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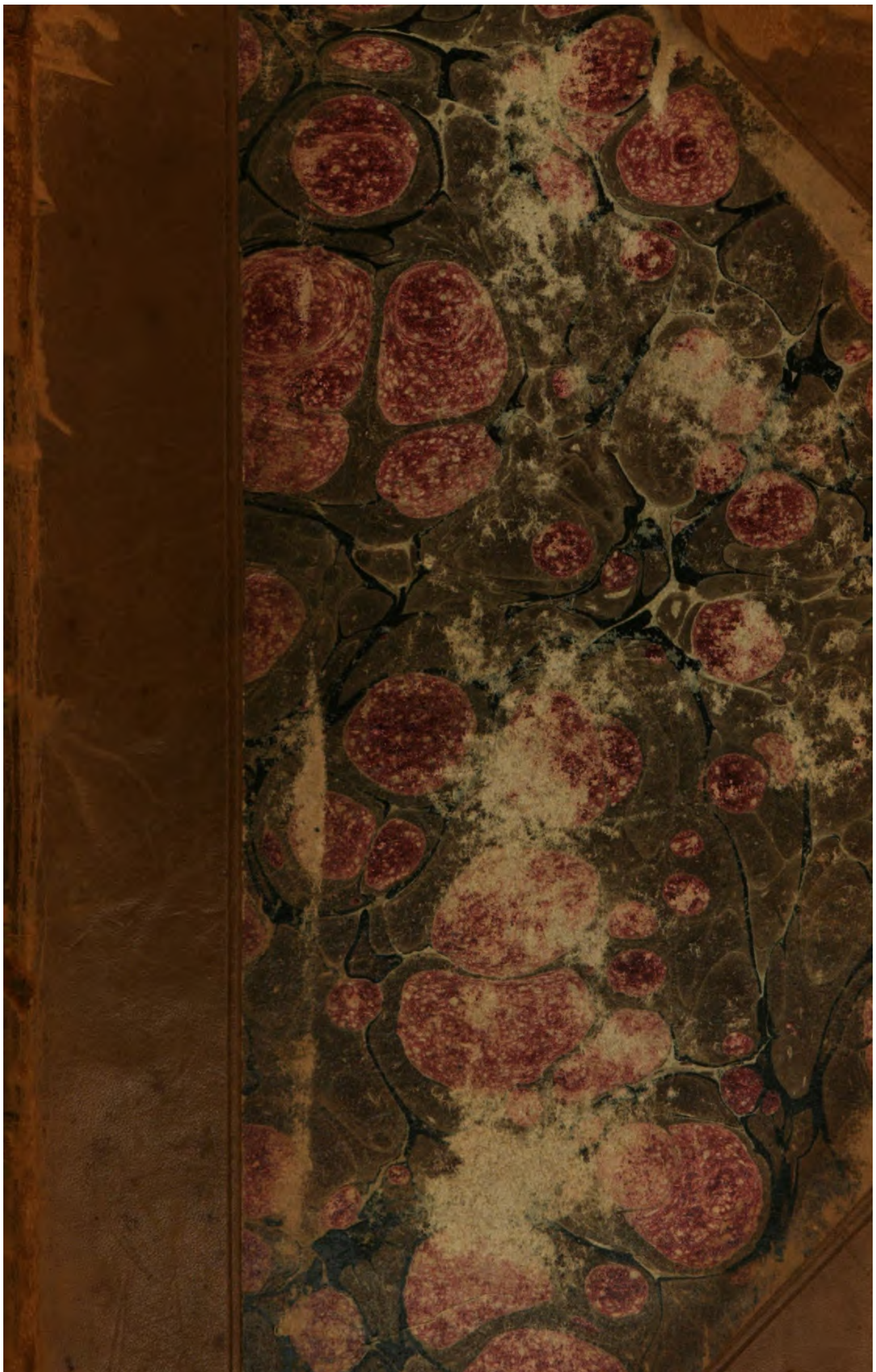
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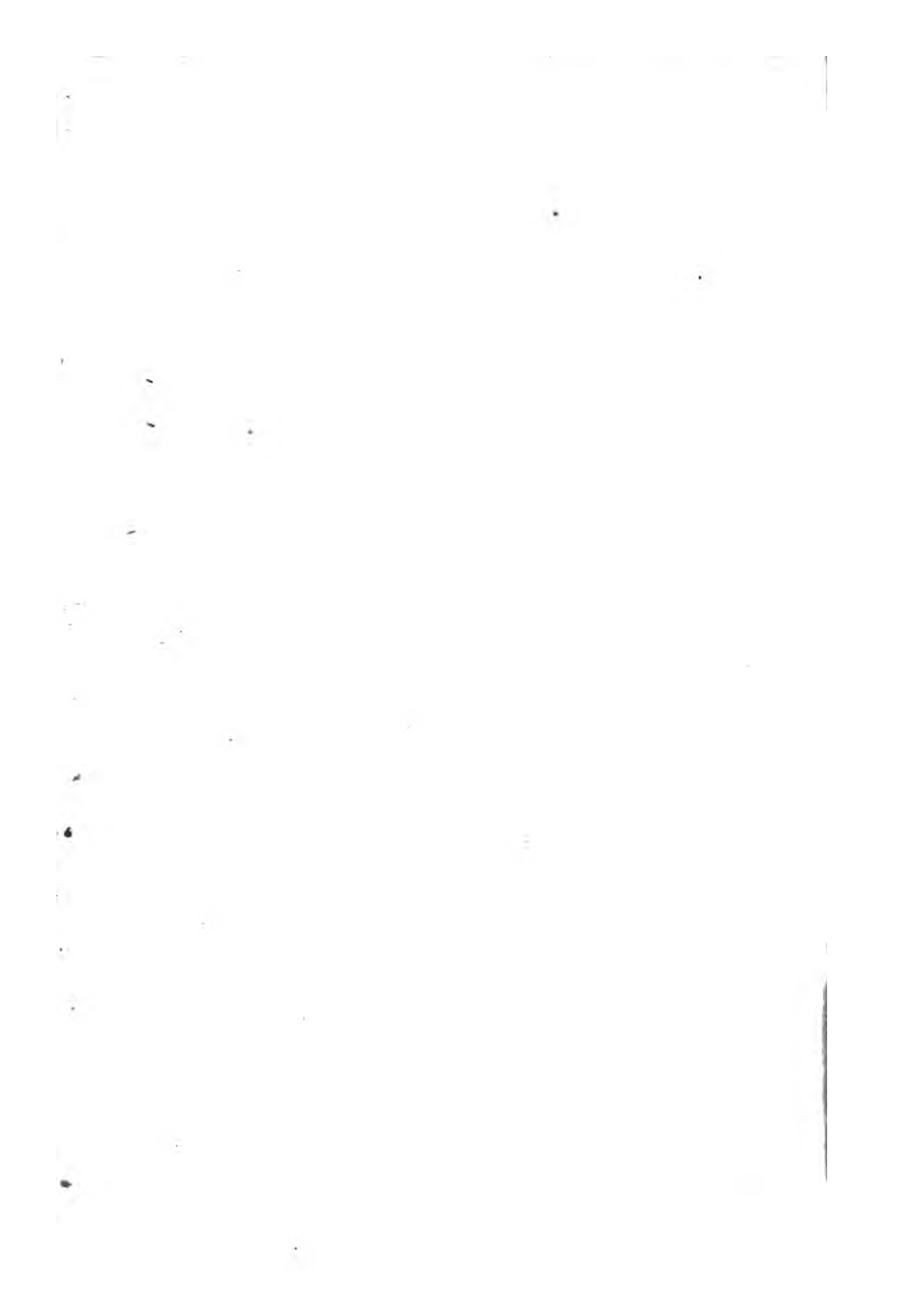


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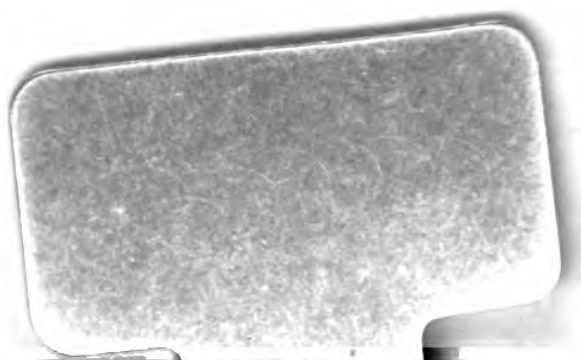


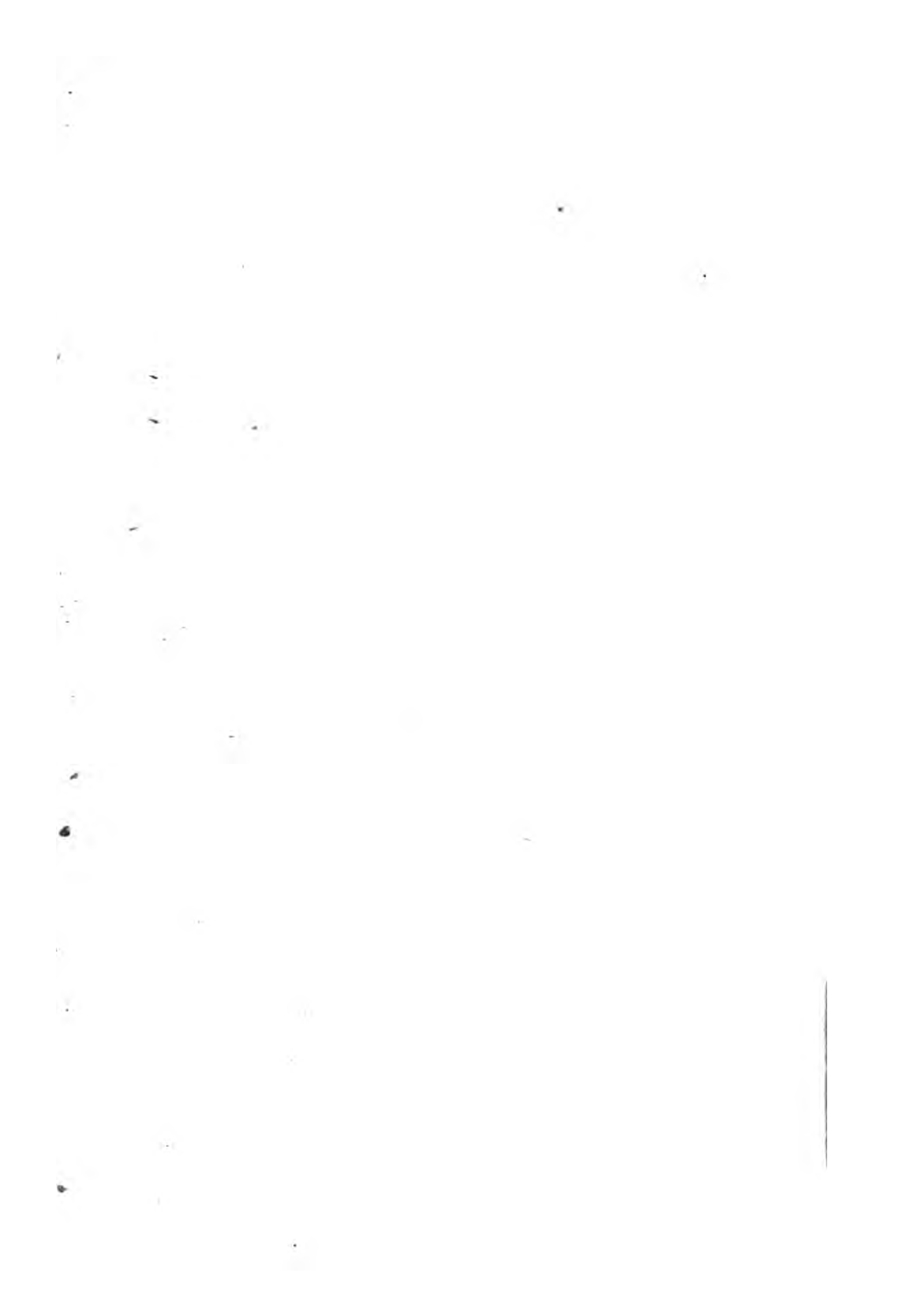
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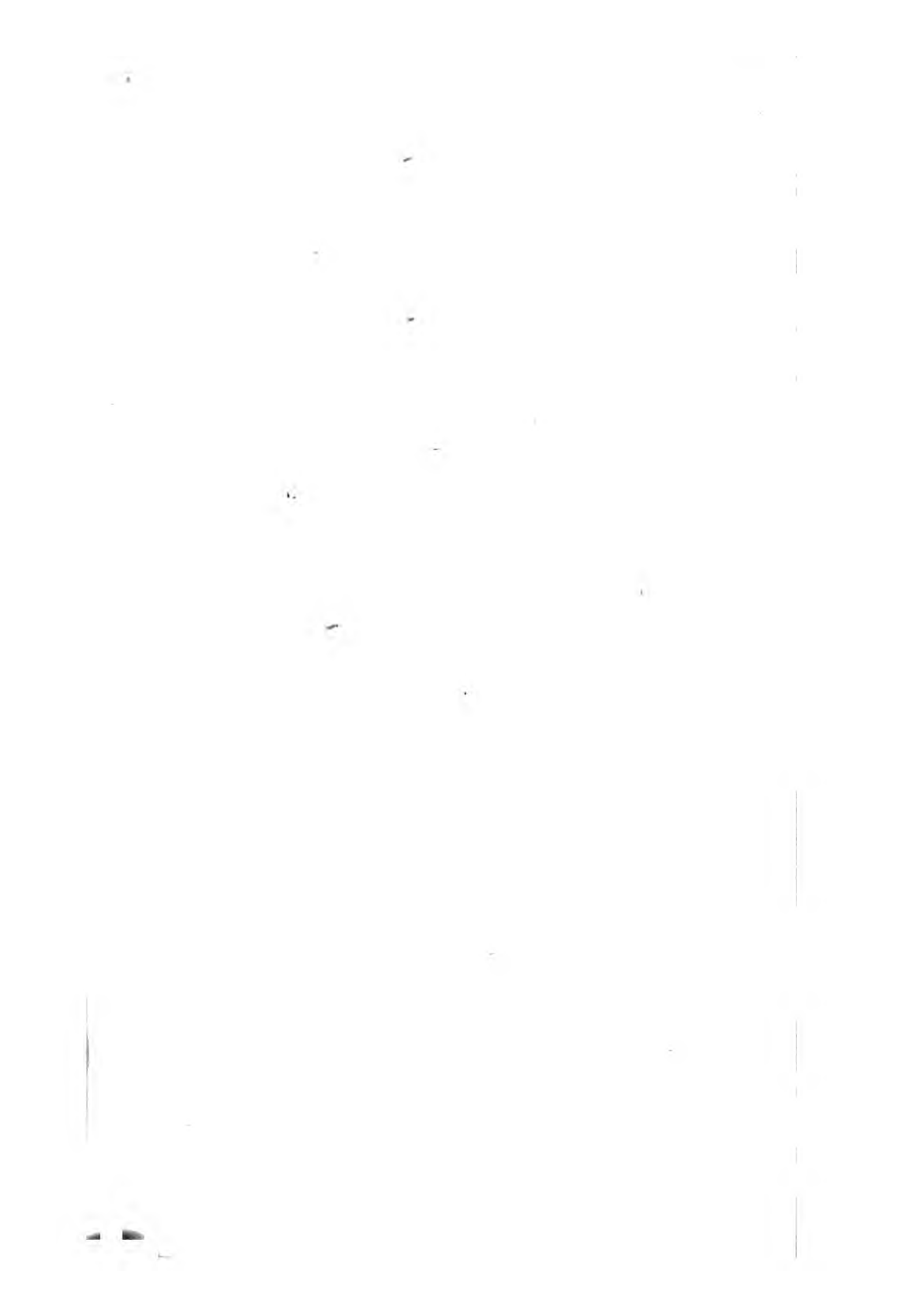


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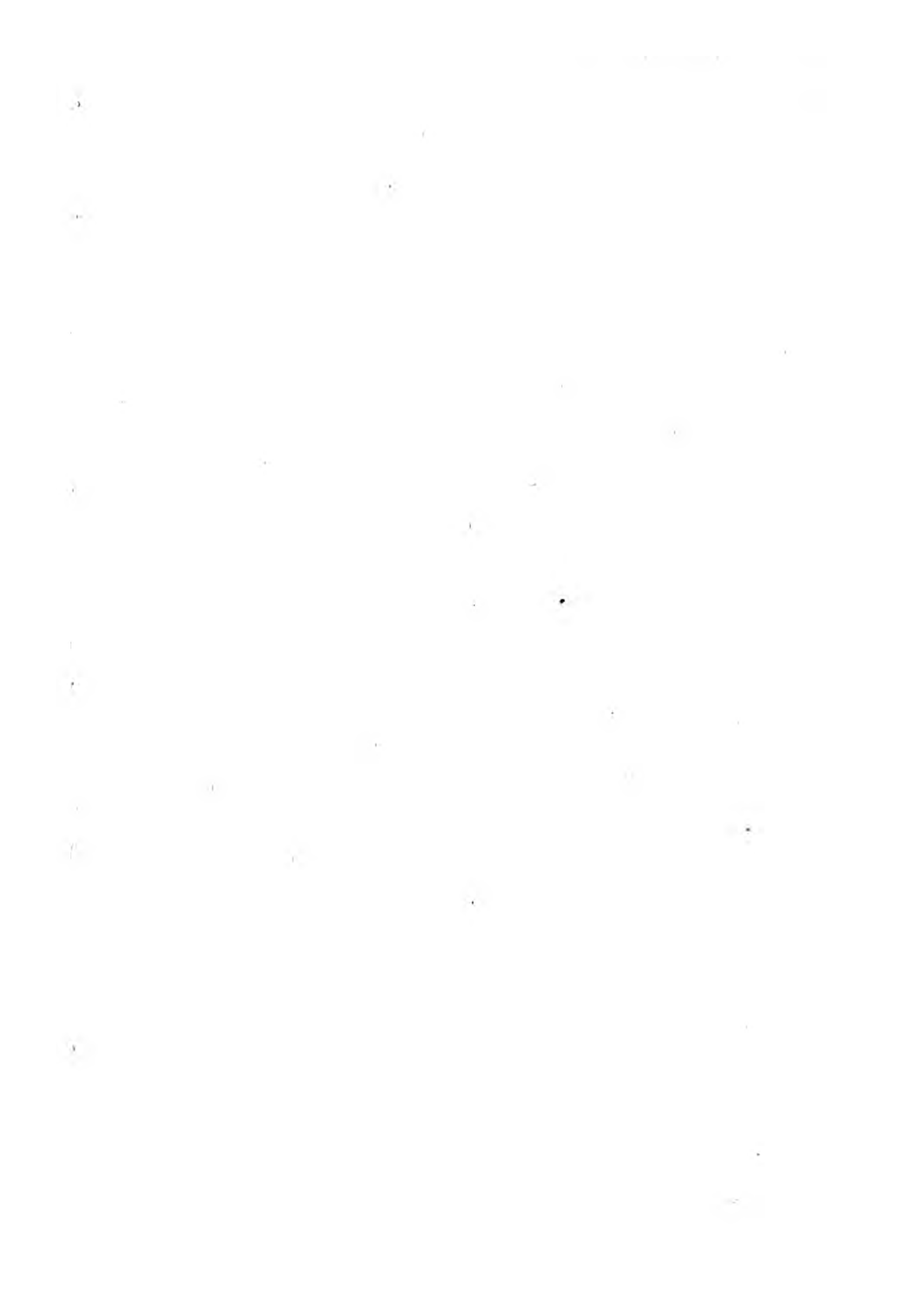




THE

COMIC OFFERING
FOR
1831.









LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL.

1831.

THE
COMIC OFFERING;

J. 1031

OR

LADIES' MELANGE

OF

LITERARY MIRTH,

FOR

MDCCCXXXI.



EDITED BY

LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO.,
CORNHILL.

1831.

Littlewood & Co., Printers, Old Bailey.

P R E F A C E.

IN affixing, for the first time, my name to a Literary Work of this nature, I trust I may be excused for briefly relating some peculiar circumstances which have attended my labours ; and which, it is hoped, may bespeak the indulgence of the public.

Although our literature at present abounds with productions of great genius, we have not hitherto had, among the catalogue of ANNUAL PUBLICATIONS, one of a LIVELY NATURE, exclusively intended for the Boudoir, Drawing-room, and Ladies' Library. The general reader will find much to admire, and nothing to condemn, in the works of many of our talented authors ; and I have not the slightest intention of conveying a censure on any of the modern

writers, when I suggest that a *female* may be the best qualified to decide on the strict boundaries of delicacy and refinement, which are indispensable in a work of this description, expressly intended for *female perusal*, and for presents of Friendship and Affection. On this one point, *delicacy*, I trust I may be without fear, as my own feelings, my youth, and sex, will all unite, I hope, to point out the proper course to pursue; and if any of the articles be devoid of interest for the witty, I think I may venture to affirm that they contain nothing calculated to shock the most delicate or sensitive of my readers.

In addition to the timidity naturally attached to the commencement of a new undertaking, I have, in the present instance, laboured under the serious disadvantage of being limited to less than one half the time for its completion, on which I had at first calculated as necessary to secure its appearance at the customary period. When it is considered, therefore, that under these disadvantages I have written the whole of the literary portion—designed the numerous illustrations—and edited the work, I am

induced to hope that the entire production will be viewed with indulgence.

If I were to say that I feel any degree of indifference to the terrors of criticism, it would be as untrue and ill-judged, as it would be in vain, to demand an undue degree of leniency in my favour: for this I have no reason to hope, beyond the few circumstances already urged; and I have only to submit to a fair and impartial judgment, trusting that in my future productions a greater degree of experience will enable me to remove defects of which at present I may be unconscious.

I feel anxious to express my gratification at the talent and care displayed by the various artists in their execution of my designs; I have also to acknowledge my obligations to Mr. Seymour for the very appropriate device on the richly embossed Cover, the merit of which, as well as of the Title and Frontispiece, belong to that talented artist.

I may further add, that arrangements are in progress for providing a still greater variety in the next, than will be found in the present volume; valuable

assistance being engaged both in the literary and pictorial departments, and various improvements projected in the plan, as well as execution of the work, so as to render it less wanting the indulgence and more deserving the patronage of

BRITISH LADIES,

TO WHOM

THIS VOLUME

IS

VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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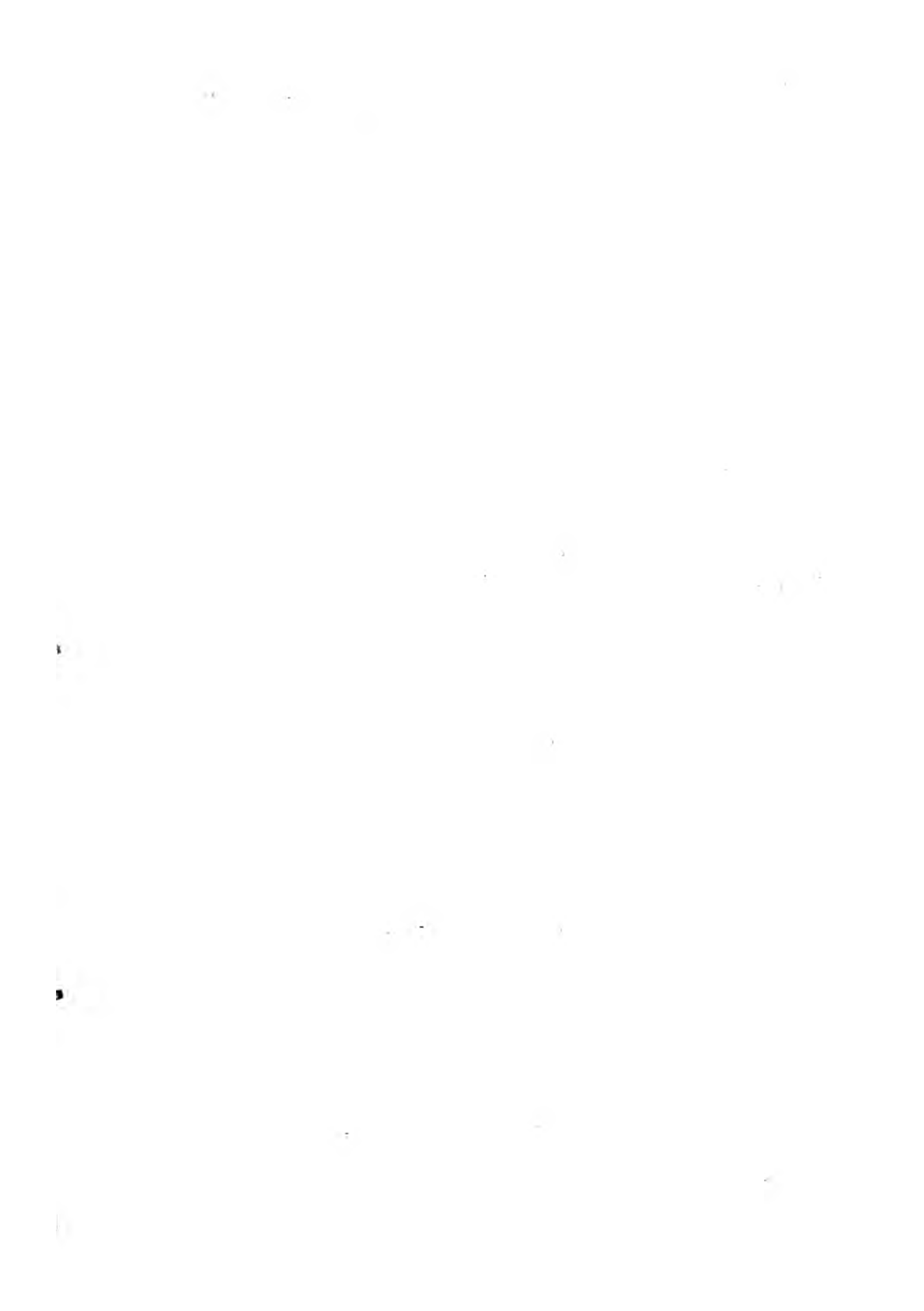
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STARTING FOR THE LADIES' PLATE.

STARTING FOR THE LADIES' PLATE.

FRESH candidates for fame appear,
With confidence and hope elate,
Upon the field each op'ning year
And join the race : nor seem to fear
That they may fail to "win the Plate?"

I will not join the daring throng
Possessed of such ambition great :
I only to that class belong
Who venture modestly along,
And "start" but for the "Ladies' Plate!"

Yes ! such alone has been my aim :
To females I entrust my fate :
From them, alone, I seek for fame,
And venture to enroll my name
As " starting for the Ladies' Plate !"

Perhaps the Critics may think fit
To let me feel their scourges' weight,
And say, my book contains no wit,
Nor can they such a work admit
To start for the fair " Ladies' Plate !"

They 'll not be so unkind !—in truth,
Their mercy I (with hope) await :
They 're often not severe to youth,
And *She's* beneath their aim, forsooth,
Who starts but for the " Ladies' Plate !"

And though I may not those exceed
Whose writings are of older date,
If *WOMAN* in my favour plead,
Then happy shall I feel, indeed,
In " starting for the Ladies' Plate !"

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH I.

WRITING a comic story, and making some hasty sketches of characters, which you considered were only general descriptions : find on reading them again that they form a " Gallery of Portraits " of a great part of your acquaintance ! Although sure of your *friends* acquitting you of intentional satire, you are obliged to destroy your manuscript, or incur the unmerited imputation of personality ; and this perhaps from persons who stand so much higher in their own estimation than in yours, that they really fancy themselves worth the trouble of sketching.

SIGH II.

Going into public with a person who is never satisfied with acting as others act : who stands up or walks about when the rest are seated, and sits down when others rise : who always talks when

others are silent, especially when a soft piece of music is being executed : who will not be satisfied if you wish to leave church quietly, but forcibly detains you in the aisle, impeding the progress of the congregation : who delights in making you walk with her in a windy day : a person in short at whom every one stares for ultra-fashionable clothes, an assured style of walking, constant laughter, and speaking loudly in the street. You are engaged on a visit with her family, for the whole season, and therefore *bongré malgré* you must submit, although you have a particular aversion towards singularity or affectation of any description, and a nervous horror at being held up to observation.

SIGH III.

Sending your Harp three or four miles, to a musical party in the country : several strings broken ; and looking in the Harp-case, find you have omitted to send the string-box and tuning-key ! Family, *Goths* — Neighbours, *Vandals*.

SIGH IV.

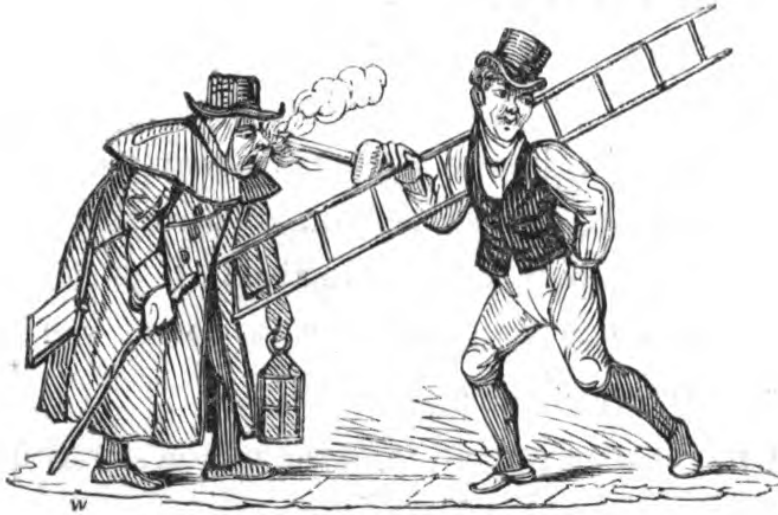
Being asked by your hostess, what is your opinion of the pictures in her portfolio, the terror you feel lest some of the artists may be present while you are sitting in judgment on their works. (Mem : Amateur painters really ought to write their names

in full, on a cloud or some conspicuous part of their drawings.) Being a painter, you wish to make every allowance for the efforts of others, and therefore give the most favourable opinions the pictures will allow. A girl, with a loud voice, then takes the portfolio, and (though her first phrase proves to you she is no artist) finds fault with the whole, but particularly those pieces on which, as being the best, you have bestowed any praise. As almost all the world are awed by ignorant assurance, you hear the audience saying "What exquisite taste Miss Quack has!" "Oh she knows so much about fine painting and the old masters!"—you are always tempted to add (with Goldsmith) "and also of high life, and high-lived company, Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses!"

SIGH V.

Being convicted on circumstantial evidence of being "able to sing a second," when you have been endeavouring to avoid singing with a person who has *such taste* and *so much feeling*, as never to sing two bars in steady time, but who introduces in one part a shake, in another a cadenza, and a long pause at the end of each line. In fact the music is so altered from the composer's idea, that the written second is quite unfit to sing with this flourishing person: yet you are forced to comply, because an

anxious friend of the singer's says, in a stage whisper, that "it would be very illiberal not to sing a duet in which this person shines so much." Every body but yourself looking quite happy at not being forced to sing against their inclination !



' OH, COME TO ME WHEN DAYLIGHT SETS !'

SEARCH FOR HAPPY ISLE.

ONCE upon a time
 There was a happy clime —
 I do not know its longitude and latitude —
 But I've no doubt,
 If any could find out,
 They might reap largely from the nation's gratitude.

This charming island was called "*Spring*" —
 There people *all their lives remained*
Both young and handsome ! 'twas a wond'rous thing
 To see how grannies their soft bloom retained !

But if Spring Island e'er they left,
 They lost this everlasting style of feature ;
 And were, by time, of beauty's grace bereft,
 As in the ordinary course of nature.

With such a penalty before their eyes,
Does it not cause surprise,
That these good people could not stay at home,
But loved to roam ?

In all their modern fashionable charts
There was a place named HAPPY ISLE,
Described in flatt'ring terms by navigators,
(Fools ! to rely on such exaggerators,
Whose stories only should have made them smile,)
In diff'rent maps 'twas placed in various parts,
And none could say
Precisely where it lay !

This subject causing great sensation,
Among our busy *Springite* nation,
A great reward was promised by their queen,
To any who would travel round
The world, until the Isle was found,
And then returning, tell what had been seen.

Of those who risked their pleasant state,
To seek this island, I 'll relate
The travels of a damsel fair ;
The world she searched in diff'rent parts,
And errors in the *Springite* charts
She rectified with zealous care.

She sent the queen a long dispatch,
By each occasion she could catch :
These to the Springites were of wond'rous use,
Just like the journal of poor La Perouse,
Or that of our own enterprising Bruce ;
And every thing my vagrant muse relates,
Was published at Spring Island — quarto, plates !

JOURNAL OF THE VOYAGE.

MONTH OF ROSES, 1st DAY.

To-day, (my eighteenth birthday) sailed
To seek that Isle, where all have failed
As yet its bearings to discover ;
This brings upon our nation shame,
Our ancient navigating fame
I must endeavour to recover.

I wish a prudent voyage to make,
Some merchandise I mean to take,
And goods I 've purchased at Point Witty ;
To Fort Good-humour, I 've been down,
To Lively Point and Beauty Town,
Likewise to Industry's great city.

Then at Fort Modesty I staid —
The station of the Coast Blockade ;
Here bought a flag of simple white ;
A master for my ship I hired,
To give advice he is desired,
Because he knows which track is right.

AT SEA.

This morning I've had time to look
In many an instructive book,
And they have been of great assistance :
Those which afford the surest chances,
(Soft poems and sublime romances)
All say the Isle's at no great distance.

I'll find out, when at *First-love Bay*,
Mount Constancy — whence poets say
“ The way to *Happy Isle* you view :
This is the only way on earth,
To find this spot of wond'rous worth ! ”
And poets ever say what's true.

SENTIMENT ISLE.

When at the *Isle of Sentiment*,
Direct to *First-love Bay* I went,
And there engaged a handsome guide
Who well could *Constant Mount* describe :
A heart I gave him as a bribe,
To take me up the mountain's side.

A lady, who had tried in vain
Directions from my guide to gain,
Then said our track she'd follow slowly ;
And when we'd gained the mountain's top,
He might not feel inclined to stop,
But help her from her path so lowly.

This I considered very rude,
On other travellers to intrude ;
But well I knew my charming guide,
When once he breathed *Mount Constant's* air,
Would rather pass one minute there
Than go "to gain a world beside!"

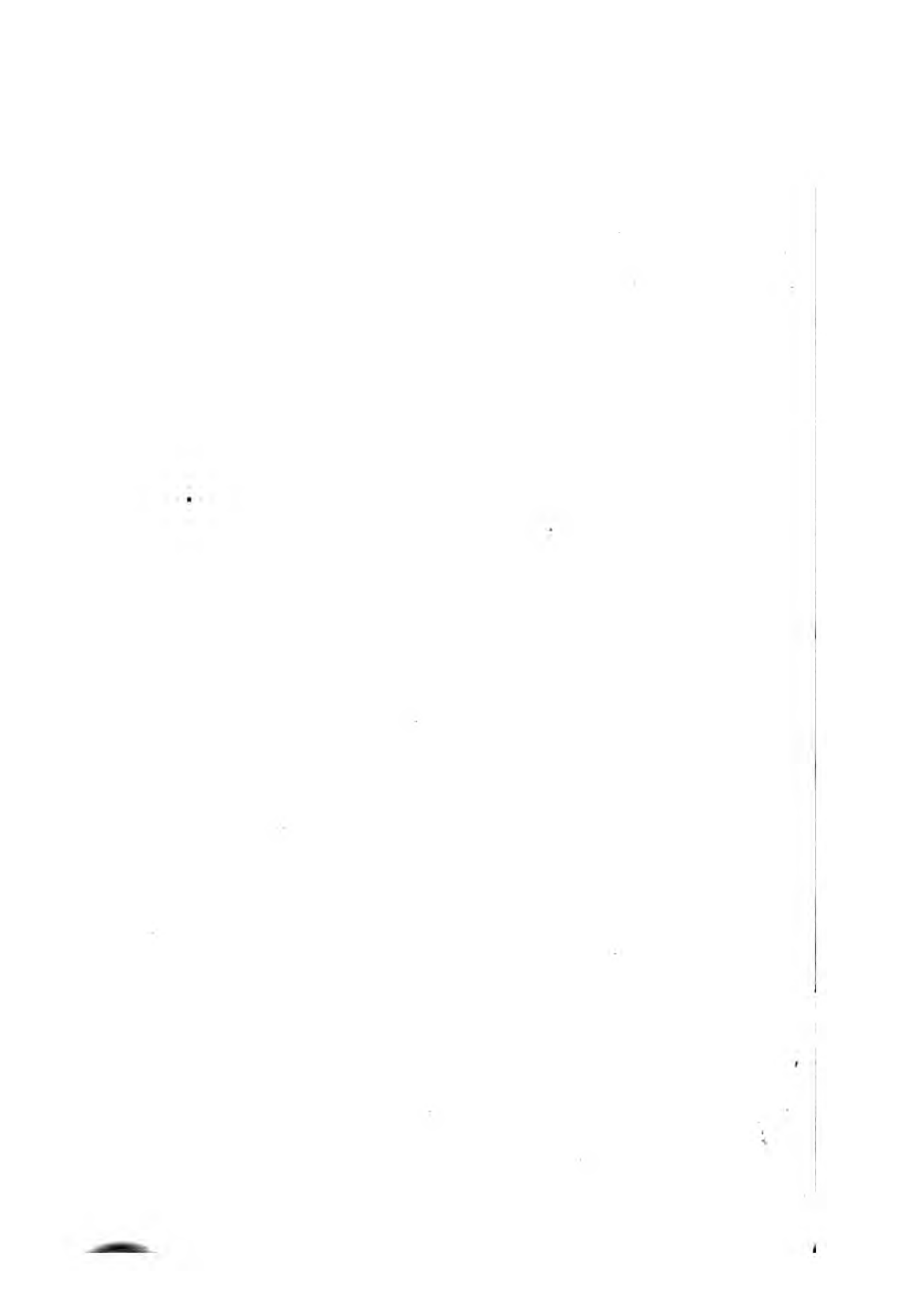
These guides are all young *Sigh-‘ah-me’s* —
Devoted lovers formed to please!
But mine I often had to rally;
While on the *Mount my* thoughts were bent,
I fear *his* tow’rds the lady went
Who waited for him in the valley!

Some time we wandered o’er the plain,
Seeking *Mount Constancy* in vain;
At length the guide exclaimed, “I doubt me
The mountain’s in some airy shroud
Concealed from mortals by a cloud —
Farewell! you can go on without me!”

Thus I, of heart and hope bereft,
By my deceitful guide was left —
More wretched news remained to greet me;
No market for my goods was found,
My ship I therefore ordered round,
At *Disappointment Gulf* to meet me.



THE YOUNG SIGH-'AH-ME'S.



FLIRTING ISLANDS.

To-day the Flirting Isles I made,
I hear they're excellent for trade;
Here shops are found in great variety:
And as my cargo's chosen well,
I'm certain it will quickly sell,
And thus relieve me of anxiety.

The famed bazaar I've quickly sought,
My merchandise I've thither brought;
To set it off all means I try:
But though the merchants often walk
And ask the price, 'tis but to talk —
They stare at shops but never buy!

To Silly-talk, and Isle Coquette,
I sailed (with all my canvas set!)
But, though in each I made some stay,
Talkers, not purchasers I found,
Therefore I wished to change my ground,
As here 'twas throwing time away.

At length one merchant seemed inclined
To buy, he loitered still behind ;
I asked him in without delay :
Then he inquired for cloth of gold,
But 'twas a thing I never sold,
Therefore my merchant went away.

An aged merchant came to try
If a good bargain he could buy,
Quite deaf he was, with eyesight dim :
But I could very soon perceive,
He thought I wanted to deceive,
So I declined to deal with him.

ASSURANCE ISLE.

I reached the *Bay of Confidence*,
A place where girls acquire much sense :
And here I soon began to think
My little flag of stupid *white*
Would ne'er attract the merchants' sight,
So hoisted one of brightest *pink* !

As I by novels was deceived,
No tale shall be by me received :
In future I shall *satires* read ;
I wish to be considered clever —
Severe — satirical — for ever,
Because I 'm certain 't will succeed !

The *Tender* which had sailed with me,
I thought would inconvenient be,
And therefore I dismissed it home ;
The guide from *Modesty* complained
Of injuries his health sustained,
And he no longer wished to roam.

For home he had a strong affection,
And also had a great objection
To Dashing Town, because the sun
From morn till night for ever glared ;
And not a friendly shade prepared
For those who wished the blaze to shun !

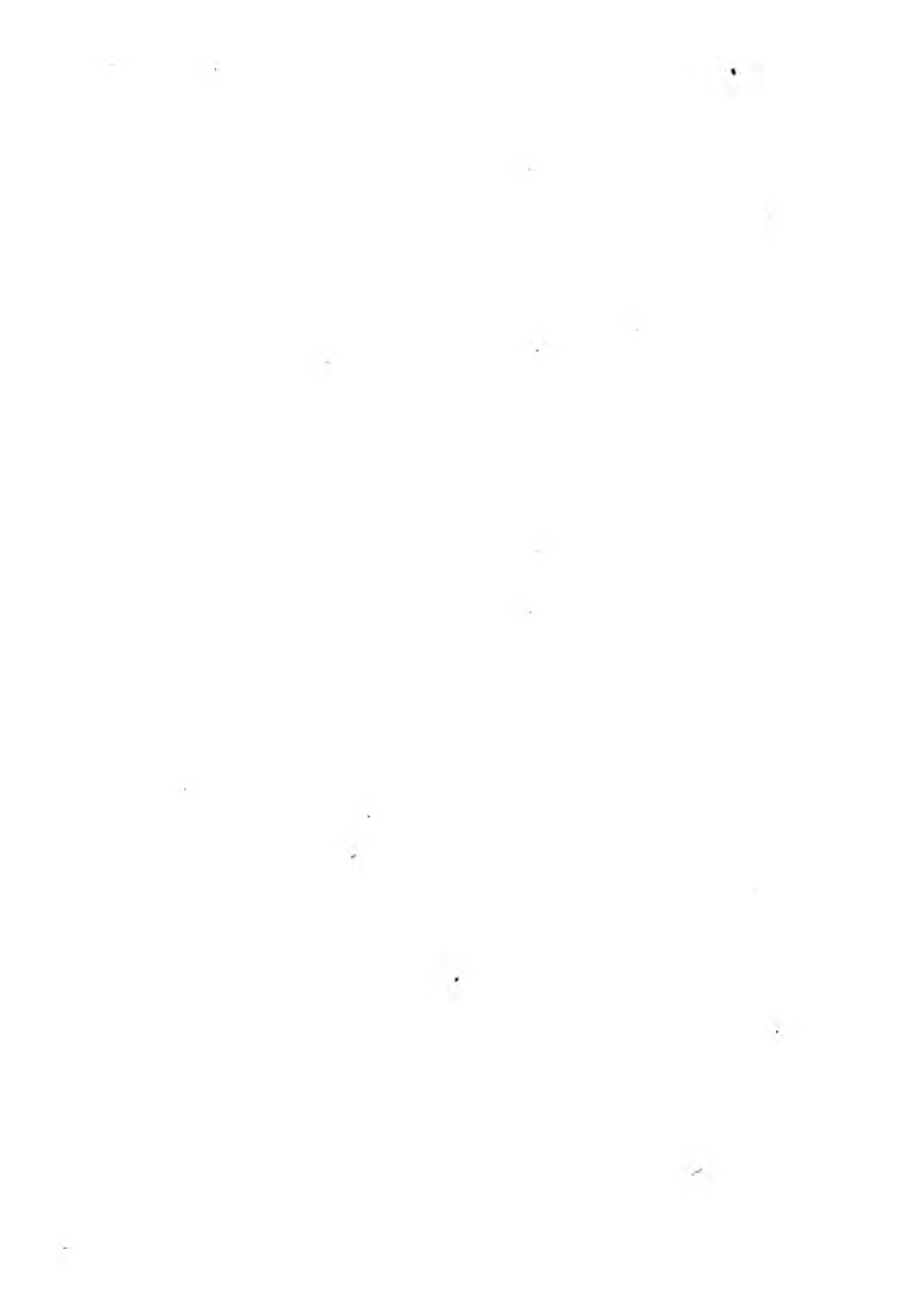
What airs ! I sternly bade him go —
And so he did — nor staid to know
If to retain him I 'd a mind :
He used to set me almost mad
With all his scruples, so I 'm glad
I now may act as I 'm inclined.

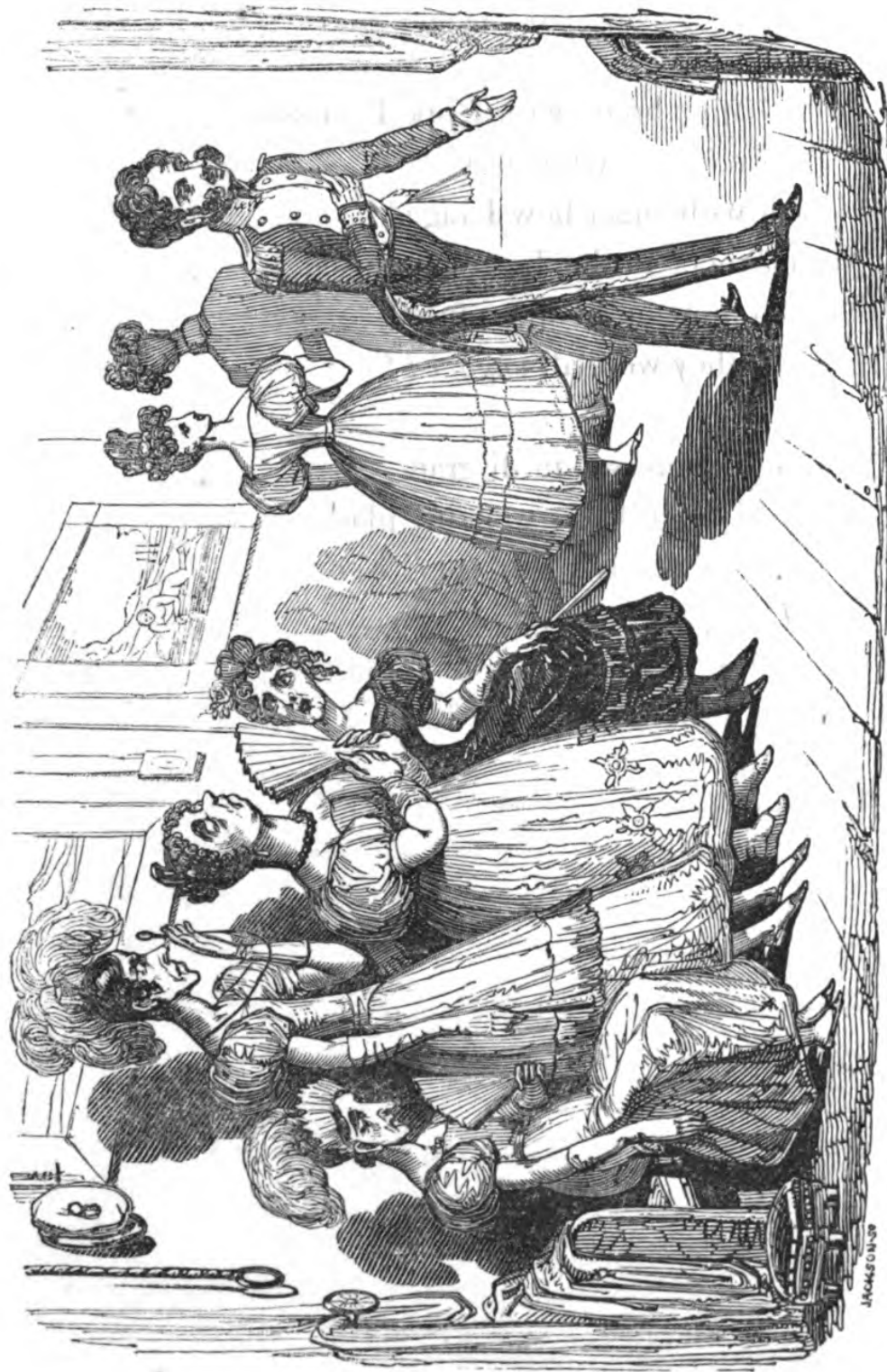
Some Letters to this place I brought
 Of introduction, so I sought
 To enter into their society :
 Some person I may see one day
 Who knows to *Happy Isle* the way ;
 Of strangers here are great variety.

In manners here I found a change,
 Which certainly at first seemed *strange* —
 But *excellent* upon reflection :
 The *ladies* make the first advances
 And ask their partners *for the dances* —
 (*For life*, if they have no objection !)

To *Forward River* oft we make
 Excursions, and *Decoying lake*,
 Where little nets the ladies throw ;
 And though all day they only get
Flat-fish and *little Gudgeons* — yet
 'Tis quite the fashion — all must go !

Near *Lake Decoy* we often went
 To visit an establishment
 Of *Female Trappists* very happy,
 Who say (instead of what you hear
 The *Monks* exclaim, “ *Il faut mourir* ”)
 All day, “ *Ma sœur, il faut attraper !* ”





'WALL FLOWERS.'

Some happy hours with Hope I passed,
Until we disagreed at last :
And then with anger how I raged :
My partners, in the dance who used
To join, now ev'ry one refused,
Protesting they were all *engaged* !

Finding I thus was in disgrace,
I wished to quit this waltzing place,
Where *girls* "revolving planets" were ;
But *I* am past my waltzing days,
Obliged a "fix'd-star" now to blaze,
With groups of *wall-flowers* I stare !

While in *Uncertainty's* rough *Strait*,
Dreading that shipwreck was our fate,
A shewy vessel hove in sight ;
The sailors said "their whole existence
Was passed in offering assistance
To merchant-ships in crazy plight,

But none from *them* would help accept !"
Now terror o'er my senses crept —
A *pirate* had my ship in tow !
He searched our cargo with much care
And finding we'd no *Specie* there,
The rope (to my great joy) let go !

FAILURE ISLE.

Thus from the Pirate being free
 The *Isle of Failure* I shall see;
 The *Malice Rocks, Detraction Sands,*
 And Spiteful Whirlpool I must view
Mount Envy I will visit too,
 Tis here the *Great Volcano* stands.

MALICE TOWN.

To the Volcano I have been,
 Its ever-burning crater seen,
 Which *Envy-lava* does produce:
 This, in a powder scattered round
 On every object, has been found
 By *Failurites* of wond'rous use.

The ladies here have found an art
 To hide the malice of the heart;
Sincerity they all affect,
 Then lash at Beauty, Talent, Youth,
 And "as they *always* speak the *truth,*"
 Their lies produce a fine effect!



'CHECK AT SIGHT.'

This *frankness* is a rare disguise
 For those who view with envious eyes !
 But truth they 're not obliged to use,
 If any thing that's good or kind
 Be said of others ; then they find
 To join the truth they must refuse !

I went here to a masquerade,
 My figure soon a conquest made —
 A purchaser this merchant seemed:
 At length to view my face he asked ;
 But when, to please him, I unmasked,
 “ You are a *Check at sight!*” he screamed.

Away he flew — nor would I stay,
 But reached the *Isle of Pets* next day,
Cat Town a pleasant place I found:
 Much pleased I was with *Monkey Wood*
 And *Parrot mount*, where as I stood,
 The beauteous birds flew tame around.

But having little time to waste,
Cards Isles I sailed for in a haste,
 And stopped at *Whist-and-Gossip Town*.
 Here merchant-ships are often lost
 (I'd nearly proved it to my cost);
 A female “ *Greek*” here wears the crown.

But soon I learned their pilots' art,
 And in their trials took a part :
 Soon knew what tricks the point would win ;
 And as I could avoid all danger,
 Whene'er I saw a helpless stranger
 I ventured out, and *took him in !*

Gay days ! how very soon ye vanished !
 To *Rheumatism* I was banished,
 There to endure a life of pain :
 In *Deaf Town* I've some time resided,
 But oft the people I've derided,
 And so they say I shan't remain.

My vessel I must fit with care,
 And cross the *Ocean of Despair* —

Abruptly here the Journal ends :
 That Ella's lost the good Queen fears ;
 And, finishing the work in tears,
 For *May*, her minister, she sends :

Said she, " My Lord, we greatly fear
 We've lost our navigator dear :
 The search must not be long delayed :

Her brother must a vessel take,
And every where inquiries make :
Let us be instantly obeyed !”

“ Madam, I ’ll instantly repair
To bid her brother now prepare :
Perhaps there is no cause of fear :
If she have found out Happy Isle,
She there would wish to rest a while :
But from her brother we shall hear.”



HOISTING A FLAG.

FAST DAY.

“ OH ! husband, you 're the worst of sinners,
Who dare to eat
That wicked meat,
And on a fast-day make such dinners.

“ But mind — this meat shall be your last,
No more I'll buy
In Lent — and try
If *this* plan will not make you fast !”

Thus spoke a wife, a bigot strict,
Who penance hard
(And no reward,)
Upon her husband would inflict.

“ Well, now,” said he, “ to work I'll go ;
While *you* can stay
At home and pray,
And you can fast for me, you know.”





AMATEUR PERFORMANCE, "THE PADLOCK."

Exit, singing "I locked up all my treasure."

“ Why,” she replied, “ while you ’re away,
I’ll just go down
Towards the town,
And with some pious neighbour stay.”

Said he “ our children dress require,
I’ve bought new clothes,
So work at those,
And *make them fast* — that I desire :

“ All in the house, for three weeks past,
On a poor dish
Of wretched fish
Have for your pleasure been *made fast* ;

“ But this is right -- and you shall see,
To aid your plan
Much as *I* can,
The *doors* shall be *made fast by me* !”

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH VI.

BEING invited to a family-party (misnamed a *friendly* one,) where there are so few persons assembled, that neither word nor action, can escape general scrutiny. After yawning over some useless work, keeping time to the *scientific* music of waltzes and quadrilles, played on the family-strum, a *light* supper is brought in, (the result, you are told, of the Miss ——'s cookery,) and you are helped to half-baked heavy cake, fluid pale jelly, *whip-creams* of raw eggs, greasy tarts with *pickled fruit*, and solid trifle of flour and bread, all in the greatest abundance. The only stranger present, beside yourself, is a courageous old bachelor, who tastes a small sample of each, directly sending away his plate without dread of consequences: you see such thunder brows and lightning glances directed towards him, that you dare not follow his example, and, though you are no supper-eater, you resign yourself

towards demolishing this load of disagreeables: as a relief, you are asked to "take some wine which was made last week on a new plan by the girls, of parsnips, black currants, elderberries, raspberries, parsley, gooseberries, and potatoe apples, all mixed, which will be very nice, when it has fermented, and become a little clear!" As a finale, you are obliged to sing a lively song, as your hostess says, she never fancies her guests have passed a pleasant evening, unless she hears them sing merrily!

SIGH VII.

Having taken considerable pains in arranging an air for four or five voices, and having made the different points (as you think,) prodigiously fine, incomparably original, in fact the very perfection of thorough-bass! you meet an old glee, in precisely the same style, and are obliged to smother your musical bantling, lest you might be accused of plagiarism.

SIGH VIII.

Receiving, from some elegant friends, a letter announcing that a delightful acquaintance of theirs is soon to be in your neighbourhood, and will bring to you a letter of introduction. In a few days, you meet at the library, or some public place, a person who says he has brought you a letter from Mr. So-

and-so ; on perusal, you find it is the one promised, and you shew every attention to this person and his wife, who appear, however, to your poor judgment, the most vulgar, illiterate, coarse people, you ever met ! Still you conclude they must be “ good creatures,” and, therefore, present them everywhere, and to every one. When you have, after infinite *puffing*, comfortably established them in a very *exclusive* neighbourhood, you hear from your elegant correspondents, that “ it is all a mistake !” The parties for whom the introduction was written, were obliged to go to France, but supposing the letter to contain information of a private nature, they had sent it by the first opportunity ; namely, these horrid vulgar people, who were slightly known to, and hugely detested by your friends ! (Mem : if persons would *sometimes* put the *names* of the parties in these cases, it would not do any very great injury.)

SIGH IX.

Playing on a pianoforte lately purchased at a boarding-school sale, the keys of which, are so loose, that your fingers (being accustomed to a new Broadwood,) slip continually from the note you intend to strike : the slightest touch produces as loud a tone as the hardest blow, and the upper notes give a sort of asthmatical laugh, whenever you request them “ to discourse most exquisite music !”

WINNING BY A NECK.

' I ne'er had been in this condition
But for my mother's prohibition !' *Gay.*

A widow lady had a son
Just come from college ;
(He was her hope, her only one,)
He longed to see *Italian fun* —
But *called it — knowledge.*

Said she, " I wish you, dearest boy,
Much satisfaction :
And while your travels you enjoy,
Do not my happiness destroy
By giddy action.

“ I grieve to think your trav’ling friend
Is young indeed,
And one whom I can’t recommend
On whose advice you might depend
In case of need !”

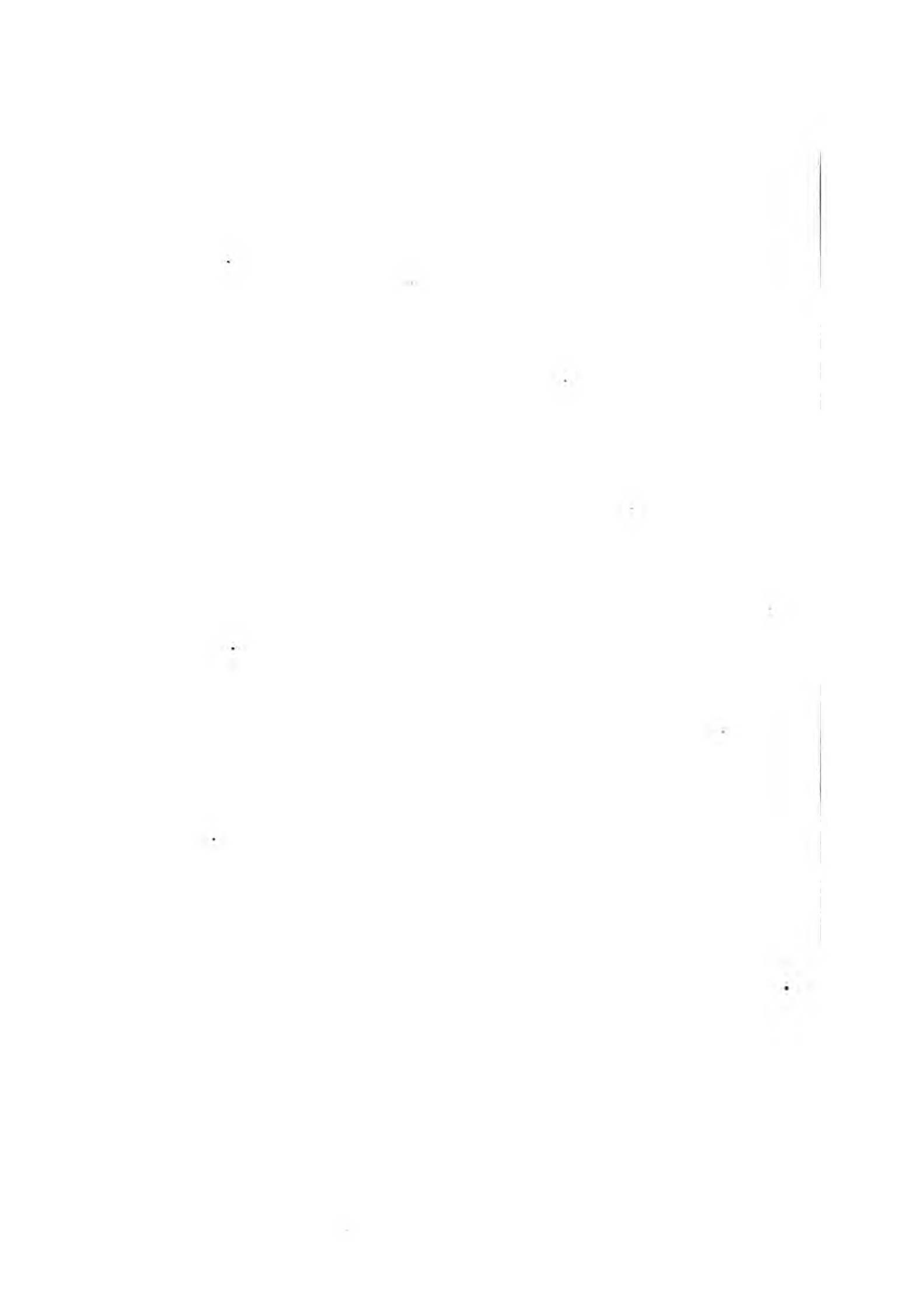
“ Well ! mother, I must prudence take
Enough for two !
I will be cautious for your sake ;
What promise will you have me make ?
What shall I do ?”

“ Your mind,” said she, “ my best of sons,
Romance has filled :
So *ne’er attempt to view the nuns,*
Some are such horrid wicked ones,
They’d have you killed !”

He promised that this warning kind
He’d not forget :
Soon after left the land behind,
For Naples with a fav’ring wind
Away he set !



'NUN-SUCH.'



John, bent upon beginning well,
A tutor took ;
But being tortured by a bell,
Which rang all hours a doleful knell
He closed his book,

And said " Signor you waste your time
On me, I fear ;
For since I've visited your clime
That melancholy stupid chime
Is all I hear !"

" Indeed !" the master said, " *I* like
That convent bell :
But in *your* head it seems to strike
Confusion, therefore, if you like,
We 'll say farewell !"

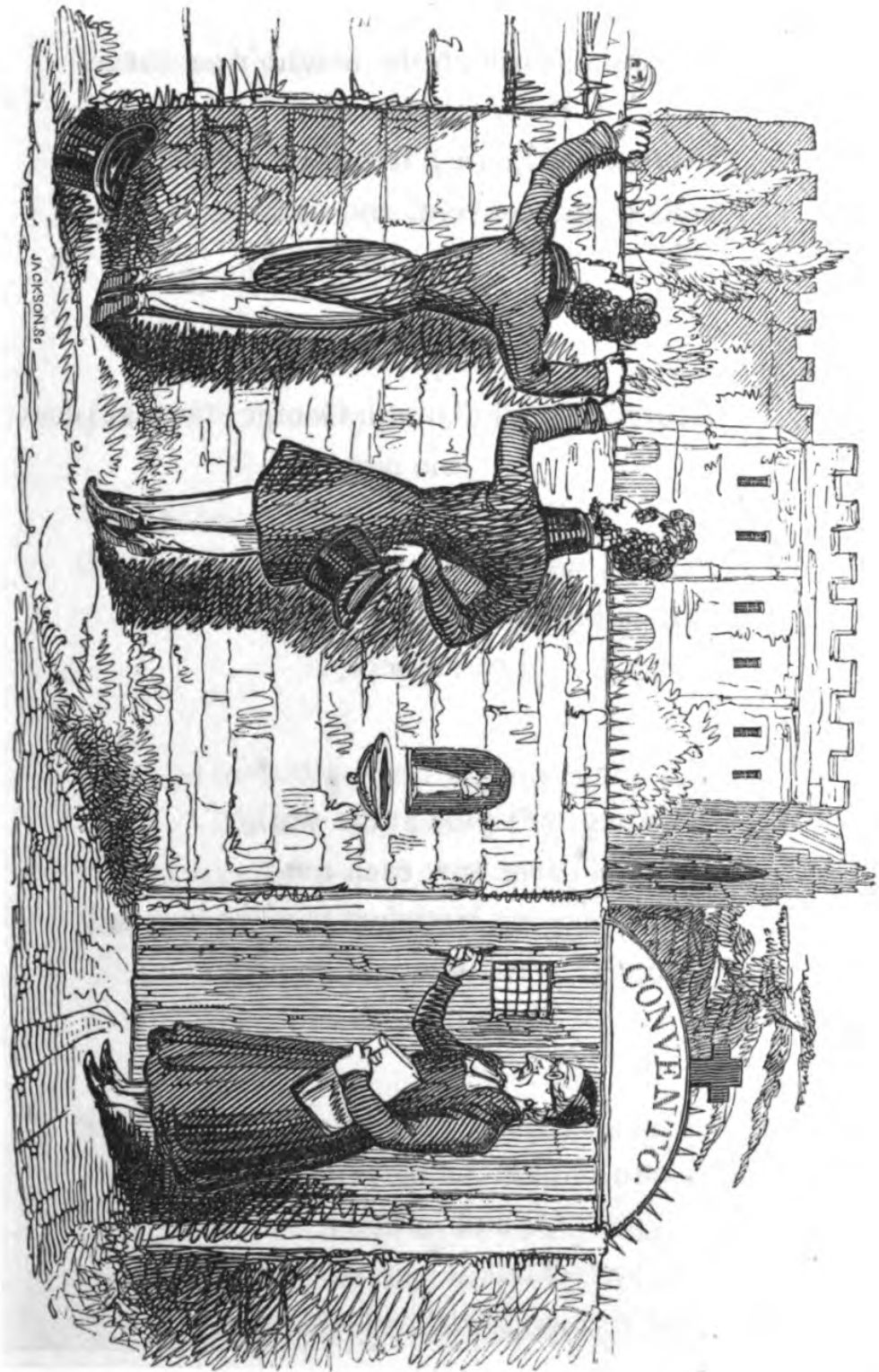
" Adio," says John, and bows him out
With manner hurried ;
Then takes his hat and roams about,
Seeking the convent, much we doubt,
He looks so flurried !

In passing through the neighb'ring streets
He sees a church,
Therein his English friend he meets,
Tells of the convent, and entreats
He 'll join the search.

“There's nought” quoth George “ would please
me more,
With joy I 'll try :
See ! in yon wall, a solid door
Which has ‘ CONVENTO ’ written o'er,
I can descry.”

Standing on tiptoe at the wall,
John saw each nun,
His *neck* being stretched to make him tall :
While *George*, who had *no neck at all*,
Lost all the fun !

A nun returns *John's* ardent gaze
Of admiration ;
She knows the danger of delays,
And throws a *billet* which conveys
An assignation !



WINNING BY A NECK.
'Some one is in haste to speak with Father Paul,' Sheridan's Duenna.



To blame his *neck* George never ceased,
 “ *I am so short !*
If by a neck I were increased,”—
He stopped — for up there walked a priest
 To spoil their sport !

He sternly told them to be gone —
 They did as ordered :
But what a fate awaited John !
Who, going back at night, alone,
 Was nearly murdered !

A ladder he had formed of rope
 To help the fair,
Who wrote she would with him elope,
And now he waited with the hope
 She 'd soon appear.

'Stead of the nun, the priest was there
 With three beside him ;
They beat John much as he could bear,
And long in prison kept him, ere
 His friend descried him !

His long neck through the prison grate
One day he stretched :
George saw the *neck*, and knew his mate,
And quick, to save him from his fate,
The consul fetched.

The consul said, " some gold will stop
The *Padre's* rage,
And make him persecution drop,
"Till you on board a ship can pop,
That I'll engage !"

Once more in England, John doth tell
His wond'ring mother,
What *neck-or-nothing* ills befel :
And vows (to keep it safe and well)
His head like tortoise in its shell
He'll always smother !





' A BEAM ON THE FACE.'

' Have a care, Missus.'

STRIKING CHARACTERS.

OLD Bet, crying " Mac-ca-rell," happened to meet
A workman who carried a beam, in the street ;
Her basket unluckily fell from its place,
As he awkwardly gave her " a beam on the face !"

" Hoy ! *have a care*, missus !" he leisurely cried ;
When, aiming a blow at his face, she replied,
" Why should *I take care*, now the mischief is done,
D'ye intend, fool, to *hit me again*, for your fun ?"

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH X.

BEING obliged to invite a little old-fashioned prying child to pass the day with you, and selecting a time, when you do not expect any of your usual "*amis de la maison*:" however, a very lively and loquacious one comes in to dinner, having a great deal of scandal, which he relates, disguising the names of the parties, as "Mr. G.," "Mrs. H.," "Miss I." — by which means you all expect to foil the child's evident curiosity. In a few days, the mama calls to thank you for your kind attention to the child, and tells you how clever it was to discover whom you meant by "Mr. G.," "Mrs. H.," and "Miss I.," (the mother's near relations,) who, having called at her house since, the witty child has informed them of all that was related by you and your friend.

SIGH XI.

Being asked, at a musical party, can you play manuscript music at sight? and, fearlessly replying in the affirmative, a fond father produces an embossed sheet of music-paper, on which (he whispers to you) is written a very clever composition of his daughter's. You take the pale, sloping, crowded, little scrawl, and perceive in even the first two bars, that the time is not correct (bass and treble *in unison* throughout): you play on, however, while papa gazes at you, the scrawl, and his lumpy daughter in constant succession. Piece ended, — audience deficient in applause, — papa angry, — lump sulky — you overhear her saying, “It's all the fault of that stupid Miss So-and-so's playing!” while *you* are getting a reproof maternal for *selecting* such a frightful thing to play at a party!

SIGH XII.

Being obliged to listen quietly to a *person of yesterday*, who is exclaiming with much violence against the vulgar assurance and presumption of a *person of to-day*! Both parties have had the same *family trade*; but in one case that dreadful misfortune is removed, by two generations, while in the latter, by one only: consequently, the distance is considered immeasurably great (by one of the parties), and an

attempt to claim any sort of acquaintance is really too heinous an atrocity to be passed over in silence, but requires that the low birth of "*to-day*" should be exposed and ridiculed. (Mem: Always find "*yesterdays*" particularly fond of high names on their visiting list and card-racks; and also of scrutinising the birth of persons about their own rank in society, thus blindly attracting a closer examination of their own pretensions than persons would otherwise take the trouble to bestow upon them.)

SIGH XIII.

Being on a visit in the country, you are asked to join a pic-nic party, which you know will be very stupid and vulgar, and you decline, on the plea of not having a quiet horse to join the equestrians: one of the party offers his sister's horse, and when you try to raise another difficulty, by saying you have not brought your habit, this same sister's habit is also promised. On the eventful morning, you are enabled to judge of the unknown sister's figure from the dimensions of her habit (a sky-blue with sporting buttons), which would take in yourself, and half a dozen moderate-sized persons. Much annoyed at being forced to wear other people's clothes, (which you dare not refuse, as you are already thought very proud), you twist and pin it about you, and scramble to the door, where you find a ragged,

mouse-coloured *pony* whose limbs are much shorter than your own. It is apt to start, and the first thing on the road which frightens it, flings you from your unsteady seat (a child's saddle without any frame) into the mud, to the vast injury of the sky-blue costume aforesaid. Obligated to ride through a crowded fair in a country town, and seem highly delighted, although, in reality, dying with shame, on account of your mean little pony, dirty finery, and your noisy vulgar companions.



VIEW HOLLOW.



INCLINED PLAIN.

PLAIN WORK.

OR THE HISTORY OF A BALL.

“En Angleterre une femme qui est laide ne doit jamais apprendre à danser : la danse est une parte de son education, qui lui sera totalement inutile ; car, en societé, les Anglais sont toujours negligans envers celles qui ne possèdent pas les beaux dons de la Nature.”—*Le Brun*.

“Good bye, my dear girls, I hope you will have a delightful ball!” said my kind invalid mama, as we entered the carriage.

“I am sure it will be very pleasant,” said I,

gaily, "as I know I shall be able to introduce Charlotte and Emily to a great number of nice partners;— Good night, ma!" and away we drove to the house of our chaperon, laughing, and talking of our school-days, when we used to dance "Les Graces" *sans grace*, and to pull each other round most unmercifully in a waltz.

My two friends, who had arrived the day previous, on a visit to us, were very elegantly educated, well-informed girls, and had been celebrated at school for their amiable efforts towards reconciling differences, or assisting any of our school-fellows in their childish difficulties: in consequence of their good dispositions they were beloved by every one who knew them, and we totally forgot their unfortunately plain appearance, although to strangers it was absolutely repulsive. The sisters, having a painful consciousness of this misfortune, were completely indifferent to the various means which persons employ to render their appearance more attractive; and they willingly resigned the choice of their dress, &c. to their milliner, merely stipulating for *comfort* in their costume!

We were ushered into the large drawing-room of the lady who always took me to public places, and we found a numerous party assembled for the ball. I presented my friends to her, and notwithstanding her elegant manners, I perceived a degree of em-

barrassment which I did not expect from her ; and as she introduced them to the rest of the party, the whole circle seemed to be influenced by a similar feeling.

I knew they were a set of exquisite exclusives, and I looked at my friends in order to discover what *enormous sin*, in the form of a straggling curl, an untied ribbon, or a displaced pin, had electrified the group. As we had all dressed in haste, I had not had, before this time, an opportunity of even seeing the colour of their gowns : I perceived that Charlotte was in a scarlet dress, liberally trimmed with pink and green ; and poor Emily wore orange, with red and blue,—both their dresses were made in the extreme of a very ridiculous fashion, and their hair was *mal-arrangé* beyond description.

I was exceedingly mortified that their first appearance should have been so much against them, because in their simple morning dresses their unfortunate ugliness had not appeared so conspicuous. I looked round at all the rest of the girls who were dressed with so much elegance, and I recollected they were mere waltz-playing, poonah-splashing, French-stammering, quizzing young ladies ; while my poor friends were scientific musicians, first-rate harp-players, miniature and oil painters, and they spoke several of the continental

languages with the purity and accuracy of natives. But no one had time to find all this out; and every one could see they were ugly, ill-made women, dressed in excessively bad taste,—while some of the others were pretty, and all were *très bien mises*.

The carriages were soon announced, and we shortly after arrived at the ball-room, every person avoiding my poor friends, except myself: even our chaperon whispered to me, “*Ma chere, tes amies sont affreusement laides, et si mal-mises aussi!* I am greatly afraid that no person will dance with them.”

I had been so long accustomed to their appearance, that it never occurred to me there was any thing so remarkably disagreeable in it, and I warmly replied, “I am quite sure they will have some of the nicest partners in the room!”

They declined dancing the first set, for which I was engaged to Major Crosby, a good-natured, handsome exquisite, and a great friend of mine. I pointed him out to Emily and Charlotte, telling one of them to keep herself disengaged for the next set, and the other for the following, as I intended they should make their *debüt* with him, as he was decidedly the nicest partner they could have. They were both much pleased, and promised to do so, as I wished, so I went to dance in high spirits. After some of our usual *badinage*, I

asked Major Crosby was he engaged for the two next sets?

“No,” said he, “I am only just come: shall I have the pleasure of dancing with any friends of yours?”

I replied, “Yes; I will be obliged by your dancing with two very amiable and accomplished girls, to whom I will introduce you when this figure is concluded.”

“Shew me,” said he, “whereabouts are my future belles?”

“Why, look at those two ladies sitting together on that bench — (he looked) Well! can’t you see to-night, Major Crosby?”

“Oh! yes — but you know I am so terribly absent at times, and so forgetful! Do you know I have this instant recollected that I promised my mother I would dance with my three cousins, whom you see she has brought with her; but I will try and bring you some partners for your friends, although *I* am obliged to relinquish the pleasure of dancing with them.”

“I beg you may not give yourself any trouble about the matter,” I replied coldly; “and as I would rather not walk any more, Major Crosby, I will no longer detain you from your pre-engagements!”

I now went to make as good an excuse as I could

frame to the dear girls, who begged me not to take any trouble about them, as they were perfectly amused by looking on at the dancers, and when they were tired of that, they would stand up together and dance.

I left them, however, with a determination of finding partners for them; and, meeting a relation of mine, a dashing young naval captain, I inquired, did he not intend to dance?

“Yes, certainly,” said he, “I only waited until you dismissed Crosby; may I have the supreme felicity for the next set?”

“You are become so fond of dancing since your return from the Mediterranean, that I want to engage you for *two* dances!”

“Tant mieux, ma cousine; come, let us take our places.”

“Why, you marine animal! do you suppose I came to a ball merely to dance two sets with my *cousins and brothers*, or, as Captain Absolute says, ‘*with grandfathers and grand-uncles?*’ No, you must dance with two nice friends of mine first, and then I will dance *one* set with you afterwards.”

“Bene, Signora Ciaramella! well, now show me these nice girls.”

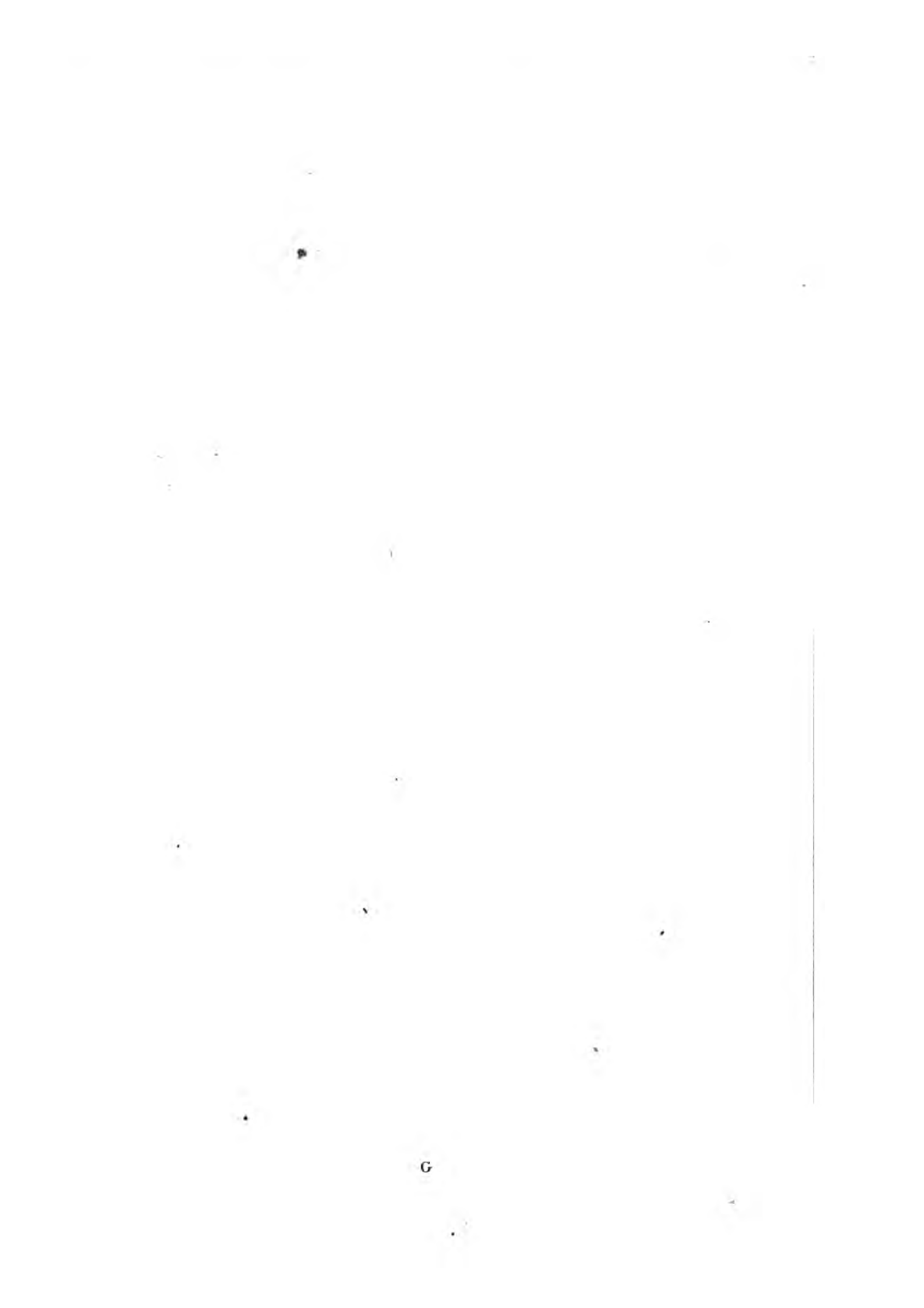
I had now to say again, “Do you see those two ladies sitting together on that bench? those are your future partners.”

The lively sailor looked archly in my face, and said, "That was very well managed indeed ! it is a most decided take-in ! But it's no use to argue with *you*, as you always beat me at that description of fighting, so I resign myself to my fate : in return for this resignation the least you can do is to pay me beforehand, and dance with me first, as I am really ashamed to *commence* with those queer things !"

"I consented to this arrangement, lest he might relinquish his promise ; and while we were dancing, he laughingly reproached me with my extreme cunning, and lamented the innocence of naval officers, which always left them an easy prey to designing woman ! *He*, in particular, was always a sufferer from our schemes, as he was the most unsuspecting of all the artless profession !

After the dance, as I was endeavouring to convince him of his good fortune, he very awkwardly ran up against one of his own little midshipmen, and trying to save himself from falling, he twisted his ankle and sprained it.

He gave 'the youngster' a severe scolding ; and the handsome blushing boy looked up timidly, to apologize for a fault he had not committed : but the instant their eyes met, the timid expression of his countenance was changed into a knowing, roguish look, and his captain gave him a "sea-cuff" on





AIR WITH VARIATIONS.

'Giving one's self airs.'

the cheek which must have been amazingly pleasant, for the tiny officer laughed most heartily. My partner was obliged to limp over to a bench, where I sat with him lamenting his misfortune ; and the midshipman, after taking two or three turns with his little partner, came up to us, saying, " I hope you are better, sir."

" No, indeed, Tom, I am not ; and I fear I shall not be able to dance again to-night."

" I am very sorry to hear that, sir, as you are so fond of dancing."

I now rose, and said, " I must join my chaperon, in order to get partners for my two friends, as you cannot dance again."

" Stay, stay," said he, " you need not do that : here, Tom, will you dance ?"

" Certainly, sir, if I can get a nice partner : perhaps, sir, your cousin will do me the honour."

" Bravo, two-feet-six !" exclaimed his captain ; " I dare say she will, Tom, and she is just a proper height for you !"

Quite offended at the child's presumption and folly, I replied, " My dear, you are a great deal too young and too small for grown-up partners ; and I never dance with little boys : " (Tom looked at his uniform, and frowned with dignity) and I continued, " I am sure there are a number of little school-girls here who would dance with you !"

The *little lady* now fluttered a large fan, and shook a pair of ear-rings nearly long enough for an elephant, which articles she considered had placed *her* above the level of "little school-girls;" then turning to her cavalier, she requested to know was *Mister* — ready to continue their promenade!

At this time a fortunate chance brought a young barrister to ask me to dance; and, as I knew he was remarkably good-natured, and had frequently danced, to oblige me, with friends of mine, I consented with pleasure, but did not mention my poor girls, as I was determined to take him by surprise, and not to allow him an opportunity of refusing.

During the quadrille he amused me very much by relating some extraordinary causes in which he had been engaged, and one he mentioned was to come on in a day or two, in which he and his friend Mr. Armstrong were to act together.

I knew Mr. Armstrong was just such another obliging creature as himself, and I eagerly inquired was he also at the ball? On being answered in the affirmative, I said, "Now the dance is over, I wish you would bring him here, and I will introduce you and him to some charming friends of mine."

"You are very good," replied he, "and we shall be delighted to know any persons of whom you speak so favourably. Are they dancers?"

“The most graceful in this room!” I replied, “and you and Mr. Armstrong will dance with them of course.”

“Undoubtedly,” said he; “and indeed I wish very much to dance to-night, as my brains are full of *law-cobwebs*, spun to distract poor fellows like myself, whose thoughts are in ball-rooms, while our bodies, gowns, and wigs are in Court. Which are these pretty girls you mentioned?”

“I did not tell you they were pretty.”

“No; but then you implied it, by saying they were charming: and I well know your predilection in favour of beauty would prevent you from applying the epithet ‘*charming*’ to any woman who was not ‘a picture for painters to study.’ Pray shew me which are these demoiselles?”

Again came my old story, “*Do you see those two ladies sitting together,*” &c. &c., while I looked anxiously at his countenance to watch the effect of my words.

I saw, with great satisfaction, that no change took place in his face on viewing them; and he politely assured me he would dance with them alternately, and his friend should do the same. He then went to seek Mr. Armstrong, and I remained in great delight at finding *two* partners when I had scarcely calculated on *one*! But then, I thought, perhaps he will not return again, and Mr. Armstrong may

send an excuse. Injurious thought! He came back very soon to tell me his friend was coming immediately, and then I could introduce them at the same time.

We chatted again; and, in the midst of his amusing stories, one of the attendants brought him a note from Mr. Armstrong, hastily written with a pencil. He handed it to me, and I read that 'a timid old client of theirs wished to consult with them for a quarter of an hour;' and the writer said 'they must go to make the old man's mind easy, and in about half an hour they would return to the ball.'

There was no remedy for this; and my friend left me, expressing much regret at the unavoidable delay, and also a hope that my charming young friends would be disengaged at the expiration of the half hour.

He then left the room hastily—but he returned no more that evening. Mr. Armstrong of course remained with him!

I had hitherto abstained from applying to my chaperon, because I did not wish our satirical circle to know how much the poor girls were shunned: but I was now obliged, in despair, to ask would she request the stewards to introduce partners to them?

"I have already done so, my dear, I am sorry to say," she replied, "and they cannot find any person

who will dance with them. I have also asked some of our own party, and several of my friends, but they all have declined it. Oh, look ! here comes our fox-hunting squire to ask will you dance with him, although you have refused so frequently ; I really think you might contrive to make *him* dance with the young ladies."

I was quite disheartened after my repeated failures ; but I thought if I condescended to dance with a creature who had no conversation beyond a hunt, and no information except the Racing Calendar, I might draw on his gratitude for a dozen dances at least. So I very heroically 'immolated my vanity and pride, at the shrine of friendship !' which means, I danced with this country booby, to secure him for my friends.

I must do him the justice to say he endeavoured to amuse me in his uncouth way until the dance began : after he had told me where the hounds had last met, and where they would meet during the following week, he enumerated the horses which were entered for the next year's races, and described confidentially which I ought to bet upon, in order 'to make a good thing of it.'

I believe he had just sufficient penetration to perceive he had not selected the topics of the greatest interest for me ; and, when we stood up to take our places, he said—

“Law, miss, I ’ll shew you such fun ! I do think if my young dogs were here they ’d hunt um.”

“Hunt what, sir ?”

“Why what I’ll show you, miss, up at t’other end of the room. Well ! if they aint going to dance together ! Let’s push on to stand up over-right um, and then we can laugh at um all the time.” Then pulling me through the crowd, he took me to a quadrille where two ladies stood without any *vis-à-vis*: they were my unfortunate friends !

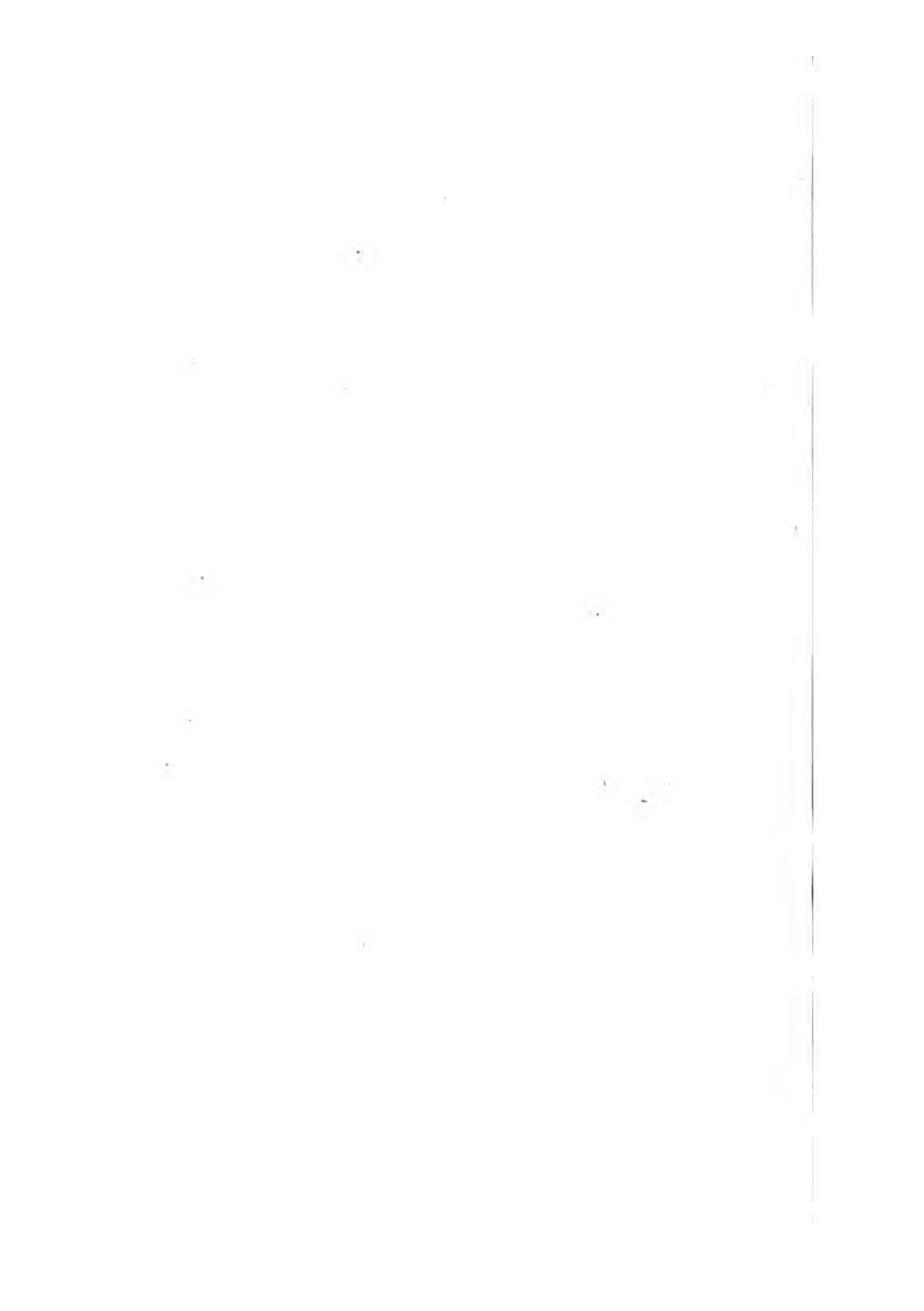
I almost cried with vexation, on perceiving they were exposed to the ridicule of even this foolish young man ; but I thought, perhaps to please me, he would dance with them, and I said, “I have been wishing to introduce these young ladies to you, and I hope you will dance with them.”

“Oh law, miss !” said he (looking in such a dilemma, that in other circumstances I should certainly have laughed) “don’t ask me to dance with those strange creatures, for I don’t like to refuse you anything, yet I would not be seen with one of them for all this world — Now don’t ask me, there’s a nice young lady, for I can’t, indeed I can’t !”

I would not condescend to press such a person as this, to do anything against his inclination : and our conversation terminated here, as my friend’s subjects were exhausted, and I was too much occupied with thinking what I should do next.



'PLAIN WORK DONE HERE.'



While I was sitting down and ruminating on all my failures, I saw my little midshipman sauntering up and down the room, and looking at all the ladies, as if they were eagerly waiting for him to ask them to dance. Though I dislike encouraging these young creatures to step at once from the nursery to the drawing-room (without that requisite intermediate step, the school-room), yet I thought that even 'little Tom' would be better than nobody!—so I said "My dear, as another set is forming, I will introduce you to a partner, if you like."

The little exquisite curled up his full rosy lips, and, half shutting his eyes while he arranged his curls, said "Ree-ally, eh, you are too good, eh, Ma'am: but the fact, eh, is, that, although I am dre-aidfully tired, eh, I am engaged, eh, for the two next, and eh, then I am going." He then marched up to a gigantic married woman, whose love for dancing having long survived her attractions for partners, she was extremely glad to accept the offer of 'little Tom,' who now paraded her ostentatiously before me, while she leaned on his arm, although her elbow was above the level of his head.

I now saw it was useless to expect any person would dance with my dear schoolfellows; and the carriages being announced, the poor girls departed without having had a partner during the evening! They, however, with the greatest good-humour, ex-

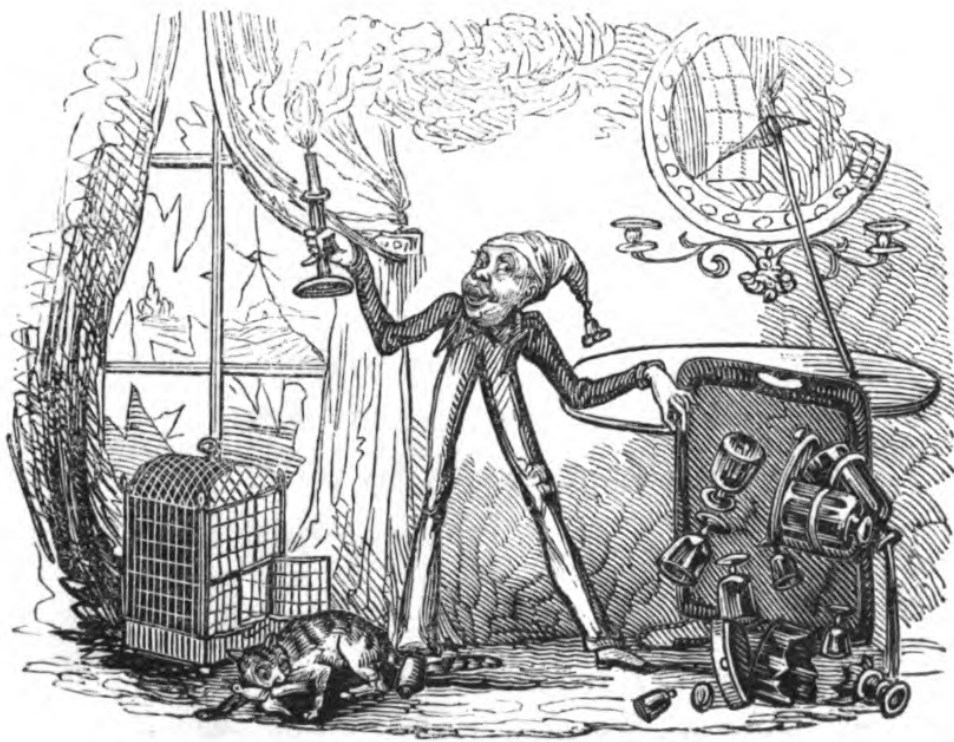
pressed their satisfaction at the ball: and *I* (rather than let them know the actual state of the affair) was contented that they should inwardly accuse me of frivolous inattention and neglect,—that is, if *such* ideas could find a place in their amiable minds.

And what was the cause of the rudeness they had experienced? Were they vulgar, low-born, stupid, old, satirical, uneducated, forward, or silly?—No they were persons of refined education and excellent family, and were young, animated, amiable, modest, and sensible,—**BUT THEY WERE UGLY!**



TIGER LILY.

'Oh thou art as the lily fair.'



MR. NOBODY AMUSING HIMSELF.

LINES ON MR. NOBODY.

“ Which nobody can deny !” *Old Ballad.*

THOU merry, luckless, busy wight !
 Though thou hast never met my sight,
 I laugh at, while I mourn, thy plight,
Old Nobody !

Whenever persons merit blame,
 They always try some tale to frame
 In which they falsely use thy name,
Poor Nobody !

The housemaid's brush goes through the glass,
 This she denies, the wicked lass !
 “ Did any person near it pass ?”
“ Oh, Nobody !”

Poor Lydia does her bird deplore,
Which puss has caught upon the floor :
“ Who moved the cage, and ope'd its door ?”
“ Why, Nobody.”

The window-curtain's in a blaze,
How this occurred does all amaze :
“ Near muslin, who with candle stays ?”
“ Oh, Nobody !”

The window, too, admits the rain,
No square unbroken does remain ;
“ Who was it broke each shatter'd pane ?”
“ 'Twas Nobody !”

Decanters, glasses, on a tray,
Have been thrown down in awkward way ;
“ Who touched the table ?” All will say
“ 'Twas Nobody !”

When fruit is brought in after dinner,
Mama observes each heap looks thinner ;
“ Baby, who was the thieving sinner ?”
“ Why, Nobody !”

Miss Arabella's robe of pink
Is marked with sundry spots of ink ;
" Who did all this, child, do you think ?"
" Ma, Nobody !"

The squire's new suit in dust is laid ;
" Pray who was in my clothes arrayed ?
Or who has touched them ?"— Says the maid
" 'Twas Nobody."

My lady's bonnet Susan tries,
White ribbons with black fingers ties ;
" Who had this on ?" her mistress cries —
" Oh, Nobody."

A robin's nest was in a tree,
Which little Lydia loved to see ;
'Tis robbed — " Who could so cruel be ?"
" Ah ! Nobody !"

At night the horse is clean and sound,
Next morn he's lame and spattered found :
" Who gallop'd him o'er muddy ground ?"
" Why Nobody."

To make the cows yield milky store
Ann fails — and Doll can do no more —
“Some one has milked the cows before” —
“La! Nobody.”

Sometimes the people flatter thee —
Though Julia's lovely as can be,
They say, “Who's handsomer than she!”
“Oh Nobody!”

But much I fear you gain nought by't :
Speaking of Tom, who's hideous quite,
They cry, “Was ever greater fright?”
“Oh Nobody.”

Ugly and handsome then it seems,
Thou art, and hero of all dreams,
Thou comic mixture of extremes,
Old Nobody!

Let me suppose I've caught thee tripping,
In through my key-hole slyly slipping ;
Pray how can I bestow a whipping
On Nobody ?

No body would my vision greet,
I'd only find arms, legs, head, feet,
Thus proving how "*extremes may meet.*"
Queer Nobody!

If persons waste their wealth away,
And bills come in which they can't pay,
By whom will they be pitied pray?
By Nobody.

When men have wed late in their lives,
They're often left by gay young wives;
Who to console them ever strives?
Why, Nobody.

Who's nobler than the warrior bold —
Who's meaner than the miser old,—
Who's safe from death's relentless hold?
Oh, Nobody.

Pray who can stop the flowing tide,
Or who the vagrant comet guide,
Or on the winds undaunted ride?
Why, Nobody.

Who hates to make a clever hit?
Who silent loves all day to sit,
A passive butt for others' wit!

Why, Nobody!

Yet though we laughers dote on fun,
On thee no more our jests shall run,
Because in laughter we're outdone

BY NOBODY.

QUACK-MEDICINE.

AN idle fellow stole a fowl
From off the perch :
This made the mastiff loudly howl,
And caused a search.

The Farmer, when the noise he heard,
Fowl-play suspected ;
And groping round without a word,
The thief detected ;

“How can you be so wicked when
Folks lie asleep,
Into their barns, to steal a hen,
Thus sly to creep ?”—

“Have mercy !” said the thief, “I pray !
I’ve suffer’d hunger
The last three days, nor could I stay
Without food longer ?”—

“ Well but *that* hen 's my favourite pet,
And kept for luck ;
So give *her* back, and you shall get,
Instead, a duck !

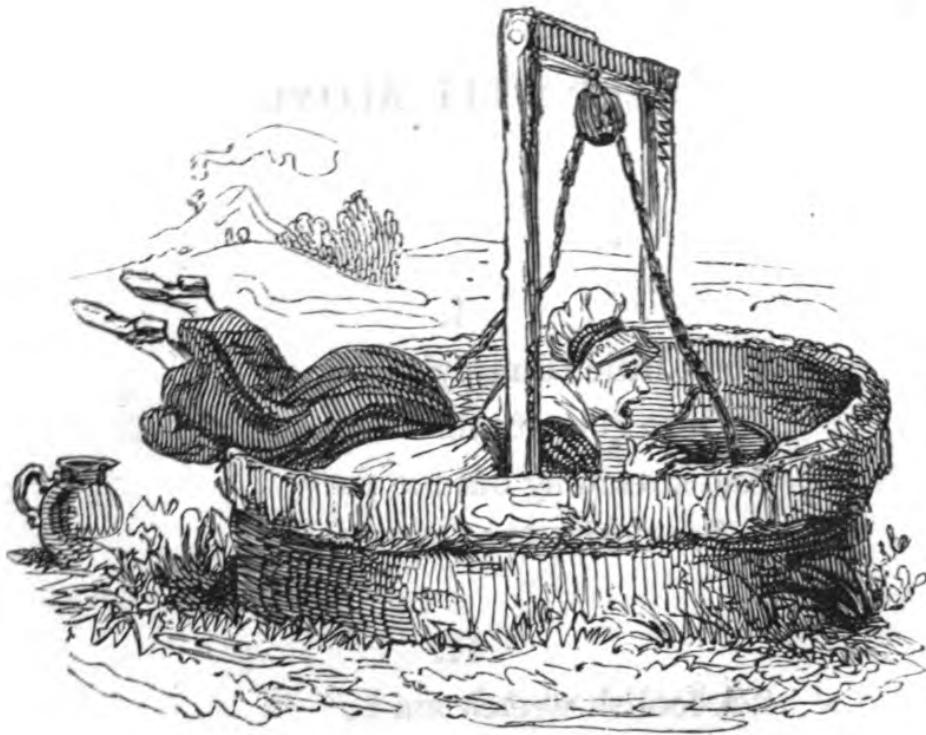
“ Just come with me across the yard
There, near the water,
The Ducks, asleep, are off their guard,
And one we 'll slaughter :

“ My hen no longer you need keep—
I wish you luck :
Good bye.” — *Then in the horse-pond deep*
Gave him a duck !



‘ YOU 'RE FOND OF DUCKING I SEE, FRIEND.’





' LET WELL ALONE.'

Not much difference between a *cold reception*, and being *well received*.

LET WELL ALONE.

I.

Poor little 'dumpy' Mary
 Once going to the well,
 And stretching out too far
 For the bucket — in she fell.

II.

"A foolish wretch am I;"
 She exclaimed in doleful tone,
 "For my mother often said
 'Be sure, *let well alone.*'"

III.

"Truth being in a well,
 Of course there's no deception :
 I fear among the water-sprites
 I'll meet a *cold reception!*"

IV.

It seems a strange idea
To entertain, no doubt,
That soon as she *fell in*
She 'd instantly *fall out* !

V.

Quite needless were her fears,
If the sprites may be believed,
For they say who ever tumbles
In a well, is *well-received* !

PROHIBITED ARMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

A SBIRRO once, on duty in the street
 At night, a man close-muffled chanced to meet :
 A ray of light fell on him, and revealed
 He carried something 'neath his cloak concealed.

The Sbirro thought 'twas some forbidden arms,
 (Assassins at that time caused great alarms)
 "What have you there?" said he ; "you shan't evade
 My search!" — The man replied "A long sword-
 blade!"

The cloak our Sbirro raised, and there discovered
 That by its folds a flask of wine was covered ;
 Which wine he tasted, liked it, nor did stop
 Until he had consumed it every drop !

With look severe he handed back the flask,
 And said, "I've much too mildly done my task,
 For though I'm forced to take away your sword,
 The sheath, too leniently, I've now restored!"

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH XIV.

PLAYING in concert on the Continent, when you are not eminently gifted by nature with a predilection in favour of garlic; a grand flute-player stationed at your elbow, with the open end of his flute close to your happy nose.

SIGH XV.

Being the only sedentary member of your family, and consequently the 'Receiver-General' of visits, agreeable or otherwise. Two or three prosing '*habitués*' often call to pass a long day; and you see the promenaders drop off one by one, saying to your friend, "I know you will excuse *me*, as I am obliged to go out on very particular business,—but Louisa stays at home all day — Good bye!"

SIGH XVI.

The day previous to a ball, while tuning a guitar, the string breaks, and, springing up to your face, cuts your cheek and nose, leaving your eyes encircled with purple for a fortnight at least.

SIGH XVII.

Having unguardedly expressed your great love for nice children, an obliging Mama favours you by bringing a *sweet creature* of her's to see you, whom she allows to examine and upset everything on your drawing-table: not a box, book, or drawer escapes. Your album is locked; Baby cries—and when you say that you forget where the key is, the child flings the volume under the grate in a rage. The Mama philosophically picks it up, saying “There's the little gold key on your desk, my dear; I can assure you, Baby will be very good if you unlock the book!”—at the same time she opens the album, giving it “*ninto Baby's nown hands.*” (Mem. said hands have both been employed in feeding their owner with *liquorice* and *gingerbread*). The pages are now turned over and crushed, until the atrocious innocent arrives at a fine old head, the pride of the book. “*Hee-e man, Mahmah!*” roars Baby, putting the liquorice-hand on the cheek of the miniature, and dropping some wet gingerbread on a group of blush-roses in the opposite page! You

snatch away your book in a rage, too late,— and the offended mother goes off in a huff, protesting to every one she meets, that you are the worst-tempered, most ill-natured girl breathing, and think more of your ridiculous fancy-works than others would of what was useful. She winds up all by hoping you will never take in any man to marry you, as you would certainly be the death of your hapless babes !



MR. AND MRS. HART.

MR. AND MRS. HART.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart were wed
Some years, all passed in anger tart :
To make him angry, oft she said
“ I wish I was *without a heart.*”

Nor is it strange they thus disputed,
And that their fancies never mixed ;
She wished in *diamonds* to be *suit*ed,
His thoughts on *clubs* were ever fixed !

In chancery he had a cause,
To vex his wife it was begun :
Because *she* said she hated laws,
Of course *he* said 'twas wond'rous fun.

One night he from the court returned
 Much out of *heart*, and sore perplexed,
 The cause was lost, he just had learned —
 His wife was right, so he was vexed !

The lady's anger was extreme,
 The laws she blamed with rage most *hearty*,
 While Hart who wished to change the theme,
 Proposed that they should play *ecarté*.

This game his wife well understands,
 And likes, in contest here to meet him ;
 She may *play tricks* — and use her *hands*
 (Which else she dare not do) *to beat him*.

Between each card, her husband pleads
 The case at *heart*, before he plays ;
 And when his wife a diamond leads,
 He, ling'ring still to talk, delays :

“ That *law-suit* 's to the *D——l* gone,
 I think (said he) that's past dispute !”
 “ Oh then, my dear,” cried she, “ go on,
 Do pray make haste, and — *follow suit* !”

THE CAP OF LIBERTY.

SAID little Joe, "I want to know
What 'Bonnet-rouge' can mean?
For 'tis a word I've often heard
And oft, in reading, seen."

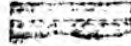
"It would appear, my little dear,
That 'twas a cap of red,
Which Frenchmen wore, sometime before
They cut off Louis' head?"

"Yes, ma, I know, you've told me so,
And thus you oft escape!
I know 'twas red — worn on the head
But pray what was its shape?"

“ What was liked best, of all the rest,
I cannot you inform :
But should suppose the *rabble* chose
A *mob cap* as the form !”



HAND-I'-CAP.



LADIES' BOOKS.

SAID Laura, one morning,
"I wish you would choose
Some books for my Boudoir:
Which best will amuse."—
So a list I began;
In this manner it ran.

The "Book of the Boudoir"
We'll have, bound so nice;
And the shelves to make richer,
We'll buy "works of Price:"
They also shall hold
A few volumes of "Gould."

"Ball" might make her forget me;
And "Prettyman" too;
So such treacherous things
I will keep from her view.
But a "Penn" I will take her
And "Wright" it may make her.

If she e'er study optics
 "Glass" surely she 'll *look through* ;
 And if she leave "Church-ill"
 She 'll read "Parson's" book through ;
 "Clark" also I 'll send
 His assistance to lend.

The works of old "Prattell"
 Will do if she lack words ;
 And "Crabbe" turned to Hebrew,
 May then be *read backwards*.
 And sure we 'll admit
 "Miller's" *flour* of all wit.

At "Mount-ague's" side
 Miss "Aikin" is placed ;
 And "Bankes" beside "Brookes"
 Can ne'er be misplaced ;
 And "Plum-tree" near "Appleby"
Fruitful in Poetry.

No "Cook" shall be here,
 I'll to "Kitchener" send him ;
 To study sweet "O-pie"
 I 'll there recommend him :
 There "Boyle" he can try,
 And "Bacon" and "Fry."

Sometimes to a "Warner"
I hope she'll attend :
I know on my "Words-worth"
She'll always depend :
And be *struck*, from her youth
By "Beat-tie" on truth.

With Time all grow "Gray,"
She from this can't be free,
But I ne'er could endure
An "Inch-bald" she should be :
When these changes you name,
"Bar-bauld" I exclaim.

May I ne'er 'neath her eyes
"Paley's Evidence" see ;
And "Burton's Anatomy"
Let her not be !
This vile "Melancholy"
Is absolute folly.

From "Paine" I would keep her,
Lest ill she might learn,
And ne'er let her fancy
The "Beauties of Sterne :"
If she ne'er study "Crosse"
She will find it no loss.

My list is complete :
One word more, and I 've done ;
All works on Phrenology
Ladies should shun :
Because their books all
Should be quite free from "*Gall!*"



LARGE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MUSICAL ORGANS.

A *Gall-ic* air.

A FRENCH GENTLEMAN'S LETTER

TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND IN LONDON.

AH MY DEER FRIEND,

I CAN not feel the plaisir I expresse to come to your country charming, for you see. I shall have the happiness to you embrace in some days from here: but it is necessary that I myself may rest before to set out.

We are arrive at Southampton before yesterday at one hour of the afternoon, and we are debarked very nice.

I am myself amused yesterday to look by the window which gives in the street. I see a crowd

enormous of persons. I ask at the servant "What for all that?"

"It's a man that is beside himself, sir."

"Oh yes!" I say, but I not understand, and I take my dictionary: I find '*Beside, á coté de,*' and '*Himself,*' I know is '*lui-même*'. That make together '*à coté de lui-même!*' Oh not understand at all.

I ask pretty girl of the house "What for crowd?"

She say, "Only man who is in his cups, sir!"

"Oh yes!" I say, but I not understand better: search in the dictionary again, '*A man in his cups, Un homme dans ses tasses!*' Well I can not understand. Call pretty girl again—"My dear Miss, is it *porcelain merchant* fall among his cups?"

She go away in clatters of laugh, very unpolite, and I hear her to say at the boy "John, that Frenchman seem a great spoon." Boy replies, "He is next to a madman!"

Is it possible that the pretty person call me a *cuilliere*? I not understand, so I look at the dictionary and find '*spoon, cuilliere,*' very right. How it is foolish for call one person spoon! I send for the master of the hotel, and desire I may be put far from the madman who is next to me.

The man say there was no madman at all.

Then I ring the bell, and the boy come; (who is very old and stupid, he tell me he has 59 years.)

I ask to him if he tell pretty person there was mad-man in the next room to me ?

He say, "Oh no, sir, I *never* said *nothing* of the kind." I say, "You speak bad English with two negatives ; but I hear you say it when pretty person call me *spoon*."

Then he have shame, and his face redded all over, and he beg my pardon, and not mean that what he say.

I never believe you when at Paris, you tell me that the Englishwomen get on much before our women : but now I agree quite with you, I know you laughing at your countrywomen for take such long steps ! My faith ! I never saw such a mode to walk ; they take steps long like the man ! Very pretty women ! but not equal to ours ! White skins, and the tint fresh, but they have no mouths nor no eyes. Our women have lips like rose-buttons, and eyes of lightning : the English have mouth wide like the toads ; and their eyes are like *dreaming sheeps*, as one of our very talented writers say '*Mouton qui reve.*' It is excellent, that.

I am not perceived so many English ladies *tipsy* as I expect : our General Pilon say they all drink brandy : this I have not seen very much.

I was very surprise to see the people's hair of any colour but red, because all our travellers say there is no other hair seen, except red or white !

But I come here, filled with candour, and I say I *have seen some* people whose hair was not red.

You tell me often at Paris that we have no music, in France. My dear friend, how you are deceived yourself! Our music is the finest in the world, and the German come after: you other English have no music, and if you had some, you have no language to sing with. It is necessary that you may avow your language is not useful for the purpose ordinary of the world. Your window of shop are all filled at French names—*'des gros de Naples,' 'des gros des Indes,' 'des gros d'etè.'* &c. If English lady go for demand, Shew me, if you please sir, some *'fats of Naples,'* some *'fats of India,'* and some *'fats of summer,'* the linendraper not understand at all. Then the colours different at the silks. People say *'puce evanouie,' 'oeil de l'empereur,' 'flammes d'enfer,' 'feu de l'opera,'* but you never hear lady say, I go for have gown made of *'fainting fleas,'* or *'emperors' eyes,'* or *'opera fires,'* or of the *'flames'* of a place which you tell me once, for say never to ears polite! You also like very much our musique in England: the street-organs tell you best the taste of the people, and I hear them play always, *'Le petit tambour,' 'Oh gardez-vous, bergerette,' 'Dormez, mes cheres amours,'* and twenty little French airs of which we are fatigued, there is a long time.



‘ DES GRÔS DES INDES. ’



I go this morning for make visit to the house of a very nice family. When I am there some time, I demand of the young ladies, what for they not go out?

One reply, "Thank you, sir, we are always oblige for stay at home, because papa *enjoy such very bad health.*"

I say, "Oh yes! How do you do your papa this morning, misses?"

"He is much worse, I am oblige to you, sir."

I bid them good bye, and think in myself how the English are odd to *enjoy* bad health, and the young ladies much obliged to me because their papa was much worse! *Chacun á son gout*, as we say.

In my road to come home, I see a board on a gate, and I stopped myself for read him. He was for say, any persons beating carpets, playing cricket, and such like diversions there, should be persecuted. My faith! you other English are so droll to find any diversion in beating carpets! Yet it is quite as amusing as to play the cricket, to beat one little ball with big stick, then run about like madmen, then throw away big stick, and get great knock upon your face or legs. And then at cards again! What stupid game whist. Play for amuse people, but may not laugh any! Ah! how the English are droll! I have nothing of more for

say to you, at present, but I am soon seeing you,
when I do assure you of the eternal regard and
everlasting affection

Of your much attached friend,

* * *



FRIEND OF MY SOLE.



AN EASY CHAIR.

IMAGINARY ILLS.

A MAN there was, a silly ass !
Who thought his limbs were made of glass,
And oft deplored that he'd, alas !
No easy chair.

“ I wish I had an easy chair,
No doubt I should feel tranquil there :
Oh ! is there any one will spare
An easy chair ?

“ My fragile legs, of glass being made,
They'd break if I to stand essayed,
Yet I might quietly be laid
In easy chair !”

Poor Peevish thus addressed a friend,
Who, (ever ready to attend
His wants) soon found a man who'd lend
An easy chair.

And thinking that some gen'rous wine
Would make him the sick-whim resign,
He sent some claret wond'rous fine,
Besides the chair.

“There!—shut out all that odious light ;
It blinds my aching eyeballs quite,
And dress me, ere I sit upright
In easy chair.”

Before he's dress'd, a fav'rite cat
And kittens, on the cushions flat
Jumped up, and much delighted sat
In easy chair.

Now after many a strange grimace,
Their way in darkness forced to trace,
The servants cross old Peevish place
In easy chair.

But not one moment could he sit,
For Puss his arm severely bit,
Because he squeezed each little kit
In easy chair.

Then up rose Peevish in a fright,
His limbs of glass forgotten quite !
And kicked down bottles, left and right,
Around the chair.

The shutters oped, now threw around
The rays of light, and on the ground,
Claret and broken glass he found
Close to the chair.

Says Peevish "See, with sudden stroke,
The glass-skin on my legs I broke :
Oh, ev'ry blessing I invoke
On that good chair !

" Though all that blood it caused to flow,
I feel it was a happy blow,
For I'm completely cured I know
In easy chair !"

PEOPLE OF COLOUR.

OR A SUITABLE MATCH.

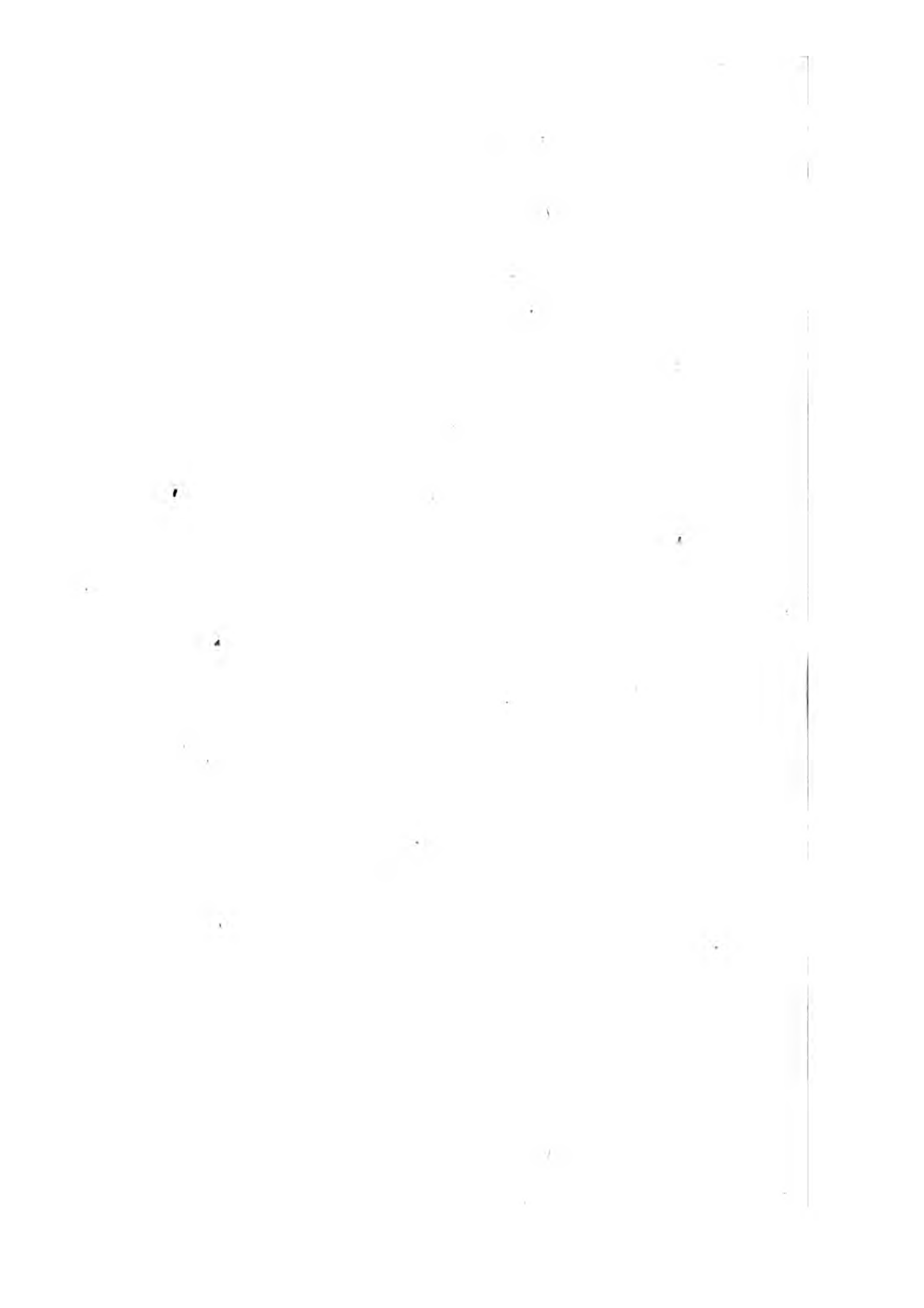
Miss Mary Green was fair
With features rather pretty :
Of *sharpness* she'd a share
Which she considered *witty*.

For this pert pretty maid
Two lovers used to weep ;
A baker one, by trade,
The other was a sweep.

Some artful men make proffers
By *words*, yet ne'er will *write* :
But Mary Green's two offers
Were made *in black and white* !



AN OFFER IN BLACK AND WHITE.



One morn she met the baker
Who stopped her in the street
Some *floury* speech to make her,
And *twist* some phrases sweet.

To list to his soft sigh
The maiden seemed inclined,
But his rival *brushing* by
Swept the baker from her mind.

Said she " I think indeed,
Good baker, you 're too poor,
A great deal oft you *knead*
And want I can't endure :

" Now if I wed the sweep,
Great folks, some day, we 'll be ;
His thoughts *aloft* he 'll keep,
A *rising person* he :

" I'm sure you 're too well *bread*
To seem at all distressed,
When my dear sweep I wed,
Because *he'll soot me best!*"

At this oration sage,
The baker changed complexion ;
Black was his face with rage
At losing her affection :

The sweep quite *rosy* grew
At losing ev'ry fear ;
Then to the fair he *flue*,
And *brushed* her starting tear !

Thus sweeps should not despair ;
In love they 've much repute :
Sparks are banished by the fair
That sweeps may gain their *soot* !

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH XVIII.

POSSESSING the unfortunate power of mimicry, which, as soon as you are old enough for reflection, you endeavour to suppress, from a conviction of its unamiability : on going to another part of the country to reside, you congratulate yourself that no one is aware of your dangerous talent : but becoming very intimate with a person there, you forget your two years' resolution, in describing some odd character, and you suffer a relapse, while you exhibit these whimsical peculiarities. Your injudicious friend, thinking to recommend you, mentions to every person "What an exquisite mimic, Miss — is ! I declare I could fancy that I actually heard and saw the people whose voice and manner she imitated !" You now find persons, who were very kind to you previously, shrinking away from one who is possessed of so dangerous a gift — or else displaying

a hollow nervous sort of kindness, evidently with the hope of being spared at your *next exhibition* !

SIGH XIX.

Arriving at a strange place with letters of introduction to a person who shews you very great attention. After some time elapses, you wonder that none of the other families call on you ; but this is explained when the gossip-general tells you that your friend is the satirical scourge of the place, hated and despised by every one : and though persons do not drop his acquaintance for fear of double satire, yet they never call on his friends, supposing them to be of the same amiable disposition as himself ! Thus you are excluded from society, and condemned to listen to a most satirical person, all in consequence of a letter which was given to you as a very high favour, and for which you are expected to be eternally grateful !

SIGH XX.

Being asked to meet, for the first time, a family with whom you wish to be acquainted : the party-givers are such stiff and particular people, that you are obliged to measure every word and action according to their standard : try to procure a chair next to one of the new girls, but your hostess calls you to the place destined for you, next to her two

little old-fashioned children, as stiff and prim as their parents, and who, from being too good, are utterly disagreeable. After asking these automata numerous questions, whether they like dolls, hoops, cakes, and puddings ? to all of which they answer together “ No M'am,” you try the other side of these matters, and ask, are they fond of lessons, scoldings, whippings, and physic ? To these they very properly reply “ Yes M'am,” but without turning their eyes or uncrossing their arms. Quite sick of these young hypocrites, you remain a silent listener to the other conversations, and hear, at the upper part of the room, a story falsely related, much to the disadvantage of a dear absent friend : but you dare not, as a ‘ spinster,’ approach the dais where the scandal is going on, for if you were to raise your voice above a whisper, or to stir from your chair, it would be such a crime, that even the prim old family portraits would fall and crush you — but for the indecorum of leaving their places !

SIGH XXI.

That musical misery, before which all others fade, viz. accompanying a person who neither sings or plays in time or tune !

A DOG-MATICAL SERMON.

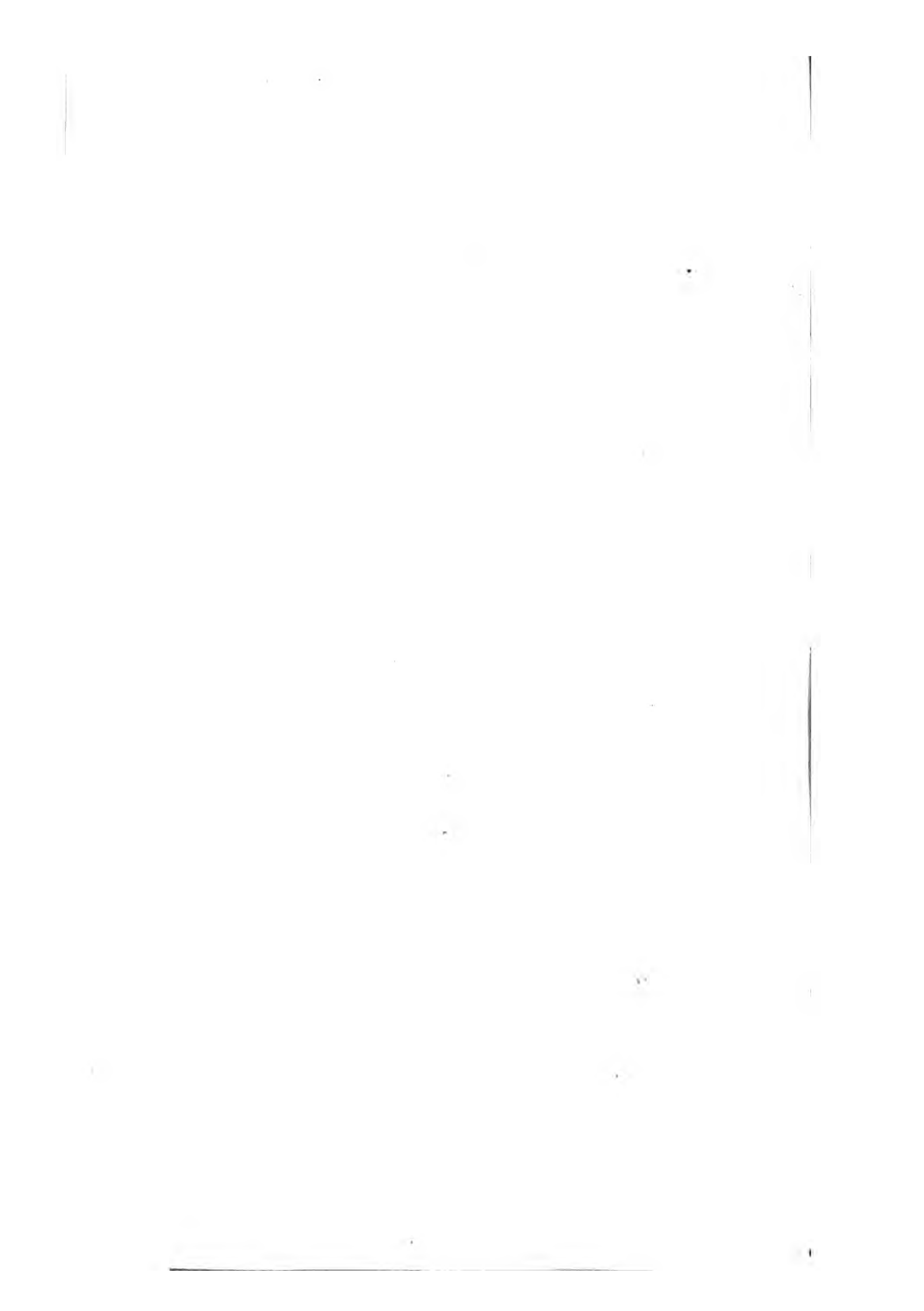
IN a Welsh church it frequently occurred,
(But *very* long ago, I must remark)
That during church-time, talking oft was heard
Between the odd old parson and his clerk.

The rev'rend William Williams was a sample
How these Welsh clergymen would condescend :
The clerk might give his speech a license ample,
And stand no chance his master to offend.

One summer's morn, our parson Williams, preaching,
And shewing to his flock the path of righ
Was much disturbed, in his religious eaching
By two rude mastiffs who began to fight.



THE RECTOR OF BARKING.
'A biting jest.' Shakespeare.



This riot made old parson Williams fret,
Lest it his eloquent discourse should drown ;
The fight being joined by his own spaniel pet,
To part them, from the pulpit he ran down !

When at the scene of action he arrived,
The battle raged more fiercely than before ;
But, after some exertion, he contrived
To turn the trio out, and shut the door !

Returned once more, and searching for his mark,
Turning his sermon over all the while,
“ John, where was I ?” he whispered to the clerk :—
“ Why, parting they there dogs, sir, in the aisle !”

As to this tale, it may or may not be ;
I've told it here as it was told to me.

“TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING,”

AS THE CAT SAID WHEN SHE FELL IN THE MILK
PAIL.

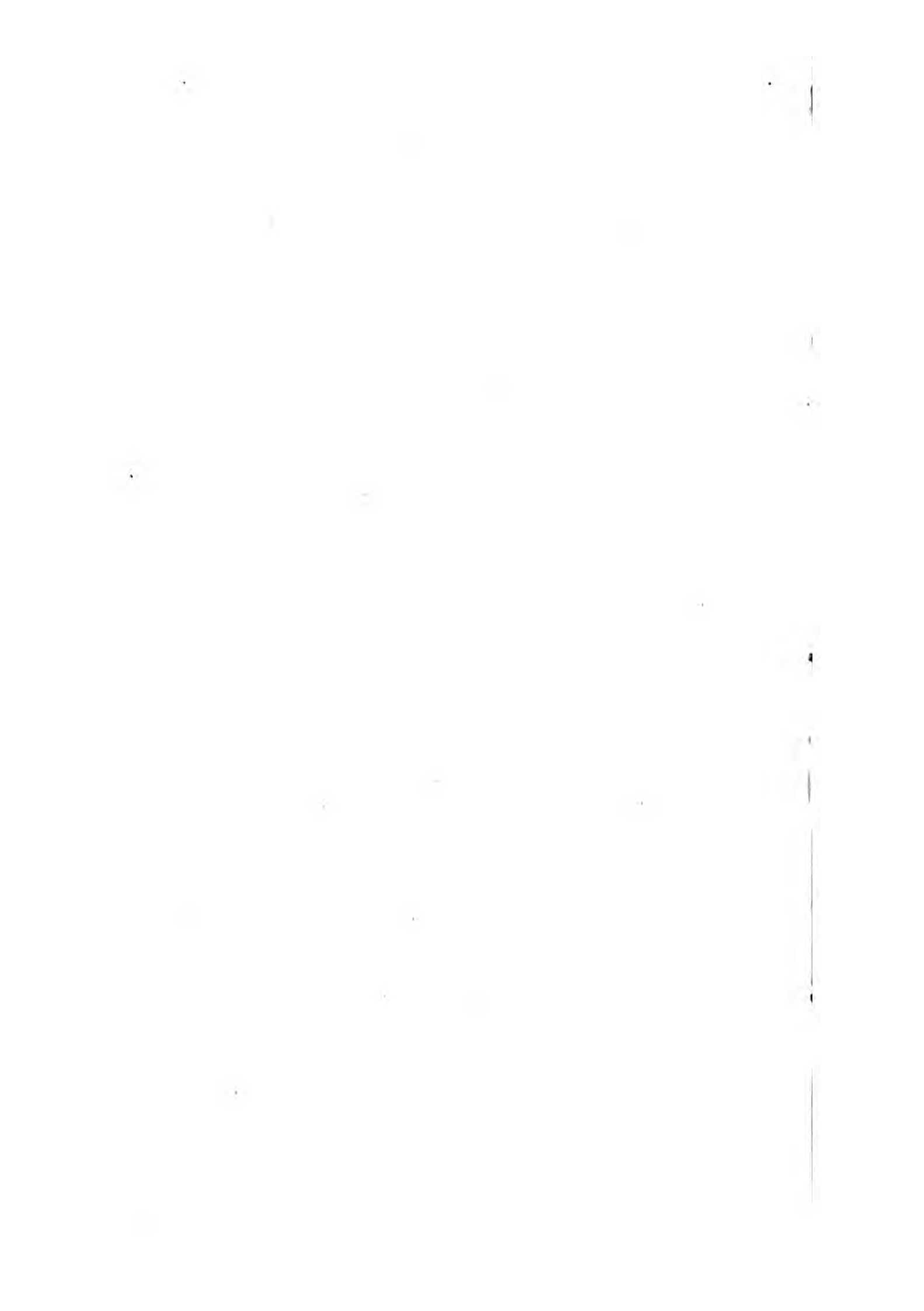
A MILKMAID on the ground her pail had placed,
And going away—Puss enter'd in a haste ;
The fragrant odour of the milk she'd traced
All thro' the house, and wishing for a taste,
First took a smell :

It seemed so nice, she ventured to assail
The sweet contents, and clamber'd up the pail ;
The end of this I scarcely need detail,
To keep firm on the edge her forefeet fail,
So in she fell !



DISCOVERING THE GALAXY, OR MILKY WAY.

' Too much of a good thing,' as the cat said when she fell in the milk pail.



With many efforts she escaped Death's clutch,
And crawling out, said she, “ my fright is such,
I ne'er again one drop of milk will touch !
E'en of a good thing one may have too much,
‘ I now can tell !”



MEETING OF THE WATERS.

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH XXII.

WALKING in the country with lovers, and feeling you are 'une de trop.' Yet though they wish you in the sea, they are so sensitive that you dare not resort to woman's general excuses of fatigue, headach, or letter-writing; they would be inevitably affronted if they thought you perceived their attachment, which has been notorious for six or seven years! At length you overtake an asthmatic, deaf old man (whom every body shuns for his peevishness); you seize upon him, and run on a long tirade of nonsense, which he vainly tries to hear; his deafness puts him into a purple rage which he has not breath to express, and you scream, and he rages for a mile or two without avail: you console yourself with the idea of the pleasant tête-à-tête the *Arcadians* have had; when, turning homewards, you see

that they have remained quite close behind you all the time, silent and evidently ruffled at their evening's non-amusement!

SIGH XXIII.

The evening after a long journey, while in your travelling dress, a kind busy-body calls to insist on your passing the evening with one or two old friends at his house, and he will not wait until you change your costume: on entering his drawing-room, you certainly see the 'one or two old friends,' and along with these, there are about a hundred gay strangers, all 'en costume de bal,' just commencing quadrilles. Speaking to your host about this deceit, he laughs at 'the capital joke of taking you in so nicely, and then seeing how silly you look, on discovering it!'

SIGH XXIV.

Determined never to believe your friend again in such a case, and the next time he invites you 'in the friendly way,' you make your appearance at a very late hour, dressed in all the gaiety of satins, silver, feathers, and diamonds (as the newspapers say). The brilliant society has been assembled since six o' clock, in the person of one deaf, knitting old lady, whose sole enjoyment consists in having her tea early, and who is perfectly miser-

able at her favourite repast being delayed for your fashionable affectation.

SIGH XXV.

Making your debut at a musical party among strangers; asked to sing a duet with a lady, and find, on plunging into the momentous affair, that your partner sings always half a tone too flat for the accompaniment. Being the musical *prodige* of the place, of course *she* 'can do no wrong,' and the hapless wretch doomed to sing with her, is always considered guilty of the discord!

SIGH XXVI.

Visiting a person who is so fond of keeping journals, and so fearful of any of her actions being 'wasted on the desert air,' that each time you call, she produces annual-books, half yearly-books, quarterly-books, monthly-books, weekly-books, daily, hourly, and minute-books; from these she reads to you extracts of the price of salt, and black worsted during the last sixteen years — how many hours she has devoted to the nursery, ditto to needlework, reading, eating, smiling, sighing—how many stitches it takes to embroider a pocket handkerchief: ditto times little Bob was shewn the letter B before he knew it: ditto days before she called on Lady Tattle: ditto before the visit was returned:

ditto words spoken and courtesies made: ditto stripes in Lady Tattle's dress, and sprigs on her cap: ditto candles burned in Summer: ditto ditto in Winter—in fact, if she went to the Theatre, she would say with the calculating boy, "I counted the number of words each actor said, because that amused me more than the meaning of them."



' HAVE YOU LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN ? '

IRISH FORESIGHT,

A TRUE STORY.

“ Still, as he went, he backward turned his view.” *Collins.*

THOSE who have e'er sojourned in France,
And been invited to a party,
If they were not disposed to dance,
They'd find some tables for *ecarté*.

While there, we witnessed once a game
Between two ' Sons of Erin ' played :
Both having great *ecarté*-fame,
Much betting on each side was made.

The game was equal — both marked *four* —
With eagerness all parties burned :
The cards are dealt — the game is o'er —
Le Roi was by the dealer turned !

“ Look at my cards ! ” (the loser cried)
“ For winning *here* was good security ! ” —
“ Now what's the use ” (his friend replied)
“ Of looking back into *futurity* ! ”



A DESIGN ON CARD-BOARD.

SISTER ARTS, AND BROTHER ARTISTS.

BROWN is a painter, justly famed
For taking portraits fine :
But this is *all* his skill, for Brown
Could never write a line !

While Smith, who writes biography
And history so well,
Could never draw the slightest sketch,
Though anxious to excel !

How strange are these deficiencies
In artists of such fame:
Because it seems the two pursuits
Are very much the same.

If we consider both their works,
It truly may be said,
“Smith’s aim is *to attempt one’s life*—
And Brown *takes off one’s head.*”



NOW, SIR, PLEASE TO TAKE OFF MY HEAD.

‘Portrait charmant.’



TRIED FRIENDS.

PLEASING CONVERSATION.

“ Let the name of a rope ne'er be utter'd by tongue,
When any one's present whose father --- was hung!”

“ The convicts at New South Wales are always spoken of under the *loyal* designation of ‘ Government-men’; the term ‘ convict’ being erased, by a general tacit compact, from our Botany Dictionary, as a word too ticklish to be pronounced in these sensitive latitudes!”

Cunningham's New South Wales.

A MAN went to settle at Botany Bay,
(His passage not *free of expense*, I assure ye,)
John Bull-like, he followed the scheme of the day,
To colonise there, tho' not sent by a jury.

The first thing he did was to purchase some ground ;
And became soon acquainted with Smith, his near
neighbour,
Whose farming attempts, with success had been
crowned,
And whose system effected great saving of labour.

For instructions in farming, our Newcome relied
On this settler, whose house was at half a mile's
distance,
To him, in all troubles, he always applied,
And derived from his knowledge the greatest
assistance.

He sent for him once, but the servant returned
Saying, "La! zur, the gennelman's 'most mad
wi' joy!
Tell your maister, zais he, I can't come, as I've
learned
That my wife has just brought me a beautiful boy!"

Johnny Newcome set off, the new father to see,
Quite pleased with the tidings his servant re-
ported,
And bouncing straight into the parlour, said he,
" My man has just told me that *you were trans-
ported* —

“ — *With joy*” he *intended* to add, but the other
Snatch'd his hand from his grasp, saying: “ Sir,
leave the place !

“ No excuse ! — I'm provok'd ! — and if *you* were
my brother
I'd say, let me never again see your face !”

Poor Newcome was shocked at the way he was
spurned ;
And inquired, in the town, why this man was so
warm :

Smith *had* been *transported seven years*, he there
learned —
And a hint at this fact, always called up a storm !

For the space of three years they were not reconciled,
'Till a friend undertook the required explanation ;
And so well he arranged it, that Smith again smiled,
Telling John he would pardon the rude obser-
vation,

For since they had formerly been such allies,
He now felt convinced he intended no harm !
So with many kind questions, and friendly replies,
Away to Smith's cottage they went arm-in-arm.

As gaily they chatted, while walking along,
John spoke of the phrase which had caused his
affliction,
“ But I see, now,” said he, “ you’ re *convinced* you
were wrong,
And I ever shall hail with delight *your conviction!*”

“ Conviction!” the other one furiously cries,
“ Leave my presence this instant! nor dare to
intrude
On a man you ’ve endeavoured to wound by your
lies,
And to whom you so spitefully try to be rude!”

With grief Newcome turned, but he saw ’t was in
vain
To reply to a person so quickly offended,
Who would not attend, had he tried to explain
A word used at *random*, not *rudely* intended!

So he left farmer Smith, in retirement to mope :
While Newcome in future kept watch o’er his
tongue,
And from that day to this, he ne’er talked of a rope
When a person was present whose father — was
hung!

AN APT QUOTATION.

“ Loose were her tresses seen.”

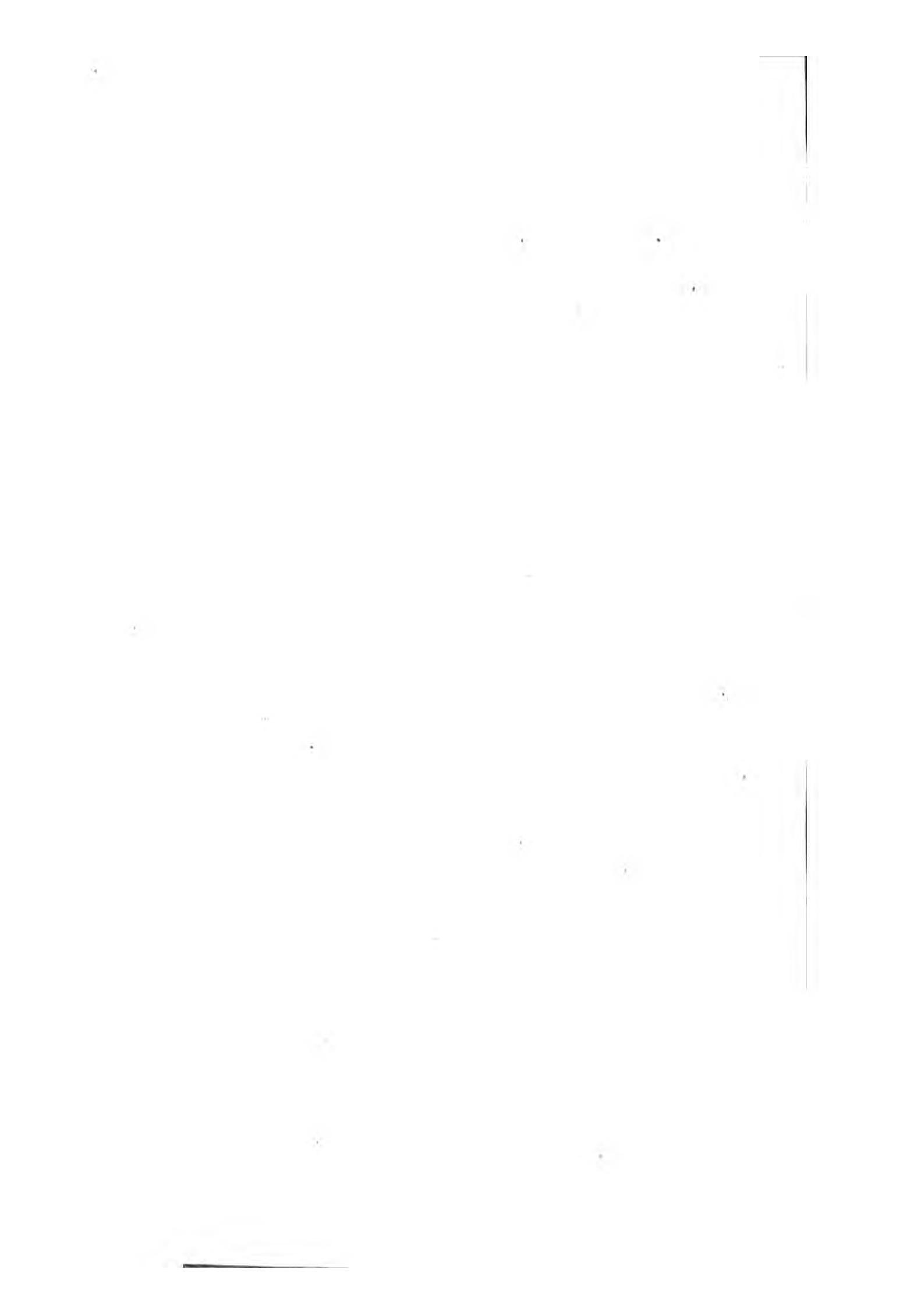
Collins' Ode on the Passions.

As Jane beneath a tree reposed,
 The volume in her hand she closed ;
 (Twas Collins' Ode upon the Passions,
 Which still outlives all change of fashions :)
 But Jane mused on a dearer theme,
 And Charles was hero of her dream !

She turned — and saw with mingled feeling,
 Charles at her side was lowly kneeling
 His love he ventured to express —
 She rose, *amazed* — (could she do less ?)
 But as she rose, ah ! hapless fair,
 A branch had fastened in her hair :

'LOOSE WERE HER TRESSIS SEEN.'





This spiteful and elastic twig,
Sprung back — and carried up her wig! —
Lovers are kind, and Charles devised
A soothing phrase, though much surprised
And from the Ode, in tone serene
He read “ Loose were her tresses seen !”



THE RAINER FAMILY.

RURAL FELICITY;

OR A COUNTRY VISIT.

“WHO would not accept an invitation to pass some time in the country during the summer-season? What plan can be more agreeable than that of leaving the dusty, sickening, empty town, in order to breathe the fragrant air of the country, to explore delightfully retired green lanes, and to ramble without one’s bonnet through shady lawns and sequestered woods? Instead of sitting up late at crowded parties, all equally oppressive and stupid,—to go to

bed at an early hour and to rise with the lark, the milkmaid and such sort of sensible early creatures, who know and value the delights of a summer's morning! Then going on a visit, too, is such an advantageous manner of seeing any neighbourhood; for the family being anxious for one's amusement, are continually proposing some new scheme of pleasure; and all their friends shew the greatest attention to a visiter, in compliment to the entertainers, if not on one's own account. Oh, who would not accept a delightful invitation to the country!"

Thus I exclaimed to myself, on receiving an unexpected letter from one of my former schoolfellows, whom I had not seen for two years, inviting me to pass a part of the summer at her father's country-house; where, she said, I might do exactly as I liked, and dispose of my time in any way I wished, as there was only their family party at present at home, and they would not interfere in any of my habits or pursuits.

I had not seen Mary Spofforth since the time when I was removed from school to receive Mama's final polish; and, at the period we separated, we were just beginning to find out that playing Bochsa's harp and piano duets, and reading Goldoni's Italian comedies were pursuits rather more pleasurable and amusing than troublesome. As my fancy for both had greatly increased since I had been at home,

I anticipated great pleasure from our studies being resumed together after such an interval had elapsed.

Of the Rev. Mr. Spofforth or his lady, I knew nothing, except that they used regularly to send a delightful parcel every month to Mary, containing all the substantial dainties of country fare; and from these reminiscences of my earlier days, I argued they must be very indulgent, good-natured people.

Mary mentioned in her letter that her only brother, who was at home, had expressed a great wish for my arrival: "and I am determined that you shall like him very much," added she, "for he is an exceedingly fine young man, with delightful spirits, but rather wild!"

I fear I must confess, that this passage in Mary's letter had some small share in the violent fancy I had conceived for the country: an "exceedingly fine young man, with delightful spirits, but rather wild," was the *beau ideal* of my imagination at that time. I always disliked any person whose manners were quiet and systematic. Being a faithful believer in the doctrine that every handsome person was good also, I felt attracted by the sympathy of merriment towards every person possessing high spirits; and as to a man being "a little wild," I relied on the proverb which says "a reformed rake makes the steadiest husband," therefore I rather liked the idea; and I speculated, with pleasure, on the wonderful

reformation which my presence would doubtless effect.

I had some difficulty in obtaining a reluctant consent from Mama, relative to accepting this invitation, on account of the family being total strangers to her; and she had always been of opinion that the manners of young persons are always tinged by those of the first family with whom they pass any time after they are grown up: but I was so anxious to go, that she could no longer refuse her consent.

“And pray how long may I remain,” I asked. “May I stay there three or four months?”

“Certainly not, my dear; I shall expect you to return in a fortnight.”

“A fortnight, Mama! Oh that will be gone so very soon—may I not stay at least two months?”

“No, dear child, only one fortnight can I spare you.”

Then I went on, reducing my demand, a week each time, until Mama finally consented to let me remain a month in the country. I instantly wrote to tell Mary I had obtained permission to go, lamenting at the same time that it was only for one month, instead of the whole summer: and I then set about preparing my wardrobe for this very important excursion.

Being most liberally supplied, by my indulgent Mama, with money to procure any articles of dress which I fancied were requisite, and as I was also

rather a novice in the management of pecuniary matters, I fear the utility of my selection would be questioned by more experienced persons than myself: be that as it may, I determined to have every article of the most elegant description I could procure, and accordingly ordered home three French bonnets of gauze, crape, tulle, and such like substantial materials, trimmed with feathers, flowers, blond-lace and ribbons, *à l'outrance*. Bond-street furnished me with an assortment of various coloured satin shoes: and I purchased silk dresses innumerable, lest I might be tired of any particular colours, during this happy period of twenty-eight days.

It was past ten o'clock at night, when I arrived much fatigued at the parsonage-house of N—— in Devonshire; and the family, having relinquished all expectation of my arrival, had retired for the night. The deep bark of an immense watch-dog, however, awoke one of the servants, who soon after opened the door at which the postilion knocked, and I entered the house in total darkness, tumbling over a variety of hard substances of different forms, on one of which I stepped, and instantly received a sudden and sharp blow on the elbow, that made me scream with pain and fright: my cowardly assailant I found, however, was only the handle of a garden-rake, which had been forced forward when I stepped on the iron part of it.

After waiting a few minutes in the dark, while the man proceeded to call one of the female servants, a good-looking, rosy, yawning girl appeared with a light to conduct me to the bed-chamber, which had been prepared for me: so we ascended the wide dark oaken staircase, and I was left alone in what my conductress emphatically called the best bed-room.

Notwithstanding all my delightful anticipations, I must own that the change from my own airy cheerful bed-chamber at home, to the dreary-looking, long, low room where I now found myself, was much more novel than pleasing. The oak pannels were nearly black, the table and dressing-glass were black, the furniture and window curtains dark green, the floor dark and polished; in fact, to make the room appear at all cheerful, it would have required half a dozen lights, instead of the feeble uncertain glimmer from the one left by the servant, in the yawning fire-place.

However, as I was extremely tired, I did not pause to reflect long on these matters, but, stooping down to untie a refractory sandal-ribbon which had gone into a hard knot, I perceived that the dark spots which I had at first taken for marks on the boards, were all in motion, racing, scampering, and overturning each other in every direction. The floor was in fact covered with cockroaches,

to which I had an unfortunate antipathy; so I sprung on the bed without undressing myself, until the candle-light had banished them.

Having remained in this manner for about half an hour (which seemed to me about half an age), I ventured to look out, and, finding the enemy had disappeared, I arose, and taking the candle, proceeded to examine the room more closely — I suppose, with a wish to know the whole extent of my misery! It would have been wiser if I had remained in contented ignorance; as I discovered (for my comfort) that the windows, the curtains, the wood-work, the flower-pots, the tables, in fact every part of the room was full of earwigs, millepedes, long-legged hairy spiders, and every other sort of creeping horror, except my departed friends, the cockroaches.

Sleep was now completely banished, and I lay in a fever of fright, counting the hours as they were struck by a hoarse old clock, and wishing that I could be transported home to sleep every night, and brought back in the morning. At an early hour a loud bell sounded most delightfully in my ears: as I concluded it was to summon the family to breakfast, I instantly rose, and in a short time my friend Mary entered my room, when, by the warmth of her reception, she soon made me forget all *mes petits malheurs*.

“ I have dressed myself in great haste,” said she, “ in order to have the pleasure of assisting you, Caroline ; and you must know that I am the only *femme de chambre* you are to expect here ; for my dear mama is a little severe on what she considers the follies of the present day, and never allows any young lady the assistance of a servant to arrange her dress.”

“ Thank you, dear,” I replied, “ for your kind recollection of my helplessness ; and you know we used mutually to assist each other at school, therefore you must also let me help you in return, here.”

“ Oh no ! I have been obliged to relinquish this *hook-and-eye* system,” said she, as she fastened some of them for me : “ and now let us go down stairs, and remember that papa is rather deaf, so raise your voice when you address him.”

On entering the breakfast-room, I only found Mr. and Mrs. Spofforth ; their son having been obliged to go to the neighbouring town on the preceding day, from whence he had not returned. Mary’s father was much older than I expected to see him, with a very severe expression of countenance, and a most abrupt manner of speaking.

“ Glad to see ye, — sit down,” said he, gravely on my introduction.

“ Glad to see you, my dear, — hold yourself a

little more upright," said Mrs. Spofforth, as she coldly took my hand, and let it fall again directly.

"I trust my late arrival did not disturb the family last night," said I.

"What?" said the old man, so sharply, that I involuntarily jumped half off my chair.

Recollecting Mary's directions, I said much louder, "I hope, sir, I did not disturb your rest last night by my late arrival."

He looked vacantly at me with open mouth and contracted brow, and said, "I don't know a word of what you were saying: why didn't some one tell the child I am very deaf?"

I tried my wonderfully important speech again; but I am always unfortunate in being unable to make deaf persons understand me, as my voice only becomes high when I try to speak loud, and the old man exclaimed, in a perfect rage—

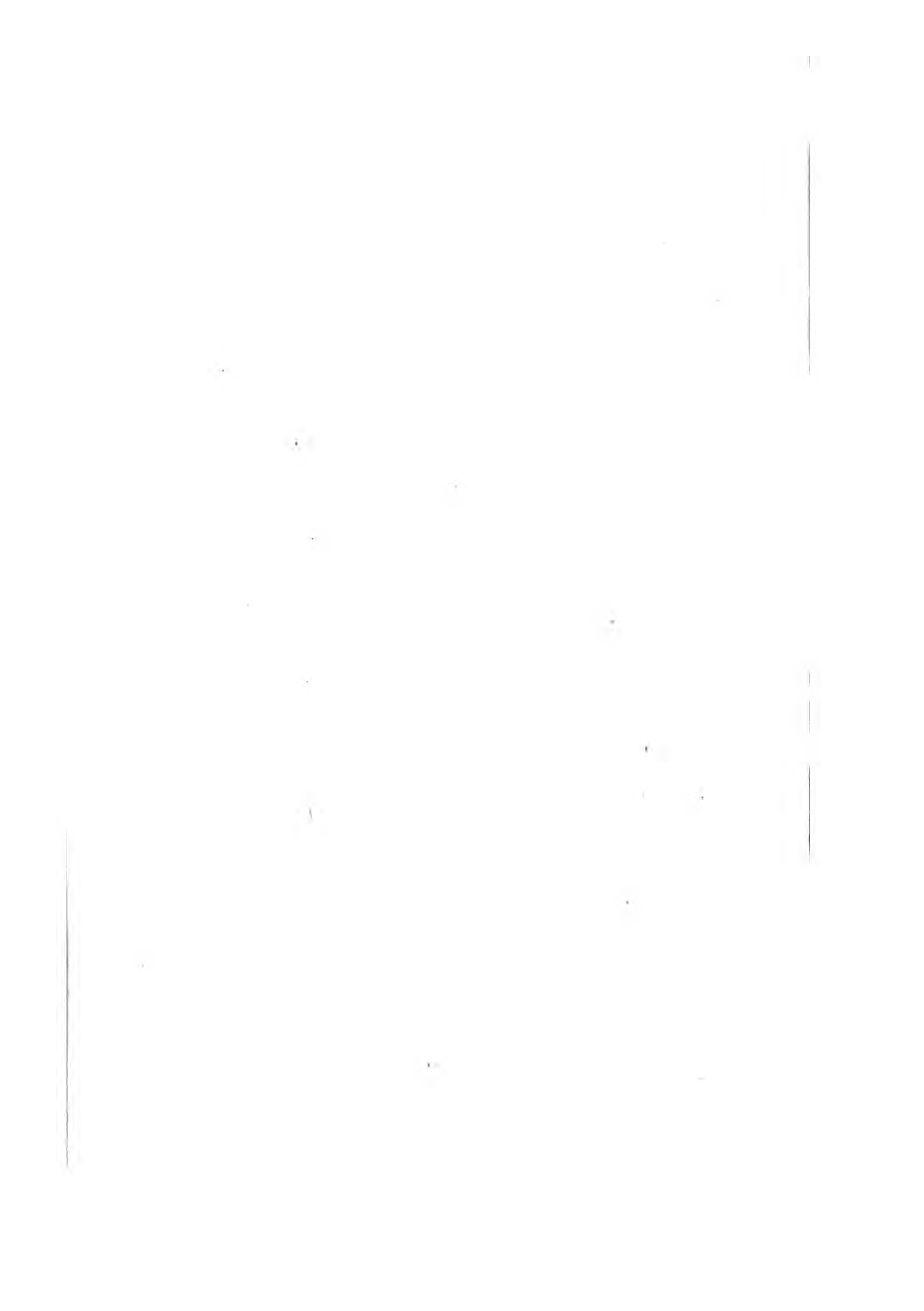
"Why, don't talk to me at all, if you wont raise your voice when I tell you I am deaf: all the time you are speaking, I hear a little noise like the trumpet of a gnat, and no louder. Mary, what did she say?"

Mary answered in a tone which appeared to me not so loud as I had spoken, "Caroline is apologizing for having arrived so late last night, sir; and she hopes she did not disturb you, sir."

"Oh! is that all. — No, no, — I did not hear her."



BEAUTIES OF STERNE.



“It is a pity, however, you could not have come at a more seasonable hour;” said Mrs. Spofforth: “do not lean back in your chair, my dear. What tea will you have?”

“Black tea, if you please, ma’am,” I replied; at the same time wondering what was the use of having four tea-pots on the tray.

“Black poison!” exclaimed she — “pray keep your shoulders back, my dear—we drink no foreign teas here, in the country, but you can chuse between hop-tea, sage-tea, dandelion-tea, and balm-tea: I myself prefer the sage.”

“Then I will also take whatever you prefer, ma’am, as I have no choice,” I replied; and the apparent submission to her will seemed to please the old lady more than any thing I had said, for she gave a grim smile, as she replied —

“You would be a modest, nice-looking girl, if you were not so wretchedly pale: hold up your head, keep out your elbows, and tell me are you always so pale?”

In order to ascertain what sort of colour my face was, I looked up towards a mirror opposite to me, and I certainly did look most *woe-begone*, after my fatigue, and want of sleep. I hastened, therefore, to assure this polite querist that I had generally rather a high colour, and I supposed my paleness was caused by want of sleep:

“Want of sleep! ridiculous —young ladies in my day were not fond of being thought *nervous*. Oh dear, no! —Keep in your chin; — nerves are introduced among the present follies of the day. Don’t shut your eyes so often; if you can’t close them at night, it seems to me you can’t keep them open in the day-time, he! he! he! Now have the goodness to inform me what kept you awake.”

“It was not my nerves, I assure you, ma’am, as I am happy to say I am free from the misfortune of being nervous: but I was afraid” —here I stopped.

“Well, go on, child, and do not drop your voice towards the close of every sentence; sit straight on your chair, and tell me what frightened you?”

“The cockroaches, and earwigs, ma’am.”

“Oh Caroline, hush!” whispered Mary, in great distress, for she knew what a storm I should raise.

“The cockroaches and earwigs!” repeated her mother, imitating my voice: “do they ever eat people in your part of the world? This is another of your new-fangled notions: you shall not give way to them in my house, I assure you, but you shall go to bed to night without a candle, in order that you may know the full extent of your *danger!*”

I was quite worn out by my previous weakness and this heartless old woman’s persecution; and quite forgetful of the womanly dignity of sixteen, I burst into tears!

“What!” said the old man, “what is the matter with that child: is she crying for her mother?”

“I am sure she need not cry for a mother who could send a great girl into the world, afraid of cockroaches and earwigs.”

This rude allusion to my dear mama dried up my tears, and I replied, “Mama is ever indulgent to me, Mrs. Spofforth, and only allowed me to come here in consequence of my foolish importunities: but as I do not seem to equal your expectations, I had better go home again, to those who are more accustomed to me.”

“No you shall not go home yet, child; my Mary is very fond of you, and I like you for her sake, notwithstanding your nonsense; therefore I have formed my plans for your improvement during the month you will be here; and perhaps I may be disposed to let you stay a little longer, when the time is expired. As you have finished your breakfast, you are to retire to your own room for two hours, and then to take a walk with Mary. Put away your chair, and do not take those new-fashioned short French steps.”

I did not require a second hint to quicken my pace, but was out of sight in a moment. When I reached my own room, I could not help thinking what a disagreeable being my hostess rendered herself: but then I considered, as she was Mary's mo-

ther, I should distress that kind girl by appearing hurt at the treatment I had received; therefore, taking a book, I very soon regained my composure, and when the two hours had elapsed, and Mary came to me with her rustic bonnet on, she found me (in a different style of costume certainly,) ready to attend her.

According to my wish, Mary led the way through lanes and woods, but alas they were not like the flowery paths of *Arcadia* (where I imagine the rain only nourishes the flowers without wetting the paths); the woods were full of brambles and underwood, hung with glittering drops certainly, but the paths were all full of muddy cart-tracks and large stones. As every thorn and stone hurt me exceedingly through my satin shoes, I begged Mary to take me home the shortest way; and she accordingly turned into a path which she said would bring us to the parsonage in a few minutes.

She now took this opportunity of apologizing for the manner in which I had been received at breakfast, requesting me not to mind it, "as it was only mama's peculiar way:" and assuring me that the instant I had left the room, the old lady had spoken of me in terms of the highest commendation.

I considered all this to be Mary's kind manner of making an excuse; but I affected to be satisfied, lest she might perceive how much I had been annoyed. We now came to a high gate which seemed to me



GOING IT IN HIGH STYLE.

to have no hinge or latch, and I asked how she could open it.

“Why it is not meant to be opened,” said she, laughing, “it is a *stile*, and you must get over it as well as you can. Come, I will assist you.”

I ventured up the high bars, Mary holding my hand; but when at the top, she slyly let it go, and, losing my balance, I fell close to a green pool of water, in which my feet and parasol were immersed.

Miss Mary chose to laugh at my fall, until I rose from my amphibious position, and then, on seeing my miserable plight, her only consolation was, “Oh Caroline, how mama will scold you when we go home.”

A half-smothered laugh now reached my ears, and, looking up, I saw a man's grinning face withdrawn hastily from an opening in the hedge close to the unlucky stile.

We now proceeded quickly home, and, by a great piece of good fortune, succeeded in reaching my room unperceived by our Argus: here my dress was changed instantly, and, taking a book, I went down stairs to await the summons to dinner. I was not allowed to stay here long in peace, for some one, entering the room, exclaimed, “You are sitting with your feet across: and I declare you have nothing but a gauze handkerchief on your neck, Miss

Car'line : that new-fashioned indelicate style will not do for my quiet house ; so uncross your feet, and go for a handkerchief."

At Mary's request, I had put on a gauze *fichu* over my dinner-dress, because she thought I should receive a lecture without it : and she now good-naturedly said, "It is *my* fault, Mama, that she put on that *fichu à la reine*."

"How dare you presume to call it by a new-fashioned foreign name, Mary ? Put your feet in the third position, and answer me *that !*"

Poor Mary, to avoid discussion, went to seek a silk handkerchief for my offending shoulders, and we were then summoned to dinner, although, as it was only two o'clock, I had not the least appetite.

"Can you carve, child ?" abruptly demanded the old clergyman, as he prepared to shew his skill on an immense round of beef, with a knife half the length of the table.

I laughed and shook my head, despairing of ever making him hear my voice.

"*What ?*—more fool you !" said he, in his usual pleasant tone ; but my old evil genius exclaimed "What sort of way is that of answering my husband's question—shaking your head like a silly mandarin ! Instead of shaking it, hold it up a little better, and tell me did you really never carve a round of beef?"

“I really never did, Ma’am, because Papa and Mama—”

“Because, folly!” said she, politely: then, raising her voice, she exclaimed “Spofforth, this child has never carved a round of beef, and, as we have no visitors, do let her take your place, and learn how to do it.”

Remonstrance was vain, and I found myself opposite to a mountain of meat, and under the watchful gaze of a ‘good manager’: in truth, too, I must confess that I never saw any thing so horridly awkward as the way in which I attempted to fulfil my task. Although I certainly did not volunteer my services in helping any person unasked from my dish, yet Mr. and Mrs. Spofforth seemed to me to have most inordinate appetites for salt beef: so I was obliged to try and cut it, although my hands trembled so much that I could scarcely hold the knife, which at one moment would sink into the meat an inch deep, and the next, would slip up the fork with a screech that made every person’s teeth ache. Mary, in pity, said she preferred some of the Devonshire-pie before her mother; but that lady desired her to take beef, and thus even my friend was leagued against me. I really thought this wretched dinner would never be over: but it did actually terminate, and the wine being placed on the table, a glass of red wine was poured out for me, without asking what I

wished to have: I very nearly dropped the glass when I tasted the nauseous mixture, which I was informed was Elderberry-wine; but I did not attempt to swallow any more of it, and when Mrs. Spofforth had taken a sufficient quantity we retired to the sitting room.

“Are you fond of company, child?” inquired my hostess.

“Yes rather fond of small social parties, Ma’am, where persons, really fond of music, can meet to enjoy their favourite amusement.”

“Small scandalous parties, you mean I suppose. Well, you will have no parties here, I can tell you, for Mr. Spofforth differs in respect to politics with all the neighbourhood; and I hate visiting!”

As the evening looked gloomy, I asked Mary should we play some of our favourite duets together, at the same time I looked round in vain for the instruments. Mary blushed, much embarrassed, and the old lady replied, “Oh Mary has something better to mind than the absurd music which her aunt paid so much money at school to have her taught: she has not played since she left school, nor shall she do so as long as she is unmarried: afterwards, she can do as she pleases.”

This rebuke silenced us both for some time, and at length I ventured to ask my poor friend should

we look over some of our Italian comedies, which used to make us laugh so much.

“I have sent away all her foreign books, Miss, because I understand there are sometimes very improper phrases in them: so pray try and amuse yourself without all these new-fashioned ridiculous things: hold up your head, put your comb lower in your hair, and endeavour to be satisfied without your silly whims!”

I walked listlessly to the window, (which looked into the farm yard according to the Devonshire custom) and endeavoured to find something amusing in watching the ducks dabbling in the rain, while the watch-dog, the fowls, the great cart-horses, and every living thing but the ducks and geese, were out of spirits, sulky, and wretched, as a shivering rainy summer's day could make them. The view of this enlivening scene was considered too much happiness for me, and I was soon greeted with “Don't lean against the window, child, have you no work to do?”

I replied in the affirmative, and went up stairs for a purse which I had commenced for Mama.

“Well! what is it? Oh a purse—umph, what nonsense! you can buy them cheaper than you can make them. *I will give you some useful work,*” and opening a drawer she actually produced a stiff table-cloth, which she requested me to hem. It would be endless to repeat all the reprimands and

directions I received while employed until seven o'clock at this novel occupation: but as we were putting away the work at tea-time, Mary whispered me "Do not be annoyed at this one disagreeable day; my brother will return to-morrow, and I will tell him to have all this altered, for he can make Mama do as he pleases."

This was great comfort to me; and the idea that the "fine young man with high spirits" was coming home soon, quite reconciled me to every thing: I should except the sage-tea, however, for I declined that beverage, and took milk-and-water *à l'ecolière* instead. At half-past eight came 'bed-time' with all its horrors: but when I entered my room, I found Mary had brought one of the house-maids there, and they had both exerted themselves so actively in the work of destruction, that not a living insect was to be seen, although the field of battle was covered with the legs, wings, and bodies of the slain. My fears on this account being therefore removed, I slept quietly until the great bell aroused me in the morning.

As Mary entered the breakfast room with me, she received a very hearty salute from some tall red-faced man, who wished to do me a similar honour, but I drew back haughtily, and he roared out "Why, where's the use of being so coy, Car'line, I must make you welcome to our house!" Mary laughed, and introduced him to me as — *her brother!*

The hero of my fancy then, — the “fine young man, rather wild,” proved to be an over-grown country squire, in a tight neck-cloth, green hunting-coat and top-boots: his face, too, which I thought would have indicated wit and animation, was brick-dust colour, and totally devoid of any expression, except a confident assurance which was quite disgusting.

The whole conversation, during breakfast, was engrossed by this darling son, and consisted of long stories about county-meetings, and sporting parties, the whole illustrated by sundry local jests and allusions which delighted Mary and her mother, but did not appear quite so clever to me, as I could not see the point of the nicknames that he applied to every one.

“*Turn-again* and I had a look after the young birds, yesterday,” said he, “and we were close here upon father’s grounds, as I fancy Tom thought to find Molly among the fields: when all of a sudden I saw great feathers bobbing up and down, and such a smart lady with them stuck in her head. Well, *Turn-again* says ‘There’s your sister walking before them feathers,’ so we walked beside them, only the other side o’ the hedge, and heard them talking about mother.”

“About me! my dear John, pray what did they say?”

“Oh I shan’t tell, if the girls behave themselves properly towards me! Well, then, they came to a stile, and Mary helps up the smart lady whose little blue shoes were nearly covered with mud, and I suppose rather slippery, for down she fell off the stile, and right into the green duck-pond near the hay-ricks!”

“What?” said the old man.

“Oh! John, hush”—said Mary. But no one minded either of them, as the old woman screamed out “What! she fell, then, John, and dirtied her ridiculous new-fashioned dress without telling me of it. Oh! the deceitful young creatures: I’ll punish them for this, they shall take no walk to-day, I can tell them.”

“Yes, Car’line shall,” said her son, “for she shall walk with me.”

“Thank you,” I replied coldly, “if you will allow me, I would rather remain with Mary.”

“Do as you will, Miss; nobody is ever forced to do what they dont like in father’s house, that I *will* say.”

Mary and I were, therefore, shut up in a back room, and obliged to work at the horrid table-cloths until two o’clock. At dinner, no better fate awaited me than the day before, for I overheard Mrs. Spoforth say to the cook, “I am going to have a goose for dinner to-day, that Miss Car’line may cut it

up." So I was placed again opposite another formidable dish, although I had no idea how to commence carving it, and no person was allowed to tell me. I had the consolation of knowing whenever I went wrong, for Mr. Spofforth, jun., always laughed aloud at my mistakes.

As all my own family had an aversion to goose, in which I unfortunately share, I was unable to partake of the savory dainty placed before me, and the smell of which had deprived me of any wish to eat: however, I was obliged to take some pie, the only alternative in my power, except very fat bacon and dough puddings, which always formed a part of every dinner I saw while in Devonshire.

The aforesaid pie, which was called, I think, 'Muggetty,' was a mixture of meat, apples, onions, and potatoes: I had never been accustomed to such cookery, and, nearly fainting from the horrible odours of goose and 'Muggetty-pie,' I was obliged to leave the room, followed by Mr. John's laugh, and exclamations of "ridiculous affected new-fashioned notions!" from my hostess.

To avoid the odious table-cloth hemming, I remained in my own room until Mary called me to come to tea, and told me that Mr. Dobbs, a very nice young man had come in to see them. I could not help fancying, from her manner, that this gentleman, with the aristocratic name, was an admirer of

hers; nor was I wrong in my conjecture, as he proved to be the identical "*Turn-again*," who had witnessed my fall.

He was a good-looking ploughman, in a fustian shooting-jacket, with high gaiters the colour of iron-mould, and a straw hat twirling in his hand.

Mary, in a very pretty flutter, introduced me to her friend, who scraped the stone floor with his hob-nailed shoe, as he made me a bow, and then smoothed down his already sleek hair, with a mahogany-coloured hand, which seemed to me to be furnished with five lumpy *thumbs*, all the same length, instead of the usual appendage of *fingers*.

Some conversation was now carried on between the gentlemen relative to politics, Mr. John Spoforth amusing himself, at the same time, by seizing my hand and pinching my arms, to the great delight of "*Turn-again*," who looked up to him as a model.

"Pray, Miss, what do you think of the last act of ministers?" said the old man to me, alluding to a recent popular measure.

"Why I am delighted with it, sir, I think it will be extremely beneficial to the majority of the people," I replied; for my father being an ultra royalist, I had naturally adopted his opinions in these matters.

"What?"



'OH DEER, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE!'

I repeated my opinion again, with no better success; but Mary having made her father understand what I said, he exclaimed, in a great rage, " You know nothing about it; and every thing ministers have done has been wrong, and ever has been, and ever will be wrong: and it seems to me that every thing you say is always great nonsense!"

I bowed to his remark, and was silent, until we retired after my second happy day.

The next day, Mary and I were allowed to resume our morning ramble; and on account of my thin shoes, I requested she would take me to some nice smooth grass: she mentioned that her favorite walk was in a park belonging to a gentleman in their neighbourhood, and thither we directed our steps.

While we were admiring the deer that were lying under the trees, we were startled by seeing one of them rise; and instead of trotting off like the others, he boldly advanced towards us. Mary screamed and fled, while I (being entangled by the blond of my hat catching in a bough) missed my foot and fell. I was so much overcome with terror that I could make no effort to rise, until I suddenly heard a person's voice, who, advancing, frightened away my antlered foe. When I had courage to look up, I perceived a remarkably handsome and elegant-looking young man, in the act of stooping to as-

sist me ; and when he assured me there was no longer any danger, his voice was so gentle and sweet, that I decided in my own mind, he was some person *très distingué*.

Mary was no where to be seen ; and, as I concluded she had gone towards home for assistance, I thanked the elegant stranger, and prepared to follow her. He, however, requested permission to see me home, as he could not bear the idea of my being again alarmed : and I consented, for I really was in constant dread of the fierce deer. When I mentioned to him that I lived at the parsonage, he said there was another path, through which he would have the pleasure of conducting me, and where I would not even see any more of these animals. So we crossed a little wood and left the park, following a beautiful shady path.

“ That seemed a beautiful mansion in the lawn, to the right,” I said, in allusion to the building in the scene of my terrors.

“ Yes, it is well enough for a sporting residence,” said my companion ; “ but I should like to have your opinion of a place I have lately built ; for,” added he softly, “ unless it meet with *your* approbation I shall never like it again !”

Rather amazed at this phrase, which I thought was only a *façon de parler*, I recollected, however, with pleasure, that I was in my very best looks this

morning, and my costume was *arrangée à merveille*: so I began to return to my former opinion, that a visit to the country might be attended with *very pleasant circumstances!*

My young guide was remarkably well informed; an enthusiastic admirer of all my favourite poets, and musical composers; an excellent draughtsman, for he showed me a view he was taking when he came to my assistance; and, in fact, I never had met such a delightful person altogether. I was planning in my mind how I should introduce him to my friends, when he said "You are not a resident in this part of the country, or I should have heard of so much beauty and elegance. Charming being," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "say, will you accept that heart which millions have vainly tried to gain?"

I was thunderstruck at this hasty declaration; but it proved my friend's good taste, and I was not collected enough to reflect on its great impropriety, or to reply.

When we reached the summit of a hill which we had been some time ascending, "Yonder," said he, "is the castle I have erected, and which I will never again enter unless you promise some day to share it with me." I looked for my future castle, but in vain; and he continued, falling gently on one knee, "Yes! that is the beautiful and far-famed

‘*Mal-maison,*’ and *I*, your slave, am NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE !”

I then found that the elegant stranger with the beautiful eyes, was MAD! As soon as this occurred to me, I looked hastily around to try for some means of escape. I was on a heathy hill, from which I had an extensive view of the surrounding country; and far, far, down in the valley I saw the steeple of our little church near the parsonage-house. My first impulse would have been to set off at full speed, but I knew nothing of the paths, and the stranger’s slight figure seemed formed for activity, so I should have had no chance of escape from him; therefore, I thought it was best to give way to his madness, and kneeling, in my turn, I expressed myself most highly gratified and honoured by his imperial notice, and requested he would condescend to accompany me to the parsonage-house, where I might mention to my friends the great distinction which awaited me.

“ We have hitherto,” said he, as he walked beside me down the hill, “ only conversed in French, our native language, *Mais je suis persuadé que vous entendez parfaitement bien l’Anglais aussi. N’est il pas vrai?*”

I perceived by this, that the unfortunate young man mistook French for English, and *vice versa*; so to humour him, I answered, “ *Oui, mon Empereur,*

j'ai été plusieurs fois en Angleterre, et j'entends un peu la langue de cette nation."

"*E la lingua Tedesca anché?*" inquired he; "*parlate quell' bellissima lingua? Lingua d'amore!*" sighed he, looking softly at me.

Italian I found was to be called *German*: as I was not in a situation to *dispute* it, I replied, "*Ho anché il piacee di parlare la lingua Tedesca, che è, come dite, la lingua d'amore.*"

We then conversed about several authors in these languages, and although he always assigned them to the wrong nations, yet he was intimately acquainted with their works. By this time we had nearly reached the farm-yard, and in the midst of an impassioned quotation from Metastasio, which the "Emperor of the French" was repeating, I sprang away from him, and gained the inside of the gate. Vain was my endeavour, for he vaulted lightly over the gate, and was at my side in an instant!

"Would you escape from me?" said he wildly.

"Help, help!" I cried, running still towards the house.

"Take, then, the reward of your ingratitude, traitress!" exclaimed he, aiming a blow with a penknife at my side, and then darting out of the yard.

Terrified by this attack, I sunk down in the wet

straw, screaming out murder, and fancying I should die for want of assistance. This was not to be my fate, however, for Mrs. Spofforth came running out to help me, exclaiming, "Some of her new-fashioned fears, I suppose; perhaps one of the hens has stared at her! There's a dress to fall upon dirty straw; come get up, child—where did you get that blood on your side?"

I looked down, and perceived a little stream issuing from my wound, but which my fears magnified into the last drops of my life-blood gushing from a deadly blow. I cried out piteously, "Oh I have been stabbed by a maniac, and I shall never see my dear family again!" Being carried into the house, my wound proved to be very slight, as my dress had prevented much mischief; and now the old lady scolded with redoubled force, on account of the fright I had given her, and said she expected me to rise the following day as well as ever.

I found, indeed, there was no mercy for the invalid: as I could not walk out, I was expected to finish the table-cloth; and at dinner, I was placed opposite a large roast pig, which I think must have been *nearly full grown!* I do not know how I managed to carve, or rather to mangle it, but I contrived it in some way, resolving that it should be the *last* specimen of my skill, they should ever witness.

After dinner more needle-work, more directions, more scoldings: but I did not heed them, as my remedy was near at hand.

“I wish, child, you would not wear so many bows in your hair,” said Mrs. Spofforth. “It must take too much of your precious time to put it up in that way; let me come to night and cut it short for you, like Mary’s.”

“*Not to night, Ma’am, if you please,*”—I replied in terror (for I would almost as soon have lost my head as my hair.)

“Fine weather for *crops, Ma’am,*” said Mr. Dobbs, addressing me for the first time.

Thinking he alluded to Mary’s style of wearing her hair, I replied, “Yes, in this wet weather a crop is an excellent *coiffure*, as there are no long curls to *defrisser.*”

Mr. John, of course, greeted me with a loud laugh, in which Mr. Dobbs did not join, because he had no idea of the nature of the jest: but when Mary explained to him that I thought he spoke of *hair*, when he mentioned the *crops on his farm*, I thought he never would stop laughing.

As we were separating for the night, I told Mrs. Spofforth my nerves had been so much affected by the maniac’s violence, that I wished to return home the next morning; and as I had written to order a carriage at an early hour, I would now bid her fare-

well, and begged to thank her for all her care and attention.

“Why, you’re just going, as I am getting used to your little nonsensical ways!” said she; “and it is cheating poor Mary, who finished an urn-rug for me in a very short time, on condition that I would ask you to stay with me some part of the summer.”

“*What?*” said the old man, to whom Mary was expressing my thanks for his hospitality. “Doesn’t she like us?”

“Yes, sir, she says very much; but she is not well.”

“Oh let her go home, then, to her mother. Good bye to ye;” and he took up his candle, and I never saw him again.

Hearing an unusual noise in the yard when I went up stairs, I opened the window to ascertain the cause, and holding the candle in my hand, I completely forgot the thatched roof, which instantly took fire, and it required all the exertions of the men to extinguish the flames. This being another instance of my unfitness to “live in a cottage,” Mrs. Spofforth, I believe, was as glad as myself when she heard the carriage come for me in the morning, and I once more returned to my dear home, after being absent five *long* days, instead of the one *short* month on which I had calculated, and feeling positively determined never to believe again in the fancied charms of “Rural Felicity.”



GOOSEBERRY FOOL.

THE NURSERY MAN.

I ONCE was a gard'ner so gay,
 Till I brought to my *Eden* a wife;
 But now I've found out, well-a-day!
 That a *Nursery-man* I'm for life!

Tho' 'tis *fruitless* my wishing for good —
 My *ills double-blossomed* appear,
 Like *Two-faces-under-a-hood*
 We've happily *Twins* ev'ry year.

When fatigued with the sun and the air,
 My son and heir gives me no peace;
 I've *Climbers* all over my chair
 Whose *Deer-tongues* from moving near cease.

So tortured am I by each child,
 That *spleenwort* now gives me much trouble;
 My brain I'm afraid will *grow wild*
 If I can't *raise my Salary double!*

When I married the fair *Mary-Gold*,
 If she had *Ane-monie* I asked?
 (That *Yellow-E'erlasting*, we're told,
 Will *Honesty* even outlast.)

Shepherd's-Purse from her father, the farmer,
 She brought,—and a fine *Golden-chain* :
 Yet (tho' I don't say it to harm her),
Lady's-eardrops are all that remain.

London-Pride she was always esteemed,
 All beauties in her were assembled ;
 But tho' *Bella-Donna* she seemed,
 'Tis *Rag-wort* she's lately resembled.

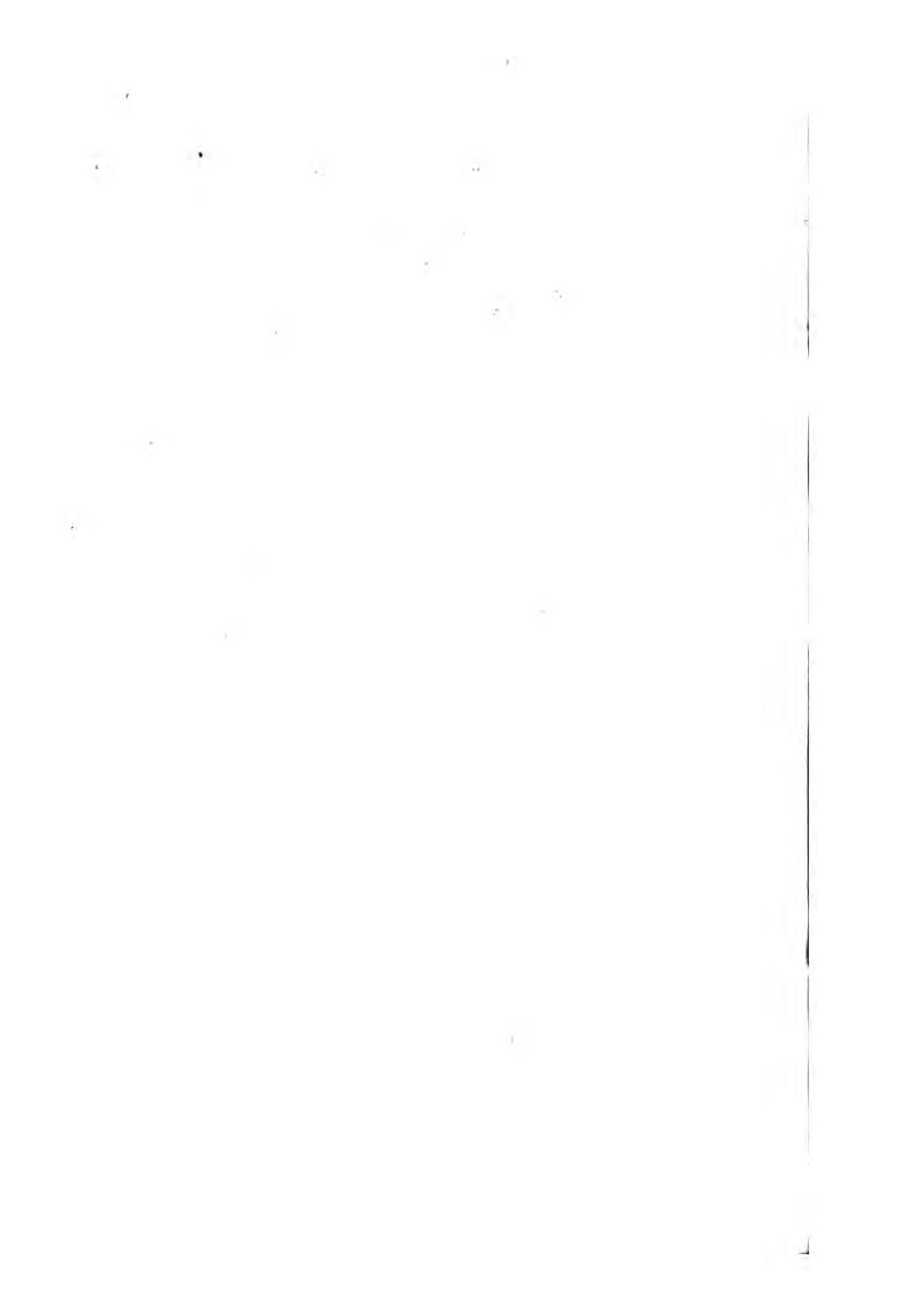
'Twas first at a *Hop* that I saw her,
 In vain a young *Cocks-comb* was pleading,
 Sweet *Ice-plant!* his warmth could not thaw her :
 Ah! thought I, in my heart *Love-lies-bleeding!*

Last Sunday she brought me a flower,
 A *Forget-me-not*, for me to wear :
 Said I, " were the choice in my power,
 I'd have *Batchelor's-buttons*, my dear!"



THE NURSERY MAN.

**' Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought :
To teach the young idea how to shoot.'**



In Spring when I'd mind early *Peas*,
I made people pay what I'd choose ;
But now, without hoping to please,
I must mind both my *P's* and my *Q's* !

How *Rueful*, alas ! is my fate,
To *Beet* and *Box* doomed all my life !
'Stead of *Heart's-ease* or *Balm*, to meet hate :
'Tis not *Sage* to be plagued with a wife.

I'm sure we're a very bad *Pear* ;
And our babes are *wild Crabs*, *sloe* to teach :
As for home—what a *hot-house* is there !
But I'll *Pine*,—'cause I don't like to *Peach* !



PINING.

A PLEASANT PARTY.

A BRIDE'S LETTER.

My dear friend, I am in such a fright !
I've been asked out to balls all about,
Since my marriage ; so is it not right
To give in return a gay rout ?

Pray tell me the way to proceed ;
For, since I can't have your inspection,
I know I should never succeed
Unless I can have your direction.

To render a Ball very pleasant,
Pray tell me your system precisely ;
At yours I have often been present,
And they always succeeded so nicely !

THE ANSWER.

(From a very sincere friend.)

My dear friend, you have nothing to fear,
Your Ball will go off very well ;
I have had long experience, my dear,
And the way to succeed I can tell.

Let your notice be two months or more,
That those who may wish to escape
Can't plead an engagement before,
Without getting into a scrape.

Of girls, pray invite a great number,
And let them all sit by each other ;
But your drawing-room do not incumber
With lover, or unmarried brother !

For beaux I advise married men,
The women all like them much more,
Because they are livelier when
They are married, than they were before !

And beside their enchanting address,
They will dance (without grumbling) all night,
And as to their fashion in dress
They eclipse the young bachelors quite !

These bachelors give themselves airs,
And envy 'mong women excite :
My advice is, in all such affairs,
No single men ever invite.

For *three* girls ask *one* married beau,
As one dance out of three will suffice ;
Men will dance more than women, you know,
And to " sit out " two sets is so nice !

But should any gentleman tire,
In his place ask a *girl* to advance ;
For I know that our sex all desire
With each other as partners to dance :

And, indeed, they appear to be dumb
With a gentleman, when he 's a stranger ;
By diffidence they're overcome ;
But with girls they are not in such danger.

Ask all who for music are mad ;
All the whist-players, too, you can find ;
Because if their luck should be *bad*,
They'll be much towards music inclined !

Round the harp place the people who chatter,
To attend to an air sentimental ;
You'll have an enlivening clatter,
Noise vocal, and noise instrumental.

When the musical folk have arranged
To commence, and the audience are still,
Go and tell them your fancy is changed,
And instead, they must dance a quadrille !

This will gratify them beyond measure
(You may trust to my judgment hereon),
Playing music can't yield them such pleasure
As, during the dance, to look on.

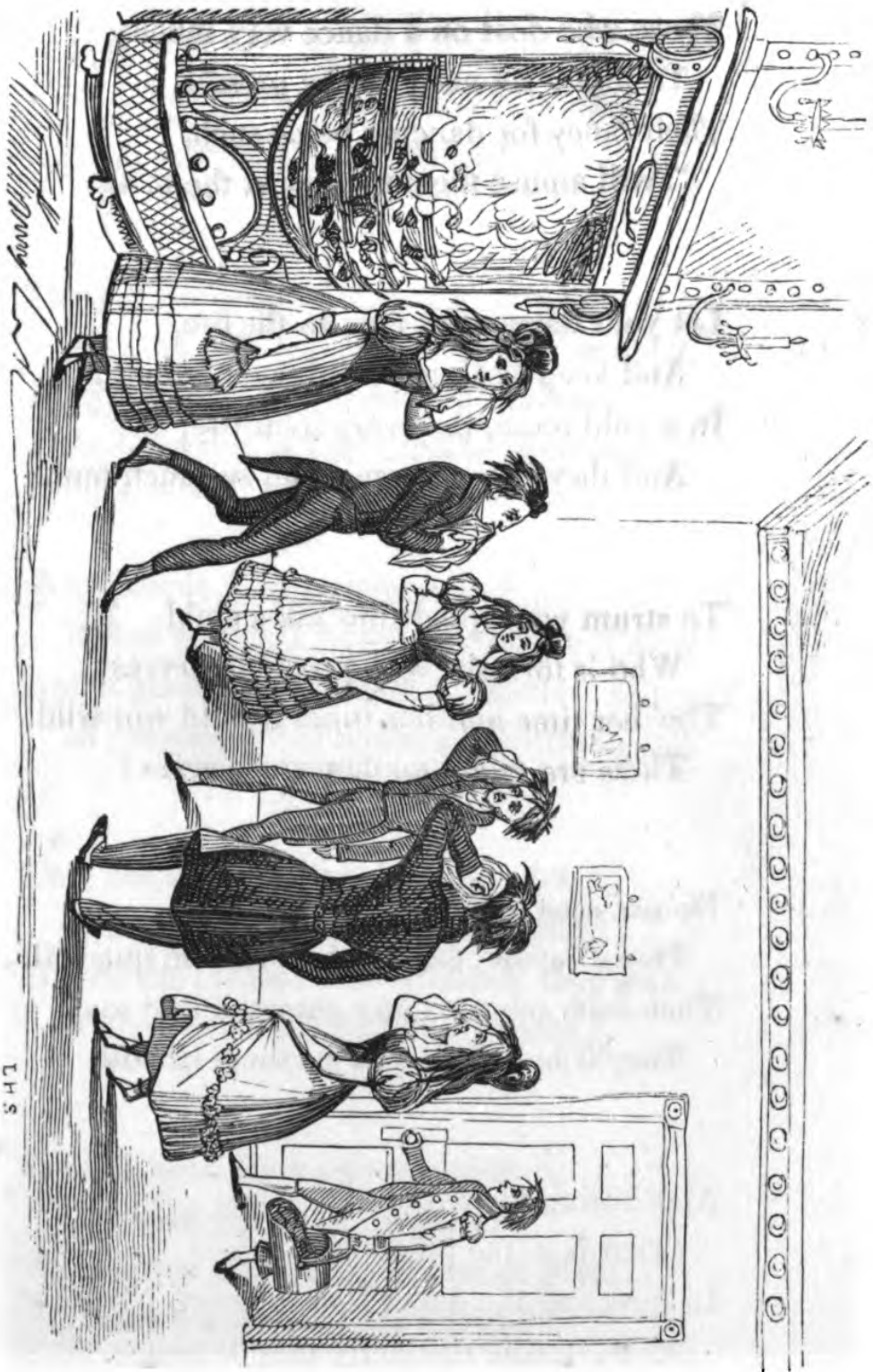
Those who doat on a dance very much,
To join a set need not be press'd,
Their fancy for dancing being such,
'Twill amuse them to look at the rest !

Let your dancers be next to the fire,
And keep fast each window and door ;
In a cold room, they very soon tire,
And they like a warm room so much more.

To strum your quadrilles ask a child
Who is tortured with sensitive nerves :
Tho' her time and her tunes should run wild,
These are *trifles* no dancer observes !

Do not send your whist-party away
Down below ; keep them near the quadrille,
Then each minute make something to say,
They'll be dull if you let them be still.

And during their rubber of whist
(That is if the piano be near),
In directing the dance they'll assist,
As the music distinctly they'll hear.



BALL-FIRING.
'So warmly we met!'

L.H.S.

I consider that children should share
In those pleasures their parents partake,
So in writing your notes pray take care
A request for the children to make.

These dears look so well at a rout,
And the girls (as good tempered as fair)
Like to have a ball-dress pulled about,
And the combs taken out of their hair.

Why people send in lemonade
Before supper I never can think ;
And a great waste of sugar is made
In preparing this nonsense to drink.

Care not *what* on your table you set ;
With no dainties your supper adorn ;
Guests are pleased with whatever they get,
If they *fast* until four in the morn !

Do not have many servants to wait,
One man can so many attend ;
Nor let him e'er change spoon or plate,
For who wont eat after a friend ?

Let your young people supper *first* taste ;
The matrons, who've been more amused,
For refreshments are not in such haste,
And besides, to wait longer they 're used.

Two hours still your guests you must keep,
By saying no carriage is come ;
Time will fly at your house, and not creep,
So they all will be grieved to go home.

If persons would merely attend
To these things we might safely foretel,
Each party would pleasantly end,
And each ball would go off very well !



MISS BELL.

'Une belle Anglaise.'

MISS BELL.

ALAS! alas! what woe is mine!
Oh more than I can tell:
It seems to me the world combine
To persecute each Belle.

My grief I'm sure is known too well
By every Arabella,
By Isabella, Christabel,
Mabella, Carabella :

By Rosabella, gentle name,
Likewise by Anabella ;
From Mirabella sighs I claim,
And also Dorabella.

How oft by punsters have been teased
Poor girls who thus are christened,
Obliged to seem most highly pleased
Altho' they've scarcely listened!

If at a Novel e'er we look
We surely will be blamed,
For when we're seen to ope a book
We're *Blue Bells* quickly named!

From Church on Sunday if we stay
We hear from high and low,
"The Church affairs must be astray,
The *Church Bells* did not go!"

If you with peevish folk agree,
'Tis said, with sick'ning grin,
"Whatever is advanced, you see
Bell's certain to *chime in!*"

Some City beau, whom Ma desires
To ring the parlour-bell,
Handing a *ring* to *Miss*, inquires
"Will *that* not do as well?"

And if you e'er an orange eat,
Smart wit you're forced to feel,
For some, no doubt your ears will greet
With "*Bell d'ye like a Peel?*"

Or if a country-walk you take
You're sure a fopling silly
Some dreadful puns will try to make
On *Bella-Donna-Lily*.

If out of town on Christmas-day,
You'll feel the Bumpkin's wit,
Who says "all *Bells a toll* must pay,
And so you must submit!"

Or if you get into a rage
This rude affair to settle,
The wretch exclaims "I will engage,
You're made o' rare *Bell-mettle!*"

Then at the letter-sending time
Of foolish Valentine,
Who is it that can't find a rhyme
To such a name as mine?

Thus "Dear Miss Bell, I love you well ;
Oh more than tongue can tell—
A long farewell — A soothing spell"—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

"Each other Belle you far excel —
Within my heart you dwell —
The Muse's shell your praise shall swell"—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

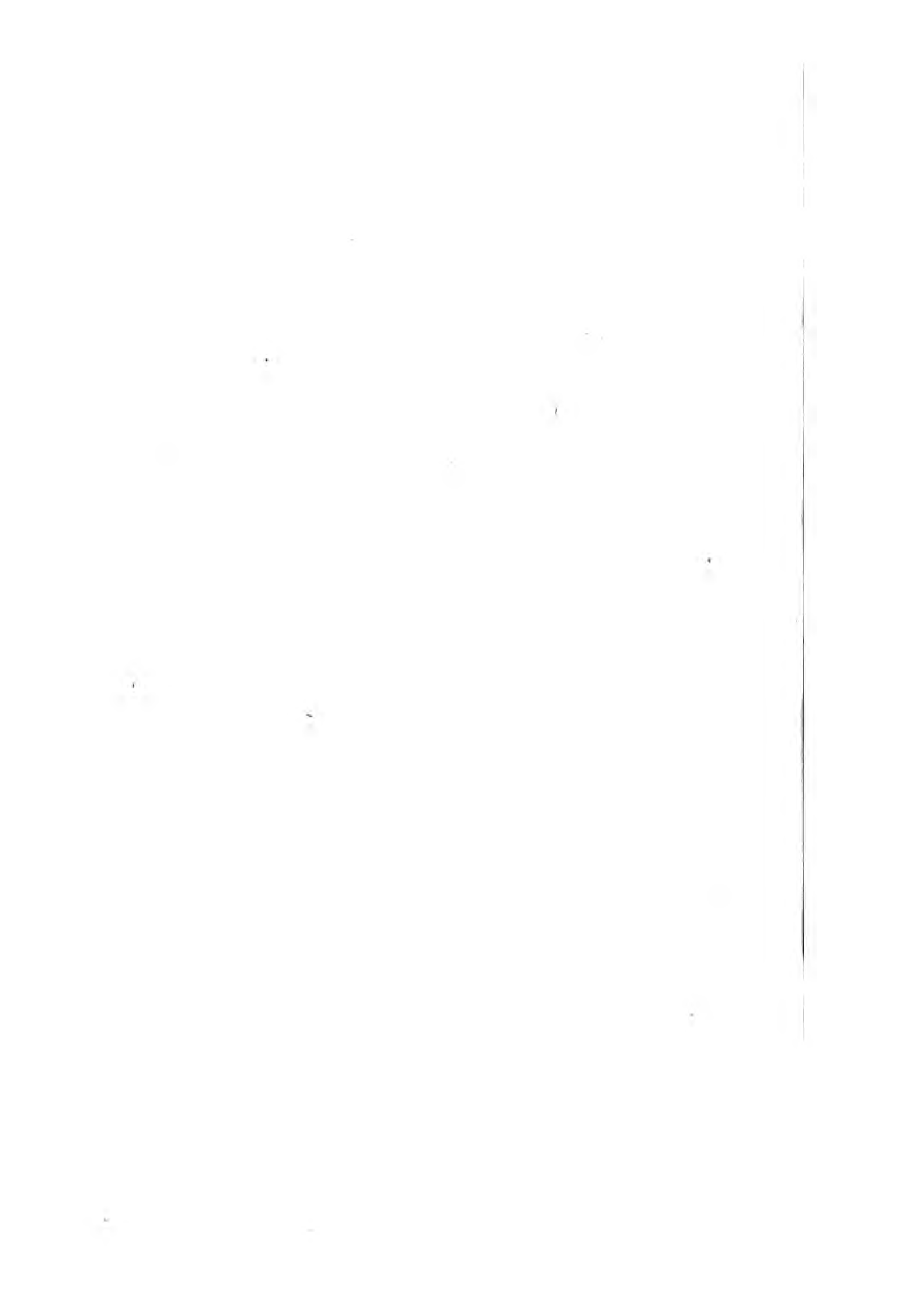
"Within my cot in yonder dell,
Oh come with me and dwell,
There sweetbriar yields its fragrant smell"—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

"One day you graced my lowly cell,
Its darkness to dispel;—
On me Love's fatal arrows fell."—
All these will *rhyme with Bell!*

"I suffer disappointment fell,—
Death's aim I can't repel,—
Soon will be heard my fun'ral knell,
And you'll be *my death Bell!*"

'OH NANNY WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.'





There's nonpareil, and parallel,
 Compel, expel, and sell,
 Rebel, and snell, impel, and yell,
 And more that *rhyme with Bell!*

Whene'er friends come to visit us,
 If I should say a word,
 My Aunt observes, (quite in a fuss!)
 " *Bell's tongue* too loud is heard!"

Quite angry, I then silent sit,
 Nor let them hear a tone,
 Then some one says with teasing wit,
 "You're quite a *Dumb-Bell* grown!"

If'twere not wrong to hang one's self
 I'd try *Bell-rope*, I vow,
 But then they'd say "that silly elf
 A *Bell-hanger* is now!"

I hope the coachman, when I die,
 To church will *hurry* well;
 A final pun, the folks may cry
 There's *Canter-bury-Bell!*"

To *ring the changes* on my name
I fear is rather bold:
So now I stop my *tongue*, thro' shame,
Though *more* I might have *tolled*!



BELLE AND CLAPPER.



THE POULTRY ASS-EMBLY.

“ Let everybody take care of themselves,” as the Donkey said, when he danced with the chickens.

“ LET EVERY BODY TAKE CARE OF
THEMSELVES.”

AS THE DONKEY SAID WHEN HE DANCED WITH THE
CHICKENS.

A BROOD of gay chicks
Full of laughter and tricks,
And who thought themselves excellent dancers,
Asked a good-natured ass
Who just happened to pass,
Would he join in a set of the Lancers.

The donkey said, “ Yes,
Though I freely confess
I would rather *the Gallopade* dance,
For there I can dash-on,
And race in the fashion,
And to err in the step there’s no chance !”

He then with much grace
In the set took his place,
A fair chick by the pinion he led ;
But in turning her round,
To his sorrow he found,
He had *stepped by mistake* on her *head*.

He felt quite distressed,
And his neighbour addressed,
Her counsel and aid to intreat ;
While speaking, by chance,
He gave her a glance,
And perceived he had *trod off her feet*.

“ Ma’am (said he) I regret,
This extremely — but yet,
Let’s continue our dance, my gay elves,
In these figures so nice,
Always mind my advice,
Ev’rybody take care of themselves.”

THE VAPOURS.

A LADY who was *rather* sickly —
But fancied she was always dying —
To various places travelled quickly,
And change of air was always trying.

Her husband, not being very wealthy,
These silly whims could ill afford :
England at length she thought unhealthy,
In France alone she'd be restored.

Said he " To have so much belief
In diff'rent airs, must be great stuff :
For long ere this you'd felt relief,
As surely dear *you've* *airs* enough."

But still for Calais she would sail,
Which made her luckless husband say
“ That woman’s sense begins to fail,
She’ll die of *vapours* some dull day !”

While out at sea she felt relieved :
The voyage most happy seemed at first
But smooth appearances deceived.
They perished — for the boiler burst.

Her husband hearing she had died,
In sorrow for a short time seemed ;
But comforting himself he cried
“ Well ! at her death she was *esteamed*.”

And when the fatal news he read
(A tragic story in the papers)
He took some snuff, and calmly said
“ I always knew she’d *die of vapours*.”

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

IN former days, when friends would say
“ Compose some poetry I pray
 And in my album write.”
I thought 't was churlish to refuse,
Yet never know what theme to choose :
Of writing *well* all chance I'd lose,
 I felt in such a fright !

But now the case is altered quite,
I take each book, nor fear to *write*
 Since *no one ever reads* !
For with nice paper, and good pen,
And writing carefully, why then
There are nine chances out of ten
 All kind of verse succeeds.

When persons ope this sort of book
 'Tis at the *pictures* first they look ;
 The writings (if they've time)
 They view, with " *What a pretty hand!*"
 " *M. of her pen has great command!*"
 But no one tries to understand
 The *subject* of the rhyme !

Oh! these are glorious days for us
 Poor poets, when our friends discuss
 The *shape*, alone, of writing !
 Then write whate'er you think of first,
 Wait not for inspiration's burst,
 One fate awaits the best and worst
 Of all you've been inditing !

But choose good pens — and, for your life
 Don't write without a sharp pen-knife ;
 On this doth much depend :
 Then take a sheet of rosy tint,
 With black your verses neatly print,
 And spare not dash — nor flourish stint —
 You're sure to please your friend !

When next an Album's sent to me,
These lines shall there inserted be ;
 While every one will guess
They're lines upon "*Sweet friendship pure*" —
"*Forget-me-not*" — or "*Hope can cure*" —
If they *look neat*, I'll feel secure,
 And sign them L. H. S.

TAKING AIM BADLY.

A LADY when asked ' why from India so often
Girls *single return* — tho' they 've beauty and wit?
Replied " Pray remember (your satire to soften)
 'Tis not at all times that a '*Miss*' makes a '*Hit !*' "

MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES.

SIGH XXVII.

AFTER taking considerable pains in finishing a miniature head in a lady's Album, seeing the book when it had been with other contributors. One person, having taken the fresh tissue-paper from your picture, has replaced it by a piece which had covered a Black-chalk-drawing,—a specimen of which it generously imparts to the countenance of your fair dame. Another contributor has inserted a closely written Poem on the next page after your miniature; and as, to all appearance, he wrote with a *walking-stick dipped in tar*, the writing shews plainly through the thin paper, and gives your lady a black nose, and a mark across her throat, as if she had been hanged, &c. while the opaque colours of the drapery have been transferred to various parts of the page by drops of tea, and observing-thumbs.

SIGH XXVIII.

Having had such a long fit of idleness that the usual callous marks caused by the guitar-strings are quite gone from your fingers : being obliged to play a long guitar obligato accompaniment, on a stiff instrument whose strings (being twice as thick as what you use) cut your fingers to the bone : a very loud flute playing variations which you play afterwards (solo) with your burning, aching, purple fingers.

SIGH XXIX.

Always having the misfortune of being a favourite with some petted troublesome child, who is sure to make you relate a fairy-tale when your head aches—play at blindman's-buff after having been up all night at a ball—dress half a dozen broken dolls when a carriage is waiting to take you to the races—keep her on your lap at her Mama's party (when you have a blond dress) in order that she may remove the feathers and combs from your hair : and if a gentleman try to relieve you by asking you to dance, the little young monkey will not go to bed unless you carry her up stairs, and remain there until she is asleep. When you return to the drawing-room, tired and quite in a fever, the mother says, in a half-jealous tone "That child is so remarkably fond of you !" and she seems to consider this assur-

ance, more than a sufficient compensation for all your sufferings !

SIGH XXX.

Being requested to play at a house where the harp and guitar are kept as mere pieces of furniture, and strung with any old strings which can be found. On tuning the instruments (in presence of a very stiff party, who consider a harp should keep in tune like a piano) half of the dry old strings break, and you replace them with others, which, not having been stretched, go out of tune every minute; and you are obliged to stop in the midst of your grand preludes to screw up the refractory notes.



MR. CHEESEMAN, OF GLOUCESTER.

TO MR. CHEESEMAN.

LITTLE man what's your name ?
Whence was it you came?"
" Why, Samuel Cheeseman I am ;
Of Gloucester am I,
And my family's *high*—"
" Well!—I fancied, Sir, you were *Dutch Sam.*"

AN IRISH FORTUNE.

A GENTLEMAN once, who loved fun,
And in love and in war did much harm,
Of 'Erin's gay sons' he was one,
And to *friend* or *foe* equally warm !

Came to England to fight a spalpeen
Who on Ireland his jokes could'nt smother :
And took with him Patrick O'Sheene
His valiant and dear foster-brother.

Pat was blest with a blundering tongue —
With his hands he could argue much better !
He was 'killin' the lasses among,
And to *one* sent the following letter.

MR. O'SHENE TO MISS MARY O'ROONE.

Dearest Molly I thought before this
That yourself and myself had been wed :
When I axed you, how sweet you said " Yis !"
But I 'm going to England instead,

That rogue Mither Wilmot to seek,
Whom we 'll *follow about 'till we meet him ;*
And I think in the course of a week,
The mather 'll find out and beat him.

Says the mather to me yisterday,
" All the bulls, Pat, you make are a wondher,
I 'll give you each day we're away,
One pound, if you don't make a blundher !"

I was glad, dear, my fortin being small,
To be offered so handsome a sum :
And sure ev'ry blundher at all
That *I speak* shall be when I am *dumb*.

So pray, dear, look out for a cot,
And you and I 'll take it together :
A *large* one we couldn't keep hot,
And besides 'twould let in the bad weather.

And then at the end of each day,
 A journal I'll write ; 'twill be pleasant :
 So write to me darlin', I pray
 And that's all I've to say just at present.

MISS O'ROONE TO MR. O'SHENE.

Ah then, Pat, dearest boy,
 It's myself did enjoy
 Your lovin' and illigant letther :
 And though English folk
 At your Irish tongue joke,
 Let them thry if their pens can do better !

But the next time you write
 I would feel more delight
 If your own darlin letther you'd bring :
 For the sight of your face
 Gives joy to this place,
 And makes Summer as bright as the Spring.

'Stead of mindin my spinnin
 For makin my linen,
 I'm watching the road on the right ;
 Yourself I'm expectin'
 My wheel I'm neglectin'
 My day's work is done in the night.

And the masther then wondhers
 Bekaise you make blundhers !
 Sure its Ireland's pure air makes you make them ;
 For an Irishman born
 In England, I'm sworn,
 Would ne'er be attemptin' to spake them !

But an Englishman, now,
 Born in Ireland, somehow
 Would make bulls like yourself, my swate honey,
 But watch all you say,
 Win your pound ev'ry day,
 And return with a power of money !

I've found a small cot,
 Tho' no door it has got,
 And the floor's mighty quare just at present :
 But 'air's wholesome,' they say,
 And with illigant *clay*
 The floor can be *boarded* quite pleasant.

As no chimley we've got,
 With a door 'twould be hot,
 For the crathers all round the fireside :
 So we wont have a door,
 And the muddy ould floor
 Will make whitewash to clane the outside.

Tho' the windees is broke,
Of them I han't spoke,
Since to mend them each child knows the way :
Twill be savin our sight
To shut out the big light,
And I 'll glaze every windee with hay.

Then of land there's a sthrip,
With an illigant slip
Of a flower-garden full of pataties :
In the kitchen my sow,
In the hen-house my cow
I will keep, bekaise that mighty nate is.

Now do not forget
Your nice journal, my pet,
But forward it back to me soon :
I've no more to send,
But believe me your friend,
And most dutiful Mary O'Roone.

MR. O'SHENE'S JOURNAL.

FIRST DAY.

To-DAY we got up a ship's side
 With the water close up to her brink ;
 So says I " If we had a high tide
 'Twould come in, and the vessel would sink !"

" Ha ! ha ! " laughed a cockney young fop,
 " If the vater vas ever so full
 The wessel vould float on the top !"
 Says the mather, " Pat, that was a bull !

So it was, as I found to my cost —
 A plague on my blundherin head !
 Which an illigant pound had thus lost,
 So in throuble I turned into bed.

SECOND DAY.

When landed, I saw on the land
High and dhry a most beautiful boat :
Says I, " Sailor, I can't understand
How that vessel on land you could float ?"

" Float on land !" cries the Tar, " that be rum ;
Why, my eyes ! in these things you be dull —
Or may be from Ireland you come ?"
Says the mather, " Pat, that was a bull !"

THIRD DAY, LONDON.

I've been to the squares here all round,
And said I to my mather to-day,
" The best square in England I've found,
Is Merrion Square, Dublin, I say !"

The waither that waits at the inn
That we're at, was of laughter quite full,
And he very near ventured to grin
When the mather said, " That is a bull !"

Mr. Wilmot in town we shall kill
In two days, and till then we wait here ;
So we're gettin' on, tho' we stand still,
And I look back to meeting my dear.

FOURTH DAY.

This morning we saw a review
Which was very amusing and quare :
But of movements the nicest to view
Is to see them run round in a square.

Says I, " Masther, much wondher I'm feelin'
How all know their stations by rule ;
Them that's standing outside are all kneelin ;"—
Says the masther, " Pat, that was a bull !"

FIFTH DAY.

To-day Mither Wilmot we'll meet,
So this morning I says " May be, mather,
That rogue will your pardon intreat
For fear of some dhreadful disasther ;

" But wait, Sir, until there's blood spilt
(His joking I think it will cool),
Let him not say a word till he's kilt !"
Says the mather, " Oh, Pat, that's a bull !"

SIXTH DAY.

Well, when we arrived at the place
We found Mither Wilmot was there ;
But although mather aimed at his face,
The innemy fired in the air.

The mather exclaimed " That's unfair,
And a very unhandsome transaction,
For pistols fired up in the air
Can ne'er give a man satisfaction !"

So again each returned to his place,
When a ball through the mather's side passed,
Who exclaimed, as he fell on his face,
" I've obtained satisfaction at last !"

Faith, I thought, a quare fancy you've got !
If poor *I*, now, had said like a fool,
I am satisfied, since I am shot,
You'd have told me " Oh that is a bull !"

Well, then I ran off to secure
Misther Wilmot, for fear he'd be fled ;
But I need'nt have hurried, for sure
The crathur was kilt almost dead !

So to-morrow we mean to return
To Ireland, for fear of arrest :
And my Moll will be sorry to learn
(While I'm quite ashamed to confess 't)

That the mather has not had to pay
One pound ! tho' to win some I meant ;
But I've blundher'd the same every day
And return — just as poor as I went !

MARRIED OR SINGLE.

PART FIRST.

SINGLE.

APRIL 3d. I am sure if I had not heard from very good authority, that Mama was, in former days, one of the most romantic girls imaginable, I should suppose she had been one of the most sordid and mercenary in existence! She talks to me all day about the advantages of marrying Sir Charles Beaumont, forgetting that I informed her a month since of my engagement to my dear Frederic: to be sure he is *at present only a Captain*, but the most ill-natured people must allow that his personal appearance and good qualities entitle him to be a field marshal at least; that is, if merit were to meet its due reward, which it never does!

His bright blue eyes, fair curling hair, and clear complexion, give me an idea of perfect good-humour, and a happy disposition : while Sir Charles, with his dark penetrating eyes, Italian countenance and raven locks, looks like a grand inquisitor— or (less romantic, but more material in *my* eyes,) a severe, peevish, discontented husband.

Mama often draws comparisons between them, and though she does it in the most partial manner in favour of Sir Charles, I cannot allow *her* injustice to make *me* blind ; and all her efforts only serve to confirm me more in my first opinions.

I am really surprised at her prejudice against the one, and her infatuation in favour of the other. She and I have never differed seriously before ; and this error in her judgment has caused me the greatest sorrow. But I will never relinquish the love of a man who prefers me to all the world, merely to gratify the mistaken notions of a mother who thinks more of my advancement in life than of my happiness.

I cannot help thinking how delightful the novelty will be of living in the barracks, hearing the charming bugle-calls so frequently, seeing all the soldiers laughing with their merry wives ; and, above all, hearing the band constantly playing my dear Rossini's music, of which I never yet heard enough !

Frederic says we shall not be able to keep a car-

riage, and I let him continue to think so ; but I am sure he will change his opinion after the first half year, when he finds how well I can manage money-matters. Except during the two first years, I never have exceeded the allowance mama gives me, and now, I shall have all Frederic's pay in addition ; besides we shall have handsome apartments and excellent servants gratis, so, surely, without much management, we may keep a carriage.

April 9th. Mama having found me resolute in right, or as she strangely terms it 'obstinate in ill,' has given her consent to my marriage, and the happiest event of my life will take place this day month.

What magnificent dresses she has ordered for me ! Not that I care about such things latterly, but still it is very kind of her. I have been obliged to send them all back to the milliners, in order to have them lengthened ; Frederic has a decided aversion to short dresses, and I really wonder I ever wore them ; I am sure I must have always disliked them, although I followed the fashion because I did not wish to appear particular. For a married woman I consider them perfectly indecorous ! Some of Mama's splendid presents will be quite thrown away upon me, because the materials are of the most brilliant colours, and since I have known Frederic, my taste is quite changed in this respect : he likes grave co-

lours, and so do I. He never insists on an opinion from which he imagines I differ; and this amiable yielding disposition in him, makes it doubly delightful when I can relinquish anything to please him. How happy we shall live together!

April 12th. Went to a ball last night; danced with Frederic every alternate dance, and sat with him during the others: thought he talked remarkably well, and that I had never met with a person so full of amusing anecdote and drollery. He introduced two or three of his brother-officers to me, and they kept up a most entertaining conversation, relative to the exchanges and promotions in different regiments. Certainly these military men have the advantage over all others, in regard to general information; when I mentioned a relation of mine in the army, one of them corrected me in his third christian name, he being named Augustus Adolphus Theophilus Gustavus, and I very stupidly described him as Augustus Adolphus Theodore Gustavus. The young officer, when he corrected my mistake, mentioned the time my cousin had been in the army, and the price he had given for his commission. I said that I was glad to meet a person who knew Augustus so intimately, and inquired when they had met? He smiled, and said "I never had the pleasure of seeing or knowing your cousin, as *I* was in the *West Indies* when *he*

joined his regiment at *Madras* : but he exchanged with John Thompson, who took the difference; and the affair was managed by William Grumpus Jackson (a cousin of Jackson of ours who exchanged fifteen weeks before with Johnson of the —th); and Bob Robertson of my old corps wrote me an account of it, as of course it was very interesting to me. Apropos, Freddy (turning towards him), Bob Robertson wants to join us, now that Smith of ours has kindly made a death-vacancy, and as poor Smith had two new *Buckmasters*, I think they would just suit Robertson." "Pray what are Buckmasters; are they valets?" I asked. "No, no!" answered the officer, laughing; "a fellow of ours, coming overland home, caught the plague, I suppose, for he died in a week after his return, and I want my friend to purchase his coats made by Buckmaster!" I stared — "You surely do not mean to say, sir, that you would have him buy another person's coat, and a person, too, who had died of the plague?" "'Pon honour, ma'am, there's nothing so common — why that coat which fits Freddy so well ———"

"Was made by Buckmaster, of course," said Frederic, interrupting him, to my great joy; for I really was afraid I had been leaning on a *dead man's coat-sleeve!*

I was delighted with all the droll terms they used in conversation, and which were quite new to me.

One said he had "received a *wigging* from *the old boy*," from which I concluded his hair had been cut by the regimental barber: but I learned afterwards he had been *reprimanded by the colonel*. How very witty they are!

April 13th. I really wonder how I ever could be so fond of dancing as I was about a year ago! I used to feel quite anxious for the ball-nights to arrive, and what pains I used to take in dressing; now I feel quite indifferent about going, and I allow Fanchette to select what dress she pleases for me. Formerly, too, I used at a ball to wish for new partners, constantly new partners! How excessively silly such an idea was! surely it must always be more delightful for a girl to have *one* steady friend to whom she can confide her thoughts, and relate all her little adventures, than to be introduced to a number of strangers, of whose different tastes she is perfectly ignorant; and consequently she is afraid to venture beyond a common-place idea, for fear of doing violence to some of their favourite opinions.

Persons who wished, I suppose, to see me render myself ridiculous, used to praise my waltzing; and (with the natural love of doing what we are said to do well) I used to exhibit myself in this dance at every ball. Frederic most earnestly and affectionately requested me to relinquish it,

telling me he did not consider it a dance by any means suited for an Englishwoman. As I would do any thing in the world to satisfy him, I have quite given it up; and I now think as he does relative to it.

To-morrow I shall be obliged to go to a ball to which he is not invited: this will be complete wretchedness;— but Mama insists on my going.

April 15th. Went to that horrid ball last night, in the worst humour possible: not even a beautiful suit of pearls which dear Mama gave me, could infuse any good-temper into the wearer.

Refused to dance, of course: every person wondering, and tormenting me to tell the reason of my refusal: fools! could they not see! Frederic was on guard; and, as I heard the rain beating against the windows, I could not help weeping when I thought, perhaps, at that moment the field-officer was visiting the guard, and dearest Fred would be exposed to the rain. These horrible guard-mountings, are the only evils in the military life.

Sir Charles Beaumont was at the ball, and did not dance, but sat beside me, making a thousand enquiries about my health (which I *suppose* he meant kindly), and putting such a melancholy expression into his great dark eyes, that I was disgusted at the man's perseverance in talking to one who never cared about him.

Then his conversation was so different from Frederic's! Some years ago, I pursued a particular course of reading, according to Sir Charles' request — of course advocated by Mama. Since knowing Frederic, I have abandoned my previous studies, and therefore the questions and conversation of Sir Charles, relative to literary matters, were highly irksome to me: and oh! how gladly would I have exchanged them for the animated descriptions of India, the lively histories of the Mediterranean stations, the gay parties at Corfu, the cricket-matches, horse-races, steeple-chases, public breakfasts, and garrison theatricals, which Frederic describes with so much humour and spirit. Even his tone of voice is infinitely superior to that of Sir Charles, who (instead of the firm fearless voice of 'mon grenadier') gently insinuates his soft speeches, in a tone exclusively confined to the party addressed; appearing to me as if he were always afraid some person would overhear him, to whom he had used precisely the same phrases, and who would say, as Dr. Primrose did to the *cosomogony gentleman*, "*Pardon me, sir, but I think I have heard all this before.*"

In the supper room, I was surrounded by a set of silly young men, who were formerly in the habit of talking nonsense to me, and I of listening, and flirting with them. Astonishing how rational beings,

can waste their words in such an unprofitable manner! They, as usual, made some clever puns on trifling and eating trifle, and some more on reasoning and eating raisins. The adjutant of Frederic's corps is a handsome fool, who fancies himself quite a Parisian: he ventured his old jest of 'take something *douce, pour vous adoucir.*' As I hate him because Fred does also, I affected to stare, and exclaimed, "Take something *sweet* to *sweeten* me!" "No," said he, shewing his teeth, "you are always so *mechante*! You know very well that '*douce,*' means soft as well as sweet, therefore I recommend it, as you are such a *hard-hearted* girl!"

I had a great mind to say, "Oh you bid me take something *soft* to *soften* me;" but Mama was ready to go, and I thought I had tormented the man sufficiently to gratify Frederic.

When the carriage stopped at our door, the dear fellow was there to hand me from it, having watched for its passing the guard-house, and flown up the street to assist me in alighting. How flattering this was—and how handsome he looked, as the light flashed on his animated countenance: this meeting was the best part of the *ball* certainly! He placed a little note in my hand, and I flew to my room to read it: he has obtained a month's leave of absence from the 10th of May, which time we shall pass in the country.

April 18th. Frederic has just stolen some drawings of mine, which I intended for Mama's boudoir; he does not draw at all, but he is so fond of my style, that he takes possession of every little sketch he can find. These were a set of flowers I painted when Sir Charles Beaumont was teaching me botany; and as he knew they were intended for Mama, I dare say, when I am gone, he will draw some wonderfully fine things to supply their place, and so we shall all be well pleased!

April 20. Just going to practise an Italian song which Frederic brought me from town. I never saw a person so passionately fond of music as he is! Sometimes he makes me play and sing to him during the whole morning, besides our usual family concert in the evening. His admiration of my singing is certainly carried too far, as he says I excel both Pasta and Malibran; and I really do not think I do. But I cannot blame this dear infatuation, nor the feeling which makes him find fault with a flattering miniature-picture of me, which he blames for being so inferior to the image impressed on his heart! He sent me some charming poetry on this subject, which he felt so deeply, that the dear being's writing would not have been decipherable by other eyes: but who cannot read the *one* writing in the world they love best? I ran to shew these lines to Mama, who returned them to me, saying coolly, as

she took off her glasses, that she could not make out any of the letters, except the 'Ys,' and 'Ts.' I then read them to her, when she said so many ill-natured things about 'false quantity,' 'bad measure,' 'wrong accent,' &c., that I went away almost crying with vexation !

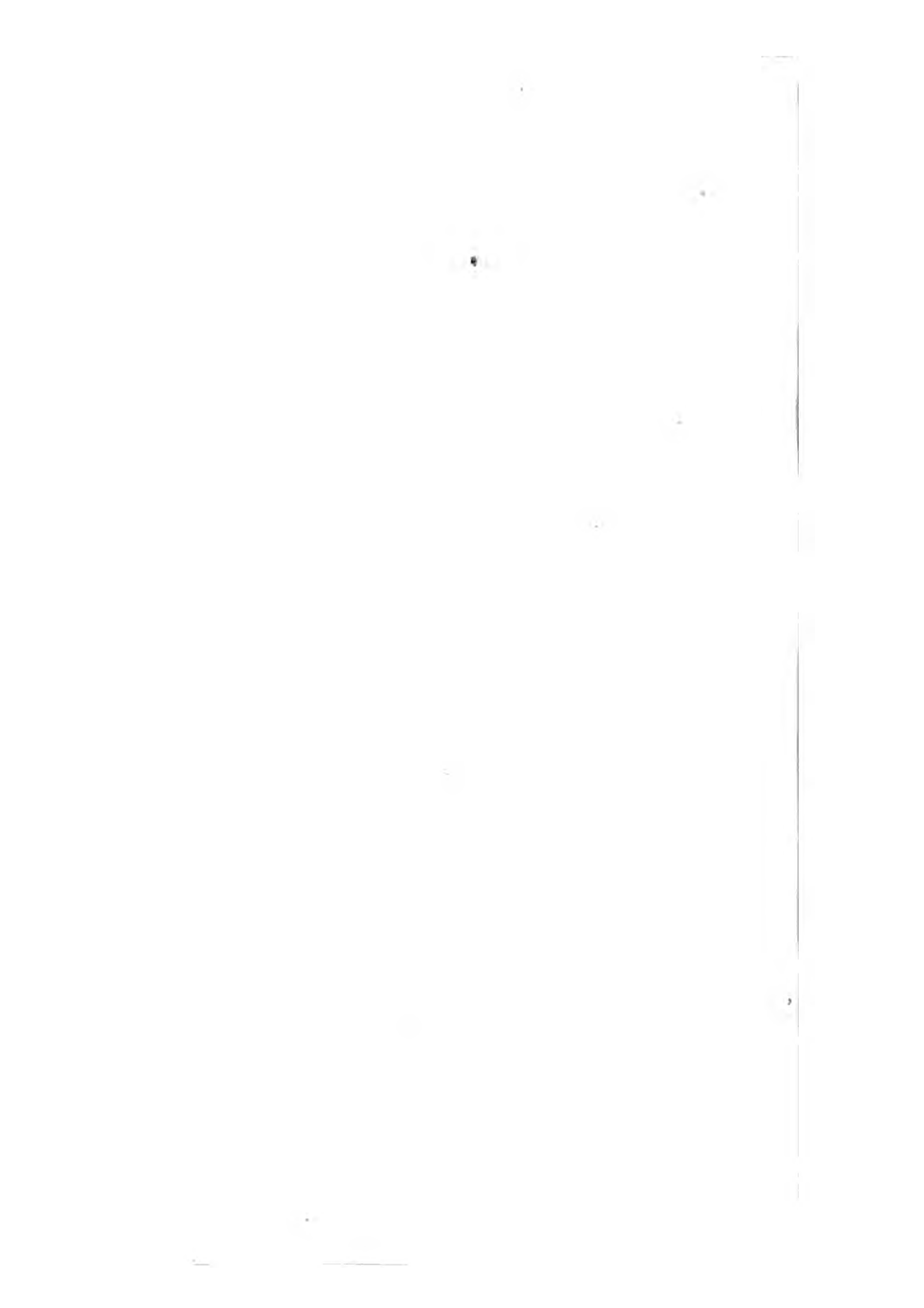
April 23. Frederic and I have just had a difference of opinion! only a playful dispute, however: it was about my dear friend, Charlotte, who is as amiable as she is beautiful; yet he says he discovers faults in her when she is beside me, which otherwise would escape his notice. She is slighter than I am, and he says her elegant figure is detestable. I sing in the bravura style, and he exclaims that any street-singer has science and execution sufficient for Charlotte's ballads; and her oil paintings, which are universally allowed to be perfectly beautiful, he describes as being a style only fit for sign-painters, as ladies should only draw flowers and pencillings. In this severe manner, he judges of every thing she says and does. She is to be my bridesmaid, and when we return home, she is to pass some time with me: so, candidly speaking, I believe I am not at all sorry that she is no great favourite of Frederic's, as it would be far from agreeable, if he were to like her as much as I do.

Mama and I called on the Major's wife this morn-



A BOW A-N-ARROW

'No 'twas neither shape nor feature.'



ing. Sweet woman!—She has had two children in each quarter of the globe, besides several little dears born at sea! Great deal of general information! Told her of the young officer who knew more of my cousin's military arrangements than I did. She laughed, and said although she was not personally acquainted with him either, she knew how long he had been at Sandhurst, and how many hours he attended his studies, for the Major had a nephew whose brother-in-law was in love with a lady, sister to another lady who had since married one of the Sandhurst lads; and of course the news came direct to the regiment. She said the second day of my cousin's arrival at Sandhurst, two young Honourables dressed themselves like barbers, and, marching into his room, said there was a general order that every person's hair should be cut according to the regulation: down sat Augustus Adolphus Theophilus Gustavus, and the *soi-disant* barbers clipped away at his curls until they left his head perfectly bare:—they then made a military salute, and 'wheeled' out of the room. Capital joke! These young men certainly have an earlier taste for wit than the rest of mankind.

May 6th. Charlotte made me quite angry last night; she departed from her usual sweet character, and talked such nonsense that I was perfectly ashamed Frederic should hear my chosen friend

give utterance to such sentiments. She said the French married ladies were quite right to dance, because, if their husbands had any regard for them, a little jealousy kept it awake; and if they had none, why the women must look for attention from others of more taste.

I replied no married woman of good feeling would dance with any one but her husband; and, as despotic cruel custom forbids this, she would surely be happier leaning on his arm, than dancing with monarchs.

“You don’t say so!” said she laughing: “I dare say it would be very wicked to curl one’s hair, after giving one’s self away! When I am married, my husband shall never see me negligently dressed, for I will take as much pains, and use as many arts to retain his affection as I took to win it at first: I will employ the first milliner in town, and if any of ‘time’s snow’ should fall on my locks, I’ll wear such nice gay wigs, that he shall never suspect *my head* at all resembles that of Mont Blanc!”

Frederic coloured, and said he hoped no wife of his would ever resort to such despicable means of cheating him into liking her; and he never would rely on the veracity of a woman who wore paint, false hair, or any of the other machinery of the toilette, because she sought falsely to persuade the world she possessed naturally these advantages.

I warmly seconded Frederic; as, indeed, I always do, for I know, before he speaks, that his remarks will be perfectly correct, and that my ideas will coincide with his. I said also that I hoped she would marry a man who would *make* her act otherwise.

“*Make* me act?” repeated Charlotte. “I beg your pardon; but did you say a man who would *make* me act?” then, taking up the guitar, she sung that silly ballad, ‘The Lords of Creation,’ laying much emphasis on the conclusion

‘ Pray did not Adam, the very first man,
The very first woman *obey*?’

At length I became angry, and left the room, Frederic following my example. Sat up half the night writing a long letter, to explain to him that I did not participate in any of the sentiments of my late friend, and offering to relinquish her society for ever, if he wished it. Just received a delightful answer (too flattering, I fear!) in which the dear writer says, as I am perfection in mind as well as appearance, that he feels no distrust of my friendship with any person, but only regrets that my innocent unsuspecting heart has been so long deceived: but in our future acquaintance, it of course will be his study to form his inclinations according to mine. I also mentioned in my letter that I in-

tended to send away Fanchette, to whom I give enormous wages, and I would hire some nice country girl whom I could instruct: but Frederic says he will not hear of such a thing, as he has no idea of men being so selfish as to induce an affectionate girl to leave her elegant home, and at the same time deprive her of the style of living to which she has been accustomed. How considerate this is!

May 8th. Just going to lock up my journal which I shall not have time to open for a century to come! All my time will be so delightfully engaged in walking with Frederic, singing to him, and, above all, talking to him! How happy I shall be, when no more intrusive persons will feel themselves justified in interrupting our private conversations! I declare, I don't think we were ever allowed to converse together for half an hour, without some impertinent interruption. I wish most heartily we were safely arrived in the country for it is dreadful to think of our marriage procession 'falling in, two deep' up the church, as Fred calls it.



FALL IN TWO DEEP.

'All's Well.'



FOREIGN FRUITS.

A YOUNG invalid
With whom damp disagreed
Once consulted a London physician,
Who advised her to try
The French air, which is dry,
To remove her great indisposition.

To Evreux she went,
With the place was content,
But she suffered one *vast* deprivation,
For on searching around,
She no *Gooseberries* found!—
With the French they're in low estimation.

Her friends in despair
Wandered every where,
But in vain in the gardens they sought some;
When a lady one day
Sent her servant to say
In the market that morning she'd bought some

The lady in haste,
The fruit longing to taste
Which she fancied would soon make her well,
Called up the French *Valet*
And said to him " Allez
Bien vite pour dix sous des *Groselles*."

'Tis well known, I dare say,
The French call them *Gro-zai*,
As they always omit double L;
So the man took for granted
He knew what she wanted,
And brought for ten sous, *du Gros Sel!*

When the *valet* returned,
The invalid learned
That her accent for once was in fault;
And, instead of her wish,
He brought a great dish
Which ten-sous-worth contained of *coarse Salt!*

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ALBUM.

“Tis pleasant sure to see oneself in print
A book's a book although there's nothing in't.”

THE above impertinent quotation will no doubt be used by half a hundred persons of my acquaintance, when they learn that I, a poor Album, (with no ideas of my own, and depending for existence on the genius of others) intend writing my own memoirs. But this threadbare quotation is totally inapplicable to *me*; for although I am a Book, yet it is unjust to say “there's nothing in't,” when so many of my pages are filled with charming poetry and unrivalled paintings: and then again, as to seeing myself “in print,” I have a complete horror of it, because it reminds me of all the pencil-lines, erasures cleanings, corrections, and Indian-rubber champooing, which I have sometimes undergone whenever a printing-contributor to my pages has wished to outshine his writing predecessor. So having proved

the inaptness of the quotation which is always used on these occasions, I will commence with a description of my personal appearance.

I am not one of the ordinary class of commonplace books of two-guinea value, to be found ready made and ready-faded at every repository of arts in the kingdom: no, I am an Exclusive, made in London for a lady who spared no expense to be considered one of the *elite* of a country-town. How much I was admired on my arrival!—and indeed I do not wonder at it, when I think of my splendid Burgundy-coloured binding richly gilt, and my pages of the purest white occasionally relieved by a tint of *couleur-de-rose*, which were preserved from the intrusive gaze of the unprivileged by a lock in the form of little-delicate hands. I soon had a crimson silk dress placed carefully over my beauties which I greatly lamented at the time, as I thought many persons might insert their contributions, and send me home, without being aware of what a magnificent thing I was: but this apprehension was totally groundless, for I never was in charge of any contributor, male or female, who did not, previously to writing, take off my silk dress “to have a peep at the binding!” To do them justice, however, they always replaced it so carefully, that my mistress never conjectured I had been displaying my holiday costume.

This dear good mistress of mine, with whom I have passed so many pleasant hours, had once been the beauty of her native town; and, as such she was entitled to refuse the matrimonial offers of the lawyer, the surgeon, and the schoolmaster, with the contempt which their presumption merited: but, alas! they were the only unmarried men in the neighbourhood; all the parks, and country-seats, and villas around, abounding with young ladies, whose brothers were all absent, or married, or dead, no matter which, as either of these fates took them away from female speculators.

As all these ladies, then, had nothing to do, they formed very kind female friendships with each other; and with the impartiality of affection, treated their friends' faults and failings with an unsparing hand: indeed their great regard appeared to make them detect errors more clearly, and there existed among them such a wish for equality, that if one possessed a novelty of any sort, the others instantly procured something similar.

My mistress having called one day on her particular friends, the Misses Haut-ton, to inquire what was the best material to stiffen sleeves, found them both busily engaged in writing introductory pages for their new Albums.

“*Mes chères amies, que faites vous?*” said my mistress.

“We are composing poetry for our Albums, which kind of book *we* intend to bring into fashion here.”

“Well, I am glad of it, for *I* ordered one from Town some time ago, so, although mine will be vastly inferior to yours, still we shall all be *à la mode*. Talking of modes, what is the best thing to stiffen sleeves?”

“Why, I think a *wooden hoop with steel springs!*”

Having learned this important discovery, she hastily took leave, and went home, to write to town for “the handsomest Album which could be made,” as, in consequence of her love for the dear Miss Haut-tons, she could not let them outshine her in such an important matter.

As it seemed to be understood that every album-keeper should write an original poem in the opening page, (whether they were poetical or otherwise) Miss Beaumont (my mistress) was obliged to essay her talent for the first time in that way, although not very much gifted with the powers of verse-making. Her friend Miss Haut-ton had commenced hers in the style of the little poem called “My Mother,” thus:—

“My book! I hope some day to see,
Thine every page will fill-ed be,
By friends who feel most affectionate-ly
Towards me.”

Of course Miss Beaumont would not condescend to copy any other writer, although this was "such a sweet thing." The other sister had written,

"This book's white page is emblem pure
Of Innocence, which ever does endure,
Which never should receive a blot,
Neither will my book — at least I hope not."

Here, then, were the two subjects of "Friendship," and "Purity," most ably treated: there only remained something sentimental and pathetic for her muse; and after several unsuccessful efforts, and manifold corrections, I was displayed to the world with the following very original poem on my first page:—

"My heart is sad — my spirits fail,
Like the bark before the gale.
Very melancholy all day I weep,
And to ease my woes, this Album I keep!

"Each friend who knows what grief is mine,
To contribute something will not decline:
Because, in affliction or heavy grief,
Their works to me will be a relief!

M. B."

Being now licensed to ask every one for contributions, Miss Beaumont took me to the residence of the *bel esprit* of the place, a lady who wrote charades and acrostics for the magazines and newspapers, and who was invaluable in the album line,

as she was a painter besides being a poetess. After the usual conversation, I was produced, with a request that she would draw and compose something for my pages : my mistress adding that she intended to be very select in the choice of contributors, and she did not think she would ask any one in the place but her dear friend.

I was very sorry to hear this (for I dreaded not being seen, as a short person does at a ball), but I afterwards discovered it was a *façon de parler*, to increase the value of the *compliment* paid, in forcing persons to devote a week of their time to execute drawings which are soon spoiled, and to write poetry which is never read, even by the owner of the book.

The "dear friend" expressed herself as being much gratified for this flattering preference; but said as she could neither write or draw, it would be a pity to leave the book with a person totally incapable of contributing the slightest effort of genius.

"My sweet friend, how can you talk thus! We all know that your elegant pen has given *éclat* to many of the periodical publications: but if you have commenced some work of greater importance, I would not for the world"—

"Oh! my dear" interrupted the other, who feared nothing more than losing an opportunity of "*leading off*" in a new book, "If you will



SUPERFINE DOUBLE MILLED.

insist on my poor efforts, they are quite at your service."

With many thanks my mistress took leave, and the instant she was out of sight, the *bel esprit* ripped off my silk cover, and I shone in the refulgence of gold stripes, like a West-Indian beetle. The next experiment was to cut out one of my leaves, in order to ascertain what sort of colours, ink, &c. the paper would bear: and as this was the first wound I had received, it grieved me exceedingly; but I afterwards became more reconciled to such treatment, and learned to consider myself very fortunate if the upsetting of the inkstand, or a bottle of velvet-colour, did not deprive me of three or four sheets.

But to return to my *bel esprit*: having ascertained that my paper was sufficiently good to bear any description of colours, she commenced sketching a female figure in "elegant sorrow," for the departure of a friend. She was perfectly satisfied with the outline of the figure, but in the face she had not been so successful, as the mouth determinedly refused to be placed straight under the nose (an instance of obstinacy in this feature which I am sure some of my readers have met in their *early* original sketches); frequent applications of Indian rubber and bread had disturbed the serenity of the countenance altogether, and our

artist was finally obliged to apply a *mouchoir brodé* to the eyes of the martyr to friendship, thus concealing her sorrows, and crooked mouth.

The drapery being elaborately stippled and highly coloured, was calculated to please the uninitiated, while the face, being covered, escaped the criticism of the miniature painter: this was altogether an admirable expedient. To write an *original* poem connected with the design, presented no difficulty, and on the following page was written a "Farewell," beginning

"Fare thee well! and if for ever
Thou art going, fare thee well—
E'en if here returning never,
Sighs for thee my heart shall swell!

"Would that heart were bared before thee,
Where thine image long hath lain,
When that friendship sweet came o'er me
Which I ne'er can know again!"

&c. &c.

This poem, *so unlike* anything ever written on the same theme, being inserted, my silk dress was restitched and I was sent home, to be kept, as I supposed, for ages, on the drawing-room table, since my mistress had declared her intention of being so very select. But I was agreeably surprised by a change of residence, for I accompanied her the next day to a house where we were ushered in among three ladies very busily engaged with needlework.

“ Pray do not let me disturb you, my dear friends,” said my mistress, “ I know this is ‘ *the Castle of Industry*,’ and I positively will go away if you do not continue your useful employment.”

The two young ladies bowed, and their mama replied, “ You are always kind and considerate, my dear young friend ; I trust indeed, that my daughters make the best use of every moment of their precious time ; and, since you are so good-natured, perhaps you will not be offended if they continue their work.” She added, in a whisper, “ it is clothing for the poor ; but the girls will never allow any person to know what they are doing !”

“ Sweet creatures !” replied Miss Beaumont, in the same tone, and while the Miss Frugals pursued their ladylike work, one sewing coarse linen with waxed thread, and the other knitting black worsted stockings without any form, the subject of the album was introduced.

“ This book of mine is just come from London, and while I was thinking of sending it here, our *bel esprit* came in and volunteered to insert something in it ! Of course she was very kind, but it is a *leetle* hard not to be allowed the option of sending it where I liked first. Don’t you think so, my dear Mrs. Frugal ?—but your sweet girls are too amiable to feel offended at this ; and I hope they will

spare me half an hour each, which, with their talent, will be long enough to produce a *veritable bijou* for me."

The *bel esprit*, although a "dear friend" of the Misses Frugal, was considered by them as a great rival, and *loved* accordingly: being extremely liberal, her donations excited more expressions of gratitude from the poor, than all the waxed thread sewing of these models of industry. Mrs. Frugal, therefore, in the amiable hope of outshining the late contributor, forgot that "her daughters only painted for charity," and she readily promised they should devote a portion of their valuable time to the service of Miss Beaumont, who having thus obtained her wish, took leave, and "left me alone in my glory" with them.

What an odd scene took place after her departure! The young ladies instantly relinquished their sewing and knitting, to which they had been hitherto so attentive; and the eldest, taking me in her hand, exclaimed, "Come out of this horrid dull room, Mama, I am so tired of 'playing industry' before that gossip; and my fingers ache dreadfully from the harshness of that linen."

"Wait for me, Prudence," said the other sister, "I have to make up a parcel of little pieces for the woman who makes pincushions; and I do not know whether to cut each piece into two or three in order

to make them appear more numerous, or to leave them as they are."

"Oh the latter, by all means, as they will make such a grand appearance."

"No, no, Charity," said Mrs. Frugal, "you must not send large pieces, because I was obliged to say that you make all your own dresses, when I heard the rector's son praising his sisters for doing so: now, if such large pieces be sent, perhaps the girls may see them at their *protégée's*, and they will tell their brother, that you cut out your clothes very extravagantly."

"Dear Ma, I am sorry you said that, because if I should ever be married to this young man, as you expect, he will fancy I ought still to make my dresses, and you are well aware that I do not know the shape of a bonnet from the form of a sleeve. *Mais c'est egal*: let us see the *bel esprit's* contributions."

"Oh, shocking! execrable! A figure with no head. Ha, ha, a representation of herself, I suppose."

"No, no — that would make her out to be 'the good woman,' you know. The lines, too, are Lord Byron's Farewell, with scarcely an alteration! Well, how foolish to copy such a well-known poem. But it is good enough for that silly old Beaumont, who does not know or care what is in the book, which she only keeps for fashion's sake."

"Come, my dear, ring the bell for Patience."

This being done, the summons was answered by a pale sickly unhappy-looking girl, about thirteen years old, in a close cap, no hair visible, and a patched grey stuff dress. Miss Charity then gravely said, "Patience do this work which is allotted to you, and do not leave it, or think of having your dinner, until it is finished; you fasted all yesterday on account of idleness, and let it not be the case to-day."

Tears stood in the eyes of the wretched orphan whom these charitable ladies had nearly reduced to the last extremity by overtaking her, and starving the poor creature as a punishment: but she had no person to whom she could complain, so she silently took Miss Charity's place at the work-table, to remain unless some visitor knocked, when they would again change places.

When the ladies retired to their sanctum, where I was thrown on a table, covered with novels, play-books, and other "*livres defendus*," Miss Charity exclaimed, looking at the time-piece, "Dear me, I shall not now have time to finish that amusing satire in the newspaper, about Lady L——, because the hour is come for me to attend that stupid charity-school. I cannot help thinking what a fool I was when Charles said his sister devoted three mornings during the week to it, to say I would attend during the other three: to be sure I don't stay half an hour, and I always wait when I am either

going or returning, until some person is passing who may see me : but really Mama, after all, it is a great fatigue to keep up a name for these sort of things."

"I know from experience, my dear, that it is, at first very irksome : but I can assure you I owe my elevation in the world entirely to a little pretence of this nature, for I was only the daughter of a half-pay officer, and the plainest of his numerous family of girls ; yet my assiduity in attending to the instruction of the little village horrors, attracted the notice of the Rev. Sir Joseph Frugal, a sincerely pious young clergyman, who taught at the same desk as I did."

" Well, Mama, but there are no young Baronets to look at, in our elegant seminary, or it would not be so dull !"

" To look at ! my dear ; why do you suppose I attracted your father's attention by looking at him ?"

" Indeed Mama," said Miss Prudence, laughing, " it is a system which I have seen pursued by many persons with great success !"

" Yes, my dear, with men of the world (who have been flattered into an opinion that their beauty is irresistible, and who think every deviation from propriety is a homage paid to their charms), the gaze bestowed by the forward of our sex on every man they meet, is considered a compliment only offered to *them* : but to the retired, studious, artless clergy-

man, believe me there is something infinitely more attractive in a display of modest reserve, hastily averted eyes, and appearance of *mauvaise honte* when addressed by the other sex. I used to pull my bonnet over my face, and lower my veil (by which I lost nothing,) the moment your father entered the room; and he was so much pleased by my retiring habits, that he asked to be introduced to me, — we became intimate, and were married. But go, my dear, it is time for you to attend your duties.”

As the ladies went out to a serious party in the evening, I saw nothing more of them until the next day, when Miss Prudence painted a butterfly on one of my pages, and inserted underneath it some lines on an *entirely new subject*, viz., comparing a butterfly to beauty, which is pursued with eagerness and when caught is found to be worthless!

While engaged at work, her sister entered and said, “I now think it was not so silly of me to teach at the charity-school as I at first imagined.”

“Why, *mu chere*, did any person see you there?”

“Yes; Mr. Charles brought some copy-books for the children, and asked me how long I had been there? I answered in French ‘*toute la matinée*,’ lest the children might detect my little fib. So then he earnestly requested I would not fatigue myself by my meritorious exertions, any longer, but

would allow him to have the pleasure of conducting me home. To this, after a great deal of fuss, I consented ; and of what do you suppose Mr. Charles talked ?”

“ Oh, I do not know, dear : perhaps the advantages of wearing lamb’s-wool stockings ; or the propriety of a high dress and long sleeves at a ball.”

“ No, Miss Pert ; he made me an offer.”

“ Of a book of tracts, I suppose, then, Charity, or an account of the Hindoo fanatics and suttees.”

“ No, thou art wrong again ; we are to be married next month, before he goes to his new living, where he intends to establish charity-schools, asylums, manufactories, and all sorts of things for the good of his parishioners, who, however, would rather remain as they are, I dare say : *mais ce n’est pas mon affaire !*”

“ I congratulate you sincerely, my dear sister on your great success, in obtaining the heart of that worthy young man ; and now, pray, begin something in this album for our dear friend.”

“ Oh, I forgot to tell you that I purchased a most beautiful miniature-head this morning from a poor boy who had them to sell : this I shall put into the album as my work, with my signature, for I would not waste any time on the silly creature. Give me the book, dear.”

The beautiful miniature was then pasted on one of

my pages, one of Moore's exquisite Sacred Songs on the next, and I was sent home, quite disgusted with this family of 'humbugs,' and hoping I might never be admitted behind the scenes in such another establishment.

My next excursion was to a house, where, as my mistress said to one of her dear friends, "the Muses went slipshod, and the Graces with their hair in papers:" in fact with fear and trembling, I was entrusted to the care (or rather to the negligence) of the talented and untidy Miss Susan Slattern.

When we entered, this handsome sloven was listlessly contemplating the effect of a bottle of ink which she had spilled upon the table; she rose and warmly pressing Miss Beaumont's little soft hand, within her inky grasp, she said, "I have just been thinking of you, and was tying up a picture and a piece of harp-music which I had composed expressly for you, when in some stupid manner, I upset the ink-stand, being the third time it has happened within this month. Do you know, I never in my life remembered to put the stopper in the bottle when I had finished writing."

"My dear Susan," said my mistress, (who was really fond of this girl,) "I am sorry to find you are as untidy as ever: but I hope the piece of music is safe."

"I hope so, too," replied the other, "as there is a painting on the title-page, and I wrote it out with

great care : but I really believe I put it down in the ink when I saw the accident"—then rising she discovered the manuscript, saturated with ink and perfectly undecipherable! "Well! *ne grondez pas*, and I will compose another piece for you."

"No, I will not have another piece! where is the original manuscript?"

"I really do not know : but I sealed a letter just now, and burned my fingers too, and I think I used the manuscript to light my taper."

"Well, Susan, I will not trust myself to remonstrate with you on your only failing : but as a proof of your desire to please me, you must draw something *very cleanly* and without accident in my Album and send it home the instant it is done, for I would not trust my book here half an hour longer than I could help. Adieu."

Miss Slattern, being exceedingly fond of my mistress, whose little fashionable follies she viewed with great indulgence, on account of the mutual regard which existed between them, commenced next day, with great pleasure, a picture for her friend. As soon as it was finished, I was carefully enveloped in tissue-paper, ready to be sent home, when a lady calling at the house, requested permission to see me. Miss Susan instantly opened the parcel, and bringing me across the room, she fell over the Guitar-case which was in the middle of the floor, and I

came in contact with a bottle of oil that she had been applying to the harp-strings, and had left open on the harp-stand. The oil was spilled all over the picture, and my gold edges were tarnished past recovery, while my spotless crimson silk dress was figured with grease in "a new and elegant pattern." The visiter who considered she had been in some measure instrumental to this misfortune, was quite distressed: but not so Miss Susan, who with her imperturbable good humour, said, "Since I am so fortunate as to have avoided including you in my *gaucherie*, I am not at all distressed, being too well accustomed to the effects of my unconquerable laziness, and I shall not be long in drawing another picture for my friend" —and then she deposited me in my oleaginous condition, on a velvet flower-painting of exquisite finish, which she had completed the week previous; but as usual had omitted to put it away!

I passed a most uncomfortable night: for although the oil was wiped away, still the smell of it annoyed me exceedingly, and I felt that I must be deprived of four or five pages before she could meet one fit for drawing. The second picture done in this unlucky house was a landscape, taken from her study-window, and Miss Slattern worked alternately at this, and a copy of the injured velvet painting. I never liked pictures done on velvet; for, as I ad-

mire re a genius, however rough, I think the velvet imparts an artificial softness, rather bordering upon charlatanism : my regard for it was not increased by my visit here ; for, as I was placed upon the desk, the fair artist upset one of the bottles of velvet colour in which she had as usual forgotten to place the stopper. It was one of the most expensive colours—this was *her* concern only :—it was indelible—this, alas ! was *mine* ! Well, to close my adventures in this house, which I always think of with horror, I had a clever picture and poem inserted on two dirty pages, and I was sent home looking three or four years older than I had done the previous week.

The next contributor was a volunteer ; this was the lawyer, who still retained a friendly feeling towards my mistress, and his offer to draw and write something in her Album being accepted, he took me home, and in a few days I was returned with the following answer to a law-question.

“ WHAT RELATIONS ARE OPERA-DANCERS TO THEIR
CHILDREN ? ”

“ Each Ballet-dancer’s termed a vagabond,
By lawyers wise of definition fond :
And if by mutual affection led
Two dancers of the opera should wed,

The names of 'Father,' 'Mother,' are refused
To them — and by their children can't be used :
Instead of being 'Parents' called like others
The *men* are *Step-fathers*, their *wives* *Step-mothers* !”

The next persons to whom I was intrusted were Mr. and Mrs. Danvers, celebrated for their amiability and mutual affection, and in fact quite the “pattern people” of the neighbourhood. When Miss Beaumont entered, carrying me with her, we found Mrs. Danvers, a yellow, thin-faced, smiling woman, seated on a sofa at work, while her husband, rather a fine young man, was reading to her, having one arm encircling her waist, which he did not withdraw on our entrance.

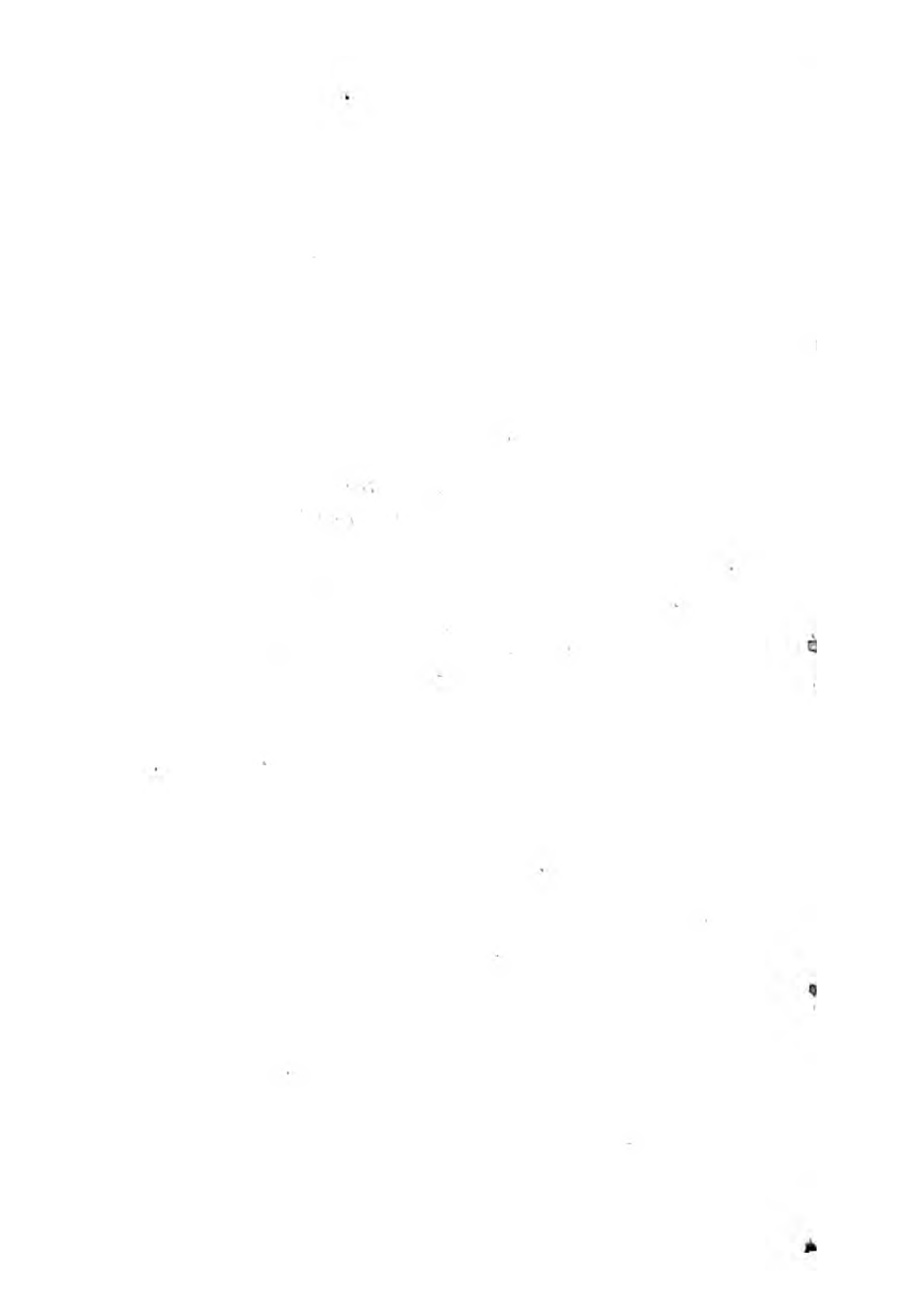
“I scarcely hoped to have the pleasure of meeting you at home, Mr. Danvers,” said his visitor, “as all the gentlemen but yourself are gone to the Races.”

“Oh I dare say they are,” replied he, “but I should be perfectly miserable without my Sarah, and this excellent creature considers all such amusement as irrational, and perhaps tending towards idleness and immorality.”

“Nay, my love,” said Sarah, “do not ascribe all the merit of your good actions to me alone, for I am indebted to your clear judgment for all the ideas of right and wrong which I possess.



THE HOP-ERA.



Your diffidence prevents your friends from doing you justice!"

"Pray do not say so, dearest, your bright example has made me what I am: I thought you almost perfection when first we were married; but each day since has shewn me some unexpected and excellent quality, which exalts you above all other created beings!"

"Hush, flatterer! do you recollect that Miss Beaumont is present, listening to this lover-like rhapsody?"

"I am well aware she is present, my beloved, and I am convinced that she and all the world must be pleased to witness that rare occurrence, conjugal affection."

Sarah answered by extending to him her hand (rather a yellow and meagre one, *par parenthese*,) which he rapturously pressed to his heart, at the same time gently saluting the thin cheek which was next to him.

Here followed another soft reproof, and some more protestations which I need not repeat; and my mistress (I thought out of downright envy) brought them, by clever manœuvring to forget their loves for a short time, and to talk of albums, requesting from each of them a contribution.

"As to me," said Mrs. Danvers modestly, "I am

unable to execute anything worthy of your acceptance ; but Abraham is so very clever, and such a sweet painter !”

“ Now fie ! Sarah, you know I am positively ashamed of my little sketches, when placed beside your exquisite productions ; and, then, recollect what delightful poetry you write !”

“ Do not believe this dear being, Miss Beaumont ; he is no judge, where I am concerned, as he is blinded by his partiality : and when he speaks of himself, he never will allow the least merit in any of his productions.”

“ I believe you, with regard to Mr. Danvers’ works,” said my mistress smiling, “ but I really cannot credit your bad account of your own ; and therefore, you see, my dear friends, the only way in which I can judge fairly of your performances, is by having something inserted by each in my book.”

“ Well, dearest Sarah, what do you say ?”

“ It shall be exactly as my Abraham pleases.”

“ Nay but, my treasure, I can have no voice in the matter until I hear your decision.”

“ Let me decide for you in the affirmative,” said Miss Beaumont, laughing, and placing me on the table : “ mine, you know, is the casting vote.”

The married lovers looked towards each other

for mutual approval, and then consented: while my mistress, saying they were an enviable pair, took leave with a profusion of thanks and compliments.

“ Hang that old fool and her fashionable nonsense!” cried Mr. Danvers, I wish she had remained away with her folly. How could you consent to keep the book?”

“ Why *you* did not refuse, Mr. Danvers, and how could *I*, without appearing unamiable? Whenever there is any thing disagreeable to be said or done, you always wish to leave it for me, while you are to seem quite an angel!”

“ There’s another of your suspicious notions, contracted at the house of your miserly old father.”

“ Come Sir, do not dare to say a word against my father, or perhaps I may prove myself as ‘miserly’ as he was; and, taking from you my large property, leave you the beggar which I found you!”

“ If you did so, Ma’am, it would be a complete fraud, for the whole of your fortune is scarcely sufficient to repay any young man for the hateful necessity of paying attention in public to such a creature as —”

The conclusion of this speech was prevented by Mr. Danvers receiving one of my sharp corners against his temple; for Mrs. Danvers, not hav-

ing a verbal answer ready, had taken me up, as the first thing she could find to throw at him as a reply, and after inflicting a wound on him, I fell to the ground, and broke off my beautiful little lock.

This accident seemed to calm both parties, and Mr. Danvers, having replaced me on the table, instantly commenced an allegorical design of two doves, and two hearts, and two cupids, and two altars, and two torches, and Hymen and Time, and all the other paraphernalia of valentine notoriety : while his gentle wife took from her desk a poem about "wedded love being increased by time;" and when my pages were sullied by these hateful hypocritical productions, I was taken home by the gentleman. He apologized for the awkwardness of a favourite old servant, who had accidentally thrown down the album ; but for which he had not been reprimanded in the least degree by his angelic mistress. "Indeed," added Mr. Danvers, "my Sarah has but little merit in this forbearance, for she is utterly incapable of speaking harshly to any persons, however culpable."

Miss Beaumont smilingly assured him "that the accident was quite immaterial," (although she wished him and his old servant at the bottom of the sea): and he withdrew, apologizing for the shortness of his visit, but he had made a rule never

to be absent for more than half an hour from his gentle and beloved Sarah."

I have now to speak of the most melancholy of my adventures, which has blighted all my prospects, and condemned me to a life of painful idleness. Shortly after Mr. Danvers was gone, Mr. Caustic was announced: this was an old gentleman who disliked any kind of deceit, which he always endeavoured to unmask, and who was, therefore, detested and dreaded every where.

"Good morning, child—good morning—came to tell you the news."

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope, my dear Sir?"

"Disagreeable! no; quite the reverse. That nice young man the rector's son, who is truly pious and sincere, has been fortunate enough to detect Miss Charity Frugal, in one of her tricks, and he has left the place without marrying her."

"Good gracious! and how did it happen?"

"Why! you are aware that he and his sisters are excellent painters, and it seems they bestow the productions of their leisure hours on distressed persons, to sell them; now Miss Charity, bought a miniature of a 'Greek girl' from one of these persons, and put it into some ridiculous Album as a painting of her own, with her signature affixed. The fond lover saw the album and picture (which happened to be *his own work*), and asked Miss

Charity, had she drawn it? She of course persisted in the deception, and the young man, pointing out his initials in a fold of purple drapery, bade her adieu for ever."

"Greek girl! purple drapery!" exclaimed my mistress, "then I declare *mine* was the album which brought about the eclairsissement!"

"Yours! why you silly creature, do you keep one of these books, too?"

"Certainly, Mr. Caustic, every body keeps albums in the present day, and I would as soon be dead, as out of the fashion. Will you not favor me with a contribution! some epigram or satirical poem—now pray do?"

"Yes yes"—said the old man, ironically, "give me the book, and I will put something into it. Good bye t'ye, I want to go and tell the news, and I can shew the picture as evidence."

In a few days I made my appearance at home, with the following contribution. "To Miss Beaumont. Since I find in your book a daub done by a soi-disant genius, two moral pieces from detestable hypocrites, a law quibble that no one cares about, from old Quill who laughs at you, and a poem on connubial love, from the most unhappy pair breathing; it is time you had something sincere, and I have sent you my opinion of album-keepers, to whom I have recommended the punish-

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'COMMON-PLACE BEGGARS.'

ment assigned to them by the author of 'Rejected Addresses.' I intend also to send a copy of my poem to the society mentioned therein."

COMMON-PLACE BEGGARS.

Addressed by Mr. Rhyme-grinder, to the Society for the suppression of Mendicity in London.

"BEFORE I went to town, I heard folks mention,
A good Society, whose whole attention,
Directed was, to the complete prevention,
Of all Mendicity :
So many tried t'impose by false pretension,
On our simplicity !

But when I took up my abode in town,
I found mendicity not yet put down.
I don't mean beggars in a tatter'd gown
With face distress'd :
A small donation will *their* wishes crown,
And they're at rest.

Oh! no — the persons who my sorrows cause,
Are beauties, dress'd in satins, silks, and gauze !
Those lovely plagues, who haunt without a cause
Each hapless poet ;
Nor cease to persecute a man who draws,
When once they know it!

They will approach you with expression sweet,
And placing on your desk an album neat;
They'll flatter, praise, torment you — and intreat
 You'll labour for them :
(The sight of albums puts me in a heat,
 I so abhor them !)

These girls will say “ *How I admire your style !
Byron and Moore, compared with you, are vile !
I'm sure I see, by your good-natured smile,
 You'll not refuse :
You write a poem in so short a while,
 Whene'er you choose !*”

The man who lives by spinning out his brains,
And for subsistence each idea strains,
Must he waste all his labour, time, and pains,
 For woman's folly ?
And, for her fancies, lose his hard-earned gains ?
 How melancholy !

The great Society I've just now named,
For mendicant suppression justly famed,
A rule for LADY-BEGGARS should have framed,
 When they're importunate ;
They're much more troublesome, and less ashamed
 Than the unfortunate !

If I might dare a measure to propose,
I'd send to Bridewell beggars such as those,
To stay 'till they could poetry compose,
Enough to fill
Each other's ALBUMS — since from these arose,
The source of ill !

I'd place each dame in solitary room,
And there let bread and water be her doom :
When she has *filled a book*, she may resume
What plan she pleases :
But she, from that time forth (we may presume),
No poet teazes !"

In consequence of this spiteful, satirical, and unjust attack on all the fair herd of album keepers and contributors, no one will venture to add another page to my collection, and my mistress dare not remove them, for the old man sent all the neighbourhood to read them, therefore it would now be useless : so I am condemned to remain all the rest of my days, that pitiable and miserable object, a neglected, dusty, unfinished album !

THE COMIC ALBUM ROUND.

By Louisa H. Sheridan.

1 Pray now write something in my Book, That
2 No! no! to mine pray turn and look! I
3 Write in Albums! No, no, no, no, no, no!

MODERATO.

in it with plea - sure I may look.
know if you write 'twill be in my Book!
I ne'er do so! No! I ne - ver do so!

In Prose you shine. Your style's so fine, In
 Do not de - cline, Write first in mine, My
 No! not a line! Not a sin - gle

Verse you're di - vine But E - pi - gram's your line!
 pa - per's so fine, Your hand will look di - vine.
 line, not one line, Shall be there of mine!

AN ODD COUNTY.

To Hampshire a young Doctor went,
To realise a store of wealth ;
But Hampshire no assistance lent—
Its climate is so good for health !

He left the place in half a year —
’Twas useless there his time to waste :
His father asked in tone severe,
What brought him home in such great haste ?

The son replied, with lengthened face,
“ Dear Sir, I’ve been obliged to fly
From such a *healthy horrid place*
Where I could neither *live* — nor *die* !”

CEASE RUDE BOREAS.

A LADY being asked to sing,
At first declined :
But 'tis a customary thing
To change one's mind.

So fresh intreaties, winning wiles
Again being tried ;
The lady, with her sweetest smiles,
At once complied.

After a ' Hem ! ' and little cough
In proper form,
At length she in full cry set off,
And sung — ' *The Storm.* ' —

But, 'twas a most unhappy choice
For her to make ;
She had a shrill and piercing voice,
'Tween *scream* and *shake* !

One whispers — “ Where is all the *thunder*
That she should bawl ?
Does she call *this* ‘ *The Storm,*’ I wonder ?
'Tis but a *Squall* !”



UPSET BY A SQUALL.

A NEGLIGENT ACCOUNTANT.

A MAN describing to his friend,
Another who was very sage,
“ He knows the world, you may depend,”
Says he “for he is just my age.”

“ Well !” said the other, “ let me know
What age that is, for on my word,
Each day you seem more fresh to grow
Your *real* age I never heard.” —

“ Each man endeavours to deceive
His friends, when young his face appears ;
’Tis not *my* plan Sir, I believe
I’ve lived these Fifty — Sixty years.”

“ *Fifty or Sixty ?*” th’ other cries,
“ You name the *two*, òf course, jocosely ;
For tho’ each year so swiftly flies,
I’m sure you count your time more closely.”—

“ I closely count my books, my clothes,
My pigs, my poultry, and my fruit ;
I’m watchful o’er such things as those
Because so many tastes they suit :

“ That thieves a longing look will cast
Upon my *age*, I have no fears :—
For in my life, from first to last,
None ever tried to steal my years.”

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HORNPIPE STEP, "HEEL-AND-TOE."

THE SAILORS' DANCE.

THAT'S the way, Jack ! there you go —
That's the way to "*heel-and-toe* ;"
Where's the lad can better shew
The sailors' dance.

Cut fine capers, to and fro —
Jump aloft, now high, now low —
Taking *crazy hulks in toe* !
Thus sailors dance.

It is his *flannell'd-foot*, no doubt,
Which that old lubber cries about!
Jack Frog would say "you dance with *gout*
The sailors' dance!"

That's the way, Jack, there you go!
That old boy will always know
The funny step called "heel-and-toe,"
Which sailors dance!



NOT AT HOME.

A DUBLIN dame
To London came,
And there lived very gaily :
Grand people knew—
Had beaux a few—
And crowds of visits daily.

At dinner too,
As others do,
She kept a splendid table ;
Until at last,
She spent so fast,
To *pay* she was not able !

To Cork she went
To *raise* her rent,
On every tenant calling ;
Who thought it strange
This way to change,
When *other* rents were *falling*.

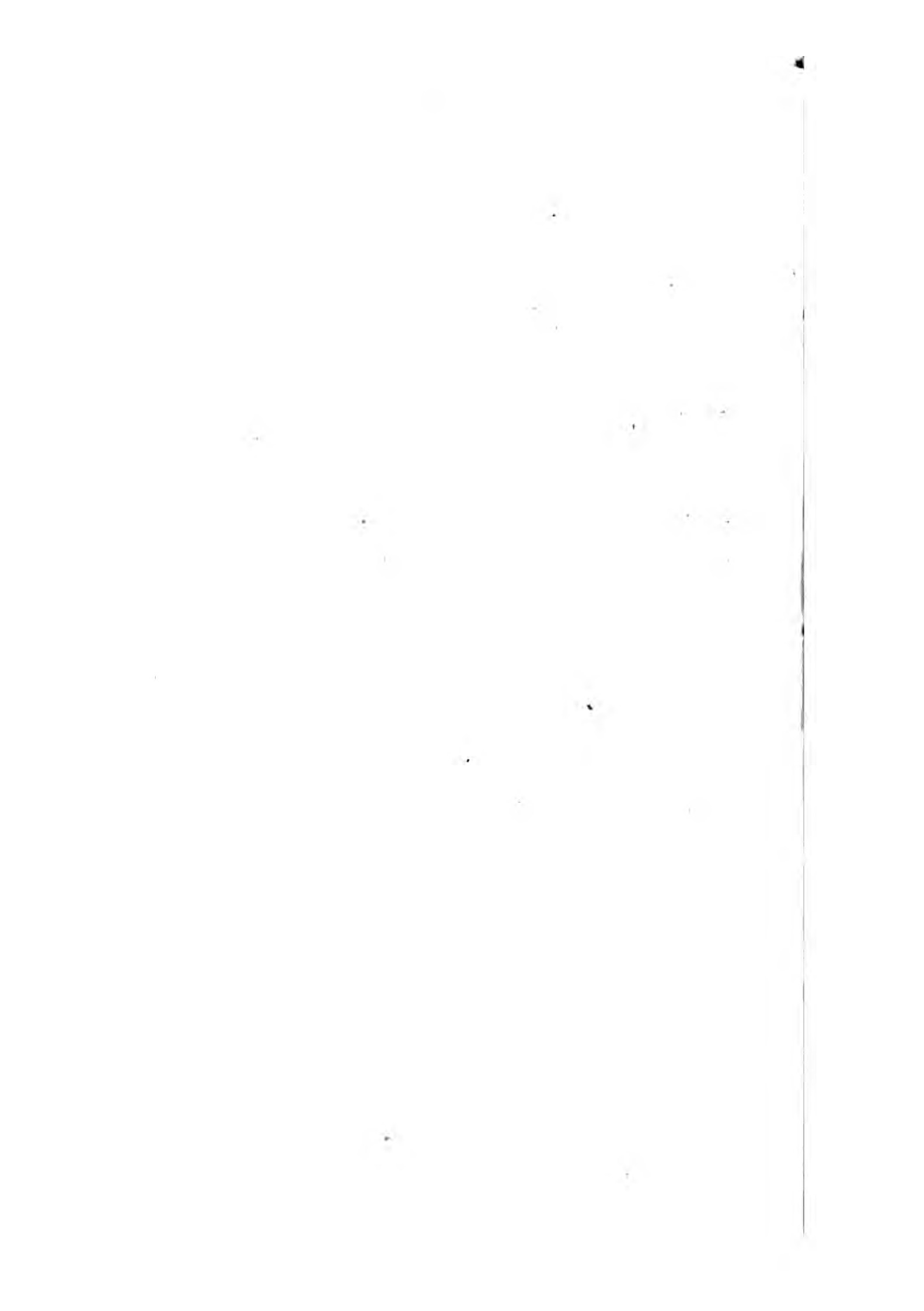
But quarter day
Being far away,
She left each wretched peasant —
To make up rent ;
While off she went,
To balls and parties pleasant.

To Town returned,
Alas ! she learned,
Her tradesmen all refuse
To send her aught,
Because they thought,
The price, perhaps, they'd lose !

“ Judy ! ” she said
To her old maid,
“ Until from debt I'm clear,
I don't intend
To see one friend,
Nor let them know I'm here.

IN VERY NARROW CIRCUMSTANCES.





“ I’m very weak —
 Some *hot* rolls seek ;
 If *cold*, I cannot eat them :
 And, Judy, pray
 Mind what you say
 To friends, if you should meet them.

“ Say you are come,
 Back to our home,
 Some furniture conveying :
Your Lady’s ill—
 And, therefore, *still*
In Ireland she is staying !”

Old Judy, nodding,
 Went off plodding,
 For hot rolls to the baker’s ;
 Importance-fraught,
 Herself she thought,
 The best of story-makers !

Crossing a street,
 She chanced to meet,
 One of her Lady’s lovers :
 (A hungry bard,
 That fate used hard,)
 Who soon her face discovers.

“ Dear me !” said he,
 I’m glad to see,
 That you’re return’d, good Jude ;
 To *Madame* now
 I’ll make my bow ;
 D’ye think I shall intrude ?”

“ You’re, welcome, Sir,
 All days with her ;
 Nor need there be delaying :
 But, Sir, she’s ill,
 And, therefore, still
 In *Ireland* she is staying !”

“ How is it, then,
 You’re absent, when
 She’s ill ?” inquired the lover
 “ Remaining there,
 Without your care,
 I fear she’ll not recover.”—

“ I trust she will,
 Sir; there’s much skill,
 In those good Irish souls !”
 “ Well !” said the beau,
 “ Now let me know,
 For whom are those nice rolls ?”

“ These, Sir, I’ve got
For breakfast, hot,
As hot as I could get them;
For were they cold,
My Lady’d scold,
Nor on HER table let them!”

The poet smiled,
And said — “ Well, child,
Although they will be *old*;
(Since on the sea,
Some days they’ll be,)
I hope they’ll not get cold!”

NO PROPHET.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

A JUDGE, who met a peasant, loudly cried
 "Ho, there! where dost thou go?"
 The peasant, saucily enough, replied,
 "Oh La! how should I know?"

The Judge then in a wond'rous passion flew,
 And said "To prison take him!
 He there will learn respect to me is due
 Of sauciness 'twill break him!"

The servants, at this order, seized the clown,
 His hands were tightly bound;
 And thus they brought him to the nearest town,
 Where prison could be found.

Said he, "I was not wrong, although 'twas rude,
 To say *I did not know*,
 For when I spoke, could any one conclude
To prison I should go?"

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THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A "JOE MILLER" VERSIFIED.

"The crimson morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes." *R. B. Sheridan.*

Tom Hodge with his waggon oft travelled to Brighton,
And sometimes employed Paddy Ryan, his neighbour
(Who with laughable stories their journeys would
lighten,)
To share in his gains, and take part of the labour.

Pat's greatest misfortune was loving his bed,
And Hodge was obliged every morning to bawl
In the tone of a Stentor, up close to Pat's head,
Before he'd attend to the waggoner's call.

Hodge went to the cottage, one bright summer
morning,
To rouse for the journey, this man from his rest:
He returned in an hour, but, in spite of his warning,
Pat cried from his bed-room "Och, faith! I'm
not dhressed!"

“Not dressed!” muttered Hodge, “I must go and
look after

This fellow, and force him to make greater haste ;
His life is a joke—and so fond he’s of laughter,
In talking and jesting, whole days he would
waste.”

So he entered the bed-room, and what should he
see

But *Pat* with a looking-glass held near his face,
While *his eyes were shut firmly*—as close as could
be,
And he thus missed each *beauty* and smiling gri-
mace!

Then Hodge grew quite angry, and said “Your em-
ployment

Proclaims you more foolish than e’en I supposed ;
In making queer faces pray where’s the enjoyment ?
And can you see *better* with both your eyes closed ?

“Ah! then, Hodge dear!” said Paddy, “don’t talk
so severely,

Let me *jist* in the glass my *fizmogany* see,
Sure I’ve *shut up my eyes*, to examine more clearly
The illigant crathur asleep I must be !”

SINGLE AND MARRIED,

PART SECOND.

MARRIED.

AUGUST 1st. Oh dear me! what a stupid thing a warm day is — and warm days are always so long! We military people find them longer than the rest of the world, because those detestable bugle-calls awake us at daylight, and continue during the day — all nearly alike, all out of tune, and all equally disagreeable! My nerves, although I have passed two months in the barracks, are not yet reconciled to the roll of the drums, which make me start every time they commence their hideous din.

I wish I had thought of my journal before now,

for really I have not known what to do with myself lately ; and though dear Fred is so very kind to me, yet he cannot assist me in finding employment, being a notorious idler himself. What a pity it is when parents are educating their sons, that they do not take more pains to give them a taste for constant employment ; no matter of what description ; but let them have something to do which will prevent them from becoming that unhappy character, an idle loungeur.

My poor Frederic differs in this respect from the rest of the corps, who all seem to have some pursuit or occupation. Some of them draw all the morning ; others write or make models of fortifications ; most of them are readers ; and several are musicians ; one of the latter, Captain Horne, occupies the next room to mine, and practises the trumpet six hours every day, Sundays excepted, because as he wears his uniform coat, he has not *breathing-room* enough in it to puff any music. Dear Frederic saunters in and out of the rooms all the morning, yawning and asking the news of every one ; then takes down the accoutrements from the pegs in the sitting-room, examines them, yawns, hangs them up again ; saunters out again ; in again ; reads the army-list mechanically ; then the stiff military valet in his flannel-coat comes to dress him for the afternoon parade : Fred stands like a statue

with extended arms, while flannel-coat dresses him and ties his sash, walking round and round his master, and getting a sharp rebuke at every turn for some *invisible* spot on a boot, or some *impalpable* stain on a sword belt. I cannot help hearing all this, for Frederic speaks as loud in a room, as if he were giving the word of command with the wind blowing against his face!

Our regiment has changed quarters since my marriage, and we are now in a stupid, illiberal place, where the inhabitants only call on the field officers. Thus we of humble rank are obliged to associate merely with each other, although I am sure if any of us condescended to visit these provincials, it would be conferring a very great honour on the vulgar things. I like some of the subalterns' wives exceedingly, as I find them good-natured, unaffected, and ready to assist me; and *they really have* some conversation beyond regimental affairs; but as to that Major's wife she is my aversion! She attacks me with that barber-story every time we meet, and I have a great mind to relate it to *her* the next visit I make her, by way of variety. Asked her yesterday had she read the witty works of some of my favourites, Hook, Smith, Irving, Hood, &c. &c.: said she never read any thing but the army-list and the gazette, and she saw there were two exchanges in the

latter, of which she had no idea until they had happened !

Sept. — I expected to find rooms nicely furnished at the barracks, instead of which, they are without even carpets, and the walls are only whitewashed ! I would have gone into lodgings, but I had said so much about the delights of living in barracks, that I was ashamed to alter my plan. However I had my rooms (and one lent us by a batchelor) painted and splendidly furnished, just before we were ordered away, and now I have had to do the same in our present barracks, where we should live comfortably enough, but for the everlasting noise which prevails all day. I am quite ashamed when any person sees our soldiers' wives, they are such deplorable, unhappy-looking creatures, continually quarrelling with their half-dressed husbands, and returning them oath for oath. Six months barrack-life will convert the prettiest and neatest girl in the place (whom, by the bye, the soldiers generally contrive to marry) into an untidy, red-faced, hard-featured old woman.

October. — Will that odious band never cease ? They have been practising the overture to *Tancredi* since daylight ; and as we have heard it arranged in every possible way and for every sort of instrument during the last dozen years, it really is perfectly dreadful to be obliged to endure its constant repeti-



' THE CAMELS ARE COMIN, HURRAH !'

tion. Then we have a regimental tune; band, bugles, fifes, men, women, and children, all favour us with "The Campbells are comin'."

November 10th. Went to a party last night which the Adjutant's wife gave: found I looked very dowdy and unfashionable, as I caught a reflection of myself and some other ladies, who had their dresses much shorter than mine, and of livelier colours. It is nonsense to attempt wearing grave colours at a military party, one looks like a wren among golden pheasants! Found it very strange to be merely a *spectator* of dancing, when I have been accustomed to participate in its pleasures so much. Asked Fred would he not stand up with me? He laughed and said good-humouredly 'he'd have no objection, but the fellows would quiz him so dreadfully, and *that* he could not stand!' Could not help thinking that it was more material to gratify his wife, than to mind what a parcel of young men would say, who were all anxious to dance with me themselves: and as Fred said he was obliged to dance with the lady of the house, I saw no reason why I should refuse her husband, who came just then to ask me to dance. Now that I have broken thro' my foolish resolution, I intend to dance everywhere, because I am the youngest married woman in the regiment, and all our ladies dance, even the Major's wife, who has all the children!

November 12. Told Fanchette this morning that to please her I would put on a scarlet dress, with a green and yellow cap, as those colours always became my complexion so much. She was delighted when my grey dress was dismissed, and her favourite "Geranium-colour" worn instead: she called in Frederic "*pour voir comme Madame etoit charmante!*" He was a little ruffled by a reprimand he had received on parade, and said, "the colour is detestable and the dress is indelicately short!" *Ma foi*, said Fanchette in a huff, "*you air not polite to the ladees, Sare: you not spic me so seevil as Sar Charle Beaumont!*" "Do I not?" said Frederick, "perhaps I can *speak as intelligibly*—leave my wife's service instantly, you insolent, indulged creature, and your place shall never again be filled by an ungrateful foreigner!" I thought it very strange that he should thus interfere in my domestic arrangements, and said I chose to retain Fanchette because she suited me. What a storm I called forth! Frederic insisted on her dismissal, during two hours, and I would not allow it. How obstinate this was in him. Instead of the yielding temper which every person supposes him to possess, he is extremely determined and sullen when he is angry; but he is generally too lazy to differ with his acquaintance, therefore he is called 'good-tempered Fred.'

Went to my own room in a pouting fit after our

quarrel ; came forth at dinner-time (knowing that he wished to be reconciled to me), thinking what condescending speech I would make, when he told me he has no objection to Fanchette remaining. Cannot find any body—poor Fred ! I am afraid he has gone to take a melancholy walk in the country, and dreads meeting me after our dispute.—On ringing the bell twenty times, one of the flannel-coated wretches came : “ Where’s Fanchette ? ” — “ Master has sent her away, Ma’am, these three hours.”

“ Sent her away ?—What for ? ”

“ Why, ma’am, he said she caused in-sub-or-dina-tion, I think.”

“ Is your master long gone out ? ”

“ Only since the dinner-call, ma’am ; he’s gone to dine with a large party at the Mess.”

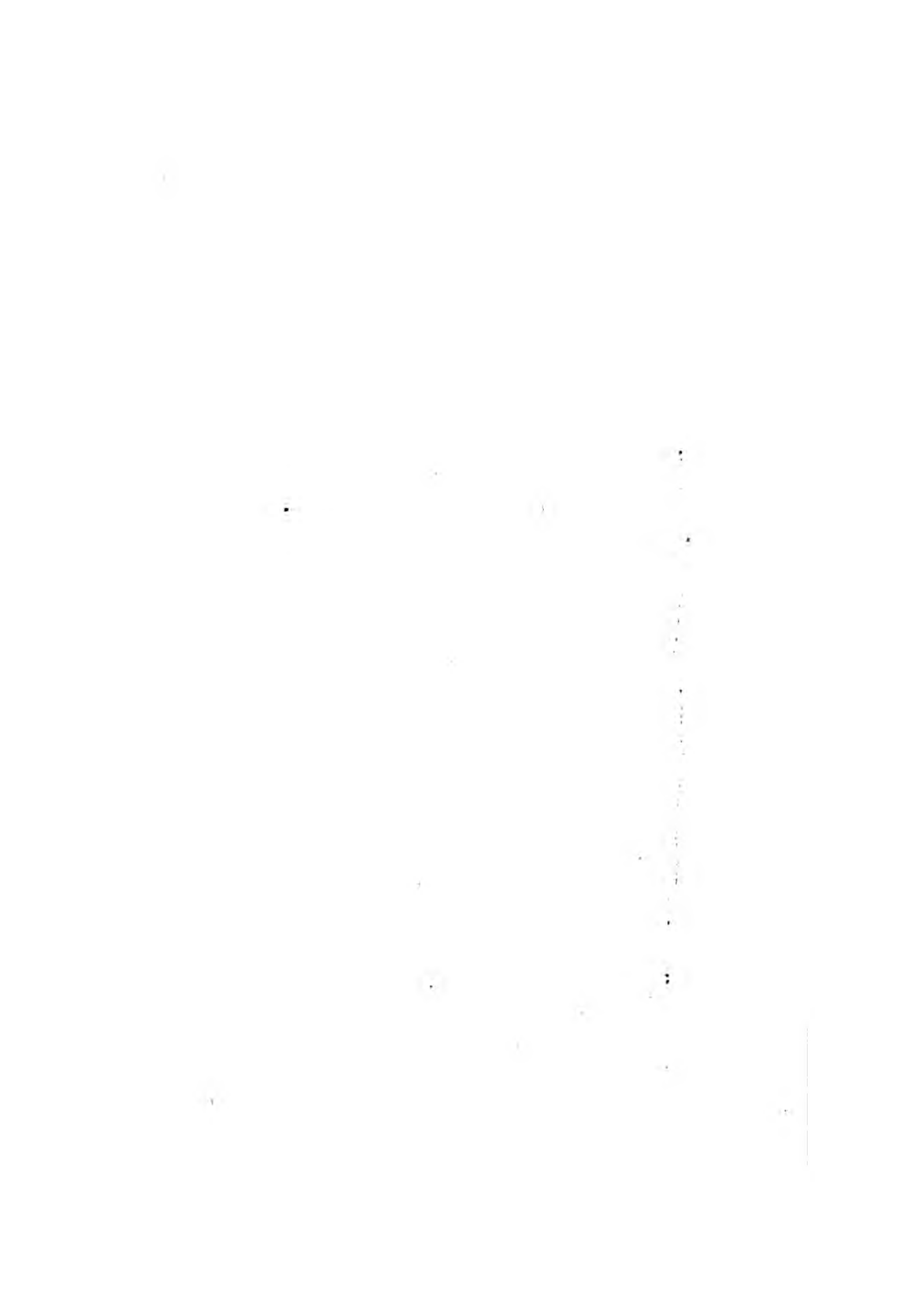
How horrible ! I would go home to Mama, only that I have expended all my money in furnishing these hideous rooms, where I must now stay until that cold-hearted man comes home from ‘ a party at the Mess ; ’ which description of party I have heard him a thousand times say was the most irksome and stupid on earth.

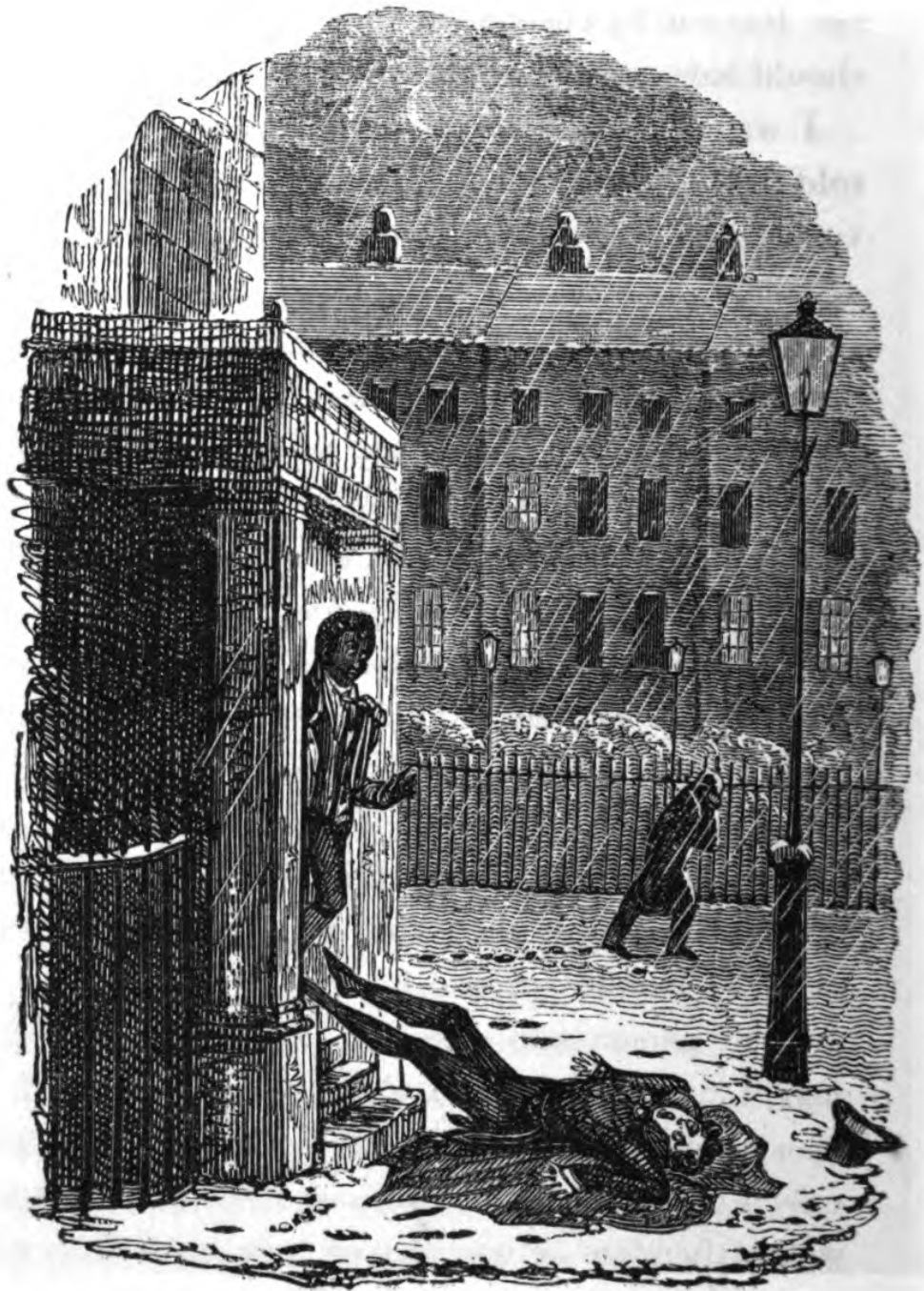
Nov. 13th. All this morning passed in sullen silence, until two or three bills were brought in : after examining them, Mr. Frederic chose to read me a lecture on extravagance. Ridiculous ! when he loses more by his foolish bets upon every pass-

ing occurrence, than would support half a dozen rational people. Told him of this, and he retaliated by saying, it was absurd for me to hire double-acted harps and grand pianofortes, to bring into small barrack-rooms, and that I ought to leave off that childish fancy I had for purchasing expensive miniatures to put into my stupid album! That the heaps of music I bought every week, were enough to furnish two music-shops, and finally he must desire I would order home no more bandbox-goods from the milliners, as he was perfectly ashamed of the description of luggage which accompanied our removals! I contented myself with merely calling him "a disagreeable bear!" and flounced out of the room.

Nov. 20. Frederic will be on guard to-morrow, and I shall go out to a party on purpose to annoy him; and I shall dance and laugh a great deal, although for my own sake, I will not waltz.

Nov. 22. Went to the party, dressed so differently, that the Adjutant told me he had always considered me perfectly beautiful hitherto, but now he could not find words to express his wonder at the improvement he observed in my appearance! Danced with him, and asked the reason why so many of our young men were absent? He said they were all very merry at the guard-room, where 'good-tempered Fred.' was giving one of his bat-





MAJOR SNOW.

"A-n-ice young man for a small party."

chelor's parties, "and indeed," added he, "if I had not learned by chance that *you* were to be here, I should have remained with them all."

I was thunderstruck at hearing this: Frederic told me he never would give another of these parties, as he would always pass the whole time in reading; (in which he is miserably deficient;) but *now*, when I expected that he would reflect on the unkind manner in which he had behaved to me, I understood he was smoking, drinking, laughing, and singing, as gaily as the others.

I felt as if no person cared for me; as if all the world had abandoned me — and I was only recalled to myself by the adjutant's voice, who requested me to walk into the card-room, lest my tears might be observed. My tears! then I had allowed persons to see that I felt bitterly the neglect I received! By a violent effort, I soon recovered my usual manner; the band played my favourite waltz by Beethoven, and finding the Adjutant was the only person who seemed to enter into my feelings, I no longer refused waltzing with him. The man really waltzed beautifully, and said I was the only Englishwoman he ever saw who knew how to waltz, therefore he was the more astonished how I could be cruel enough to deprive the world so long of such a charming exhibition. It certainly was very silly.

Nov. 23. Rose this morning with the anticipation of receiving a long lecture from Frederic, but was most agreeably disappointed! He said that he began to perceive how ridiculous it was in married persons to expect mutual concession, and relinquishments of old habits; therefore, to save all future disagreements, he proposed that we should always act independently of each other; in fact, just as all rational married persons do. To all this I joyfully agreed; and we parted the best friends imaginable.

December 8. Asked Frederic this morning his opinion relative to our keeping a carriage, as I disliked walking, to which I was totally unaccustomed.

“We cannot afford a carriage,” said he, “and any girl who resolves to marry a soldier should relinquish all kinds of airs, and endeavour to act like other rational beings. I cannot allow *my* pay to be expended in gratifying any more of your whims, so, my dear, you really must learn to walk.”

“Well, but,” I replied “I do not want your pay to purchase my carriage, for I have a great deal of money at the banker’s, and only owe two or three little accounts.”

“In that case,” said Frederic, “I can see no objection to the plan; what sort of carriage shall we have? something *very stylish* of course.”

“Yes, I shall have an elegant dark-coloured chariot.”

“No, no, my dear, let me order some extraordinary sort of vehicle to be built higher than any thing that has ever been driven! We shall be so *distinguished* when perched upon it.”

“I positively *will not*, Frederic, for you well know I am very nervous, and would not venture in a high carriage for the world.”

“Well, Madam, you need not do so; but allow me to say that if you purchase the carriage, I, of course, must buy the horses; and I beg to inform you *they shall not draw a chariot.*” Thus ended this obstinate young man, and then left the room.

December 4th. To-day I have been relieved from the trouble of deciding on the form of my carriage, for on calling in my “two or three little accounts,” I find they require nearly the whole of my money to defray them.

Frederic has just purchased a horse for himself, which was too spirited and wicked for the Major to ride, and therefore I have no hope of equestrian exercise: I shall be obliged to walk as usual, and thus give up my opinion to Frederic, but it is quite *contre-cœur*.

December 10. This morning has passed very pleasantly. I don't know when time appeared so short; we have had two visitors, young Ensigns who

have just joined (having, as usual, half a dozen of the most extraordinary *un-christian* names which their parents could select; for although persons in other professions are called by the usual names, those who join the army, have always a nomenclature as long as a Spaniard's, and as difficult to remember as a Russian's.) These young men, although they were not very clever or intelligent, yet still they were a very pleasing addition to our domestic *tête-à-tête*, as one hardly ever meets a stranger who has not conversation enough for two or three visits. Besides, the mutual wish to please is strongly excited in both parties *at first*; and this renders even stupid people comparatively agreeable — but alas! this feeling fades away, and at length subsides altogether upon long and intimate acquaintance.

December 11. Frederic has a most tiresome custom of whistling in the drawing-room: Those who do so ought to be quite certain they do it well, for otherwise I do not know any thing more disagreeable. Frederic unfortunately knows nothing of music, and has not the least idea of any tune whatever, not even of the "Campbells are comin'!" Yet although I endure his tiresome noise without a murmur, he had the rudeness this morning to beg I would leave off singing that incomprehensible up-and-down Italian song, and give directions for some particular French dish he wished to have dressed for dinner.

“Well, my dear, can you not ring the bell for your flannel-coated recruit, and translate for him the directions from the *Almanach des Gourmands*?”

He replied that “he was too busily employed in composing poetry for Miss Grindall’s scrap-book.” So here I was obliged to yield again! I had next to hear the aforesaid poem read aloud to me. Good gracious, what stuff it was! The lines were all in such different measures that they seemed to have been taken at random from different authors, and placed together indiscriminately. I could not exactly discover the meaning of them, but I remember the first stanza; (Miss Grindall, to whom they were addressed, is about as old as the tattered regimental colours, *which were new very soon after the Duke of Marlborough’s time*, I fancy!) The poem began

“Fair beauteous nymph! accept a warrior’s lay,
And to his muse thy softest mercy display.
He soon may march to tented field,
And unwept his life yield!
Happy when the fatal morning comes,
To think, among the rolling drums
And screaming of the fife,
That you ’ll heave a sigh for the loss of his life?” &c. &c.

I might have heard more, but I burst out laughing; and Frederic, seizing his cap, rushed across the barrack-yard to the apartments of an officer’s wife whom *he* considers very pretty, but *I* think her very much the reverse. As a specimen of her taste, she told me

that my husband writes beautiful and very affecting poetry.

I really think the reason that Frederic admires her so much is merely because she has a lanky, thin, shapeless figure. His taste is quite changed in this respect, for he used formerly to admire persons considerably fatter than I am: but now although he perceives that I have grown much more *en-bon-point* than when I was married, he seems to delight in talking constantly of "stout, vulgar-looking women," and of "slight, elegant figures like my friend Charlotte's." In return for this rudeness, to be sure, I extol to the skies any man who has dark eyes and hair, while I ridicule blue eyes, light hair, and red cheeks as often indicative of stupidity. This makes Frederic jealous in his turn; and I am not at all sorry for it, for jealousy is *rather* a disagreeable feeling, I can assure those who have never experienced it.

December 15. Yesterday evening when I was dressed for a party, I looked so miserably pale in my "Geranium-coloured" dress, that I sent for some rouge, to try how I looked in it: it is quite astonishing how it improves me, and I do not think I shall leave it off again.

Jan. Mama wants a copy of the miniature Frederick had of me, and I asked him to lend it to me, in order that I might send it to a London artist. He

said, if I could find it any where among he baggage, that I might send it at once to her, and request her to keep it, for it was not a bit like what I was at present, and he did not wish ever to see it again. After much searching, I found it in his travelling dressing-case, the glass of the back being broken by a stray razor, and the braid of hair mixed up with the shaving soap. I think poor Mama will take as much care of it as *this*, at least.

Feb. I observe all our young officers (and Frederick with them) assemble every morning in a large room, from which proceed frequent peals of laughter, and sometimes signs of applause. Enquired what they were doing, and heard they were firing with an air-gun at a mark. The major's wife was going to see them, and I told Fred he must take me also. He hesitated, and so I went with another party. No wonder he refused to take me! The targets they aimed at, were my poor flower-paintings, over which I had passed so many hours. When first I entered I felt so strangely that I did not know whether to *cry* or *laugh*; but catching a glimpse of Fred's merry countenance, watching me from behind another person, the latter feeling predominated, and I laughed most heartily at discovering the real value of my pictures. Fred repaid me by protesting aloud, that I was the best-tempered creature breathing, and that although he never cared

about drawings until now, yet he would keep all those which were uninjured, as a memento of my good-humour!

How fond of practical jokes the Sandhurst lad are! They really seem to think of nothing else, and one of them has just been plaguing his sister almost to death. She has the advantage of being about fifteen or twenty years older than the ensign, and has been with her father everywhere that our regiment has been, for I don't know how many years. Like most other fair damsels who travel with a corps, she has never made a conquest of one of the officers: but luck will turn sometimes, and about a month since, a most innocent young gentleman joined the corps, who (considering all women to be just what they appear) could not withstand Miss Rosa's siege, but surrendered (without discretion.) Her brother this morning asked the lover (who is nicknamed Pipeclay,) was he fond of optical deceptions, tricks, &c.? and being answered in the affirmative, he invited two or three of his idle young friends to witness some he was going to exhibit. He took them, and the poor lover, into his sister's room, and taking up the different articles of the toilette he said, "Gentlemen allow me to call your attention to a very clever trick: *this*, gentlemen, is to all appearances, *a wig*: but I will turn it into *natural hair*, by placing it on my sister's head: *this*, gentlemen, you take to be

The first part of the document
 describes the general situation
 and the various factors involved
 in the process of development
 and growth. It is important to
 understand the underlying causes
 and the potential for improvement.
 The second part of the document
 discusses the specific measures
 that have been taken to address
 the issues identified in the first
 part. These measures include
 the implementation of new
 policies and the allocation of
 resources to support the
 development process. The third
 part of the document provides
 a summary of the progress made
 to date and the challenges that
 remain. It also outlines the
 future plans for the organization
 and the steps that will be taken
 to ensure continued growth and
 success.



BROTHERLY KINDNESS.

'Up-stares, down-stares, in my lady's chamber.'

red paint for marking the backs of sheep: oh! no, it is nature's brightest treasure, a female blush, as you shall hereafter see." Thus he went on with pearl-powder, false teeth, and all the rest of the optical deceptions, until his sister bursting into the room, he took flight with his companions, some in bonnets, some in turbans, and leaving poor Pipeclay as pale as his namesake, to bear the blame of having commenced this horrible affair. We do not know how the lovers settled this between them, but the lady went away to town immediately, and the poor young man, will never have any quiet at the mess of our corps.

March 2nd.—Just received a letter from Charlotte, informing me she has been married two months to Sir Charles Beaumont, and requesting me to go and see her, if Frederic will spare me. *Ma foi!* there is no doubt but he will with the greatest pleasure; and I shall be delighted to go!

Gave a party this evening, as a farewell to our fair dames: never saw anything to equal the awkwardness of military servants! The whole evening was one continued chain of mistakes and accidents. I wished much to have a quadrille party; but we have not sufficient apartments, and therefore it was a stupid musical concern. Overture to *Tancredi*, by three different performers; and, "The Campbells are comin'," played in succession by every one

who sat down to the piano. Our regiment, this morning, received orders to embark for the East Indies ; and as several of our ladies have been there already, they tormented me to death with the recollection of rupees, palanquins, choultries, punkahs, gurries, and curries. (When I go to Charlotte's house, I shall make Mama write to ask Frederic's permission for me to stay in England, for I should certainly die in a hot climate.)

March 25th. — Parted on very good terms with Frederic this morning: indeed he was much affected, considering he expects to see me again so very soon. Arrived at home this morning, where dear mama and my kind Charlotte were delighted to see me again. Charlotte has lived with Mama, ever since my marriage. I find the vacant spaces in the boudoir have been filled by Sir Charles, as I expected: not, however, with any of his beautiful landscapes, but with portraits of Charlotte and myself; mama's two daughters, as she says.

I brought mama a letter from Frederic; and when I saw her commence writing an answer to it, I mentioned the wish I had to remain with her for a year or two. She smiled, and said my wish should be gratified, as it was not opposed to my husband's inclination; for the letter I brought contained a request from him that I might remain with her until he obtained his majority, and came home again,

which would be in about two years. — Wrote a long letter to Frederic, requesting to see him before his embarkation, as I wanted to have a long conversation with him.

March 27th. Everything in this house seems to me so delightfully calm, after the noise and continual uproar to which I have been accustomed in the barracks! No braying trumpets, screaming fifes, scolding furies, nor screeching children: but above all, Sir Charles Beaumont's voice sounds particularly soft and gentlemanly, after the loud speaking to which I have lately been habituated.

I feel quite delighted also with the style of their conversation, which embraces so many subjects, instead of the all-engrossing themes of exchanges, promotions, and regimental duties, in which I began to think, latterly, that all the world took an interest but myself: then how wearisome was the constant repetition of "technical terms," which were used, whether they applied well or not, on all occasions.

March 28. This morning mama complimented me on my increased colour since she had last seen me, and I was ashamed to tell her I was painted, so I smiled, and left her in error. I plainly saw that my friend was not so well deceived.

After Ma left the room, Charlotte requested me most urgently and affectionately to discontinue a

practice so injurious to my health, and so discreditable to any woman, married or single.

I attempted to laugh, and reminded her of the evening when she mentioned her intention to wear a wig when her hair was grey.

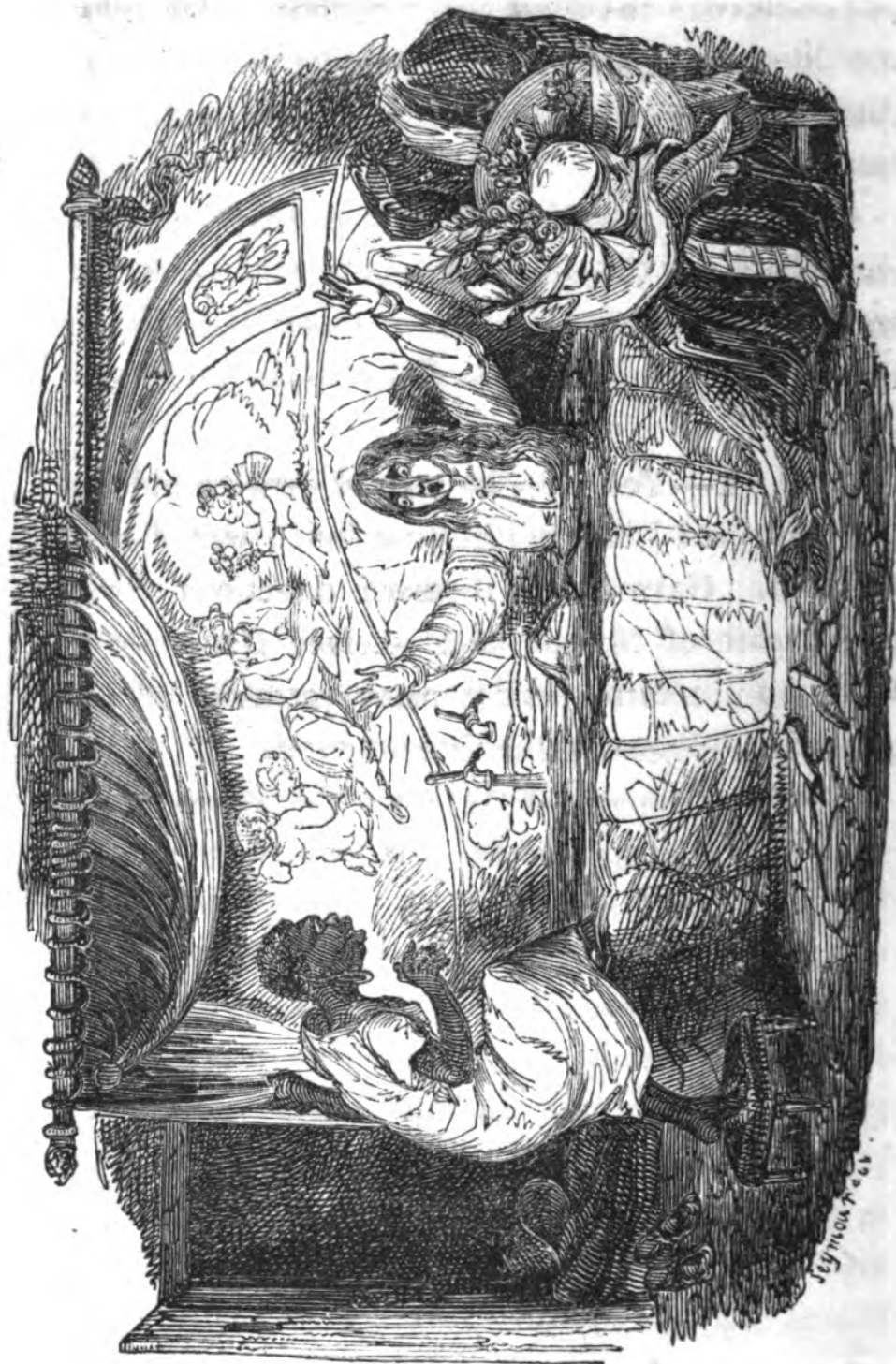
“Oh you know perfectly well that I was in jest,” said she; “and I remember at *that* time, my dear unsophisticated girl was angry even at such a thing being mentioned, although not said seriously: and your husband also said he could never love a woman who made use of these unworthy artifices.”

“Yes, yes,” I replied, “Frederic at that time cared for what I did: but latterly he has frequently seen the rouge lying on my dressing table, and as he has never made any objection to it, or any remark on this subject, I conclude he does not care about it: nor indeed should he influence me, if he did.”

To my amazement, Charlotte burst into tears, and told me I had shocked her by my last declaration exceedingly, but she trusted it was a mere *façon de parler*; and it should in future be her study to make me see what a destructive course, as regarded my happiness, I was pursuing.

All this was very like a sermon; but I begin to fear I have been very much to blame; and, as Charlotte seems to understand the method of making herself agreeable to every one, I shall take her as my model

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COMPANION OF THE BATH.

* Thy slave is free. ---Metastasio's Inconstant.

and endeavour to follow her footsteps. The only condition on which I am to enjoy her friendship is, that I must promise to relinquish society, until my husband's return.

Charlotte is wonderfully improved by her intimacy with Sir Charles Beaumont: she is now remarkably well informed, and I think I must begin to study very hard in order to overtake her, if possible.

April 3d.—Yesterday he arrived here to bid us farewell: and I had no idea how fond I was of him till then. Gave him a thousand directions about taking care of himself, and received from him a thousand in return, besides many promises of increased steadiness by the time we meet.

I now feel convinced that my expectations of increasing my happiness by marriage were all ill-founded; but I also perceive, that had we both commenced more rationally, we should not have found our happiness diminished; and in two years hence, when I have had the benefit of witnessing my friend Charlotte's conduct, I shall be more experienced in the way to attempt making myself and my husband "as happy as married people generally are."

EAST INDIA COMPANY.

A *Griffin* once, in India,
Had sumptuously dined ;
And then, as was his custom,
He felt to sleep inclined.

He dreamt he'd made a fortune ;
And, having gained some fame,
A "*Company's Director*"
He fancied he became.

But soon a hissing Boa
Awoke him from his slumber :
The fruits were all devoured
By monkies, without number.



EAST INDIA COMPANY.



A savage-looking elephant
Was taking off the wine ;—
A tiger, at the window, meant
On frighten'd Griff to dine !

He loudly called, "*Qui hi?*"
(Which means—" *Who waits?*" we know :)
No servant there would come,—
And not a beast would go !

Cried he—" From all these brutes,
Alas ! I've no protector :
This '*Company*,' I'm sure,
Won't let me be '*Director!*'"

At length relieved — poor Griff
No longer India tried :
But sailed ; and, on his passage,
Of *terror* quickly died !

WHO'S THE CULPRIT ?

CAT-ECHEISING A THIEF.

IN London once there lived an ancient dame,
Whose nature was severe and avaricious ;
Her servant's appetite she'd always blame,
And of her honesty was most suspicious :
She fear'd this maid would, after every meal,
Provisions for her poor sick mother steal.

One day there came a countryman with butter
A great deal cheaper than the market price ;
This bargain put our lady in a flutter,
She bought *three pounds*, it was so cheap and nice ;
"And Ann," said she, "here put this safe away,
As it must serve my breakfast many a day."



CAT-EGHISING A THIEF.

A cat-egorical answer.

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Ann thought, since *she* the butter might not taste,
Her mistress should not have it all herself,—
So took it to her mother; — then in haste
Returned, and placed the dish upon the shelf:
Scoldings and blows on *Pussy* then she show'ed,
Who, Ann protested, *had the whole devoured*.

To cheat her mistress in this way, she fails,
Down the old lady comes, the theft to trace,
And catching *Pussy*, placed her in the scales,
(While guilty fear was in the servant's face)
Here tho' she scratched, Miss *Puss* was balanced
nicely
And only proved to weigh *two pounds precisely*.



SHARP WORK!



Playing the *Lyre a l'antique*.

PLAYING THE LYRE.

“ Orpheus and old Amphion played
 Strange tunes to entertain our sires ;
 ‘ Enlivening stocks and stones,’ t’is said,
 But then we know they had their lyres !”

Gaieties and Gravities.

A LADY once, who had a son
 In whom she hoped to see perfection,
 Would ask advice from ev’ry one
 Which way to give his taste direction :
 But chiefly on her lawyer-guide
 Did she for good advice confide :

Not only for the serious parts
 Of man's important education,
 But also for those lighter arts
 Less thought of in the English nation ;
 And now it was her chief concern
 What instrument the boy should learn.

The lawyer being asked to say
 Which instrument he thought the best,
 In his professional strange way
 Preferred *one* more than all the rest :
 To make his client understand,
 He wrote to her (in crabbed hand).

“ In answer, Ma'am, to yours, received
 By me at twelve o'clock to-day,
 To ask what music I conceived
 'Twas best your son should learn to play —
 Were he *my* boy I should desire,
 That he should learn to PLAY THE LYRE !

There's nought so soothing to the ear,
 It pleasure gives to all around ;
 And none will e'er refuse to hear
 The *Lyre's* gentle flatt'ring sound,
 If in the key which they admire.
 So let him learn to *play the Lyre !*

Most Englishmen attempt the Flute,
And as they're forced to make grimaces,
We wish the instrument were mute,
Before it caused such hideous faces —
But men a *pleasing smile* acquire
When they begin to *play the Lyre !*

Tis true the Bass is very fine,
Yet musical professors know
Who as a bass-player would shine,
Must learn to *draw a wond'rous bow !*
Now such an effort none require,
Who wish to *play the pleasing Lyre !*

I cannot bear the "light Guitar,"
That affectation continental !
The fortune of your boy 'twould mar,
By making him quite sentimental :
And rich old ladies most admire
Those youths who *play the lively Lyre !*

And when he's chosen a profession,
Whichever way his thoughts are bent,
He will rejoice in the possession
Of skill upon this instrument !
Trades and professions all require
A man should learn to *play the Lyre.*

If *Doctor*, he will patients meet
Who only suffer *fancied ills* ;
He must each case as serious treat
And order *desperate — bread pills* !
To keep such patients, he'll require
To play with clever art *the Lyre* !

If *Lawyer*, he will clients meet,
Who wish to try their *hopeless cause* ;
Yet he must all such persons treat,
As certain of redress from laws.
And lest they of the business tire
To each one he must *play the Lyre* !

The *Churchmen*, must perfection preach
With which their lives may not agree ;
And thus, opposed to what they teach,
Their conduct would most glaring be,
But when they evil lives acquire,
They often learn to *play the Lyre* !

The *Courtier*, if with favour graced
Must learn to parry each attack,
Though oft th' assailant can't be traced,
Who strikes behind the other's back ;
To find out foes, he will require
At court to play with skill *the Lyre* !

If he *Embassador* be sent,
 Whose aim is meanings to conceal,
 To hint at 'no' when 'yes' is meant;
 And ne'er (by chance) the truth reveal:
 Embassadors do more require
 Than all mankind, to *play the Lyre!*

The *Sportsman's* dogs and horses too
 All other creatures must excel:
 His guns being truest of the true,
 No sportsman e'er could shoot so well!
 To kill *two* birds at ev'ry fire,
 He'd better learn to *play the Lyre!*

The *Lover* — I need scarcely say
 How much his suit 'twill recommend;
 For young and old, the grave, the gay,
 Will all with list'ning ear attend,
 When to express love's gentle fire,
 He looks — he sighs — and *plays the Lyre!*

Suppose, for fear of accident,
 He loves at once two damsels fair;
 How can he jealousy prevent
 Which thus might mar his scheming care?
 No other art it will require,
 If he with skill can *play the Lyre!*

No ! if you want the youth to rise,
Should he ambitiously aspire,
Whenever fame or fortune lies,
This art alone will he require ;
From *others* he will gain the prize
Who cannot *play* (like him) *the Lyre* !



WILL YOU WALK THIS WAY ?

London : Littlewood and Co., Printers, Old Bailey.

