith, clever boys both, but you can't humbug me !

No matter for that !
 I see what you'd be at—
 Well—pray no delay,
 For it's late, and ere day

I myself must be hundreds of miles on my way ;
 So tell me at once what you want with me—say !

Shall I call up the dead
 From their mouldering bed ?—

Shall I send you yourselves down to Hades instead ?—
 Shall I summon old Harry himself to this spot ? ”

—“ Ten thousand thanks, No ! we had much rather not.

We really can't say
 That we're curious that way ;

But, in brief, if you'll pardon the trouble we're giving,
 We'd much rather take a sly peep at the living ?

Rigmaree, what say you, in
 This case, as to viewing

Our spouses, and just ascertain what they're doing ? ”

“ Just what pleases your Highness—I don't care a *sous* in
 The matter—but don't let old Nick and his crew in ! ”

—“ Agreed !—pray proceed then, most sage Nostradamus,
And show us our *wives*—I dare swear they won't shame us !”

A change comes o'er the wizard's face,
And his solemn look by degrees gives place
To a half grave, half comical, kind of grimace.

“ For good or for ill,

I work your will !

Yours be the risk and mine the skill ;

Blame not my art if unpleasant the pill !”

He takes from a shelf, and he pops on his head,
A square sort of cap, black, and turn'd up with red,
And desires not a syllable more may be said ;

He goes on to mutter,

And stutter, and sputter

Hard words, such as no men but wizards dare utter.

“ Dies mies !—Hocus pocus—

Adsis Demon ! non est jokus !

Hi Cocolorum—don't provoke us !—

Adesto !

Presto !

Put forth your best toe !”

And many more words, to repeat which would choke us,—
Such a sniff then of brimstone !—it did not last long,
Or they could not have borne it, the smell was so strong.

A mirror is near,

So large and so clear,

If you priced such a one in a drawing room here,
And was ask'd fifty pounds, you'd not say it was dear ;
But a mist gather'd round at the words of the seer,

Till at length as the gloom

Was subsiding, a room

On its broad polish'd surface began to appear,

And the Count and his comrade saw plainly before 'em,
The room Lady Isabel called her "*Sanctorum.*"

They start, well they might,
With surprise at the sight,
Methinks I hear some lady say, "Serve 'em right!"
For on one side the fire
Is seated the Prior,

At the opposite corner a fat little Friar ;
By the side of each gentleman, easy and free,
Sits a lady, as close as close well may be,
She might almost as well have been perch'd on his knee.

Dear me! dear me!
Why one's Isabel—she
On the opposite side's *La Marquise Rigmaree!*—
To judge from the spread
On the board, you'd have said

That the *partie quarrée* had like aldermen fed,
And now from long flasks with necks cover'd with lead,
They were helping themselves to champagne, white and
red.

Hobbing and nobbing,
And nodding and bobbing,
With many a sip
Both from cup and from lip,
And with many a toast followed up by a "Hip!—
Hip!—hip!—huzzay!"
—The Count, by the way,

Though he sees all they're doing, can't hear what they
say,

Notwithstanding both he
And *Mar-quis Rigmaree*
Are so vex'd and excited at what they can see,
That each utters a sad word beginning with D.

That word once spoke,
 The silence broke,
 In an instant the vision is cover'd with smoke !
 But enough has been seen. " Horse ! horse ! and away !"
 They have, neither, the least inclination to stay,
 E'en to thank Nostradamus, or ask what's to pay.—
 They rush down the stair,
 How, they know not, nor care,
 The next moment the Count is astride on his bay,
 And my Lord Rigmaree on his mettlesome grey ;
 They dash through the town,
 Now up, and now down ;
 And the stones rattle under their hoofs as they ride,
 As if poor Thoulouse were as mad as Cheapside ;*
 Through lane, alley, and street,
 Over all that they meet ;

The Count leads the way on his courser so fleet,
 My Lord Rigmaree close pursuing his beat,
 With the page in the rear to protect the retreat.
 Where the bridge spans the river, so wide and so deep,
 Their headlong career o'er the causeway they keep,
 Upsetting the watchman, two dogs, and a sweep,
 All the town population that was not asleep.
 They at length reach the castle, just outside the town,
 Where—in peace it was usual with Knights of renown—
 The portcullis was up, and the drawbridge was down.
 They dash by the sentinels—" *France et Thoulouse !*"
 Ev'ry soldier (—they then wore cock'd hats and long *queues*,
 Appendages banish'd from modern reviews),
 His arquebus lower'd, and bow'd to his shoes ;



* " The stones did rattle underneath,
 As if Cheapside were mad."

While Count Raymond push'd on to his lady's *boudoir*—he
Had made up his mind to make one at her *soirée*.

He rush'd to that door,

Where ever before,

He had rapp'd with his knuckles, and “tirl'd at the pin,”

Till he heard the soft sound of his Lady's “Come in!”

But now, with a kick from his iron-heel'd boot,

Which, applied to a brick wall, at once had gone through't,

He dash'd open the lock ;

It gave way at the shock !

(—Dear ladies, don't think in recording the fact,

That your bard's for one moment defending the act,

No—it is not a gentleman's—none but a low body

Now—could perform it)—and there he saw—NOBODY !!

Nobody?—No !!

Oh, ho!—Oh, ho !

There was not a table—there was not a chair

Of all that Count Raymond had ever seen there

(They'd maroon-leather bottoms well stuff'd with horse-
hair),

That was out of its place!—

There was not a trace

Of a party—there was not a dish or a plate—

No sign of a table-cloth—nothing to prate

Of a supper, *symposium*, or sitting up late ;

There was not a spark of fire left in the grate,

It had all been poked out, and remain'd in that state.

If there was not a fire,

Still less was there Friar,

Marquise, or long glasses, or Countess, or Prior,

And the Count, who rush'd in open mouth'd, was struck
dumb,

And could only ejaculate, “Well!—this *is* rum !”

He rang for the maids—had them into the room
 With the butler, the footman, the coachman, the groom.
 He examined them all very strictly—but no !
 Notwithstanding he cross- and re-question'd them so,
 'Twas in vain—it was clearly a case of “No Go !”
 “ Their Lady,” they said,
 “ Had gone early to bed,
 Having rather complain'd of a cold in her head—
 The stout little Friar, as round as an apple,
 Had pass'd the whole night in a vigil in chapel,
 While the Prior himself, as he'd usually done,
 Had rung in the morning, at half-after one,
 For his jug of cold water and twopenny bun,
 And been visible, since they were brought him, to none.
 But,” the servants averr'd,
 “ From the sounds that were heard
 To proceed now and then from the father's *sacellum*,
 They thought he was purging
 His sins with a scourging,
 And making good use of his knotted *flagellum*.”
 For Madame Rigmaree,
 They all testified, she
 Had gone up to her bed-chamber soon after tea,
 And they really supposed that there still she must be,
 Which her spouse, the *Mar-quis*,
 Found at once to agree
 With the rest of their tale, when he ran up to see.

Alack for Count Raymond ! he could not conceive
 How the case really stood, or know *what* to believe ;
 Nor could Rigmaree settle to laugh or to grieve.
 There was clearly a hoax,
 But which of the folks

Had managed to make them the butt of their jokes,
 Wife or wizard, they both knew no more than Jack Nokes ;
 That glass of the wizard's
 Stuck much in their gizzards,
 His cap, and his queer cloak all X's and Izzards ;
 Then they found, when they came to examine again,
 Some slight falling off in the stock of champagne,
 Small, but more than the butler could fairly explain.
 However, since nothing could make the truth known,
 Why,—they thought it was best to let matters alone.

 The Count in the garden

 Begg'd Isabel's pardon

Next morning for waking her up in a fright,
 By the racket he'd kick'd up at that time of night ;
 And gave her his word he had ne'er misbehaved so,
 Had he not come home as tipsy as David's sow.
 Still, to give no occasion for family snarls,
 The friar was pack'd back to his convent at Arles,
 While as for the prior,
 At Raymond's desire,

The Pope raised his rev'ence a step or two higher,
 And made him a bishop *in partibus*—where
 His see was I cannot exactly declare,
 Or describe his cathedral, not having been there,
 But I dare say you'll all be prepared for the news,
 When I say 'twas a good many miles from Thoulouse,
 Where the prelate, in order to set a good precedent,
 Was enjoin'd, as a *sine quâ non*, to be resident.

 You will fancy with me,

 That Count Raymond was free,

For the rest of his life, from his former *ennui* ;
 Still it somehow occur'd that as often as he
 Chanced to look in the face of my Lord Rigmaree,

There was something or other—a trifling degree
 Of constraint—or embarrassment—easy to see,
 And which seem'd to be shared by the noble *Mar-quis*,
 While the ladies—the queerest of all things by half in
 My tale, never met from that hour without laughing.

MORAL.

Good gentlemen all, who are subjects of Hymen,
 Don't make new acquaintances rashly, but try men,
 Avoid above all things your cunning (that's sly) men!
 Don't go out o' nights
 To see conjuring sleights,
 But shun all such people, delusion whose trade is ;
 Be wise !—stay at home and take tea with the ladies.

 If you *chance* to be out,
 At a “regular bout,”
 And get too much of “Abbot's Pale Ale” or “Brown Stout,”
 Don't be cross when you come home at night to your spouse,
 Nor be noisy, nor kick up a dust in the house !

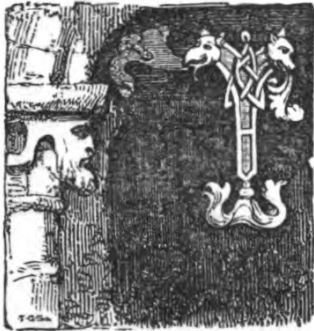
Be careful yourself, and admonish your sons,
 To beware of all folks who love twopenny buns !
 And don't introduce to your wife or your daughter,
 A sleek, meek, weak gent—who subsists on cold water !

THE main incident recorded in the following *excerpta* from our family papers has but too solid a foundation. The portrait of Roger Ingoldsby is not among those in the gallery, but I have some recollection of having seen, when a boy, a picture answering the description here given of him, much injured, and lying without a frame in one of the attics.

THE WEDDING-DAY;

OR, THE BUCCANEER'S CURSE,

A FAMILY LEGEND.



It has a jocund sound,
That gleeful marriage chime,
As from the old and ivied tower,
It peals, at the early matin hour,
Its merry, merry round ;
And the Spring is in its prime,
And the song-bird, on the spray,
Trills from his throat, in varied
note,

An emulative lay—

It has a joyous sound !!

And the Vicar is there with his wig and his book,
And the Clerk, with his grave, *quasi*-sanctified look,
And there stand the village maids, all with their posies,
Their lilies, and daffy-down-dillies, and roses,
Dight in white,
A comely sight,
Fringing the path to the left and the right ;

—From our nursery days we all of us know
 Ne'er doth "Our Ladye's garden grow"
 So fair for a "Grand Horticultural Show"
 As when border'd with "pretty maids all on a row."
 And the urchins are there, escaped from the rule
 Of that "Limbo of Infants," the National School,
 Whooping, and bawling,
 And squalling, and calling,
 And crawling, and creeping,
 And jumping, and leaping,
 Bo-peeping 'midst "many a mouldering heap" in
 Whose bosom their own "rude forefathers" are sleeping;
 —Young rascals!—instead of lamenting and weeping,
 Laughing and gay,
 A gorge déployée—
 Only now and then pausing—and checking their play,
 To "wonder what 'tis makes the gentlefolks stay,"
 Ah, well a-day!
 Little deem they,
 Poor ignorant dears! the bells, ringing away,
 Are anything else
 Than mere parish bells,
 Or that each of them, should we go into its history,
 Is but a "Symbol" of some deeper mystery—
 That the clappers and ropes
 Are mere practical tropes
 Of "trumpets" and "tongues," and of "preachers," and popes,
 Unless Clement the Fourth's worthy Chaplain, *Durand*, err,
 See the "*Rationale*," of that goosey-gander.

Gently! gently, Miss Muse!
 Mind your P's and your Q's!
 Don't be malapert—laugh, Miss, but never abuse!

Calling names, whether done to attack or to back a schism,
Is, Miss, believe me, a great piece of jack-ass-ism,

And as, on the whole,

You're a good-natured soul,

You must never enact such a pitiful *rôle*.

No, no, Miss, pull up, and go back to your boys
In the churchyard, who're making this hubbub and noise—
But hush! there's an end to their romping and mumming,
For voices are heard—here's the company coming!

And see,—the avenue gates unfold,
And forth they pace, that bridal train,
The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
They cross the green and grassy lane,
Bridesman, Bridesmaid, Bridegroom, Bride,
Two by two, and side by side,
Uncles, and aunts, friends tried and proved,
And cousins, a great many times removed.

A fairer or a gentler she,

A lovelier maid, in her degree,

Man's eye might never hope to see,

Than darling, bonnie Maud Ingoldsby,

The flow'r of that goodly company;

While whispering low, with bated voice,

Close by her side, her heart's dear choice,

Walks Fredville's hope, young Valentine Boys

—But where, oh where,—

Is Ingoldsby's heir?

Little Jack Ingoldsby?—where, oh where?

Why he's here,—and he's there,

And he's every where—

He's there, and he's here;

In the front—in the rear,—

Now this side, now that side,—now far, and now near—

The Puck of the party, the darling "pet" boy,
 Full of mischief, and fun, and good-humour and joy ;
 With his laughing blue eye, and his cheek like a rose,
 And his long curly locks, and his little snub nose ;
 In his tunic, and trousers, and cap—there he goes !
 Now pinching the bridesmen,—now teasing his sister,
 And telling the bridesmaids how "Valentine kiss'd her ;"
 The torment, the plague, the delight of them all,
 See, he's into the churchyard !—he's over the wall—
 Gambolling, frolicking, capering away,
 He's the first in the church, be the second who may !

* * * * *

'Tis o'er ;—the holy rite is done,
 The rite that "incorporates two in one,"
 —And now for the feasting, and frolic, and fun !
 Spare we to tell of the smiling and sighing,
 The shaking of hands, the embracing, and crying,
 The "toot—toot—toot"
 Of the tabour and flute,
 Of the white-wigg'd Vicar's prolong'd salute,
 Or of how the blithe "College *Youths*,"—rather old stagers
 Accustom'd, for years, to pull bell ropes for wagers—
 Rang, faster than ever, their "triple-bob-MAJORS ;"
 (So loud as to charm ye,
 At once and alarm ye ;
 —"Symbolic," of course, of that rank in the army.)

Spare we to tell of the fees and the dues
 To the "little old woman that open'd the pews,"
 Of the largesse bestow'd on the Sexton and Clerk,
 Of the four-year-old sheep roasted whole in the park ;
 Of the laughing and joking,
 The quaffing, and smoking,
 And chaffing, and broaching—that is to say, poking

A hole in a mighty magnificent tub
 Of what men, in our hemisphere, term "Humming Bub."
 But which gods,—who, it seems, use a different lingo
 From mortals,—are wont to denominate "Stingo."

Spare we to tell of the horse-collar grinning ;
 The cheese ! the reward of the ugly one winning ;
 Of the young ladies racing for Dutch body-linen,—
 —The soapy-tail'd sow,—a rich prize when you've caught
 her,—

Of little boys bobbing for pippins in water ;
 The smacks and the whacks,
 And the jumpers in sacks,
 These down on their noses and those on their backs ;—
 Nor skills it to speak of those darling old ditties,
 Sung rarely in hamlets now—never in cities,
 The " *King and the Miller*," the " *Bold Robin Hood*,"
 " *Chevy Chase*," " *Gilderoy*," and the " *Babes in the Wood* !"
 —You'll say that my taste
 Is sadly misplaced,

But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,
 The " *Auld Robin Grays*," and the " *Aileen Aroons*,"
 The " *Gramachree Mollys*," and " *Sweet Bonny Doons* "
 Are dearer to me,
 In a tenfold degree,
 Than a fine *fantasia* from over the sea ;
 And, for sweetness, compared with a Beethoven fugue, are
 As " best-refined loaf," to the coarsest " brown sugar ;" *
 —Alack, for the Bard's want of science ! to which he
 owes

All this misliking of foreign *capricios* ?—

* *Ad Amicum, Servientem ad legem*—

This rhyme, if, when scann'd by your critical ear, it
 Is not *quite* legitimate, comes pretty near it.—T. I.

Not that he'd say
 One word, by the way,
 To disparage our new Idol, Monsieur Duprez—
 But he grudges, he owns, his departed half guinea,
 Each Saturday night when, devour'd by chagrin, he
 Sits listening to singers whose names end in *ini*.

But enough of the rustics—let's leave them pursuing
 Their out-of-door gambols, and just take a view in
 The inside the hall, and see what *they* are doing ;
 And first there's the Squire,
 The hale, hearty sire
 Of the bride,—with his coat-tails subducted and higher,
 A thought, than they're commonly wont to aspire ;
 His back and his buckskins exposed to the fire ;—
 —Bright, bright are his buttons,—and bright is the hue
 Of his squarely-cut coat of fine Saxony blue ;
 And bright the shalloon of his little quill'd *queue* ;
 —White, white as “ Young England's,” the dimity vest
 Which descends like an *avalanche* o'er his broad breast,
 Till its further progression is put in arrest
 By the portly projection that springs from his chest,
 Overhanging the garment—that can't be exprest ;
 —White, white are his locks,—which, had Nature fair play,
 Had appear'd a clear brown, slightly sprinkled with grey ;
 But they're white as the peaks of Plinlimmon to-day,
 Or Ben Nevis, his pate is *si bien poudré* !
 Bright, bright are the boots that envelope his heels,
 —Bright, bright is the gold chain suspending his seals,
 And still brighter yet may the gazer descry
 The tear-drop that spangles the fond father's eye
 As it lights on the bride—
 His beloved one—the pride
 And delight of his heart,—sever'd now from his side ;—

But brighter than all,
 Arresting its fall,
 Is the smile, that rebukes it for spangling at all,
 —A clear case, in short, of what old poets tell, as
 Blind Homer for instance, *εν δακρυσι γελας*.

Then, there are the Bride and the Bridegroom, withdrawn
 To the deep Gothic window that looks on the lawn,
 Ensconced on a squab of maroon-colour'd leather,
 And talking—and *thinking*, no doubt—of the weather.

But here comes the party—Room! room for the guests!
 In their Pompadour coats, and laced ruffles, and vests,
 —First, Sir Charles Grandison
 Baronet, and his son,
 Charles,—the mamma does not venture to “show”—
 —Miss Byron, you know,
 She was call'd long ago—

For that lady, 'twas *said*, had been playing the d—l,
 Last season, in town, with her old beau, Squire Greville,
 Which very much shock'd, and chagrin'd, as may well be
 Supposed, “Doctor Bartlett,” and “Good Uncle Selby.”
 —Sir Charles, of course, could not give Greville his
 gruel, in

Order to prove his abhorrence of duelling,
 Nor try for, deterr'd by the serious expense, a
 Complete separation *a thoro et mensâ*,
 So he “kept a calm sough,” and, when asked to a party,
 A dance, or a dinner, or tea and *écarté*,
 He went with his son, and said, looking demurely,
 He'd “left her at home, as she found herself poorly.”

Two foreigners near,
 “Of distinction,” appear;

A pair more illustrious you ne'er heard of, or saw,
 Count Ferdinand Fathom,—Count Thaddeus of Warsaw,
 All cover'd with glitt'ring *bijouterie* and hair—Poles,
 Whom Lord Dudley Stuart calls “Patriot,”—Hook “Bare
 Poles ;”

Such rings, and such brooches, such studs, and such pins !

'Twere hard to say which

Were more gorgeous and rich,

Or more truly Mosaic, their chains or their chins !

Next Sir Roger de Coverley,—Mr. Will Ramble,

With Dame Lismahago, (*née* Tabitha Bramble),—

Mr. Random and Spouse,—Mrs. Pamela Booby,

(Whose nose was acquiring a tinge of the ruby,

And “people *did say*” —but no matter for that,...

Folks were not then enlighten'd by good Father Mat.)—

—Three friends from “the Colonies” near them were
 seen,

The Great Massachussetts man, General Muff Green,—

Mr. Jonathan W. Doubikins,—men

“Influential *some*,”—and their “smart” Uncle Ben ;—

Rev. Abraham Adams (preferr'd to a stall),—

—Mr. Jones and his lady, from Allworthy Hall ;

—Our friend Tom, by the way,

Had turn'd out rather gay

For a married man—certainly “people *did say*.”

He was shrewdly suspected of using his wife ill,

And being as sly as his half-brother Blifil.—

(Miss Seagrim, tis well known, was now in high feather,

And “people *did say*,” they'd been seen out together,—

A fact, the “Boy Jones,” who, in our days, with malice

Aforethought, so often got into the Palace,

Would seem to confirm, as, 'tis whisper'd he owns, he's

The son of a natural son of Tom Jones's.)

Lady Bellaston (*mem.* she had not been invited!)
 Sir Peregrine Pickle, now recently knighted,—
 All joyous, all happy, all looking delighted!
 —It would bore you to death should I pause to describe,
 Or enumerate half of the elegant tribe
 Who fill'd the back ground,
 And among whom were found
 The *élite* of the old country families round,
 Such as Honeywood, Oxenden, Knatchbull, and Norton,
 Matthew Robinson,* too, with his beard from Monk's Horton.
 The Faggs, and Finch-Hattons, Tokes, Derings, and Deedses,
 And Fairfax, (who then called the castle of Leeds his;)
 Esquires, Knights, and Lords,
 In bag-wigs and swords;
 And the troops, and the groups
 Of fine Ladies in hoops;
 The *pompoons*, the *toupées*, and the diamonds and feathers,
 The flowered-silk *sacques*
 Which they wore on their backs,—
 —How?—*sacques* and *pompoons*, with the Squire's boots
 and leathers?—
 Stay! stay!—I suspect,
 Here's a trifling neglect
 On your part, Madame Muse—though you're commonly
 accurate,
 As to costume, as brown Quaker, or black Curate,
 For once, I confess,
 Here you're out as to dress;—
 You've been fairly caught napping, which gives me distress,

* A worthy and eccentric country gentleman, afterwards the second Lord Rokeby, being cousin ("a great many times removed") and successor in the barony to Richard, Archbishop of Armagh, who first bore that title.—His beard was truly patriarchal.—Mr. Muntz's—pooh!—

For I can't but acknowledge it is not the thing,
 Sir Roger de Coverley's laced suit to bring
 Into contact with square-cut coats,—such as George Byng,
 And poor dear Sir Francis appear'd in, last spring.—
 So, having for once been compell'd to acknowledge, I
 've made a small hole in our mutual chronology,
 Canter on, Miss, without farther apology,—
 Only don't make
 Such another mistake,
 Or you'll get in a scrape, of which I shall partake ;—
 Enough !—you are sorry for what you have done,
 So dry your eyes, Miss, blow your nose, and go on !

Well—the party are met, all radiant and gay,
 And how ev'ry person is dress'd—we won't say ;
 Suffice it, they all come glad homage to pay
 To our dear “ bonnie Maud,” on her own wedding-day,
 To dance at her bridal, and help “ throw the stocking,”
 —A practice that's now discontinued as shocking.

There's a breakfast, they know—
 There always is so

On occasions like these, wheresoever you go.
 Of course there are “ lots ” of beef, potted and hung,
 Prawns, lobsters, cold fowl, and cold ham, and cold tongue,
 Hot tea, and hot coffee, hot rolls, and hot toast,
 Cold pigeon-pie (rook ?), and cold boil'd and cold roast,
 Scotch marmalade, jellies, cold creams, colder ices—
Blancmange, which young ladies say, so very nice is,—
 Rock-melons in thick, pines in much thinner slices,—
 Char, potted with clarified butter and spices,
 Renewing an appetite long past its crisis—
 Refined barley-sugar, in various devices.

Such as bridges, and baskets, and temples, and grottoes—
 And nasty French lucifer snappers with mottoes.
 —In short, all those gimcracks together were met
 Which people of fashion tell Gunter to get
 When they give a *grand déjeuner à la fourchette*—
 (A phrase which, though French, in our language still lingers,
 Intending a breakfast with forks and not fingers.)
 And see! what a mountainous bridecake!—a thing
 By itself—with small pieces to pass through the ring!

Now as to the wines!—“Ay, the wine?” cries the Squire,
 Letting fall both his coat-tails—which nearly take fire,—
 Rubbing his hands,
 He calls out, as he stands,
 To the serving-men waiting “his Honour’s” commands,
 “The wine!—to be sure—here you, Harry—Bob—Dick—
 “The wine, don’t you hear?—bring us lights—come, be
 quick!—
 And a crow-bar to knock down the mortar and brick—
 Say what they may
 ’Fore George we’ll make way
 Into old Roger Ingoldsby’s cellar to-day;
 And let loose his captives, imprison’d so long,
 His flasks, and his casks, that he brick’d up so strong!”—
 —“Oh dear! oh dear! Squire Ingoldsby, bethink you what
 you do!”
 Exclaims old Mrs. Botherby,*—she is in *such* a stew!—
 “Oh dear! oh dear! what do I hear?—full oft you’ve
 heard me tell
 Of the curse ‘Wild Roger’ left upon whoe’er should break
 his cell!

* Great grandmamma, by the father’s side, to the excellent lady of the same name who yet “keeps the keys” at Tappington.

“ Full five-and-twenty years are gone since Roger went
away,

As I bethink me, too, it was upon this very day !

And I was then a comely dame, and you, a springald gay,
Were up and down to London town, at opera, ball, and
play ;

Your locks were nut-brown then, Squire—you grow a little
grey !—

“ ‘ Wild Roger,’ so we call’d him them, your grandsire’s
youngest son,

He was in truth,

A wayward youth,

We fear’d him, every one.

In ev’ry thing he had his will, he would be stay’d by none,
And when he did a naughty thing, he laugh’d and call’d it
fun !

—One day his father chid him sore—I know not what he’d
done,

But he scorn’d reproof ;

And from this roof

Away that night he run !

“ Seven years were gone and over—‘ Wild Roger ’ came
again,

He spoke of forays and of frays upon the Spanish Main ;
And he had store of gold galore, and silks, and satins fine,
And flasks, and casks of Malvoisie, and precious Gascon
wine !

Rich booties he had brought, he said, across the western
wave,

And came, in penitence and shame, now of his sire to crave,
Forgiveness and a welcome home—his sire was in his grave !

“ Your Father was a kindly man—he play’d a brother’s
 part,
 He press’d his brother to his breast—he had a kindly heart,
 Fain would he have him tarry here, their common hearth to
 share,
 But Roger was the same man still,—he scorn’d his brother’s
 pray’r !
 He call’d his crew,—away he flew, and on those foreign
 shores
 Got kill’d in some outlandish place—they call it the Eye-
 sores ;*
 But ere he went,
 And quitted Kent,
 —I well recall the day,—
 His flasks and casks of Gascon wine he safely ‘stow’d
 away ;’
 Within the cellar’s deepest nook, he safely stow’d them all,
 And Mason Jones brought bricks and stones, and they built
 up the wall.

“ Oh ! then it was a fearful thing to hear ‘ Wild Roger’s ’
 ban !
 Good gracious me ! I never heard the like from mortal man ;
 ‘ Here’s that,’ quoth he, ‘ shall serve me well, when I return
 at last,
 A batter’d hulk, to quaff and laugh at toils and dangers past ;
 Accurst be he, whoe’er he be, lays hand on gear of mine,
 Till I come back again from sea, to broach my Gascon wine !’
 And more he said, which fill’d with dread all those who
 listen’d there ;
 In sooth my very blood ran cold, it lifted up my hair

* Azores ?—Mrs. Botherby’s orthography, like that of her distinguished contemporary Baron Duberly, was “ a little loose.”

With very fear, to stand and hear ' Wild Roger ' curse and
 swear ! !
 He saw my fright, as well he might, but still he made his
 game,
 He called me ' Mother Bounce-about, ' my Gracious, what a
 name !
 Nay, more ' an old '—some ' boat-woman, '—I may not say
 for shame !—
 Then, gentle Master, pause awhile, give heed to what I
 tell,
 Nor break, on such a day as this, ' Wild Roger's ' secret
 cell ! ”

“ Pooh ! pooh ! ” quoth the Squire,
 As he mov'd from the fire,
 And bade the old Housekeeper quickly retire,
 “ Pooh !—never tell me !
 Nonsense—fiddle-de-dee !
 What ?—wait Uncle Roger's return back from sea ?—
 Why he may, as you say,
 Have been somewhat too gay,
 And, no doubt, was a broth of a boy in his way ;
 But what's that to us, now, at this time of day ?
 What, if some quarrel
 With Dering or Darrell—
 —I hardly know which, but I think it was Dering,—
 Sent him back in a huff to his old privateering,
 Or what his unfriends chose to call Buccaneering,
 It's twenty years since, as we very well know,
 He was knock'd on the head in a skirmish, and so
 Why rake up ' auld world ' tales of deeds long ago ?—
 —Foul befall him who would touch the deposit
 Of living man, whether in cellar or closet !

But since, as I've said,
 Knock'd on the head,
 Uncle Roger has now been some twenty years dead.
 As for his wine,
 I'm his heir, and it's mine !
 And I'd long ago work'd it well, but that I tarried
 For this very day—
 And I'm sure you'll all say
 I was right—when my own darling Maud should get married !
 So lights and a crow-bar!—the only thing lies
 On my conscience, at all, with respect to this prize,
 Is some little compunction anent the Excise—
 Come—you, Master Jack,
 Be the first, and bring back
 Whate'er comes to hand—Claret, Burgundy, Sack—
 Head the party, and mind that you're back in a crack !”

Away go the clan,
 With cup and with can,
 Little Jack Ingoldsby leading the van ;
 Little reck they of the Buccaneer's ban,
 Hope whispers, “ Perchance we'll fall in with strong beer
 too here !”
 Blest thought ! which sets them all grinning from ear to ear !

Through cellar one, through cellars two,
 Through cellars three they pass'd !
 And their way they took
 To the farthest nook
 Of cellar four—the last !—
 Blithe and gay, they batter away,
 On this wedding-day of Maud's,
 With all their might, to bring to light,
 “ Wild Roger's ” “ Custom-house frauds ! ”

And though stone and brick
 Be never so thick,
 When stoutly assail'd, they are no bar
 To the powerful charm
 Of a Yeoman's arm
 When wielding a decentish crow-bar !
 Down comes brick, and down comes stone,
 One by one—
 The job's half done !—
 "Where is he?—now come—where's Master John?"—
 —There's a breach in the wall three feet by two,
 And little Jack Ingoldsby soon pops through !
 Hark !—what sound's that ?—a sob ?—a sigh ?—
 The choking gasp of a stifled cry ?—
 "—What can it be ?—
 Let's see !—let's see !
 It *can't* be little Jack Ingoldsby ?
 The candle—quick !"
 Through stone and through brick,
 They poke in the light on a long split stick ;
 But ere he who holds it can wave it about,
 He gasps, and he sneezes—the LIGHT GOES OUT !
 Yet were there those, in after days,
 Who said that pale light's flickering blaze,
 For a moment, gleam'd on a dark Form there,
 Seem'd as bodied of foul black air !—
 —In Mariner's dress,—with cutlass braced
 By buckle and broad black belt, to its waist,—
 —On a cock'd-hat, laced
 With gold, and placed
 With a *degagé*, devil-may-care, kind of taste,
 O'er a *balafre* brow by a scar defaced !—



Little Jack Ingoldsby entering the cellar.



That Form, they said, so foul and so black
 Grinn'd as it pointed at poor little Jack.—
 —I know not, I, how the truth may be,
 But the pent up vapour, at length set free,
 Set them all sneezing,
 And coughing, and wheezing,
 As, working its way
 To the regions of day,
 It, at last, let a purer and healthier breeze in !

 Of their senses bereft,
 To the right and the left,
 Those varlets so lately courageous and stout,
 There they lay kicking and sprawling about,
 Like Billingsgate fresh fish, unconscious of ice,
 Or those which, the newspapers give us advice,
 Mr. Taylor, of Lombard-street, sells at half-price ;
 —Nearer the door, some half-dozen, or more !
 Scramble away
 To the *rez de chaussée*,
 (As our Frenchified friend always calls his ground-floor,)
 And they call, and they bawl, and they bellow and roar
 For lights, vinegar, brandy, and fifty things more.
 At length, after no little clamour and din,
 The foul air let out and the fresh air let in,
 They drag one and all
 Up into the hall,
 Where a medical Quaker, the great Dr. Lettsom,
 Who's one of the party, "bleeds, physicks, and sweats 'em."
 All?—all—save One—
 —"But He!—my Son?—
 Merciful Heaven!—where—WHERE IS JOHN?"

* * * *

Within that cell, so dark and deep,
 Lies One, as in a tranquil sleep,
 A sight to make the sternest weep!—
 —That little heart is pulseless now,
 And cold that fair and open brow,
 And closed that eye that beam'd with joy
 And hope—" Oh, God! my Boy!—my Boy; "

Enough!—I may not,—dare not,—show
 The wretched Father's frantic woe,
 The Mother's tearless, speechless—No!
 I may not such a theme essay—
 Too bitter thoughts crowd in and stay
 My pen—sad memory will have way!
 Enough!—at once I close the lay,
 Of fair Maud's fatal Wedding-day!

It has a mournful sound,
 That single, solemn Bell!
 As to the hills and woods around,
 It flings its deep-toned knell!
 That measured toll!—alone—apart,
 It strikes upon the human heart!
 —It has a mournful sound!—

MORAL.

Come, come, Mrs. Muse, we can't part in this way,
 Or you'll leave me as dull as ditch-water all day.
 Try and squeeze out a Moral or two from your lay!
 And let us part cheerful, at least, if not gay!

First and foremost then, Gentlefolks, learn from my song,
 Not to lock up your wine, or malt-liquor, too long!

Though Port should have age,
 Yet I don't think it sage
 To entomb it, as some of your *connoisseurs* do,
 Till it's losing in flavour, and body, and hue ;
 —I question if keeping it does it much good
 After ten years in bottle and three in the wood.

If any young man, though a snubb'd younger brother,
 When told of his faults by his father and mother,
 Runs restive, and goes off to sea in a huff,
 Depend on't, my friends, that young man is a Muff !

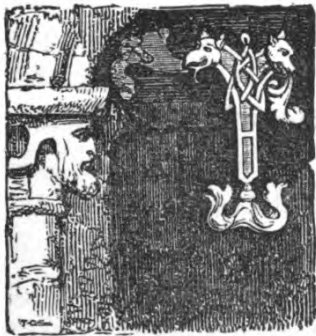
Next—ill-gotten gains
 Are not worth the pains !—
 They prosper with no one !—so whether cheroots,
 Or Havannah cigars,—or French gloves, or French boots,—
 Whatever you want, pay the duty ! nor when you
 Buy any such articles, cheat the revenue !

And “now to conclude,”—
 For it's high time I should,—
 When you *do* rejoice, mind,—whatsoever you do,
 That the hearts of the lowly rejoice with you too !—
 Don't grudge them their jigs,
 And their frolics and “rigs,”
 And don't interfere with their soapy-tail'd pigs ;
 Nor “because thou art virtuous,” rail, and exhale
 An *anathema*, breathing of vengeance and wail,
 Upon every complexion less pale than sea-kale !
 Nor dismiss the poor man to his pump and his pail,
 With “Drink *there* !—we'll have henceforth no more cakes
 and ale ! ! ”

Mox Regina filium peperit a multis optatum et a Deo sanctificatum. Cumque Infans natus fuisset, statim clarâ voce, omnibus audientibus, clamavit "*Christianus sum! Christianus sum! Christianus sum!*" Ad hanc vocem Presbyteri duo, Widerinus et Edwoldus, dicentes *Deo Gratias*, et omnes qui aderant mirantes, cœperunt cantare *Te Deum laudamus*. Quo facto rogabat Infans cathecumenum a Widerino sacerdote fieri, et ab Edwoldo teneri ad præsignaculum fidei et Romwoldum vocari.—Nov. LEGEND. ANGL. IN VITA SCTI ROMUALDI.

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD.



N Kent, we are told,
 There was seated of old,
 A handsome young gentleman,
 courteous and bold,
 He'd an oaken strong-box, well
 replenish'd with gold,
 With broad lands, pasture, arable,
 woodland, and wold,

Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold ;
 He'd a Plesaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,
 He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,
 And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.

His figure and face,
 For beauty and grace,

To the best in the county had scorn'd to give place.

Small marvel then,
 If, of women and men

Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten
 Express'd themselves charm'd with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth,
 I've been taught, as a truth,

A maxim which most will consider as sooth,
 Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth ;
 There are three social duties, the whole of the swarm
 In this great human hive of ours, ought to perform,
 And that too as soon as conveniently may be ;

The first of the three—

Is, the planting a Tree !

The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby !
 (For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I
 So far at least, have accomplish'd my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i.e.*

The “ planting the Tree,”

The Knight may, perchance, have conceiv'd himself free,
 Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks
 Over park, mead, or upland, by streamlets and brooks,
 His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks ;

In twelve eighty-two,

There would also accrue

Much latitude as to the article, Books ;
 But, if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,
 Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,
 One remain'd, there was no getting over at all,
 —The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall ;
 Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,
 As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see
 Inclination and duty unite and agree,

Because it's a case

That so rarely takes place ;

In the instance before us then Alured Denne
 Might well be esteem'd the most lucky of men,

Inasmuch as hard by,
 Indeed so very nigh,
 That her chimneys, from his, you might almost descry,
 Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,
 One whose character scandal itself could defy,
 While her charms and accomplishments rank'd very high,
 And who would not deny
 A propitious reply,
 But reflect back his blushes, and give sigh for sigh.
 (A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by the by.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near,
 Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,
 That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all
 The "Rosebud of Tappington" ceas'd not to call,
 Was going to say,
 "Honour, love, and obey"
 To Sir Alured Denne, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,
 That all other suitors were left in the lurch,
 And the parties had even been "out-asked" in church,
 For every one says,
 In those primitive days,
 And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,
 None dream'd of transferring a daughter or niece
 As a bride, by an "unstamp'd agreement," or lease,
 'Fore a Register's Clerk, or a Justice of Peace,
 While young ladies had fain
 Single women remain,
 And unwedded maids to the last "crack of doom" stick,
 Ere marry, by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear
 At holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,

Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,
 Their forebears had join'd with the neighbours to rear,
 And endow'd, some with bucks, some with beef, some with
 beer,

To comfort the friars, and make them good cheer.

Adorning the building,

With carving and gilding,

And stone altars, fix'd to the chantries and fill'd in ;

(Papistic in substance and form, and on this count

With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount,

See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*

V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii Mensis,

With "Judgment reversed, costs of suit, and expenses ;")

All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason, styled

By Duke Humphrey's confessor,* "a Wonderful Child,"

For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth

Who made "his profession of faith" at his birth,

And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,

Converted his "Ma," and contrived to amend a

Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.

Of course to the shrine

Of so young a divine

Flow'd much holy water, and some little wine,

And when any young folks did to marriage incline,

The good friars were much in request, and not one

Was more "sought unto" than the Sub-prior, Mess John ;

To him, there and then,

Sir Alured Denne

* Honest John Capgrave, the veracious biographer of "English Saints," author, or rather compiler of the "Nova Legenda Angliæ," was chaplain to Humphrey, "the Good Duke" of Gloucester. A beautiful edition of his work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

Wrote a three-corner'd note with a small crow-quill pen,
 To say what he wanted, and fix "the time when,"
 And, as it's well known that your people of quality
 Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,
 Just as the clock struck the hour he'd nam'd in it,
 The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now whether it was that some rapturous dream,
 Comprehending "fat pullets and clouted cream,"
 Had borne the good man, in his vision of bliss,
 Far off to some happier region than this—
 Or, whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,
 Took longer than usual that morning in telling ;
 Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,
 Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,
 In penance for killing some score of the fleas,
 Which, infesting his hair-shirt, deprived him of ease,
 Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,
 Brought in, on the evening before, to the cloisters,
 Produced indigestion,
 Continues a question,
 The particular cause is not worth a debate ;
 For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state
 That whatever the reason, his rev'ence *was* late,
 And Sir Alured Denne,
 Not the meekest of men,
 Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,
 Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain
 That there was—what, I own,
 I grieve to make known—
 On the worthy Knight's character one single stain,

But for which, all his friends had borne witness I'm sure,
 He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.
 The fact is, that many distinguish'd commanders
 "Swore terribly (*teste* T. Shandy) in Flanders."
 Now into these parts our Knight chancing to go, countries
 Named from this sad, vulgar custom, "The *Low Countries*,"
 Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,
 Had pick'd up this shocking bad habit of swearing.
 And if anything vex'd him, or matters went wrong,
 Was given to what low folks call "Coming it strong."
 Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,
 He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,
 To a place where they certainly would not take cold.
 —Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,
 Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,
 Let them read on—they'll find their mistake by and by.

Near or far
 Few people there are
 But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,
 How in Netherby Chapel, "at morning tide,"
 The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride;
 How they waited, "but ne'er
 A Bride was there."
 Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,
 The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear,
 And yet to experience so serious a blight in
 One's dearest affections, is somewhat exciting.
 'Tis manifest then
 That Sir Alured Denne
 Had far less excuse for such bad language, when
 It was only the Priest not the Bride who was missing—
 He had fill'd up the interval better with kissing.

And 'twas really surprising,
 And not very wise in
 A Knight to go on so anathemising,
 When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime
 Was but being a little behind as to time :—
 Be that as it may
 He swore so that day
 At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,
 That not a bystander who heard what he said,
 But listen'd to all his expressions with dread,
 And felt all his hair stand on end on his head ;
 Nay many folks there
 Did not stick to declare
 The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,
 For the little stone Saint who sat perch'd o'er the door,
 St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,
 What will scarce be believed,
 Was plainly perceived
 To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,
 And look down with a frown
 So remarkably brown,
 That all saw he'd now quite a different face on
 From that he received at the hands of the mason ;
 Nay, many averr'd he half rose in his niche,
 When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,
 Call'd his priest an " old son of —— " some animal—which,
 Is not worth the inquiry—a hint's quite enough on
 The subject—for more I refer you to Buffon.

 It's supposed that the Knight
 Himself saw the sight,
 And it's likely he did, as he easily might,
 For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack
 And, in nautical language, seem'd " taken aback."

In so much that when now
 The "prime cause of the row,"
 Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,
 The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued
 None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude,
 Or made use of the language to which I allude ;
 Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a tying,
 Her bridemaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,
 Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,
 Scarce made her responses in tones more complying
 Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,
 All softness now, and behaving quite decently.
 Many folks thought too the cold stony frown
 Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down,
 Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown,
 When, the rite being over, the fees were all paid,
 And the party remounting, the whole cavalcade
 Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours
 It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers,
 For though, about One,
 You've a fine brilliant sun,
 When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,
 Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two,
 There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,
 But it "rains cats and dogs," and you're fairly wet through
 Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do ;
 For which reason I've bought, to protect myself well, a
 Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella,
 But in Edward the First's days I very much fear
 Had a gay cavalier
 Thought fit to appear

In any such "toggerly"—then 'twas term'd "gear"—
 He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,
 Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear
 On the features of every soul he came near ;
 There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,
 On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a 'bus ;
 As they rode through the woods
 In their wimples and hoods,
 Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain
 Was, as Spenser describes it, to "pryck o'er the plaine,"
 That is to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter
 In search of some building or other for shelter.

Now it seems that the sky
 Which had been of a dye
 As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,
 The season in fact being genial and dry,
 Began to assume
 An appearance of gloom
 From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,
 Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon
 Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,
 And soon, from the far west the elements rumbling
 Increased, and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.
 Bright flashes between,
 Blue, red, and green,
 All livid and lurid began to be seen ;
 At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,
 A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,
 And up came the reek,
 And down came the shriek
 Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train ;

And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,
 That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,
 As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,
 Had scarce gain'd a mile, or a mere trifle more,
 Ere the whole of the crew,
 Were completely wet through.
 They dash'd o'er the downs, and they dash'd through the
 vales,
 They dash'd up the hills, and they dash'd down the dales,
 As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails ;
 The Bridegroom in vain
 Attempts to restrain
 The Bride's frighten'd palfry by seizing the rein,
 When a flash and a crash
 Which produced such a splash
 That a Yankey had called it "an Almighty Smash,"
 Came down so complete
 At his own courser's feet
 That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,
 From its kickings and plungings, now under now upper,
 Slipp'd out of his demi-pique over the crupper,
 And fell from the back of his terrified cōb
 On what bards less refined than myself term his "Nob."
 (To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job).—

Just so—for the nonce to enliven my song
 With a classical simile cannot be wrong—
 Just so—in such roads and in similar weather,
 Tydides and Nestor were riding together,
 When, so says old Homer, the King of the Sky,
 The great "Cloud-compeller," his lightnings let fly,
 And their horses both made such a desperate shy

At this freak of old Zeus,
 That at once they broke loose,
 Reins, traces, bits, breechings were all of no use ;
 If the Pylian Sage, without any delay,
 Had not whipp'd them sharp round and away from the fray,
 They'd have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,
 And there'd been the—a name I won't mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recover'd his seat
 Mr. Widdicombe's mode of performing that feat
 At Astley's could not be more neat or complete,
 —It's recorded, indeed by an eminent pen
 Of our own days, that this *our* great Widdicombe then
 In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten
 Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Denne,—

It is certain the Knight
 Was so agile and light

That an instant sufficed him to set matters right,
 Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight ;
 For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace
 Her descent from the “ pure old Caucasian race,”

Sleek, slim, and bony, as
 Mr. Sidonia's
 Fine “ Arab Steed ”
 Of the very same breed,

Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly
 —See “ Coningsby ” written by “ B. Disraeli ”—

That palfrey, I say,
 From this trifling delay

Had made what at sea's call'd “ a great deal of way.”
 “ More fleet than the roe-buck ” and free as the wind,
 She had left the good company rather behind ;

They whipp'd and they spurr'd and they after her press'd ;
 Still Sir Alured's steed was "by long chalks" the best
 Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest ;
 But long ere e'en he had the fugitive near'd,
 She dash'd into the wood and at once disappear'd !
 It's a "fashious" affair when you're out on a ride,
 —Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride,
 If you are, it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—
 And you come to a place where three cross-roads divide,
 Without any way-post, stuck up by the side
 Of the road to direct you and act as a guide,
 With a road leading here, and a road leading there,
 And a road leading no one exactly knows where.

When Sir Alured came

In pursuit of the dame

To a fork of this kind,—a three-prong'd one—small blame
 To his scholarship if in selecting his way
 His respect for the Classics now lead him astray ;
 But the rule, in a work I won't stop to describe, is
In medio semper tutissimus ibis,
 So the Knight being forced of the three paths to enter one,
 Dash'd, with these words on his lips, down the centre one.

Up and down hill,

Up and down hill,

Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still
 Aye, banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill
 At his courser because he had given him a "spill ;"

Yet he did not gain ground

On the palfrey, the sound,

On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast
 Grew fainter and fainter,—and fainter,—and—ceased !

Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,
 To a sort of a clearing, and there—he stuck fast ;
 For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,
 Stood fix'd as the Governor's nag in "Don Juan,"
 Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a
 Few yards south-east of the door of the Opera,
 Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big tail,
 While Alured wanted the cock'd hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen
 A diminutive Green

Scoop'd out from the covert—a thick leafy screen
 Of wild foliage, trunks with broad branches between
 Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen,
 For the weather at once appear'd clear and serene,
 And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,
 Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been,
 In short it was one of those sweet little places
 In Egypt and Araby known as "oases."

There, under the shade

That was made by the glade,

The astonished Sir Alured sat and survey'd
 A little low building of Bethersden stone,
 With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,

A *Sacellum*, or cell,

In which Chronicles tell

Saints and anchorites erst were accustomed to dwell ;
 A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,
 The zig-zaggy pattern by Saxons invented
 Was cleverly chisell'd, and well represented,

Surmounted a door,

Some five feet by four,

It might have been less or it might have been more,

In the primitive ages they made these things lower
Than we do in buildings that had but one floor,

And these Chronicles say

When an anchorite gray

Wish'd to shut himself up and keep out of the way,
He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,
And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée*.

There, under the arch I've endeavoured to paint,

With no little surprise,

And scarce trusting his eyes,

The Knight now saw standing that little Boy Saint !

The one whom before,

He'd seen over the door

Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore—

With mitre, and crozier, and rochet, and stole on,

The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon !

With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak,

You'd expect, that small Saint now address'd him to speak ;

In a bold, manly tone, he

Began, while his stony

Cold lips breath'd an odour quite *Eau-de-Cologne-y* ;

In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he

Beat Mr. Brummell to sticks, in perfumery.*

“ Sir Alured Denne !”

Said the Saint, “ be atten-

—tive ! Your ancestors, all most respectable men,

Have for some generations being vot'ries of mine,

They have bought me mould candles, and bow'd at my shrine,

* In eodem autem prato in quo baptizatus Sanctus Romualdus nunquam gratissimus odor deficit ; neque ibi herbæ pallescunt, sed semper in viriditate permanentes magna nectaris suavitate redolent.—*Nov. Legend. Angl.*

They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine,
With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine.

And, though you in this
Have been rather remiss,

Still I owe you a turn for the sake of 'Lang Syne.'
And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing
Have reach'd to a pitch that is really past bearing.

'Twere a positive scandal
In even a Vandal,

It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book, and candle :
And though I've now learn'd, as I've always suspected,
Your own education's been somewhat neglected ;
Still, you're not such an uninform'd pagan, I hope,
As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope !
And his Holiness feels, very properly, jealous
Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.

Now, take my advice,
Saints never speak twice,

So take it at once, as I once for all give it ;
Go home ! you'll find there all as right as a trivet,
But mind, and remember, if once you give way
To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say,
I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day,
As sure as you're born, on the very first trip
That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,

I'll soon make you rue it !

—I've said it—I'll do it !

'Forewarn'd is forearm'd,' you shan't say but you knew it ;
Whate'er you hold dearest or nearest your heart,
I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart !
I will, on my honour ! you know it's absurd,
To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word
For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man—
I've said it ! I'll do't—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman ?"—

He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue,
And some one inside shut the door with a bang!

Sparkling with dew,

Each green herb anew

Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw,
As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew,
(For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue,)
And the cud of reflection continued to chew
Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view.
Little reck'd he what he smelt, what he saw,

Brilliance of scenery,

Fragrance of greenery,

Fail'd in impressing his mental machinery ;
Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he
Fairly was able distinction to draw
'Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi*.

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn,

And cheerily ring the bells ;

For the race is run,

The goal is won,

The little lost mutton is happily found,

The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound

In the Hall where her new Lord dwells !

Hard had they ridden, that company gay,

After fair Edith, away and away :

This had slipp'd back o'er his courser's rump,

That had gone over his ears with a plump,

But the lady herself had stuck on like a trump,

Till her panting steed

Relax'd her speed,

And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels

When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels,

Stopp'd of herself, as it's very well known
 Horses will do, when they're thoroughly blown,
 And thus the whole group had foregather'd again,
 Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.

Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking
 Doings indulged in by one and by all !
 Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in
 All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall.
 All sorts of revelry,
 All sorts of devilry,
 All play at " High Jinks " and keep up the ball.
 Days, weeks, and months, it is really astonishing,
 When one's so happy, how Time flies away ;
 Meanwhile the Bridegroom requires no admonishing
 As to what pass'd on his own wedding day ;
 Never since then,
 Had Sir Alured Denne
 Let a word fall from his lip or his pen
 That began with a D, or left off with an N !

Once, and once only, when put in a rage,
 By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,
 All buttons and brass,
 Who in handling a glass
 Of spiced hippocras, throws
 It all over his clothes,
 And spoils his best pourpoint, and smartest trunk hose,
 While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he
 'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),
 Then, and then only, came into his head,
 A very sad word that began with a Z,
 But he check'd his complaint,
 He remember'd the Saint,

In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint
 That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,
 Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung
 Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

Many a year
 Of mirth and good cheer
 Flew over their heads, to each other more dear
 Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer
 As the rarest examples of love ever known,
 Since the days of *Le Chivaler D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,
 Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.
 Well—it happen'd at last,
 After certain years past,
 That an embassy came to our court from afar—
 From the Grand-duke of Muscovy—now call'd the Czar,
 And the Spindleshank'd Monarch, determined to do
 All the grace that he could to a Nobleman, who
 Had sail'd all that way from a country which few
 In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,
 With a hat like a muff, and a beard like a Jew,
 Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,
 And to say how desirous,
 His Prince Wladimirus,
 Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,
 And how he regretted he was not much nigher us,
 With other fine things,
 Such as Kings say to Kings
 When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in
 Hopes by such "gammon" to take one another in—
 King Longshanks, I say,
 Being now on his way
 Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,

Was living in clover
 At this time at Dover
 I' the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.

He had summon'd, I can't tell you how many men,
 Knights, nobles, and squires to the wars of Guienne,
 And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,
 Who, acting like most
 Of the knights in the host,
 Whose residence was not too far from the coast,
 Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,
 Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.

Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies, and knights,
 In their *Saracenettes*,* and their bright chain-mail tights,
 All accustom'd to galas, grand doings, and sights,
 A matter like this was at once put to rights ;
 'Twould have been a strange thing,
 If so polish'd a king,
 With his board of Green Cloth, and Lord Steward's depart-
 ment,
 Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word "smart"
 meant.

A banquet was order'd at once for a score,
 Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,
 And the King, though he thought it "a bit of a bore,"
 Ask'd all the *élite*
 Of his *levée* to meet
 The illustrious Strangers and share in the treat ;
 For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her
 Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.

* This silk, of great repute among our ancestors, had been brought home, a few years before by Edward, from the Holy Land.

(Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,
 You won't find it trouble you,
 Sound but the W,
 Like the First L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn !'')

Fancy the fuss and the fidgetty looks
 Of Robert de Burghersh, the constables, cooks ;
 For of course the *cuisine*
 Of the King and the Queen
 Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheene,
 Or wherever the Court ere it started had been,
 And it's really no jest,
 When a troublesome guest,
 Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest,
 Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,
 And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.
 The servants no doubt,
 Were much put to the rout,
 By this very *extempore* sort of set out,

But they wisely fell back upon Poor Richard's plan,
 " When you can't what you would, you must do what you
 can ! "

So they ransack'd the country, folds, pig-styes, and pens,
 For the sheep and the porkers, the cocks and the hens ;
 'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,
 A fine tabby-gray
 Disappear'd on that day,
 And whatever became of him no one could say ;
 They brought all the food
 That ever they cou'd,
 Fish, flesh, and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood,
 To his Majesty's *Dapifer*, Eudo (or Ude),

They lighted the town up, sat ringing the bells,
 And borrow'd the waiters from all the hotels.
 A bright thought, moreover, came into the head
 Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,
 As he said, for the thorough success of his spread.
 So he said to himself, "What a thing it would be
 Could I have here with me
 Some one two or three
 Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea!
 It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief
 Understand our plum-puddings, and barons of beef;
 But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets
 We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates!"
 With this happy conceit for improving the mess,
 Pooh-poohing expense, he dispatch'd an express
 In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,
 Who dash'd down the hill without locking the wheel,
 And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,
 Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,
 Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Count Nesselrode,
 A cook of some fame,
 Who invented the same
 Cold pudding that still bears the family name.
 This accomplish'd, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restor'd,
 And in due time a banquet was placed on the board
 "In the very best style," which implies in a word,
 "All the dainties the season" (and king) "could afford."
 There were snipes, there were rails,
 There were woodcocks and quails,
 There were peacocks served up in their pride (that is tails),
 Fricandeau, fricassees,
 Ducks and green peas,

Cotelettes à l'Indienne, and chops *à la Soubise*
 (Which last you may call "onion sauce" if you please),

There were barbecu'd pigs
 Stuff'd with raisins and figs

Omelettes and *haricots*, stews and *ragouts*,
 And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.
 Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went !

Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent ;
 Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,
 Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,—
 Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine !

The rich juice of Rousillon, Gascoygne, Bourdeaux,
 Marasquin, Curaçoa,
 Kirschen Wasser, Noyeau,

And gin which the company voted "No Go ;"

The guests all hob-nobbing,
 And bowing and bobbing ;

Some prefer white wine, while others more value red,
 Few, a choice few,

Of more orthodox *gôût*,

Stick to "old crusted port," among whom was Sir Alured ;
 Never indeed at a banquet before
 Had that gallant commander enjoy'd himself more.

Then came "sweets"—served in silver were tartlets and
 pies—in glass,

Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet, and isinglass,
 Creams, and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,
Blancmange, and quince-custards, and gooseberry fool.
 And now from the good taste which reigns it's confest
 In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,
 And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,

They soon play'd the deuce
 With a large *Charlotte Russe* ;
 More than one of the party dispatch'd his plate twice
 With " I'm really ashamed, but—another small slice !
 Your dishes from Russia are really *so nice* !"
 Then the prime dish of all ! " There was nothing so good in
 The whole of the Feed "
 One and all were agreed,
 " As the great Lumpoff Icywitz' Nesselrode pudding !"
 Sir Alured Denne, who'd all day, to say sooth,
 Like Iago, been " plagued with a sad raging tooth,"
 Which had nevertheless interfered very little
 With his—what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell—vittle.
 Requested a friend,
 Who sat near him to send
 Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,
 And begg'd to take wine with him afterwards, grateful
 Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.
 Having emptied his glass—he ne'er balk'd it or spill'd it—
 The gallant Knight open'd his mouth—and then fill'd it !

You must really excuse me—there's nothing could bribe
 Me at all to go on and attempt to describe
 The fearsome look then
 Of Sir Alured Denne !
 —Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,
 Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding—combined !
 Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet
 All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,
 Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet !
 How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,
 See his veins how they swell ! mark the roll of his eyes !

Now east and now west, now north and now south,
 Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth
 That vile "spoonful"—what
 He has got he knows not,
 He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot,
 At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,
 "A SNOWBALL by ——!" what I decline to repeat,—
 'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.

Then oh what a volley!—a great many heard
 What flow'd from his lips, and 'twere really absurd
 To suppose that each man was not shock'd by each word ;
 A great many heard too, with mix'd fear and wonder
 The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,
 That broke as if bursting the building asunder ;
 But very few heard, although every one might,
 The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,
 Where the lady of Bonnington sat by her Knight ;
 And very few saw—some—the number was small,
 In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,
 A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,
 With a small stony mitre, and small stony crosier,
 And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier,
 Beckon stonily downward to *some one* below,
 As Merryman says, "for to come for to go!"
 While everyone smelt a delicious perfume
 That seem'd to pervade every part of the room!

Fair Edith Denne,
 The *bonne et belle* then,
 Never again was beheld among men!
 But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,
 And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,

And there was her stomacher brilliant with gems,
 And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,
 Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,
 And her wimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER
 FACE ?

'Twas gone with her body—and nobody knows,
 Nor could any one present so much as suppose
 How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes !

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the
 where,
 No mortal was ever yet found to declare ;
 Though inquiries were made, and some writers record
 That Sir Alured offer'd a handsome reward.

* * * *

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,
 Taking with him his barons, his knights, and his men.

 You may look through the whole
 Of that King's muster-roll,

And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne ;
 But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood
 A little old chapel in Bilsington wood ;

 The remains to this day,
 Archæologists say,

May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could.

There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,

 Who lived all alone,

 And never was known

To use bed or bolster, except the cold stone ;

But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,

A wild Irishman's heart had responded " Och hone ! "

As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins

To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins—

He, too, like the rest, was accustom'd to do so ;
 His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,
 He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe,
 In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots,
 And the cob-nuts and fruits,
 Which the kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls
 In such matters, would send by their boys and their
 girls ;
 They'd not get him to speak,
 If they'd tried for a week,
 But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,
 And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard
 His young friends use a naughty expression or word.
 How long he lived, or at what time he died,
 'Twere hard, after so many years, to decide,
 But there's one point on which all traditions agree,
 That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,
 And his linen was mark'd with an A and a D.

Alas ! for the glories of Bonnington Hall !
 Alas, for its splendour ! alas for its fall !
 Long years have gone by
 Since the trav'ler might spy
 Any decentish house in the parish at all.
 For very soon after the awful event,
 I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent
 That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs
 And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares
 In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,
 On a tall, female figure, or find her, far horrider,
 Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor ;

But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,
No one could ever get sight of her face!
 Nor could they perceive,
 Any arm in her sleeve,
 While her legs and her feet too, seem'd mere "make-believe,"
 For she glided along with that shadow-like motion
 Which gives one the notion
 Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean ;
 And though of her gown they could *hear* the silk rustle
 They saw but that side on't *ornée* with the bustle.
 The servants, of course, though the house they were born in
 Soon "wished to better themselves," and gave warning,
 While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest
 Who would not let himself or his family rest ;
 So he pack'd up his all,
 And made a bare wall
 Of each well-furnish'd room in his ancestor's Hall,
 Then left the old Mansion to stand or to fall,
 Having previously barr'd up the windows and gates,
 To avoid paying sasses and taxes and rates,
 And settled on one of his other estates,
 Where he built a new mansion, and called it Denne Hill,
 And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,
 To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,
 Soon went to decay,
 And moulder'd away,
 But whether it dropp'd down at last I can't say,
 Or whether the jackdaws produced, by degrees, a
 Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa

Some cent'ries ago,
 I'm sure I don't know,
 But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny,
 " *Perierunt,*" as some one says, " *etiam ruinae.*"

MORAL.

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in
 If you *are* in a passion, don't swear at a wedding !

Whenever you chance to be ask'd out to dine,
 Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine !
 In your eating remember one principal point,
 Whatever you do, have your eye on the joint !
 Keep clear of side dishes, don't meddle with those
 Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,
 Poke over your shoulders and under your nose ;
 Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land,
 And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,
 Buy a good book of cookery ! I've a compact one,
 First-rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton,
 This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're
 made of,
 And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of,
 Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,
 You'll commit yourself some day, like Alured Denne.

" To persons about to be married " I'd say,
 Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day !
 And should there perchance be a trifling delay
 On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,
 And don't snub the parson, the clerk, or churchwarden !

To married men this—For the rest of your lives,
Think how your misconduct may act on your wives !
Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,
Or what sometimes occurs—run away with a Saint !

A SERIOUS error, similar to that which forms the subject of the following legend, is said to have occurred in the case of one, or rather two gentlemen named Curina, who dwelt near Hippo in the days of St. Augustine. The matter was set right, and a friendly hint at the same time conveyed to the ill-used individual, that it would be advisable for him to apply to the above mentioned Father, and be baptised with as little delay as possible. The story is quoted in "The Doctor," together with another of the same kind, which is given on no less authority than that of Gregory the Great.

THE BROTHERS OF BIRCHINGTON.

A LAY OF ST THOMAS A'BECKET.



YOU are all aware that
 On our throne there once sat
 A very great king who'd an Angevin
 hat,
 With a great sprig of broom, which
 he wore as a badge in it,
 Named from this circumstance, Henry
 Plantagenet.

Pray don't suppose
 That I'm going to prose
 O'er Queen Eleanor's wrongs, or Miss Rosamond's woes,
 With the dagger and bowl, and all that sort of thing,
 Not much to the credit of Miss, Queen, or King.

The tale may be true,
 But between me and you,
 With the King's *escapade* I'll have nothing to do ;
 But shall merely select, as a theme for my rhymes,
 A fact which occur'd to some folks in his times.

If for health, or a "lark,"
You should ever embark
In that best of improvements on boats since the Ark,
The steam-vessel call'd the "Red Rover," the barge
Of an excellent officer, named Captain Large,

You may see, some half way
'Twixt the pier at Herne Bay
And Margate, the place where you're going to stay,
A village called Birchington, famed for its "Rolls,"
As the fishing-bank, just in its front, is for Soles.

Well,—there stood a fane
In this Harry Broom's reign,
On the edge of the cliff, overhanging the main,
Renown'd for its sanctity all through the nation
And orthodox friars of the Austin persuasion.

Among them there was one,
Whom if once I begun
To describe as I ought I should never have done,
Father Richard of Birchington, so was the Friar
Yclept, whom the rest had elected their Prior.

He was tall and upright,
About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And the tonsure had left, 'mid his ringlets of brown,
A little bald patch on the top of his crown.

His bright sparkling eye
Was of hazel, and nigh
Rose a finely arch'd eyebrow of similar dye,

He'd a small, well-form'd mouth with the *Cupidon* lip,
And an aquiline nose, somewhat red at the tip.

In-doors and out
He was very devout,
With his *Aves* and *Paters*—and oh, such a knout !!
For his self flagellations ! the Monks used to say
He would wear out two penn'orth of whip-cord a day !

Then how his piety
Shows in his diet, he
Dines upon pulse, or, by way of variety,
Sand-eels or dabs ; or his appetite mocks
With those small periwinkles that crawl on the rocks.

In brief, I don't stick
To declare Father Dick—
So they call'd him, " for short," — was a " Regular
Brick,"
A metaphor taken—I have not the page aright—
Out of an ethical work by the Stagyrice.

Now Nature, 'tis said,
Is a comical jade,
And among the fantastical tricks she has play'd,
Was the making our good Father Richard a Brother,
As like him in form as one pea's like another ;

He was tall and upright,
About six feet in height,
His complexion was what you'd denominate light,
And, though he had not shorn his ringlets of brown,
He'd a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

He'd a bright sparkling eye
 Of the hazel, hard by
 Rose a finely-arch'd sourcil of similar dye ;
 He'd a small, well-shaped mouth, with a *Cupidon* lip,
 And a good Roman nose, rather red at the tip.

But here, it's pretended,
 The parallel ended ;
 In fact, there's no doubt his life might have been mended,
 And people who spoke of the Prior with delight,
 Shook their heads if you mention'd his brother, the Knight.

If you'd credit report,
 There was nothing but sport,
 And High Jinks going on night and day at "the court,"
 Where Sir Robert, instead of devotion and charity,
 Spent all his time in unseemly hilarity.

He drinks and he eats
 Of choice liquors and meats,
 And he goes out on We'n'sdays and Fridays to treats,
 Gets tipsy whenever he dines or he sups,
 And is wont to come quarrelsome home in his cups.

No *Paters*, no *Aves* ;
 An absolute slave he's
 To tarts, pickled salmon, and sauces, and gravies ;
 While as to his beads—what a shame in a Knight!—
 He really don't know the wrong end from the right !

So, though 'twas own'd then,
 By nine people in ten,
 That "Robert and Richard were two pretty men,"

Yet there the praise ceased, or, at least the good Priest
Was consider'd the "Beauty," Sir Robert the "Beast."

Indeed, I'm afraid
More might have been laid
To the charge of the Knight than was openly said,
For then we'd no "Phiz's," no "H. B.'s," nor "Leeches,"
To call Roberts "Bobs," and illustrate their speeches.

'Twas whisper'd he'd rob,
Nay murder! a job
Which would stamp him no "brick," but a "regular snob,"
(An obsolete term, which, at this time of day,
We should probably render by *mauvais sujet*).

Now if *here* such affairs
Get wind unawares,
They are bruited about, doubtless, much more "down
stairs,"
Where Old Nick has a register-office, they say,
With commissioners quite of such matters *au fait*.

Of course, when he heard
What his people averr'd
Of Sir Robert's proceedings in deed and in word,
He asked for the ledger, and hasten'd to look
At the leaves on the creditor side of this book.

'Twas with more than surprise
That he now ran his eyes
O'er the numberless items, oaths, curses, and lies,
Et cætera, set down in Sir Robert's account,
He was quite "flabbergasted" to see the amount.

“ Dear me ! this is wrong !
 It’s a great deal too strong,
 I’d no notion this bill had been standing so long—
 Send Levybub here ! ” and he fill’d up a writ
 Of “ *Ca sa*,” duly prefaced with “ Limbo to wit.”

“ Here Levybub, quick ! ”
 To his bailiff, said Nick,
 “ I’m ‘ ryled,’ and ‘ my dander’s up,’ ‘ Go a-head slick ’
 Up to Kent—not Kentuck—and at once fetch away
 A snob there—I guess that’s a *Mauvais Sujet*.

“ One De Birchington, knight—
 ’Tis not clear quite
 What his t’other name is—they’ve not enter’d it right,
 Ralph, Robert, or Richard ? they’ve not gone so far,
 Our critturs have put it down merely as ‘ R.’

“ But he’s tall and upright,
 About six feet in height,
 His complexion, I reckon, you’d calculate light,
 And he’s farther ‘ set down ’ having ringlets of brown,
 With a little bald patch on the top of his crown.

“ Then his eye and his lip,
 Hook-nose, red at tip,
 Are marks your attention can’t easily slip ;
 Take Slomanoch with you, he’s got a good knack
 Of soon grabbing his man, and be back in a crack ! ”

That same afternoon
 Father Dick, who, as soon
 Would “ knock in ” or “ cut chapel ” as jump o’er the moon.

Was missing at vespers—at compline—all night !
And his monks were, of course, in a deuce of a fright.

Morning dawn'd—'twas broad day,
Still no Prior ! the tray
With his muffins and eggs went untasted away ;—
He came not to luncheon—all said, “ it was rum of him ! ”
—None could conceive what on earth had become of him.

They examined his cell,
They peep'd down the well ;
They went up the tow'r, and look'd into the bell,
They dragg'd the great fish-pond, the little one tried,
But found nothing at all, save some carp—which they fried.

“ Dear me ! Dear me !
Why where can he be ?
He's fallen over the cliff ?—tumbled into the sea ? ”

“ Stay—he talk'd,” exclaim'd one, “ If I recollect right,
Of making a call on his brother, the Knight ! ”

He turns as he speaks,
The “ Court Lodge ” he seeks
Which was known then, as now, by the queer name of
Quekes,
But scarce half a mile on his way had he sped,
When he spied the good Prior in the paddock—stone dead !

Alas ! 'twas too true !
And I need not tell you
In the convent his news made a pretty to do ;
Through all its wide precincts so roomy and spacious,
Nothing was heard but “ Bless *me* ! ” and “ Good Gracious ! ! ”

They sent for the May'r
 And the Doctor, a pair
 Of grave men, who began to discuss the affair,
 When in bounced the Coroner, foaming with fury,
 "Because," as he said, "'twas pooh! pooh! ing his jury."

Then commenced a dispute,
 And so hot they went to't,
 That things seem'd to threaten a serious *émeute*,
 When, just in the midst of the uproar and racket,
 Who should walk in but St. Thomas à Becket.

Quoth his saintship, "How now?
 Here's a fine coil, I trow!
 I should like to know, gentlemen, what's all this row?
 Mr. Wickliffe—or Wackliffe—whatever your name is—
 And you, Mr. May'r, don't you know, sirs, what shame is?"

"Pray what's all this clatter
 About?—what's the matter?"
 Here a monk, whose teeth funk and concern made to chatter,
 Sobs out, as he points to the corpse on the floor,
 "'Tis all dickey with poor Father Dick—he's no more!"

"How!—what?" says the saint,
 "Yes he is—no he ain't*"
 He can't be deceased—pooh! it's merely a feint,
 Or some foolish mistake which may serve for our laughter,
 'He *should* have died,' like the old Scotch Queen, 'here-
 after.'

* *Cantise* for "is not;" St. Thomas, it seems, had lived long enough in the country to pick up a few of its provincialisms.

“ His time is not out ;
 Some blunder no doubt,
 It shall go hard but what I'll know what it's about—
 I shan't be surprised if that scurvy old Nick's
 Had a hand in't ; it savours of one of his tricks.”

When a crafty old hound
 Claps his nose to the ground,
 Then throws it up boldly, and bays out, “ I've found !”
 And the pack catch the note, I'd as soon think to check it,
 As dream of bamboozling St. Thomas à Becket.

Once on the scent
 To business he went,
 “ You Scoundrel, come here, sir” ('twas Nick that he meant),
 “ Bring your books here this instant—bestir yourself—do,
 I've no time to waste on such fellows as you.”

Every corner and nook
 In all Erebus shook,
 As he struck on the pavement his pastoral crook,
 All its tenements trembled from basement to roofs,
 And their *nigger* inhabitants shook in their hoofs.

Hanging his ears,
 Yet dissembling his fears,
 Ledger in hand, straight “ Auld Hornie ” appears,
 With that sort of half-sneaking, half-impudent look,
 Bankrupts sport when cross-question'd by Cresswell or Cooke.

“ So Sir-r-r ! you are here,”
 Said the Saint with a sneer,
 “ My summons, I trust, did not much interfere

With your morning engagements—I merely desire,
At your leisure, to know what you've done with my Prior ?

“ Now, none of your lies,
Mr. Nick ! I'd advise
You to tell me the truth without any disguise,
Or-r-r !! ” The Saint, while his rosy gills seem'd to grow
rosier,
Here gave another great thump with his crosier.

Like a small boy at Eton,
Who's not quite a Crichton,
And don't know his task but expects to be beaten,
Nick stammer'd, scarce knowing what answer to make,
“ Sir, I'm sadly afraid here has been a mistake.

“ These things will occur,
We are all apt to err,
The most cautious sometimes as you know, holy sir ;
For my own part—I'm sure I do all that I can—
But—the fact is—I fear—we have got the wrong man.”

“ Wrong man ! ” roar'd the Saint—
But the scene I can't paint,
The best colours I have are a vast deal too faint—
Nick afterwards own'd that he ne'er knew what fright
meant,
Before he saw Saint under so much excitement.

“ Wrong man ! don't tell me—
Pooh !—fiddle-de-dee !
What's your right, Scamp, to *any* man !—come, let me see ;

I'll teach you, you thorough-paced rascal, to meddle
With church matters, come, Sirrah, out with your schedule!"

In support of his claim
The fiend turns to the name
Of "De Birchington" written in letters of flame,
Below which long items stand, column on column,
Enough to have eked out a decent-sized volume!

Sins of all sorts and shapes,
From small practical japes,
Up to dicings, and drinkings, and murders and rapes,
And then of such standing!—a merciless tick
From an Oxford tobacconist,—let alone Nick.

The Saint in surprise
Scarce believed his own eyes,
Still he knew he'd to deal with the father of lies,
And "So *this!*—you call *this!*" he exclaim'd in a searching
tone,
"This!!! the account of my friend Dick de Birchington!"

"Why," said Nick, with an air
Of great candour, "it's there
Lies the awkwardest part of this awkward affair—
I thought all was right—see the height tallies quite,
The complexion's what all must consider as light;
There's the nose, and the lip, and the ringlets of brown,
And the little bald patch on the top of the crown.

"And then the surname,
So exactly the same—
I don't know—I can't tell how the accident came,

But *some* how—I own it's a very sad job,
 But—my bailiff grabb'd Dick when he *should* have nabb'd
 Bob.

“ I am vex'd beyond bounds
 You should have such good grounds
 For complaint ; I would rather have given five pounds,
 And any apology, sir, you may choose,
 I'll make with much pleasure, and put in the news.”

“ An apology !—pooh !
 Much good that will do !
 An ‘ *apology* ’ quoth a !—and that too from you !—
 Before any proposal is made of the sort,
 Bring back your stol'n goods, thief !—produce them in
 Court !”

In a moment, so small
 It seem'd no time at all,
 Father Richard sat up on his what-do-ye-call—
Sur son séant—and, what was as wondrous as pleasing,
 At once began coughing, and snifing, and sneezing.

While, strange to relate,
 The Knight, whom the fate
 Of his brother had reach'd, and who knock'd at the gate,
 To make further inquiries, had scarce made his bow
 To the Saint, ere he vanish'd, and no one knew how !

Erupit—evasit,
 As Tully would phrase it,
 And none could have known where to find his *Hic jacet*—
 That sentence which man his mortality teaches—
 Sir Robert had disappear'd, body and breeches !

“ Heyday ! Sir, heyday !
What's the matter now—eh ? ”

Quoth A'Becket, observing the gen'ral dismay,
“ How, again !—'pon my word this is really too bad !
It would drive *any* saint in the calendar mad.

“ What, still at your tricking ?
You *will* have a kicking ?

I see you won't rest till you've got a good licking—
Your claim, friend ?—what claim ?—why you show'd me
before
That your *old* claim was cancell'd—you've cross'd out the
score !

“ Is it that way you'd Jew one ?
You've settled the true one ?

Do you mean to tell me he has run up a new one ?
Of the thousands you've cheated
And scurvily treated
Name one you've dared charge with a bill once receipted !
In the Bankruptcy Court should you dare to presume
To attempt it, they'd soon kick you out of the room,
—Ask Commissioner Fonblanque, or ask my Lord Brougham.

“ And then to make under
So barefaced a blunder,
Your caption !—why what's the world come to, I wonder ?
My patience ! it's just like his impudence, rat him !
—Stand out of the way there, and let me get at him ! ”

The Saint raised his arm,
But Old Nick, in alarm,
Dash'd up through the skylight, not doing much harm,

While, *quite pour la peur*, the Knight, sound on the whole,
Down the chimney came tumbling as black as a coal !

Spare we to tell
Of what after befell !
How the Saint lectured Robert de Birchington well,
Bade him alter his life, and held out as a warning
The narrow escape he'd made on't that morning.

Nor need we declare
How, then and there,
The jury and Coroner blew up the May'r
For his breach of decorum as one of the *quorum*,
In not having Levybub brought up before 'em.

Nor will you require
Me to state how the Prior
Could never thenceforth bear the sight of a fire,
Nor ever was heard to express a desire
In cold weather to see the thermometer higher.

Nor shall I relate
The subsequent fate
Of St. Thomas à Becket, whose reverend pate
Fitzurse and De Morville, and Brito and Tracy
Shaved off, as his crown had been merely a jasey.*

Suffice it to say,
From that notable day
The "Twin Birchington Brothers" together grew gray :

* *Nec satis fuit eis sanguine sacerdotis et nece ecclesiam prophanare, nisi, coronâ capitis amputatâ, funestis gladiis jam defuncti ejicerent cerebrum.—Matt. Paris.*

In the same holy convent continued to dwell,
Same food and same fastings, same habit, same cell.

No more the Knight rattles
In broils and in battles,
But sells, by De Robins, his goods and his chattles,
And counting all wealth a mere Will-o'the-wisp,
Disposes of Quekes to Sir Nicholas Crispe.

One spot alone
Of all he had known
Of his spacious domain he retain'd as his own,
In a neighbouring parish, whose name I may say
Scarce any two people pronounce the same way.

Re-cul-ver some style it,
While others revile it
As bad, and say *Re-culver*—'t isn't worth while, it
Would seem, to dispute, when we know the result immat-
erial—I accent, myself, the penultimate.

Sages, with brains
Full of "Saxon remains,"
May call me a booby, perhaps, for my pains,
Still I hold, at the hazard of being thought dull by 'em.
Fast by the quantity mark'd for *Regulbium*.

Call't as you will
The traveller still,
In the voyage that we talk'd about, marks on the hill
Overhanging the sea, the "twin towers" raised then
By "Robert and Richard, those two pretty men."

Both tall and upright,
 And just equal in height ;
 The Trinity House talked of painting them white,
 And the thing was much spoken of some time ago,
 When the Duke, I believe—but I really don't know.

Well—there the “ Twins ” stand
 On the verge of the land,
 To warn mariners off from the Columbine sand,
 And many a poor man have Robert and Dick
 By their vow caused to 'scape, like themselves, from Old Nick.

So, whether you're sailors
 Or Tooley-street tailors,
 Broke loose from your masters, those sternest of jailers,
 And, bent upon pleasure, are taking your trip
 In a craft which you fondly conceive is a ship,
 When you've passed by the Nore,
 And you hear the winds roar
 In a manner you scarce could have fancied before,
 When the cordage and tacking
 Are flapping and crackling,
 And the boy with the bell
 Thinks it useless to tell
 You that “ dinner's on table,” because you're unwell ;

When above you all's “ scud,”
 And below you the flood
 Looks a horrible mixture of soap-suds and mud,
 When the timbers are straining,
 And folks are complaining,
 The dead-lights are letting the spray and the rain in,

When the helm's-man looks blue,
And Captain Large too,
And you really don't know what on earth you shall do.

In this hubbub and row
Think where you'd be now,
Except for the Birchington boys and their vow !
And while o'er the wide wave you feel the craft pitch hard,
Praie for ye sowles of Robertte and Rychard !

MORAL.

It's a subject of serious complaint in some houses,
With young married men who have elderly spouses,
That persons are seen in their figures and faces,
With very queer people in very queer places,
So like them that one for the other's oft taken,
And conjugal confidence thereby much shaken :
Explanations too often are thought mere pretences,
And Richard gets scolded for Robert's offences.

In a matter so nice,
If I'm ask'd my advice,
I say copy King Henry to obviate that,
And stick something remarkable up in your hat !

Next, observe, in this world where we've so many cheats,
How useful it is to preserve your receipts !
If you deal with a person whose truth you don't doubt,
Be particular, still, that your bill is cross'd out ;
But, with any inducement to think him a scamp,
Have a formal receipt on a regular stamp !

Let every gay gallant my story who notes
 Take warning, and not go on "sowing wild oats!"
 Nor depend that some friend
 Will always attend,
 And by "making all right" bring him off in the end,
 He may be mistaken, so let him beware,
 St. Thomas à Becket's are now rather rare.

Last of all, may'rs and magistrates, never be rude
 To juries! they are people who *won't* be pooh-pooh'd!
 Especially Sandwich ones—no one can say
 But himself may come under their clutches one day;
 They then may pay off
 In kind any scoff,
 And, turning their late verdict quite "*wisey wersey*,"
 "Acquit you," and *not* "recommend you to mercy."*

* At a Quarter Sessions held at Sandwich, (some six miles from Birchington,) on Tuesday the 8th of April last, before W. F. Boteler, Esq., the recorder, Thomas Jones, mariner, aged seventeen, was tried for stealing a jacket, value ten shillings. The jury, after a patient hearing, found him "not guilty," and "recommended him to mercy."—See the whole case reported in the "Kentish Observer," April 10, 1845.

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.



“Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!”

Thomson—or Somebody.

LADY JANE was tall and slim,
 The Lady Jane was fair,
 And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
 But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,
 And he wore green “specs,” with a tortoiseshell rim,
 And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
 And she was uncommonly fond of him,—
 And they were a loving pair!—
 —And the name and the fame
 Of the Knight and his Dame,
 Were ev’rywhere hail’d with the loudest acclaim;
 And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
 Far and wide,
 The people cried,

Huzza ! for the Lord of this noble domain,—
 Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !—once again !—
 Encore !—Encore !—
 One cheer more !—
 —All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain
 To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane !!

 Now Sir Thomas the Good,
 Be it well understood,
 Was a man of a very contemplative mood,—
 He would pore by the hour,
 O'er a weed or a flower,
 Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower ;
 Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,
 And Moths were of no small account in his eyes ;
 An " Industrious Flea " he'd by no means despise,
 While an " Old Daddy-long-legs," whose " long legs "
 and thighs
 Pass'd the common in shape, or in colour, or size,
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
 Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce " keep his paws
 off "—he
 Gave up, in short,
 Both business and sport,
 And abandon'd himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.

Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,
 And a good many years the junior of him,—
 And as he,
 All agree,

Look'd less like her *Mari*,
 As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,*
 There are some might be found entertaining a notion
 That such an entire, and exclusive devotion
 To that part of science, folks style Entomology,
 Was a positive shame,
 And, to such a fair Dame,
 Really demanded some sort of apology;
 —No doubt, it *would* vex
 One half of the sex
 To see their own husband, in horrid green “specs,”
 Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
 Still poking his nose into this and to that,
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
 Or great ugly things,
 All legs and wings,
 With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings;
 And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,
 —One eternally thinking,
 And blinking, and winking
 At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them.—
 But no!—oh no!
 'Twas by no means so
 With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter
 And, having a temper more even and sweeter,
 Would never object to
 Her spouse, in respect to

* My friend, Mr. Hood,
 In his comical mood,
 Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady—
 Him—“Stern-old and Hopkins,” and her “Tête and Braid.”

His poking and peeping
 After "things creeping ;"
 Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,
 Or scolding at what she perceived him so deep in.

Tout au contraire,
 No lady so fair
 Was e'er known to wear more contented an air ;
 And,—let who would call,—every day she was there,
 Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
 Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,
 Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—
 Or counting her spoons and her crockery-ware ;
 Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care
 Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair,
 With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,
 Enough to make less-gifted visitors stare,
 And declare, where'er
 They had been, that, "they ne'er
 In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare
 With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear."

Nay more ; don't suppose
 With such doings as those
 This account of her merits must come to a close ;
 No ;—examine her conduct more closely, you'll find
 She by no means neglected improving her mind ;
 For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,
 She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,
 Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.
 Close by her side,
 Sat her kinsman, MacBride,

Her cousin, fourteen-times removed,—as you'll see
 If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
 In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx. page 53.

All the papers I've read agree,
 Too, with the pedigree,

Where, among the collateral branches, appears
 "Captain Dugald Mac Bride, Royal Scots Fusileers ;"
 And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his clan
 A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man ;—

And there he'd be sitting,
 While she was a-knitting,

Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,
 Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,
 Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
 Some very "wise saw" from some very good book,—

Some such pious divine as
 St. Thomas Aquinas :
 Or, equally charming,
 The works of Bellarmine ;
 Or else he unravels
 The "voyages and travels"

Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully
 verse!)—

Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—
 Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so
 Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe.—

No matter who came,
 It was always the same,

The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
 Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,
 They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well, it happen'd one day,
 —I really can't say

The particular month ;—but I *think* 'twas in May,—
 'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when “ Nature looks
 gay,”

As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray
 The dear little dickey-birds carol away ;
 When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,
 And all things are teeming with life and with light,—
 That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,
 For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight !

It seems he had taken
 A light breakfast—bacon,
 An egg—with a little broil'd haddock—at most
 A round and a half of some hot butter'd toast,
 With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.
 And then—let me see !—
 He had two—perhaps three
 Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gunpowder tea,
 With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,
 —Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—
 —In fact, I and my son
 Mix “ black ” with our “ Hyson,”
 Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,
 And both hating brandy like what some call “ pison.”
 No matter for that—
 He had call'd for his hat,
 With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,
 And his “ specs ” with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane
 With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain
 His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs
 And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—
 Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble—alack !
 He *set out*, poor dear Soul !—but he never came back !

“ First dinner-bell ” rang
Out its euphonous clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the “ Last ”
Ding-dong’d, as it ever was wont, at half-past,
While Betsey and Sally,
And Thompson the *Valet*,
And every one else was beginning to bless himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself,—
—Quoth Betsey, “ Dear me ! why the fish will be cold ! ”—
Quoth Sally, “ Good gracious ! how ‘ Missis ’ *will* scold ! ”—
Thompson, the *Valet*,
Look’d gravely at Sally,
As who should say “ Truth must not always be told ! ”
Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold,
Thus exposed to the dews,
Lambs’-wool stockings and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and said, “ he
Much fear’d, as the dinner had been so long ready,
The roast and the boil’d
Would be all of it spoil’d,
And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat ! ”
This closed the debate—
“ ’Twould be folly to wait,”
Said the Lady, “ Dish up!—Let the meal be served straight ;
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He’s lost sure as fate !
And, a hundred to one, won’t be home till it’s late ! ”

—Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face
The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas's place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night did the hours go by ;
And the Lady Jane,
In grief and in pain,
She sat herself down to cry !—
And Captain Macbride,
Who sat by her side,
Though I really can't say that he actually cried,
At least had a tear in his eye !—
As much as can well be expected, perhaps,
From " very young fellows " for very " old chaps ;"
And if he had said
What he'd got in his head,
'Twould have been " Poor old Buffer ! he's certainly dead !"

The morning dawn'd,—and the next,—and the next,
And all in the mansion were still perplex'd ;
No watch-dog " bay'd a welcome home," as
A watch-dog should to the " Good Sir Thomas ;"
No knocker fell
His approach to tell,
Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,
And the meads smiled green as green may be,
And the dear little dickey-birds caroll'd with glee,
And the lambs in the park skipp'd merry and free—
—Without, all was joy and harmony !

“ And thus ’twill be,—nor long the day,—
 Ere we, like him, shall pass away !
 Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,
 Shall shine,—but shine on other forms ;—
 Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
 Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
 The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
 But other eyes its sports survey,—
 The stream we loved shall roll as fair,
 The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre
 Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
 The Tree, whose bending branches bear
 The One loved name—shall yet be there ;—
 But where the hand that carved it ?—Where ? ”

These were hinted to me as
 The very ideas
 Which pass’d through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,
 Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
 As she walk’d on the esplanade, to and again,
 With Captain MacBride,
 Of course, at her side,
 Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried,
 —An “ idea,” in fact, had got into *his* head,
 That if “ poor dear Sir Thomas ” should really be dead,
 It might be no bad “ spec.” to be there in his stead,
 And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed
 A Lady who was young and fair,
 A lady slim and tall,
 To set himself down in comfort there
 The Lord of Tapton * Hall.—

* The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard still in use among the tenantry. — *Vide Prefatory Introduction to the Ingoldsby Legends.*

Thinks he, " We have sent
 Half over Kent,
 And nobody knows how much money's been spent,
 Yet no one's been found to say which way he went!—
 The groom, who's been over
 To Folkstone and Dover,
 Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!
 —Here's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we've tried
 Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side,
 Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've supplied,—
 And we've sent out the Crier, and had him well cried—
 ' MISSING ! !
 Stolen, or stray'd,
 Lost, or mislaid,
 A GENTLEMAN ;—middle-aged, sober, and staid ;—
 Stoops slightly ;—and when he left home was array'd
 In a sad-coloured suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd ;—
 Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,
 And a hat rather low-crown'd, and broad in the brim.
 Whoe'er
 Shall bear,
 Or shall send him with care,
 (Right side uppermost) home ; or shall give notice where
 The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is ; or shall state
 Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,
 To the man at the turnpike, called TAPPINGTON GATE,
 Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble,—
 (N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be double ! !)

 " Had he been above ground
 He *must* have been found.
 No ; doubtless he's shot, — or he's hang'd, — or he's
 drown'd !

Then his Widow—ay! ay!—
 But, what will folks say!—
 To address her at once—at so early a day!
 Well—what then?—who cares!—let 'em say what they
 may—
 A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice it, her
 Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her!"

When a man has decided
 As Captain MacBride did,
 And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he
 Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
 He began on the instant, and vow'd that "her eyes
 Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—
 That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like
 lilies—
 Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies!"—
 With a thousand more compliments equally true,
 And expressed in similitudes equally new!
 —Then his left arm he placed
 Round her jimp, taper waist—
 —Ere she fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,
 Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
 With that very peculiar expression of face
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
 Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—“ Oh, Ma'am! we've
 found Master!”
 —“ Where! where?” scream'd the lady; and Echo
 scream'd—“ Where?”
 The man couldn't say “ There!”
 He had no breath to spare,
 But, gasping for air, he could only respond,
 By pointing—he pointed, alas!—TO THE POND.

—'Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with his "specs"
 and his hat
 He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that ;
 When, close to the side
 Of the bank, he espied
 An "uncommon fine" Tadpole, remarkably fat !
 He stoop'd ;—and he thought her
 His own ;—he had caught her !
 Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,
 When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet water !

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 The Lady Jane was fair,
 Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for him,
 As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,
 His body between them bear.
 She sobb'd, and she sigh'd ; she lamented, and cried,
 For of sorrow brimful was her cup ;
 She swoon'd, and I think she'd have fall'n down and died,
 If Captain MacBride
 Had not been by her side,
 With the Gardener ; they both their assistance supplied,
 And managed to hold her up.—
 But, when she "comes to,"
 Oh ! 'tis shocking to view
 The sight which the corpse reveals !
 Sir Thomas's body,
 It look'd so odd—he
 Was half eaten up by the eels !
 His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes
 Were all gnaw'd through and through ;
 And out of each shoe
 An eel they drew ;





The Knight & the Lady

And from each of his pockets they pull'd out two !
 And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,
 As well we may suppose ;
 For, when he came running to give the alarm,
 He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

 Good Father John *
 Was summon'd anon ;
 Holy water was sprinkled,
 And little bells tinkled,
 And tapers were lighted,
 And incense ignited,
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

 But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,—
 And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
 Had made up her mind—or, what's much the same,
 Had *thought about*—once more “ changing her name,”
 And she said, with a pensive air,
 To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
 When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
 “ Eels a many
 I've ate ; but any
 So good ne'er tasted before !—
 They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond.—
 Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
 Poor dear !—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE ! ! ”

* For some account of Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am so much beholden, see *Ingoldsby Legends, First Series*, p. 216 (2nd Edit.) This was the last ecclesiastical act of his long and valuable life.

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
 If you're married, and have not got very good eyes,
 Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies!—
 If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,
 And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim !

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
 Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware
 How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair ;
 But let them reflect, “ There are fish, and no doubt on't—
 As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on't !”

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming
 In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the “ gloaming,”—
 Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home
 in !

And if, when “ last dinner-bell ” 's rung, he is late,
 To insure better manners in future—Don't wait !—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,
 Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond !

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—
 That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,
 Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—
 Have them spitch-cock'd,—or stew'd—they're too oily when
 fried !

THE HOUSE-WARMING!!

A LEGEND OF BLEEDING-HEART YARD.

Did you ever see the Devil dance?—OLD QUERY.



IR CHRISTOPHER HATTON he danced
 with grace,
 He'd a very fine form and a very fine face,
 And his cloak and his doublet were guarded
 with lace,
 And the rest of his clothes,
 As you well may suppose,
 In taste were by no means inferior to those ;
 He'd a yellow-starch'd ruff,
 And his gloves were of buff,
 On each of his shoes a red heel and a rose,
 And nice little moustaches under his nose ;
 Then every one knows
 How he turn'd out his toes,
 And a very great way that accomplishment goes,
 In a Court where it's thought, in a lord or a duke, a
 Disgrace to fall short in "the Brawls"—(their Cachouca).

So what with his form, and what with his face,
 And what with his velvet cloak guarded with lace,
 And what with his elegant dancing and grace,
 His dress and address
 So tickled Queen Bess
 That her Majesty gave him a very snug place ;
 And seeing, moreover, at one single peep, her
 Advisers were, few of them, sharper or deeper
 (Old Burleigh excepted), she made him Lord Keeper !

I've heard, I confess, with no little surprise,
 English history called a farrago of lies ;
 And a certain Divine,
 A connexion of mine,
 Who ought to know better, as some folks opine,
 Is apt to declare,
 Leaning back in his chair,
 With a sort of smirking, self-satisfied air,
 That " all that's recorded in Hume and elsewhere,
 Of our early ' *Annales* '
 A trumpery tale is,
 Like the ' Bold Captain Smith's,' and the ' Luckless Miss
 Bayley's '—
 That old Roger Hovedon, and Ralph de Diceto,
 And others (whose names should I try to repeat o-
 ver, well I'm assured you would put in your veto),
 Though all holy friars,
 Were very great liars,
 And raised stories faster than Grissel and Peto—
 That Harold escaped with the loss of a ' glim '—
 —That the shaft which kill'd Rufus ne'er glanced from a
 limb
 Of a tree, as they say, but was aim'd slap at *him*,—

That Fair Rosamond never was poison'd or spitted,
 But outlived Queen Nell, who was much to be pitied ;—
 That Nelly her namesake, Ned Longshanks's wife,
 Ne'er went crusading at all in her life,
 Nor suck'd the wound made by the poison-tipp'd knife !
 For as she,
 O'er the sea,
 Towards far Galilee,
 Never, even in fancy, march'd carcass or shook shanks,
 Of course she could no more suck Longshanks than Cruik-
 shanks,
 But, leaving her spindle-legged liege-lord to roam,
 Staid behind, and suck'd something much better at home,—
 That it's quite as absurd
 To say Edward the Third,
 In reviving the Garter, afforded a handle
 For any Court-gossip, detraction, or scandal,
 As 'twould be to say,
 That at Court t'other day,
 At the fête which the newspapers say was so gay,
 His Great Representative then stole away
 Lady Salisbury's garters as part of the play.—
 —That as to Prince Hal's being taken to jail,
 By the London Police, without mainprize or bail,
 For cuffing a judge,
 It's a regular fudge ;
 And that Chief-Justice Gascoigne, it's very well known,
 Was kick'd out the moment he came to the throne.—
 —Then that Richard the Third was a 'marvellous proper
 man'—
 Never kill'd, injur'd, or wrong'd of a copper, man !—
 Ne'er wish'd to smother
 The sons of his brother,—

Nor ever stuck Harry the Sixth, who, instead
 Of being squabash'd, as in Shakspeare we've read,
 Caught a bad influenza, and died in his bed,
 In the Tower, not far from the room were the Guard is
 (The octagon one that adjoins Duffus Hardy's).
 —That, in short, all the 'facts' in the *Decem Scriptores*,
 Are nothing at all but sheer humbugging stories."

Then if, as he vows, both this country and France in,
 Historians thus gave themselves up to romancing,
 Notwithstanding what most of them join in advancing
 Respecting Sir Christopher's capering and prancing,
 'Twill cause no surprise
 If we find that his rise
 Is *not* to be solely ascribed to his dancing!
 The fact is, Sir Christopher, early in life,
 As all bachelors should do, had taken a wife,
 A Fanshawe by family,—one of a house
 Well descended, but boasting less "nobles" than *nous*;
 Though e'en as to purse
 He might have done worse,
 For I find, on perusing her Grandfather's will, it is
 Clear she had "good gifts beside possibilities,"*
 Owches and rings,
 And such sort of things,
 Orellana shares (then the American Stocks),
 Jewell'd stomachers, coifs, ruffs, silk-stockings with clocks,
 Point-lace, cambric handkerchiefs, nightcaps, and—socks—
 (Recondite apparel contained in her box),
 —Then the height of her breeding
 And depth of her reading

* "Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts."



The Housewarming



Might captivate any gay youth, and, in leading
 Him on to "propose," well excuse the proceeding :
 Truth to tell, as to "reading," the Lady was thought to do
 More than she should, and know more than she ought to do ;

Her maid, it was said,

Declared that she read

(A custom all staid folks discourage) in bed ;

And that often o' nights,

Odd noises and sights

In her mistress's chamber had giv'n her sad frights,

After all in the mansion had put out their lights,

And she verily thought that hobgoblins and sprites

Were there, kicking up all sorts of devil's delights ;—

Miss Alice, in short, was supposed to "collogue"—I

Don't much like the word—with the subtle old rogue, I

've heard call'd by so many names—one of them's "Bogy"—

Indeed 'twas conceived,

And by most folks believed,

—A thing at which all of her well-wishers griev'd—

That should she incline to play such a vagary,

Like sage Lady Branhholm, her contempo-rary

(Excuse the false quantity, reader I pray),

She could turn a knight into a wagon of hay,

Or two nice little boys into puppies at play,

Raison de plus, not a doubt could exist of her

Pow'r to turn "Kit Hatton" into "Sir Christopher ;"

But what "mighty magic," or strong "conjunction,"

Whether love-powder, philtre, or other potation

She used, I confess,

I'm unable to guess,—

Much less to express

By what skill and address

She "cut and contrived" with such signal success,

As we Londoners say to "inwiggle" Queen Bess,

Inasmuch as I lack heart
 To study the Black Art ;
 Be that as it may,—it's as clear as the sun,
 That, however she did it, 'twas certainly done !

Now, they're all very well, titles, honour, and rank,
 Still we can't but admit, if we choose to be frank,
 There's no harm in a snug little sum in the Bank !

An old proverb says,
 " Pudding still before praise ! "

An adage well known I've no doubt in those days,
 And George Colman, the Younger, in one of his plays,
 Makes one of his characters loudly declare
 That " a Lord without money,"—I quote from his " Heir-
 At-Law "—" 's but a poor wishy-washy affair ! "—
 In her subsequent conduct I think we can see a
 Strong proof the Dame entertain'd some such idea,

For, once in the palace,
 We find Lady Alice

Again playing tricks with her Majesty's chalice
 In the way that the jocose, in
 Our days, term " hocussing ; "

The liquor she used, as I've said, she kept close,
 But whatever it was, she now doubled the dose !

(So true is the saying,
 " We never can stay, in

Our progress, when once with the foul fiend we league us."
 —She " doctor'd " the punch, and she " doctor'd " the negus,
 Taking care not to put in sufficient to flavour it,

Till, at every fresh sip,
 That moisten'd her lip,

The Virgin Queen grew more attach'd to her Favourite.
 " No end " now he commands
 Of money and lands,

And, as George Robins says, when he's writing about
houses,

“ Messuages, tenements, crofts, tofts, and outhouses,”

Parks, manors, chases, She “ gives and she grants,

To him and his heirs, and his uncles and aunts ; ”

Whatever he wants, he has only to ask it,

And all other suitors are “ left in the basket,”

Till Dudley and Rawleigh

Began to look squally,

While even grave Cecil, the famous Lord Burleigh,

Himself, “ shook his head,” and grew snappish and surly.

All this was fine sport,

As our authors report,

To dame Alice, become a great Lady at Court,

Where none than her Ladyship's husband look'd bigger,

Who “ led the brawls ” * still with the same grace and
vigour,

Though losing a little in slimness and figure ;

For eating and drinking all day of the best

Of viands well drest,

With “ Burgess's Zest,”

Is apt, by degrees, to enlarge a man's vest ;

And, what in Sir Christopher went to increase it, he

'd always been rather inclined to obesity ;

—Few men in those times were found to grow thinner

With beefsteaks for breakfast and pork-pie for dinner.

Now it's really a difficult problem to say

How long matters might have gone on in this way,

If it had not unluckily happen'd one day

* The grave Lord Keeper led the brawls,
The seals and maces danced before him.—GRAY.

That NICK,—who, because
 He'd the gout in his claws
 And his hoofs—(he's by no means so young as he was,
 And is subject of late to a sort of rheumatic a-
 -ttack that partakes both of gout and sciatica,)—
 All the night long had twisted and grinn'd,
 His pains much increased by an easterly wind,
 Which always compels him to hobble and limp,
 Was strongly advised by his medical Imp
 To lie by a little, and give over work,
 For he'd lately been slaving away like a Turk,
 On the Guinea-coast, helping to open a brave trade
 In niggers, with Hawkins * who founded the slave-trade,
 So he call'd for his ledger, the constant resource
 Of your mercantile folk, when they're "not in full force ;"
 —If a cold or catarrh makes them husky and hoarse,
 Or a touch of gout keeps them away from "the BOURSE,"
 They look over their books as a matter of course.
 Now scarce had Nick turn'd over one page or two,
 Ere a prominent *item* attracted his view,
 A Bill!—that had now been some days overdue,
 From one Alice Hatton, *née* Fanshawe—a name
 Which you'll recognise, reader, at once as the same
 With that borne by Sir Christopher's erudite dame!
 The signature—much more *prononcée* than pink,
 Seem'd written in blood—but it might be red ink—
 While the rest of the deed
 He proceeded to read,

* Sir John Hawkins for "his *worthye* attempts and services," and because "in the same he had dyvers conflights with the Moryans and slew and toke dyvers of the same Moryans," received from Elizabeth an *honourable* augmentation to his coat armour, including, for his crest, "A *Demi-Moor sable, with two manacles on each arm, or.*"

Like ev'ry "bill, bond, or acquittance" whose date is
 Three hundred years old, ran in Latin,—"*Sciatis*
 (*Diaboli?*) *omnes ad quos hæc pervenient*—"
 —But courage, dear Reader, I mean to be lenient,
 And scorn to inflict on you half the "Law-reading"
 I picked up "umquhile" in three days' special-pleading,
 Which cost me—a theme. I'll not pause to digress on—
 Just thirty-three pounds six-and-eightpence a lesson—
 "As I'm stout, I'll be merciful," therefore, and sparing
 All these technicalities, end by declaring

The deed so correct

As to make one suspect,

(Were it possible any such person could go there)

Old Nick had a Special Attorney below there :

'Twas so fram'd and express'd no tribunal could shake it,

And firm as red wax and *black ferret* could make it.

By the roll of his eye

As Old Nick put it by,

It was clear he had made up his mind what to do

In respect to the course he should have to pursue,

When his hoof would allow him to put on a shoe !!

No, although the Lord Keeper held under the crown, house
 And land in the country—he'd never a Town-house,

And, as we have seen,

His course always had been,

When he wanted a thing, to solicit the Queen,

So now, in the hope of a fresh acquisition,

He danced off to Court with his "Humble Petition,"

"Please your Majesty's Grace,

I have not a place,

I can well put my head in, to dine, sup, or sleep !
 Your Grace's Lord Keeper has nowhere to *keep*,
 So I beg and intreat,
 At your Majesty's feet,
 That your Grace will be graciously pleased for to say,
 With as little delay
 As your Majesty may,
 Where your Majesty's Grace's Lord Keeper's to stay—
 —And your Grace's Petitioner ever will pray !”

The Queen, when she heard
 This petition preferr'd,
 Gave ear to Sir Christopher's suit at a word ;—
 “ Odds Bobs, my good Lord !” was her gracious reply,
 I don't know, not I,
 Any good reason why
 A Lord Keeper, like you, should not always be nigh
 To advise—and devise—and revise—our supply—
 A House ! we're surprised that the thing did not strike
 Us before—Yes !—of course !—Pray, whose house would
 you like !
 When I *do* things of this kind, I do them genteelly,
 A House ?—let me see ! there's the Bishop of Ely !
 A capital mansion, I'm told, the proud knave is in,
 Up there in Holborn, just opposite Thavie's Inn—
 Where the strawberries grow so fine and so big,
 Which our Grandmother's Uncle tucked in like a pig,
 King Richard the Third, which you all must have read of—
 The day,—don't you know ?—he cut Hastings' head off—
 And mark me, proud Prelate !—I'm speaking to you,
 Bishop Heaton !—you need not, my lord, look so blue—
 Give it up on the instant ! I don't mean to shock you,
 Or else by —— !—(The Bishop *was* shock'd !)—I'll
 unfrock you ! !”

The Queen turns abruptly her back on the group,
 The courtiers all bow as she passes, and stoop
 To kiss, as she goes, the hind flounce of her hoop,
 And Sir Christopher, having thus danced to some tune,
 Skips away with much glee in his best rigadon !

While poor Bishop Heaton,
 Who found himself beaten,

In serious alarm at the Queen's contumelious
 And menacing tone, at once gave him up Ely House,
 With every appurtenance thereto belonging,
 Including the strawberry beds 'twas so strong in ;
 Politely he bow'd to the gratified minion,
 And said, " There can be, my good lord, in opinion

No difference betwixt yours
 And mine as to fixtures,
 And tables, and chairs—
 We need no survey'rs—

Take them just as you find them, without reservation,
 Grates, coppers, and all, at your own valuation ! "

Well ! the object is gain'd !

A good town-house obtain'd,

The next thing to be thought of, is now

The " house-warming " party—the *when* and the *how*—

The Court ladies call,

One and all, great and small,

For an elegant " Spread," and more elegant Ball,

So, Sir Christopher, vain as we know of his capering,

No sooner had finish'd his painting and papering,

Than he sat down and wrote,

A nice little pink note

To every great Lord, whom he knew, and his spouse,

" From our poor place on Holborn-hill (late Ely House),

Lord Keeper and Dame Alice Hatton request,
Lord So-and-so's (name, style, or title exprest)

Good company on

The next eve of St. John,

Viz. : Friday week, June 24th, as their guest,

To partake of pot-luck,

And taste a fat buck.

N.B. Venison on table exactly at 3,

Quadrilles in the afternoon.

R. S. V. P.

For my good Lord of So-and-so these, and his wife ;

Ride ! ride ! for thy life ! for thy life ! for thy life ! ”

Thus, courtiers were wont to indorse their expresses

In Harry the VIIIth's time, and also Queen Bess's.

The Dame, for her part, too, took order that cards

Should be sent to the mess-rooms of all the Hussards,

The Household troops, Train-bands, and horse and foot

Guards.

Well, the day for the rout

At length came about,

And the bells of St. Andrew's rang merrily out,

As horse-litter, coach, and pad-nag, with its pillion,

(The mode of conveyance then used by “ the Million, ”)

All gallant and grand,

Defiled from the Strand,

Some through Chancery (then an unpaved and much wetter)

Lane,

Others through Shoe (which was not a whit better) Lane ;

Others through Fewtar's (corrupted to Fetter) Lane ;

Some from Cheapside, and St. Mary-le-Bow,

From Bishopgate Street, Dowgate Hill,* and Budge Row.

* Sir Francis Drake's house, “ the Arbour, ” stood here.

They come and they go,
 Squire and Dame, Belle and Beau,
 Down Snore Hill (which we have since whitewash'd to
 Snow),
 All eager to see the magnificent show,
 And sport what some call "a fantastical toe ;"
 In silk and in satin,
 To batten and fatten
 Upon the good cheer of Sir Christopher Hatton.

A flourish, trumpets!—sound again!—
 He comes, bold Drake, the chief who made a
 Fine hash of all the pow'rs of Spain,
 And so serv'd out their Grand Armada :
 With him come Frobisher and Hawkins,
 In yellow ruffs, rosettes, and stockings.

Room for my Lord!—proud Leicester's Earl
 Retires awhile from courtly cares,
 Who took his wife, poor hapless girl!
 And pitch'd her neck and heel down stairs ;
 Proving, in hopes to wed a richer,
 If not her "friend," at least her "pitcher."

A flourish, trumpets! strike the drums!
 Will Shakspeare, never of his pen sick,
 Is here—next Doctor Masters comes,
 Renown'd afar for curing men sick,—
 Queen's Serjeant Barham * with his bums
 And tipstaves, coif, and wig forensic ;
 (He lost, unless Sir Richard lies, his
 Life at the famous "Black Assizes.")



* Called by Sir Richard Baker "The famous Lawyer."—See
his Chronicle.

Room! Room! for great Cecil! — place, place, for his
 Dame!—

Room! Room! for Southampton—for Sidney, whose name
 As a *Preux Chevalier*, in the records of Fame,
 “Beats Banagher”—e’en now his praises, we all sing ’em,
 Knight, Poet, Gentleman!—Room! for Sage Walsingham!

Room! for Lord Hunsdon!—for Sussex!—for Rawleigh!—
 For INGOLDSBY!! Oh! it’s enough to appal ye!

Dear me! how they call!

How they squall! how they bawl!

This dame has lost her shoe—that one her shawl—

My lord’s got a tumble—my lady a fall!—

Now a Hall! a Hall!

A Brawl! a Brawl!

Here’s my Lord Keeper Hatton, so stately and tall!

Has led out Lady Hunsdon to open the Ball!

Fiddlers! Fiddlers! fiddle away!

Resin your catgut! fiddle and play!

A roundelay!

Fiddle away!

Obeys! obeys!—hear what they all say!

Hip!—Music!—Nosey!!—play up there!—play!

Never was anything half so gay

As Sir Christopher Hatton’s grand holiday!

The clock strikes twelve!—Who cares for the clock?

Who cares for—Hark!—What a loud Single-knock!

Dear me! dear me!

Who can it be?—

Why, who can be coming at this time of night,

With a knock *like that* honest folk to affright!—

“ Affright ? ”—yes, *affright* !—there are many who mock
 At fear, and in danger stand firm as a rock,
 Whom the roar of the battle-field never could shock,
 Yet quail at the sound of a vile “ Single-knock ! ”
 Hark !—what can the Porter be thinking of ?—What !—
 If the booby has not let him in I’ll be shot !—

Dear me ! how hot
 The room’s all at once got !—
 And what rings through the roof ?—
 It’s the sound of a *hoof* !

It’s some donkey a-coming upstairs at full trot !
 Stay !—the folding-doors open ! the leaves are thrown back,
 And in dances a tall *Figurant*—ALL IN BLACK ! !

Gracious me what an *entrechat* ! Oh, what a bound !
 Then with what an *a-plomb* he comes down to the ground !
 Look there ! look there !
 Now he’s up in the air !
 Now he’s here !—now he’s there—now he’s no one knows
 where !—
 See ! see !—he’s kick’d over a table and chair !
 There they go !—all the strawberries, flowers, and sweet
 herbs,

Turn’d o’er and o’er,
 Down on the floor,

Ev’ry caper he cuts oversets or disturbs
 All the “ Keen’s Seedlings,” and “ Wilmot’s Superbs ! ”

There’s a *pirouette* !—we’re
 All a great deal too near !

A ring !—give him room or he’ll “ shin ” you—stand clear !
 There’s a spring again !—oh ! ’tis quite frightful !—oh dear !
 His toe’s broke the top of the glass chandelier ! !

Now he's down again—look at the *congees* and bows
And *salaams* which he makes to the Dame of the House,
Lady Alice, the noble Lord Treasurer's spouse !

Come, now we shall view

A grand *pas de deux*

Perform'd in the very first style by these two
—But no !—she recoils—she could scarce look more pale if
Instead of a Beau's 'twas the bow of a Bailiff !—
He holds out his hand—she declines it, and draws
Back her own—see !—he grasps it with horrid black claws,
Like the short, sharp, strong nails of a Polar Bear's paws ! !

Then she “scream'd such a scream !”

Such another, I deem,

As, long after, Miss Mary Brown* scream'd in her dream.
Well she might ! for 'twas shrewdly remark'd by her Page,
A sharp little boy about twelve years of age,

Who was standing close by

When she utter'd her cry,

That the whole of her arm shrivell'd up, and grew dry,
While the fingers and thumb of the hand he had got
In his clutches became on the instant RED HOT ! !

Now he whirls and he twirls

Through the girls in their curls,

And their rouge, and their feathers, and diamonds, and
pearls ;

Now high,—now low,—

Now fast, and now slow,

In terrible circumgyration they go ;
The flame-colour'd Belle and her coffee-faced Beau !

* *Vide* the celebrated ballad of “Giles Scroggins.”—*Catnach's ed.*
7 *Dials*, Lond. 1841.

Up they go once ! and up they go twice !—
Round the hall !—round the hall !—and now up they go
thrice !

Now one grand *pirouette*, the performance to crown !
Now again they go UP !!—and they NEVER COME DOWN !!!

* * * * *

The thunder roars !
And the rain it pours !
And the lightning comes in through the windows and doors !
Then more calling, and bawling,
And squalling, and falling,
Oh ! what a fearful “ stramash ” they are all in !
Out they all sally,
The whole *corps de ballet*—
Some dash down Holborn-hill into the valley,
Where stagnates Fleet Ditch at the end of Harp Alley,
Some t’other way, with a speed quite amazing,
Nor pause to take breath till they get beyond Gray’s Inn.
In every sense of the word, such a *rout* of it,
Never was made in London, or out of it !

When they came the next day to examine the scene,
There was scarcely a vestige of all that had been ;
The beautiful tapestry, blue, red, and green,
Was all blacken’d and scorch’d, and look’d dirty and mean.
All the crockery broken, dish, plate, and tureen !
While those who look’d up could perceive in the roof,
One very large hole in the shape of a *hoof* !

Of poor Lady Hatton, it’s needless to say,
No traces have ever been found to this day,
Or the terrible dancer who whisk’d her away ;

But out in the court-yard—and just in that part
Where the pump stands—lay bleeding a LARGE HUMAN
HEART!

And sundry large stains
Of blood and of brains,
Which had not been wash'd off notwithstanding the rains,
Appear'd on the wood, and the handle and chains,
As if somebody's head with a very hard thump,
Had been recently knock'd on the top of the pump.
That pump is no more!—that of which you've just read,—
But they've put a new iron one up in its stead,
And still, it is said,
At that “small hour” so dread,
When all sober people are cozy in bed,
There may sometimes be seen on a moonshiny night,
Standing close by the new pump a Lady in White,
Who keeps pumping away with, 'twould seem, all her might,
Though never a drop comes her pains to requite!
And hence many passengers now are debarr'd
From proceeding at nightfall through Bleeding-Heart Yard!

MORAL.

Fair ladies attend!
And if you've a “friend
At Court,” don't attempt to bamboozle or trick her!
—Don't meddle with negus, or any mix'd liquor!—
Don't dabble in “Magic!” my story has shown,
How wrong 'tis to use any charms but your own!

Young Gentlemen, too, may, I think, take a hint,
Of the same kind, from what I've here ventured to print,

All Conjuring's bad ! they may get in a scrape,
 Before they're aware, and whatever its shape,
 They may find it no easy affair to escape.
 It's not everybody that comes off so well
 From *leger-de-main* tricks as Mr. Brunel.

Don't dance with a Stranger who looks like a Guy,
 And *when* dancing don't cut your capers too high !
 Depend on't the fault's in
 Your method of waltzing,
 If ever you kick out the candles—don't try !

 At a ball or a play,
 Or any *soirée*,
 When a *petit souper* constitutes the "*Après*,"
 If strawb'ries and cream with CHAMPAGNE form a part,
 Take care of your HEAD—and take care of your HEART !

 If you want a new house
 For yourself and your spouse,
 Buy, or build one,—and honestly pay, every brick, for it !
 Don't be so green as to go to old Nick for it—
 —Go to George Robins—he'll find you "a perch,"
 (*Dulce Domum's* his word,) without robbing the Church !

The last piece of advice which I'd have you regard
 Is, "don't go of a night into Bleeding-Heart Yard,"
 It's a dark, little, dirty, black, ill-looking square,
 With queer people about, and unless you take care,
 You may find when your pocket's clean'd out and left bare,
 That the *iron* one is not the *only* "PUMP" there !

THE FORLORN ONE.

AH! why those piteous sounds of woe,
 Lone wanderer of the dreary night?
 Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,
 Thy bosom pants in wild affright!

And thou, within whose iron breast
 Those frowns austere too truly tell,
 Mild pity, heaven-descended guest,
 Hath never, never deign'd to dwell.

“That rude, uncivil touch forego,”
 Stern despot of a fleeting hour!
 Nor “make the angels weep” to know
 The fond “fantastic tricks” of power!

Know'st thou not “mercy is not strain'd,
 But droppeth as the gentle dew,”
 And while it blesseth him who gain'd,
 It blesseth him who gave it, too!

Say, what art thou? and what is he,
 Pale victim of despair and pain,
 Whose streaming eyes and bended knee
 Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain?

Cold, callous man!—he scorns to yield,
 Or aught relax his felon gripe,
 But answers, “I'm Inspector Field!
 And this here warment's prigg'd your wipe.”

JERRY JARVIS'S WIG.

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT.

“The wig’s the thing! the wig! the wig.”—*Old Song.*

“JOE,” said old Jarvis, looking out of his window,—it was his ground-floor back,—“Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe,—and you have got no wig!”

“Yes, sir,” quoth Joseph, pausing and resting upon his spade, “it’s as hot a day as ever I see; but the celery must be got in, or there’ll be no autumn crop, and—”

“Well, but Joe, the sun’s so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You’ll have a *coup-de-soleil*, Joe.”

“A *what*, sir?”

“No matter; it’s very hot working; and if you’ll step in doors, I’ll give you—”

“Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable.”

Joe’s countenance brightened amazingly.

“Joe, I’ll give you—my old wig!”

The countenance of Joseph fell, his grey eye had

glistened as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy; its glance faded again into the old, filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled in a minor key, "A wig, sir!"

"Yes, Joe, a wig! The man who does not study the comfort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig."

"I hope, sir, you'll give me a drop o' beer to drink your honour's health in,—it *is* very hot, and—"

"Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you."

"Heaven bless your honour!" said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut, quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis's garden from the high road.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed "everlasting." Alack! alack! what is there to which *tempus edax rerum* will accord that epithet?—In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece; but as its master's eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

"Those days are gone, Floranthe!"

It was now, from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding orifices of the tattered garment, and with a steadiness of circumgyration, to be acquired only

by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears, and settled himself into it.

"Confound your old jacket!" cried a voice from the other side the hedge, "keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?"

"Sensible beast!" apostrophised Joseph, "I've been frightened at it myself every day for the last two years!"

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back kitchen.

"Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty, "Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig."

"And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture;—"and the beer, ma'am?"

"The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?"

"Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and—"

"Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was "of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion," and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the "Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society."

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental

abstraction ; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig ; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye,—his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse ; he got the better of Satan ; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig ; it had once been a comely jasey, enough, of the colour of over-baked ginger-bread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a “ brown George.” The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,—the glorious relics of a by-gone day, crowning the *cerebellum* of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize ; but Mr. Jarvis’s wig had one peculiarity ; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail!—“ cribbed and confined,” indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again ; he shook his bald head ; the wig had certainly seen its best days ; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was “ like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,”—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing !

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by act of parliament ; one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the *bourgeois*-sounding name of “ attorney-at-law,” are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence, has little in common with the idea

usually attached to the term "solicitation." "If you don't pay my bill, and costs, I'll send you to jail," is a very energetic *entreaty*. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from the Latin infinitive "*solicitare*," to "make anxious,"—in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jarvis a worthy exemplar of the *genus* to which he belonged. Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the "Weald." He was rich, of course. The best house in the country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient; but then he was so *very* rich; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy; that he was a sort of general assignee to all the bankruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore; was clerk to half the "trusts;" and treasurer to most of the "rates," "funds," and "subscriptions," in that part of the country; that he was land-agent to Lord Mountrhino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall! that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates, who all ran through their property, which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, "at an equitable valuation." Still his possessions were so considerable, as not to be altogether accounted for,

in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Appledore;—on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy "Solicitor" next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work—in his wig—the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis, might perhaps have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person, who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigour or perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the

contemplation of a natural philosopher This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve, or any of her daughters ; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and dropping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sun-streaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden, " Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus " are undecided ; the best-informed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin, and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics, and decomposed the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive ; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced " a slight and tickling sensation," such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homœopathy ; a still, small *voice*—it was as though a daddy long-legs were whispering in his *tympanum*—a small *voice* seemed to say, " Joe !—take an apple, Joe ! ! "

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion ; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun ; his very forehead was incarnadine. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—

the little tortuous tail had worked its way into it,— he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery-bed.

Alack ! alack ! what a piece of work is man !—how short his triumphs !—how frail his resolutions !

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's operations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the "kitchen garden." Its northern extremity abutted to the hedge before mentioned, its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so !—was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burden into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—" He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small *voice*;—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. " He is sneezing !—now, Joe !—now !" And, ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand !

" He ! he ! he !" shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular ;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and, with that

in one hand, and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

* * * *

All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was stealing apples,—he was robbing hen-roosts,—he was altering the chinks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three *chemises* from a hedge, and he awoke in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodge's sheep! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

“Why, Joe, what ails thee, man?” cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford; “what be the matter with thee? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe?”

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer; his eye fell upon the bed. “How the devil came *that* here?” quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil: “who put that thing on my pillow?”

“Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould nightcap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowld, so I clapt t' wig atop o' thee head.”

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovicide shone in every hair of it!

“The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd
And heavily in clouds brought on the day,”

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours ; a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate ; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows ; his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. " Pooh, pooh ! 'twas but an apple, after all ! " said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations ; like fairy gold seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which, in shape, resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy ; huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as halfpence ; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent ; the fresh-turned earth was itself fragrant as a *bouquet*.— Joseph worked on ; and when at last *Jupiter Pluvius* descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his party-coloured jacket, and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. " 'Twas but an apple, after all ! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed ! "—

" An apple-pie ! " the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant ;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and

confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head; her voice, generally small and low,—“an excellent thing in woman,”—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The “*cussed ould twoad* of a cat” had got into the dairy, and licked off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning! And there she now lay, purring as in scorn. Tib, heretofore the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least “*scaddle*” of the feline race,—a cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it,—proofs were too strong against her,—yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis’s old wig!!

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz. Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress—it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous “*dowse*.” Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she

paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs, as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant's cheeks!—many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and—was seen no more.

“The Devil's in the cat!” was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, 'twas all the same—Joe Washford's life became a burden to him; his natural upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy; his frank, open, manly look, that blenched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more: a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls “Taste,” still less of Science. Ackerman would have called him a “Snob,” and Buckland a “Nin-compoop.” Of the Horticultural Society, its *fêtes*, its fruits, and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers—save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a *connoisseur*: to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madame Witherspoon had long been dedicated; but as for a *bouquet*!—Hardham's 37 was “the only one fit for a gentleman's nose.” And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis

had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant; Jerry drew the settlements; the lady paid him by a cheque on "Child's," the gentleman by a present of a "box of roots." Jerry put the latter in his garden—he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour, Jenkinson; he *was* a man of "Taste" and of "Science;" he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the Vicar, implied, "Fellow of the Royal Cathartico-Emetico-Botanical Society," and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface's album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of "neighbour Jarvis's" tulips. There were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the "cups" so well formed,—the colours so defined. To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got."—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to *bestow*,—his neighbour dared not offer to *purchase* from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener, was incorruptible—ay, but the Wig?

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the mid-day sun: his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

"Why, where's your wig, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well-known window; "what have you done with your wig?" The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant ; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—“Hark ye, Joseph Washford,” said he, “either wear my wig, or let me have it again !”

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones ; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

“Friendship unreturn'd,
And unrequited love.”

Washford's heart smote him : he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. “It's here, your Honour,” said he ; “I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower ; but the sky is brightening now.” The wig was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

“Joe Washford !” said neighbour Jenkinson.

“Sir, to you,” was the reply.

“How beautiful your tulips look after the rain !”

“Ah ! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers ;” returned the gardener.

“Indeed ! Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few ?”

“Why, no !—I don't think master would like to *give* them,—or anything else,—away, sir ;”—and Washford scratched his ear.

“Joe ! !”—said Mr. Jenkinson—“Joe ! !”

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied

in a monosyllable—"Joe!!!"—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its "poor, poor dumb mouth" spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear *did* itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window.

Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted, at daybreak next morning, a splendid *Semper Augustus*, "which was not so before," and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of "civilation," from "The Three Jolly Potboys."

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

* * * *

"*Facilis descensus Averni!*" says Virgil. "It is only the first step that is attended with any difficulty," says—somebody else,—when speaking of the decolated martyr, St. Dennis's walk with his head under his arm. "The First Step!"—Joseph Washford had taken that step!—he had taken two—three—four steps;—and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread—an amble—a positive trot!—He took the family linen "to the wash:"—one of Madame Witherspoon's best Holland *chemises* was never seen after.

"Lost?—impossible! How *could* it be lost?—where *could* it be gone to?—who *could* have got it? It was her best—her *very* best!—she should know it among a hundred—among a thousand!—it was

marked with a great W in the corner!—Lost?—impossible—She would *see!*”—Alas! she never *did* see—the *chemise—abiit, erupit, evasit!*—it was

“Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!”

—but Joseph Washford’s Sunday shirt *was* seen, finer and fairer than ever, the pride and *dulce decus* of the Meeting.

The Meeting?—ay, the Meeting. Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon,—whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain. Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed;—but other people missed—one missed an umbrella,—one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box,—Farmer Jackson his greatcoat;—Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book,—a diamond edition, bound in maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed—but Joe Washford; there *he* sat, grave, sedate, and motionless—all save that restless, troublesome, fidgetty little Pigtail attached to his wig, which nothing *could* keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson’s curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew. After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away,—autumn came and went,—and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism,

it "comes but *once* a-year," was at hand. It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone-hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street, that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Money-penny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a "remarkably fine child," and was now hurrying home in the sweet hope of a comfortable "snooze" for a couple of hours before the announcement of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. The road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the level beams of the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Money-penny's nose had scarcely caught and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a "Suffolk Punch," brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the *parabola*, between her ears. Peggy—her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a

stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

“Tch !—tch !—get along, Peggy !” half exclaimed, half whistled the equestrian. If ever steed said in its heart, “I’ll be shot if I do !” it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious “Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice,” tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is, when *he* wishes to go one way, and his horse is determined to go another. There is, to be sure, a *tertium quid*, which, though it “splits the difference,” scarcely obviates the inconvenience ; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all—to this compromise Peggy, and her (*soi-disant*) master were now reduced ; they had fairly joined issue. “Budge !” quoth the doctor.—“Budge not !” quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy. —Money penny whipped and spurred—Peggy plunged, and reared, and kicked, and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain ; but your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy

beat the doctor "all to sticks," and when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Moneypenny got off, and muttering curses *both* "loud" and "deep" between his chattering teeth, "progressed," as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas computation, seemed to have selected for his "thrice driven bed of down," the thickest clump of the tallest and most imposing nettles, thereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneypenny's belief, or he would scarcely have uttered, at the highest pitch of his *contralto*, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!"—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—"Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!"—But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by

significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen "slouching" up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor,—“come here, boy, lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away.”

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation,—she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Money penny meanwhile, disencumbered of his restive nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Money penny practise his own constant precept, "To be well shaken!"—there lay before him the lifeless body of a **MURDERED MAN!**

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprang up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood; the throat was fearfully





Drawn & Etched by George Cruikshank.

Jerry Jarvis's Wig

lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood showed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle; but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out, and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

“But what have we here?” quoth Doctor Money-penny; “what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?”

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—
IT WAS AN OLD WIG!!”

* * * *

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port court-house may possibly divine what that useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are in general of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would have styled “interstices, reticulated, and decussated between intersections” of lath and plaster. Its less euphonious designation in the “Weald” is a “noggin.” One half the basement story is usually of the more solid material, the other, open to the

street,—from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a market-place, while, in its centre, flanking the board staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace “the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep” off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess, in a most undignified position, an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless *detenu*, amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761 a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age, with a very bald pate, save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput, held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature,—*homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur*.

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Iychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when “a score of ewes” had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him

longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show ; he had left the town late, and alone ; early in the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed?—The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of—Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of “The Lath of Scraye.” He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his *quondam* property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer’s head, his own OLD WIG,—his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford’s shoes,—broad pieces were found in Joe Washford’s pockets,—Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime—“the grey hairs yet stuck to the heft !”

For their humane administration of the laws, the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was

recorded in the case of the old lady accused of larceny, "We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!" Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry, as to "how he would be tried?" substituted for the usual reply "By God and my country," that of "By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury." Here it was—but enough!—not even a Dymchurch jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (*i.e.* the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face. The very pig-tail alone!—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of *suadente Diabolo* never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the Court-house would have settled the question. The Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, umquhile chaplain to the Romney Bench, has left upon record that when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions quite "flabbergasted" the jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar, just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene?—Joe Washford was tried—Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged!!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilisation; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney,

Timeo Danaös et dona ferentes!

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a "Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is Murder!"

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful; nobody seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby "had heard" that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Feversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the "Great Storm" which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went to his "long home,"—wherever that may happen to be,—and the whole of "The Marsh" appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze,—and seeming to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm."

UNSOPHISTICATED WISHES.

BY MISS JEMIMA INGOLDSBY. AGED 15.

(Communicated by her Cousin Tom.)

OH! how I should like in a Coach to ride,
 Like the Sheriffs I saw upon Lord Mayor's day,
 With a Coachman and little Postilion astride
 On the back of the leader, a prancing bay.

And then behind it, oh! I should glory
 To see the tall serving men standing upright,
 Like the two who attend Mister Montefiore,
 (Sir Moses I should say) for now he's a Knight.

And then the liveries, I know it is rude to
 Find fault—but I'll hint as he can't see me blush,
 That I'd not have the things I can only allude to
 Either orange in hue or constructed of plush ;

But their coats and their waistcoats and hats are delightful,
 Their charming silk stockings—I vow and declare
 Our John's ginger gaiters so wrinkled and frightful,
 I never again shall be able to bear.

Oh! how I should like to have diamonds and rubies,
And large plume of feathers and flowers in my hair,
My gracious! to think how our Tom and those boobies,
Jack Smith and his friend Mister Thompson, would stare.

Then how I should like to drive to Guildhall,
And to see the nobility flocking in shoals,
With their two-guinea tickets to dance at the ball
Which the Lord Mayor gives for the relief of the Poles.

And to look at the gas so uncommonly pretty,
And the stars and the armour all just as they were,
The day that the Queen came in state to the city
To dine with the whole Corporation and Mayor.

Oh! how I should like to see Jane and Letitia,
Miss Jones and the two Misses Frump sitting still,
While dear Ensign Brown, of the West Kent Militia,
Solicits my hand for the "Supper" Quadrille.

With his fine white teeth and his cheek like a rose,
And his black cravat and his diamond pin,
And the nice little mustache under his nose,
And the dear *little* tuft on the tip of his chin.

And how I should like some fine morning to ride
In my coach, and my white satin shoes and gown,
To St. James's Church, with a Beau by my side,
And I shouldn't much care if his name was Brown.

THE foregoing pages complete the Series of Poems, &c., published under the name of Thomas Ingoldsby; of these, "*The Legend of Languedoc*," "*The Buccaneer's Curse*," "*The House-warming*," "*The Lay of St. Romwold*," and "*The Brothers of Birchington*," appeared in the New Monthly Magazine, the remainder in Bentley's Miscellany.

The following articles, which are added for reasons stated elsewhere, though prior in point of date, are by the same author, and with few exceptions, of a similar character with his better known effusions. The first three are versions of dramas produced; "*Hermann*," at the English Opera House; "*William Rufus*," we believe, at Drury Lane; and "*Marie Mignot*," at the Haymarket Theatre. The concluding lines are those alluded to in the Memoir, as having been the last that fell from Mr. Barham's pen, and which were written during one of those weary nights of watchfulness occasioned by his disease.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HERMANN ; OR, THE BROKEN SPEAR.

AN Emperor famous in council and camp,
Has a son who turns out a remarkable scamp ;
Takes to dicing and drinking,
And d—mning and sinking,
And carries off maids, wives, and widows, like winking !
Since the days of Arminius, his namesake, than Hermann
There never was seen a more profligate German.
He escapes from the City ;
And joins some banditti
Insensible quite to remorse, fear, and pity ;
Joins in all their carousals, and revels, and robberies,
And in kicking up all sorts of shindies and bobberies.
Well, hearing one day,
His associates say
That a bridal procession was coming their way,
Inflamed with desire, he
Breaks into a priory,
And kicking out every man Jack of a friar, he
Upsets in a twinkling the mass-books and hassocks,
And dresses his rogues in the clergyman's cassocks.

The new married folks
 Taken in by this hoax,
 Mister Hermann grows frisky and full of his jokes :
 To the serious chagrin of her late happy suitor,
 Catching hold of the Bride, he attempts to salute her.

Now Heaven knows what
 Had become of the lot
 It's Turtle to Tripe they'd have all gone to pot—
 If a dumb Lady, one
 Of her friends, had not run
 To her aid, and, quite scandalised, stopp'd all his fun!
 Just conceive what a caper
 He cut, when her taper
 Long fingers scrawl'd this upon whitey-brown paper,
 (At the instant he seized, and before he had kiss'd her)—
 "Ha' done, Mister Hermann ! for shame ! it's your sister !"
 His hair stands on end,—he desists from his tricks
 And remains in "a pretty particular fix."
 As he knows Sir John Nicholl
 Still keeps rods in pickle,
 Offences of this kind severely to tickle,
 At so near an escape from his court and its sentence
 His eyes fill with tears, and his breast with repentance :
 So, picking and stealing,
 And unrighteous dealing,
 Of all sorts, he cuts, from this laudable feeling :
 Of wickedness weary,
 With many a tear, he
 Now takes a French leave of the vile *Condottieri* :
 And the next thing we hear of this penitent villain,
 He is begging in rags in the suburbs of Milan.

Half starved, meagre, and pale,
 His energies fail,
 When his sister comes in with a pot of mild ale
 But though tatter'd his jerkins
 His heart is whole,—workings
 Of conscience debar him from “Barclay and Perkins.”
 “I’ll drink,” exclaims he,
 “Nothing stronger than tea,
 And that but the worst and the weakest Bohea,
 Till I’ve done—from my past scenes of folly a far actor—
 Some feat shall redeem both my wardrobe and character.”
 At signs of remorse so decided and visible
 Nought can equal the joy of his fair sister Isabel,
 And the Dumb Lady too,
 Who runs off to a Jew
 And buys him a coat of mail spick and span new,
 In the hope that his prowess and deeds as a Knight
 Will keep his late larcenies quite out of sight.
 By the greatest good luck, his old friends the banditti
 Choose this moment to make an attack on the city!
 Now you all know the way
 Heroes hack, hew, and slay,
 When once they get fairly mix’d up in a fray :
 Hermann joins in the *mêlée*,
 Pounds this to a jelly,
 Runs that through the back, and a third through the belly,
 Till many a broken bone, bruised rib, and flat head,
 Make his *ci-devant* friends curse the hour that he ratted.
 Amid so many blows,
 Of course you’ll suppose
 He must get a black eye, or, at least bloody nose :
 “Take that !” cried a bandit, and struck, while he spoke it,
 His spear in his breast, and, in pulling it out broke it.

Hermann fainted away
 When, as breathless he lay,
 A rascal claim'd all the renown of the day ;
 A recreant, cowardly, white-liver'd knight,
 Who had skulk'd in a furze-bush the whole of the fight.
 But the Dumb Lady soon
 Put some gin in a spoon,
 And half strangles poor Hermann, who wakes from his swoon,
 And exhibits his wound, when the head of the spear
 Fits its handle, and makes his identity clear.
 The murder thus out, Hermann's *fêted* and thankèd,
 While his rascally rival gets toss'd in a blanket ;
 And to finish the play—
 As reform'd rakes, they say,
 Make the best of all husbands—the very same day
 Hermann sends for a priest, as he must wed with some—lady,
 Buys a ring and a licence, and marries the Dumb Lady.

MORAL.

Take warning, young people of every degree,
 From Hermann's example, and don't live too free !
 If you get in bad company, fly from it soon !
 If you chance to get thrash'd, take some gin in a spoon ;
 And remember, since wedlock's not *all* sugar-candy :
 If you wish to 'scape "wiggling," a dumb wife's the dandy !

HINTS FOR AN HISTORICAL PLAY;

TO BE CALLED

WILLIAM RUFUS; OR, THE RED ROVER.



ACT I.

WALTER TYRREL, the son of a Norman Papa,
 Has, somehow or other, a Saxon Mama :
 Though humble, yet far above mere vulgar loons,
 He's a sort of a sub in the Rufus dragoons ;
 Has travell'd, but comes home abruptly, the rather
 That some unknown rascal has murder'd his father ;
 And scarce has he pick'd out, and stuck in his quiver,
 The arrow that pierced the old gentleman's liver,
 When he finds, as misfortunes come rarely alone,
 That his sweetheart has bolted,—with whom is not known.
 But, as murder will out, he at last finds the lady
 At court with her character grown rather shady :
 This gives him the “ blues,” and impairs the delight
 He'd have otherwise felt when they dub him a Knight,
 For giving a runaway stallion a check,
 And preventing his breaking King Rufus's neck.

ACT 2.

Sir Walter has dress'd himself up like a Ghost,
 And frightens a soldier away from his post ;
 Then, discarding his helmet, he pulls his cloak higher,
 Draws it over his ears and pretends he's a Friar.
 This gains him access to his sweetheart, Miss Faucit ;
 But, the King coming in, he hides up in her closet ;
 Where oddly enough, among some of her things,
 He discovers some arrows he's sure are the King's,
 Of the very same pattern with that which he found
 Sticking into his father when dead on the ground !
 Forgetting his funk, he bursts open the door,
 Bounces into the Drawing-room, stamps on the floor,
 With an oath on his tongue, and revenge in his eye,
 And blows up King William the Second, sky-high ;
 Swears, storms, shakes his fist, and exhibits such airs,
 That his Majesty bids his men kick him down stairs.

ACT 3.

King Rufus is cross when he comes to reflect,
 That as King, he's been treated with gross disrespect ;
 So he pens a short note to a holy physician,
 And gives him a rather unholy commission,
 Viz., to mix up some arsenic and ale in a cup,
 Which the chances are Tyrrel may find and drink up.
 Sure enough, on the very next morning, Sir Walter
 Perceives in his walks, this same cup on the altar.
 As he feels rather thirsty, he's just about drinking,
 When Miss Faucit in tears, comes in running like winking ;

He pauses of course, and as she's thirsty, too,
 Says, very politely, "Miss, I after you!"
 The young lady curtsies, and being so dry,
 Raises somehow her fair little finger so high,
 That there's not a drop left him to "wet t'other eye;"
 While the dose is so strong, to his grief and surprise,
 She merely says, "Thankee, Sir Walter," and dies.
 At that moment the King, who is riding to cover,
 Pops in *en passant* on the desperate lover,
 Who has vow'd, not five minutes before, to transfix him,
 —So he does,—he just pulls out his arrow and sticks him.
 From the strength of his arm, and the force of his blows,
 The Red-bearded Rover falls flat on his nose;
 And Sir Walter, thus having concluded his quarrel,
 Walks down to the foot-lights, and draws this fine moral:
 "Ladies and Gentlemen,
 Lead sober lives:—
 Don't meddle with other folks' Sweethearts or Wives!—
 When you go out a sporting, take care of your gun,
 And—never shoot elderly people in fun!"

MARIE MIGNOT.

MISS MARIE MIGNOT was a nice little Maid,
 Her Uncle a Cook, and a Laundress her trade,
 And she loved as dearly as any one can
 Mister Lagardie, a nice little man.

But oh! But oh!

Story of woe!

A sad interloper, one Monsieur Modeau,
 Ugly and old,
 With plenty of gold,
 Made his approach
 In an elegant coach,

Her fancy was charm'd with the splendour and show,
 And he bore off the false-hearted Molly Mignot.

Monsieur Modeau was crazy and old,
 And Monsieur Modeau caught a terrible cold,
 His nose was stuff'd and his throat was sore,
 He had physic by the quart and Doctors by the score.

They sent squills

And pills,

And very long bills,

And all they could do did not make him get well,
 He sounded his M's and his N's like an L.

A shocking bad cough
 At last took him off,
 And Mister Lagardie her former young beau,
 Came a-courting again to the Widow Modeau.

Mister Lagardie, to gain him *éclat*,
 Had cut the Cook's shop and follow'd the law ;
 And when Monsieur Modeau set out on his journey,
 Was an Articled Clerk to a Special Attorney.

He gave her a call
 On the day of a ball,
 To which she'd invited the court, camp and all ;
 But " poor dear Lagardie,"
 Again was too tardy,
 For a Marshal of France
 Had just ask'd her to dance ;

In a twinkling, the *ci-devant* Madame Modeau
 Was wife of the Marshal Lord Marquis Dinot.
 Mister Lagardie was shock'd at the news,
 And went and enlisted at once in the Blues.

The Marquis Dinot
 Felt a little so so—

Took physic, grew worse, and had *notice to go*—
 He died, and was shelved, and his Lady so gay
 Smiled again on Lagardie now placed on full pay,
 A Swedish Field-Marshal with a guinea a day ;

When an old Ex-King
 Just show'd her the ring :

To be Queen, she conceived was a very fine thing ;
 But the King turn'd a Monk,
 And Lagardie got drunk,

And said to the Lady with a deal of ill-breeding,
 " You may go to the d—l and I'll go to Sweden."

Thus between the two stools,
 Like some other fools,
 Her Ladyship found
 Herself plump on the ground ;
 So she cried, and she stamp'd, and she sent for a hack,
 And she drove to a convent and never came back.

MORAL.

Wives, Maidens, and Widows, attend to my lay—
 If a fine moral lesson you'd draw from a play,
 To the Haymarket go
 And see *Marie Mignot*,
 Miss Kelly plays Marie, and Williams Modeau;
 Mrs. Glover and Vining
 Are really quite shining,
 And though Thompson for a Marquis
 Has almost too much carcass,
 Yet it's not fair to pass him or
 John Cooper's Cassimir,
 And the piece would be barren
 Without Mr. Farren ;
 No matter, go there, and they'll teach you the guilt
 Of coquetting and ogling, and playing the jilt.
 Such folks gallop awhile, but at last they get spilt ;
 Had Molly Mignot
 Behaved *comme il faut*,
 Nor married the Lawyer nor Marquis Dinot,
 She had ne'er been a nun, whose fare very hard is,
 But the mother of half-a-score little Lagardies.

THE TRUANTS.

THREE little Demons have broken loose
 From the National School below !
 They are resolved to play truant to-day,
 Their primer and slate they have cast away,
 And away, away, they go !
 “ Hey boys ! hey boys ! up go we !
 Who so merry as we three ? ”

The reek of that most infernal pit,
 Where sinful souls are stewing,
 Rises so black, that in viewing it,
 A thousand to one but you'd ask with surprise
 As its murky columns meet your eyes,
 “ Pray is Old Nick a-brewing ? ”
 Thither these three little Devils repair,
 And mount by steam to the uppermost air.

They have got hold of a wandering star,
 That happen'd to come within hail.
 O swiftly they glide !
 As they merrily ride
 All a cock-stride
 Of that Comet's tail.

Oh the pranks ! Oh the pranks !
 The merry pranks, the mad pranks,
 These wicked urchins play !
 They kiss'd the *Virgin* and fill'd her with dread,
 They popp'd the *Scorpion* into her bed ;
 They broke the pitcher of poor *Aquarius*,
 They stole the arrows of *Sagittarius*,
 And they skimm'd the *Milky Way*.
 They filled the *Scales* with sulphur full,
 They halloed the *Dog-Star* on at the *Bull*,
 And pleased themselves with the noise.

They set the *Lion*
 On poor *Orion* ;
 They shaved all the hair
 Off the *Lesser Bear* !
 They kick'd the shins
 Of the *Gemini Twins*—
 Those heavenly Siamese Boys !—

Never was such confusion and wrack,
 As they produced in the Zodiac !—

“ Huzza ! Huzza !

Away ! Away !

Let us go down to the earth and play !

Now we go up, up, up,

Now we go down, down, down,

Now we go backwards, and forwards,

Now we go round, round, round ! ”

Thus they gambol, and scramble, and tear,
 Till at last they arrive at the nethermost air.

And pray now what were these Devilets call'd ?
 These three little Fiends so gay !

One was *Cob* !
 Another was *Mob* !
 The last and the least was young *Chittabob* !
 Queer little devils were they !
 Cob was the strongest,
 Mob was the wrongest,
Chittabob's tail was the finest and longest !
 Three more frolicsome Imps, I ween,
 Beelzebub's self hath seldom seen.

Over Mountain, over Fell,
 Glassy Fountain, mossy Dell,
 Rocky Island, barren Strand,
 Over Ocean, over Land ;
 With frisk and bound, and squeaks and squalls,
 Heels over head, and head over heels ;
 With curlings and twistings, and twirls and wheeleries,
 Down they drop at the gate of the *Tuilleries*.

Courtiers were bowing and making legs,
 While Charley *le Roi* was bolting eggs :
 “ *Mob*,” says *Cob*,
 “ *Chittabob*,” says *Mob*,
 “ Come here, you young Devil, *we're in for a job* !”
 Up jumps *Cob* to the Monarch's ear,
 “ Charley, my jolly boy, never fear ;
 If you mind all their jaw
 About Charter and Law,
 You might just as well still be the *Count d'Artois* !
 No such thing,
 Show 'em you're King,
 Tip 'em an Ordinance, that's the thing !”

Charley dined,
 Took his pen and sign'd ;
 Then *Mob* kick'd over his throne from behind !
 "Huzza ! Huzza ! we may scamper now !
 For here we have kick'd up a jolly good row !"

"Over the water and over the Sea,
 And over the water with Charlie ;"
 Now they came skipping and grinning with glee,
 Not pausing to *chaff* or to parley,
 Over, over,
 On to Dover ;
 On fun intent,
 All through Kent
 These mischievous devils so merrily went.

Over hill and over dale,
 Sunken hollow, lofty ridge,
 Frowning cliff, and smiling vale,
 Down to the foot of Westminster-bridge.
 "Hollo," says *Cob*,
 "There's the Duke and Sir Bob !
 After 'em Chittabob, after 'em Mob."
Mob flung gravel, and Chittabob pebbles,
 His Grace c——'d them both for a couple of rebels :
 His feelings were hurt,
 By the stones and the dirt—
 In went he,
 In an ecstasy
 And *blew up* the nobles of high degree.

"Mr. Brougham, Mr. Hume,
 May fret and may fume—
 And so may all you whom I see in this room ;

Come weal, come woe, come calm, come storm—
 I'll see you all—*blessed*—ere I give you reform ;”
 “ Bravo !” says Chittabob, “ That's your sort,
 Come along, schoolfellows, here's more sport.
 Look there ! look there !
 There's the great Lord May'r !
 With the gravest of Deputies close to his chair ;
 With Hobler, his Clerk !
 Just the thing for *a lark* ;
 Huzzah ! huzzah ! boys, follow me now ;
 Here we may *kick* up another good row.”
 Here they are,
 Swift as a star,
 They shoot in mid air, over Temple Bar !
 Tom Macaulay beheld the flight,
 Of these three little dusky sons of night,
 And his heart swell'd with joy and elation—
 “ Oh, see ! ” quoth he,
 “ Those *Niggerlings* three,
 Who have just got *emancipation* !”

Lord Key took fright :
 At the very first sight,
 The whole Court of Aldermen wheel'd to the right ;
 Some ran from *Chittabob*—more from *Mob*,
 The great *locum tenens* jump'd up upon *Cob*,
 Who roar'd and ran
 With the Alderman
 To the Home Office, pick-a-back—catch em who can !
 “ Stay at home—here's a plot,
 And I can't tell you what,
 If you don't I'll be shot,
 But you'll all go to pot.”

Ah, little he ween'd, while the ground he thus ran over,
'Twas a *Cob* he bestrode—not his white horse from Hanover.

Back they came galloping through the Strand,
When Joseph Lancaster, stick in hand,
Popp'd up his head before 'em.

Well we know,
That honest old Joe,
Is a sort of High Master down below,
And teaches the Imps decorum.
Satan had started him off in a crack,
To flog these three little runaways back.

Fear each assails ;
Every one quails ;
“ Oh dear ! how he'll tickle our little black tails !
Have done, have done,
Here's that son of a gun,
Old Joe, come after us,—run, boys, run.”
Off ran *Cob*,
Off ran *Mob*,
And off in a fright ran young *Chittabob*,
Joe caught *Chittabob* just by the tail,
And *Cob* by his crumpled horn ;
Bitterly then did these Imps bewail,
That ever they were born !
Mob got away,
But none to this day,
Know exactly whither he went ;
Some say he's been seen about Blackfriars-bridge,
And some say he's down in Kent.

But where'er he may roam,
 He has not ventured home,
 Since the day the three took wing,
 And many suppose,
 He has changed his clothes ;
 And now goes by the name of "*Swing*."

 THE POPLAR.

AY, here stands the Poplar, so tall and so stately,
 On whose tender rind—'twas a little one then—
 We carved *her* initials ; though not very lately —
 We think in the year eighteen hundred and ten.

Yes, here is the G which proclaimed Georgiana ;
 Our heart's empress then ; see, 'tis grown all askew ;
 And it's not without grief we perforce entertain a
 Conviction, it now looks much more like a Q.

This should be the great D too, that once stood for Dobbin,
 Her lov'd patronymic—ah ! can it be so ?
 Its once fair proportions, time, too, has been robbing ;
 A D ?—we'll be *Deed* if it isn't an O !

Alas ! how the soul sentimental it vexes,
 That thus on our labours stern *Chronos* should frown ;
 Should change our soft liquids to izzards and Xes,
 And turn true-love's alphabet all upside down !

MY LETTERS.

—•—
 “Litera scripta manet.”—OLD SAW.

ANOTHER mizzling, drizzling day!
 Of clearing up there's no appearance;
 So I'll sit down without delay,
 And here, at least, I'll make a clearance!

Oh ne'er “on such a day as this,”
 Would Dido with her woes oppressèd
 Have woo'd Æneas back to bliss,
 Or Troilus gone to hunt for Cressid!

No, they'd have stay'd at home, like me,
 And popp'd their toes upon the fender,
 And drank a quiet cup of tea:—
 On days like this one can't be tender.

So, Molly, draw that basket nigher,
 And put my desk upon the table—
 Bring that Portfolio—stir the fire—
 Now off as fast as you are able!

First here's a card from Mrs. Grimes,
 “A ball!”—she knows that I'm no dancer—
 That woman's ask'd me fifty times,
 And yet I never send an answer.

“ DEAR JACK,—

Just lend me twenty pounds,
Till Monday next, when I'll return it.

Yours truly,

HENRY GIBBS.”

Why Z—ds !

I've seen the man but twice—here, burn it.

One from my Cousin Sophy Daw—

Full of Aunt Margery's distresses ;

“ The Cat has kitten'd in ‘ the *draw*,’

And ruin'd two bran-new silk dresses.”

From Sam, “ The Chancellor's motto,”—nay

Confound his puns, he knows I hate 'em ;

“ Pro Rege, Lege, Grege,”—Ay,

“ For King read Mob ! ” Brougham's old *erratum*.

From Seraphina Price—“ At two ”—

“ Till then I can't, my dearest John, stir ;”

Two more because I did not go,

Beginning “ Wretch ” and “ Faithless Monster ! ”

“ DEAR SIR,—

“ This morning Mrs. P——

Who's doing quite as well as may be,

Presented me at half-past three

Precisely, with another baby.

“ We'll name it John, and know with pleasure

You'll stand ”—Five guineas more, confound it !—

I wish they'd call it Nebuchadnezzar,

Or thrown it in the Thames and drown'd it.

What have we next? A civil Dun :

“ John Brown would take it as a favour ”—
Another, and a surlier one,
“ I can't put up with *sich* behaviour.”

“ Bill so long standing,”—“ quite tired out,”—
“ Must sit down to insist on payment,”
“ Called ten times,”—Here's a fuss about
A few coats, waistcoats, and small raiment !

For once I'll send an answer, and in-
form Mr. Snip he needn't “ call ” so ;
But when his bill's as “ tired of standing ”
As he is, beg 'twill “ sit down also.”

This from my rich old Uncle Ned,
Thanking me for my annual present ;
And saying he last Tuesday wed
His cook-maid, Molly—vastly pleasant !

An ill-spelt note from Tom at school,
Begging I'll let him learn the fiddle ;
Another from that precious fool,
Miss Pyefinch, with a stupid riddle.

“ D'ye give it up ? ” Indeed I do !
Confound these antiquated minxes ;
I won't play “ *Billy Black* ” to a “ *Blue*,”
Or *Œdipus* to such old sphinxes.

A note sent up from Kent to show me,
Left with my bailiff, Peter King ;
“ I'll burn them precious stacks down, blow me !
“ Yours most sincerely,

“ CAPTAIN SWING.”

Four begging letters with petitions,
 One from my sister Jane, to pray
 I'll "execute a few commissions"
 In Bond Street, "when I go that way."

"And buy at Pearsal's in the City
 Twelve skeins of silk for netting purses :
 Colour no matter, so it's pretty ;—
 Two hundred pens"—two hundred curses !

From Mistress Jones : "My little Billy
 Goes up his schooling to begin,
 Will you just step to Piccadilly,
 And meet him when the coach comes in ?

"And then, perhaps, you will as well, see
 The poor dear fellow safe to school
 At Dr. Smith's in Little Chelsea !"
 Heaven send he flog the little fool !

From Lady Snooks : "Dear Sir, you know
 You promised me last week a Rebus ;
 A something smart and *apropos*,
 For my new Album ?"—Aid me, Phœbus !

"My first is follow'd by my second ;
 Yet should my first my second see,
 A dire mishap it would be reckon'd,
 And sadly shock'd my first would be.

"Were I but what my whole implies,
 And pass'd by chance across your portal :
 You'd cry 'Can I believe my eyes ?
 I never saw so queer a mortal !'

“ For then my head would not be on,
 My arms their shoulders must abandon ;
 My very body would be gone,
 I should not have a leg to stand on.”

Come, that's dispatch'd—what follows?—Stay
 “ Reform demanded by the nation ;
 Vote for Tagrag and Bobtail ! ” Ay,
 By Jove a blessed *Reformation* !


Jack, clap the saddle upon Rose—
 Or no !—the filly—she's the fleeter ;
 The devil take the rain—here goes,
 I'm off—a plumper for Sir Peter !

NEW-MADE HONOUR.

(IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.)

A FRIEND I met, some half hour since—
 “ *Good-morrow, Jack !* ” quoth I ;
 The new-made Knight, like any Prince
 Frown'd, nodded, and pass'd by ;
 When up came Jem—“ *Sir John, your Slave !* ”
 “ Ah, James ; we dine at eight—
 Fail not—(low bows the supple knave)
 Don't make my lady wait.”
 The King can do no wrong ? As I'm a sinner,
 He's spoilt an honest tradesman and my dinner.

THE CONFESSION.



 HERE'S somewhat on my breast, father,
 There's somewhat on my breast!
 The livelong day I sigh, father,
 And at night I cannot rest.
 I cannot take my rest, father,
 Though I would fain do so;
 A weary weight oppresseth me—
 This weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
 Nor want of worldly gear;
 My lands are broad, and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear.
 My kin are leal and true, father,
 They mourn to see my grief;
 But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand,
 Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind;
 Tho' busy flatterers swarm around
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not *her* coldness, father,
 That chills my labouring breast,
 It's that confounded cucumber
 I've eat and can't digest.

SONG.

I.


HERE sits a bird on yonder tree,
 More fond than Cushat Dove ;
 There sits a bird on yonder tree,
 And sings to me of love.
 Oh ! stoop thee from thine eyrie down !
 And nestle thee near my heart,
 For the moments fly,
 And the hour is nigh,
 When thou and I must part
 My love !
 When thou and I must part.

II.

In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
 The pride of the sylvan scene ;
 In yonder covert lurks a Fawn,
 And I am his only queen ;
 Oh ! bound from thy secret lair,
 For the sun is below the west ;
 No mortal eye
 May our meeting spy,
 For all are closed in rest,
 My love !
 Each eye is closed in rest.

III.

Oh, sweet is the breath of morn !
 When the sun's first beams appear ;
 Oh ! sweet is the shepherd's strain,
 When it dies on the listening ear ;
 And sweet the soft voice which speaks
 The Wanderer's welcome home ;
 But sweeter far
 By yon pale mild star,
 With our true Love thus to roam,
 My dear !
 With our own true Love to roam !

EPIGRAM.

BRAVE L——, so says a knight of the pen,
 "Has exposed himself much at the head of his
 men,"
 As his men ran away without waiting to fight,
 To expose himself there's to be first in the flight.
 Had it not been as well, when he saw his men quail,
 To have stay'd and exposed himself more at their tail ?
 Or say, is it fair, in this noblest of quarrels,
 To suffer the chief to engross all the laurels ?
 No ! his men, so the muse to all Europe shall sing,
 Have exposed themselves fully as much as their king.

EPIGRAM.

EHEU FUGACES.

WHAT Horace says is,
Eheu fugaces
Anni labuntur, Postume, Postume!
 Years glide away, and are lost to me, lost to me!
Now, when the folks in the dance sport their merry toes,
 Taglionis and Ellslers, Duvernays and Ceritos,
 Sighing I murmur, "*O mihi præteritos!*"

SONG.

TIS sweet to think the pure etherial being,
 Whose mortal form reposes with the dead,
 Still hovers round unseen, yet not unseeing,
 Benignly smiling o'er the mourner's bed!


She comes in dreams, a thing of light and lightness;
 I hear her voice, in still, small accents tell,
 Of realms of bliss, and never-fading brightness;
 Where those who lov'd on earth, together dwell.

Ah! yet a while, blest shade, thy flight delaying,
 The kindred soul with mystic converse cheer;
 To her rapt gaze, in visions bland displaying,
 The unearthly glories of thy happier sphere!

Yet, yet remain! till freed like thee, delighted,
 She spurns the thralldom of encumbering clay;
 Then as on earth, in tenderest love united,
 Together seek the realms of endless day!

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.


AS I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
 There came a noble Knyghte,
 With his hauberke shynyng bryghte,
 And his gallant heart was lyghte,
 Free and gaye;
 As I laye a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.
 As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
 There seem'd a crimson plain,
 Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
 And a steed with broken rein
 Ran free,
 As I laye a-thynkyng, most pitiful to see!
 As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
 A lovely mayde came bye,
 And a gentil youth was nyghe,
 And he breathed many a syghe
 And a vowe;
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.
 As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
 No more a youth was there,
 But a Maiden rent her haire,
 And cried in sad despaire,
 "That I was borne!"

As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.
 As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;
 There came a lovely childe,
 And his face was meek and mild,
 Yet joyously he smiled
 On his sire ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.
 But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,
 And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;
 That joyous smile was gone,
 And the face was white and wan,
 As the downe upon the Swan
 Doth appear,

As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !
 As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,
 O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
 With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
 While soaring to the skies,
 'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
 As to her nest ;

As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—
 “ Follow, follow, me away,
 It boots not to delay,”—
 'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
 “ HERE IS REST !”

T. I.



THE END.

