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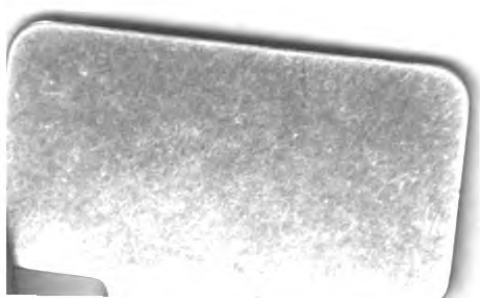


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# DEMOCRITUS IN LONDON

WITH THE MAD PRANKS

AND COMICAL CONCEITS OF MOTLEY AND

ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES FESTIVOUS ETC.

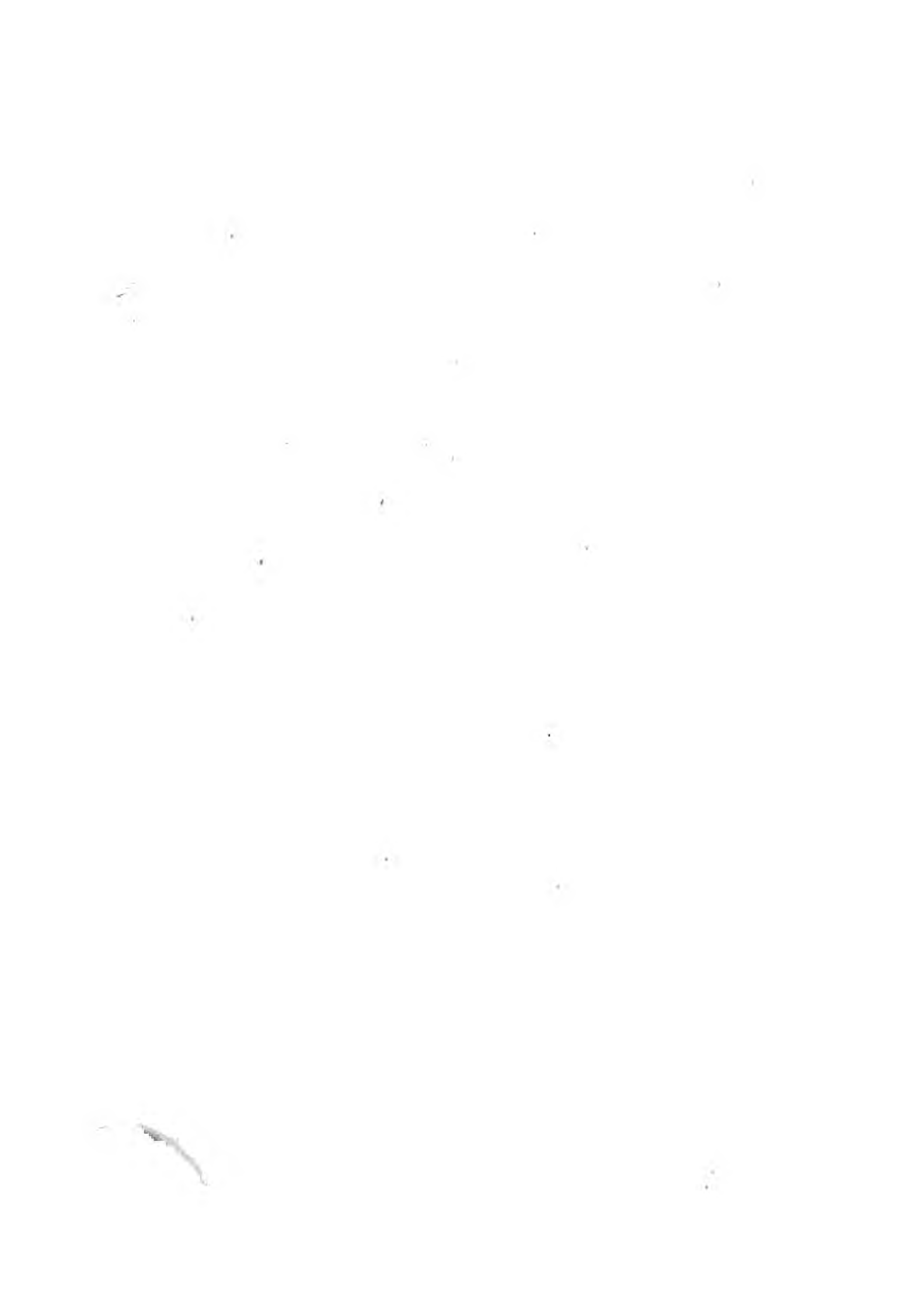


LONDON

WILLIAM PICKERING

1852

280. 04. 183.





GENTLE READER,

**I**N the days of "MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME" The LAUREAT OF LITTLE BRITAIN and UNCLE TIMOTHY received your hearty welcome. The memory of that cordial greeting, and a pleasant hint at parting that you would be glad to see the Pair of Oddities again, have induced them to wait upon you with this their farewell offering, your candid and liberal reception of which will be another agreeable reminiscence to make happy their retirement. Wishing you all the good fortune that you can desire and deserve, they bid you, Gentle Reader! ADIEU!

G. D.

Canonbury,  
*March, 1852.*







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## NOTE.

Page 83. For "The Lord Mayor reclining on an ottoman,"—read "Puck, as The Lord Mayor, reclining on an ottoman."

Page 206, line 2 of note, omit Hampden.





DEMOCRITUS IN LONDON





...



## DEMOCRITUS IN LONDON.

SCENE I.—*A Street in Windsor.*

Enter *Democritus*.<sup>1</sup>

**F**ROM the courts above a visitor  
Hither come I, an inquisitor  
Not in philosophic stole,  
But the dress of English Droll.  
For in that memorable year  
When Mercury turn'd auctioneer,<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> An Eleatic Philosopher, of Abdera in Thrace. Born 513; died 404, B. C.

<sup>2</sup> In the "*Sale of Philosophers*," as described by Lucian, the heads of the different sects are brought to the hammer, Mercury being the auctioneer. Pythagoras fetches ten Minæ, Diogenes, with his rags and cynicism, two obols—he may do for a house-dog! Aristippus (the founder of the Cyrenaic sect) is too fine a gentleman for any body to venture on. Democritus and Heraclitus are alike unsaleable. Socrates, with whom Lucian seems to confound the Platonic philosophy, after being well ridiculed and abused, is bought by Dion, of Syracuse, for the large sum of two talents. Epicurus produces two Minæ. Chrysippus, the

Putting up for sale a number  
 Of rare wits, like household lumber !  
 Many of the wisest sconces  
 Did not fetch the price of dunce's,  
 And for laugher's and for cryer's<sup>3</sup>  
 There were neither bidders, buyers !  
 Knowing not in London town  
 If for philosophic crown  
 Up the market was or down,  
 But believing that a Vice  
 Always brings a liberal price !  
 Motley is the name I bear,  
 Motley is the coat I wear.

---

stoic, who gives some extraordinary specimens of his logic, and for whom there is a great competition, is knocked down for twelve Minæ. A peripatetic, or double person, (exoteric and esoteric) with his physical knowledge, brings twenty Minæ. Pyrrho, the sceptic, comes at last, who after having been disposed of, and in the hands of the buyer, is still in doubt whether he has been sold or not !

<sup>3</sup> A Philosopher of Ephesus, founder of a sect named after himself. Flourished from 500 to 425, B. C.

<sup>4</sup> " Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,  
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest."

*Dr. Johnson.*

<sup>5</sup> How the Sage was rewarded will be seen by the following extract from an autograph letter (in the possession of Uncle Timothy) written by the excellent and learned Elizabeth Carter to Miss Highmore, dated April 23, 1752.

" I extremely honour the just indignation you express

Invited,<sup>4</sup> I before had come,  
 But that I should, abash'd and dumb,  
 Have from your Sage<sup>5</sup> received the shell  
 He struck so wisely and so well!  
 When in of Greece the early age  
 I strutted, fretted on life's stage  
 The character to me assign'd  
 Puzzled the Athenian mind.  
 For in my brain the civic train  
 Suspecting something not quite sane,  
 Forced Hippocrates their fees on  
 To set once more right my reason.  
 Sitting in my quiet cottage,<sup>6</sup>

---

at the cold reception which has been given by a stupid, trifling, ungrateful world to the RAMBLER. You may conclude by my calling names in this courageous manner, that I am as zealous in the cause of this excellent paper as yourself. But we may both comfort ourselves that an author who has employed the noblest powers of genius and learning, the strongest force of understanding, the most beautiful ornaments of eloquence in the service of Virtue and Religion can never sink into oblivion, however he may be at present too little regarded."

<sup>6</sup> "Me, poor man! my library  
 Was dukedom large enough."

Uncle Timothy had been thinking of the nest-like little domicile of Democritus when he wrote the following

WISH.

One of those neat quiet nooks  
 That into a garden looks  
 Give me for myself and books,



Not exactly in my dotage !  
 No shrewish wife,<sup>7</sup> no stupid kin,

---

And let it be  
 Where resounds the huntsman's horn,  
 Where wave fields of golden corn,  
 And the birds sing to the morn  
 Right merrily !

Let, each tuneless pause to fill,  
 Ripple nigh a murmuring rill,  
 And, O, music sweeter still !  
 From village spire  
 Glittering with celestial rays,  
 On returning holy-days  
 Call me forth to prayer and praise  
 A pealing choir !

Round the walls of my retreat,  
 Pictured, let the poets meet,  
 Whom to look upon is sweet,  
 And fondly mark  
 How, in each expressive face  
 (Tinged by joy or sorrow's grace)  
 We the mind immortal trace,  
 That heavenly spark !

Charm'd by fancy, taught by truth,  
 Ye were dear to me in sooth  
 In the green leaf of my youth !  
 Now in the sear,  
 Better known and understood,  
 Ye are still more wise, more good  
 Solacers of my solitude !  
 And doubly dear !

---

<sup>7</sup> "Who, having claw'd or cuddled into bondage  
 The thing misnamed a husband—" *Tobin.*

No duns without, no quacks within,  
I saw the learned leech elate

---

Ye have made (it else had been  
A troubled sojourn!) life serene,  
And strew'd my path (not always green!)  
    With fairest flow'rs,  
Immortal blossoms of the mind  
In beauty born, by taste refined,  
Garlands gloriously entwined,  
    For lonely hours!

Freshen'd by the morning dews  
Let a friend who loves the Muse  
His well-temper'd wit infuse,  
    And tell the time  
(Seated in my woodbine shade)  
When we two together stray'd  
Making vocal grove and glade  
    With wizard rhyme!

And having struck the balance fair  
'Twixt what we are, and what we were,  
And reckon'd how much cross and care  
    Our path beset,  
With what strength (not ours) we've striven,  
Can we hope to be forgiven  
What we humbly owe to heaven  
    If we forget?

The leaves of memory turning o'er,  
Loved, lost companions we deplore;  
Yet we shall meet, to part no more!  
    Let *that* content  
'Till nearer still the prospect grows  
Of the dark valley of repose,  
And in the arms of death we close  
    A life well-spent.

Unlatch my little garden gate.<sup>8</sup>  
 Putting on his conjuring cap,  
 In hopes my vagrant wits to trap !  
 From his pocket peep'd a packet  
 Very like a certain jacket !  
 Giving his head a shake or two,  
 And looking wise—as doctors do !

O, let me still in heart be young !  
 And still let tuneful be my tongue !  
 For I would not be one among  
     The sordid old,  
 Cumberers of the ground they tread !  
 To every social feeling dead,  
 And but (with sorrow be it said)  
     Alive to gold.

<sup>8</sup> And add to these retired Leisure,  
 That in *trim gardens* takes his pleasure.

*Il Penseroso.*

The disciples of Epicurus were styled “Philosophers of the Garden” from that, which Epicurus had planted at Athens. Cimon embellished the groves of Academus with trees, walks, and fountains ; and Cicero enumerates a garden as one of the more suitable employments for old age. “I have measured, dug, and planted the large garden which I have at the gates of Babylon,” said Cyrus, “and never, when my health permits, do I dine until I have labored in it two hours. If there is nothing to be done, I labor in my orchard.” Atticus planted a garden after his own elegant taste, and Lucullus enjoyed the society of his friends and the delicious wine of Falernian in his splendid gardens. Sir William Temple gave orders for his heart to be enclosed in a silver casket, and placed under a sun-dial in that part of his garden, immediately opposite the window of his library. Pope and Cowper

All the while my bright brass basin<sup>9</sup>  
 Ogling at his solemn face in !  
 He began a drowsy discourse  
 Recommending that and this course,  
 Which my retort cut sharply short,  
 For I was in no humour for't !  
 Abruptly turning on his heel,

---

delighted in their "trim gardens;" and John Kemble, in his rural retirement at Lausanne, was an ardent cultivator of flowers. In the boyhood of Uncle Timothy many a time, on a half-holiday, was he the welcome bearer of the *Viola Amœna*, or Purple Heart's-ease, as presents from his dearly-beloved preceptor (a floricultural enthusiast who commenced his delightful pursuit with a view to amuse a depressed mind and reinvigorate a sickly body) to Siddons at her sweet cottage on the Harrow road. Her great and constant call for this beautiful flower every spring, to keep the purple bordering of her garden complete and perfect, induced the gardeners in the neighbourhood to give the name of "Miss Heart's-ease" to her managing handmaid! Her garden was remarkable in another respect. It was a garden of Evergreens, which, together with a few deciduous shrubs, were of the most sombre, sable, and tragical cast, such as Box-trees, Fir, Privet, Phillyrea, Arbor Vitæ, Holly, Cypress, the Red Cedar, Laurel, Irish Ivy, Bay-tree, Arbutus Daphne or Spurge-Laurel, *Cneorum Tricoccum* or the "Widow-Wail," the branches and flowers of which, according to Pliny, were carried by the Roman matrons in their funeral processions :

"*Purpureos spargam flores.*"—Virgil.

<sup>9</sup> Democritus, in order to calculate the nature of things, was continually looking on a *brass basin*, by which practice he is said to have blinded himself.



He rang the city this quaint peal—  
 “Give the laughing devil his due—  
 The man’s not mad, my friends, but You !”<sup>10</sup>  
 —*Tu Quoque!* fits the cap? some few!  
 Tho’ folly,<sup>11</sup> flaunting up and down  
 This phantasmagorian town,<sup>12</sup>  
 Her antiquated coat has cast,  
 I, in the present, see the past ;

---

<sup>10</sup> The world, the busy world! and I  
 Have never been first cousins—Why?  
 Because in neither word nor deed  
 The World and I have once agreed.

I’m humble, and the World is proud ;  
 It loves, what I detest, a crowd ;  
 What it teaches men to prize,  
 Pomp and riches, I despise.

I, before a lucky dunce,  
 Or a braggart, beggar once!  
 Cannot, like a lacquey, stand,  
 Making congees, cap in hand!

Simple dress and simple diet  
 And a cosey cup in quiet,  
 With a lip contempt has curl’d,  
 See, how laughs to scorn the World!

Let it laugh! I’m in the vein  
 At the World to laugh again—  
 One in scorn and one in glee,  
 Let’s try which can merriest be!

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>11</sup> “A DESCRIPTION OF FOLLY.

“Entring once into the seate of the braine, she obfus-  
 cateth the imagination, perverteth conceit, alienateth the

Than folly neither more, nor less,  
 But only in a different dress ;  
 Time has made her naught the wiser,  
 As will find the fool that tries her !  
 PATRIOTISM holding league <sup>13</sup>  
 With ambition and intrigue—  
 WORLDLY HONESTY <sup>14</sup>—whose check  
 Is the halter round his neck !

---

mind, corrupteth reason, and so disturbeth and hindreth a man, that he can neither read, deliuer, nor act any thing as he should doe : but on the contrarie, with turbulent conceptions, wavering and inconstant motions, broken sleepe, a sick braine, and an emptie soaked head, like a withred cucumber, he vainely like a blind mill horse, whirlth about a thousand fopperies, some no less lamentable than ridiculous.”

<sup>12</sup> “ London ! the needy villain’s general home,  
 The common sewer of Paris and of Rome.”

In this picture we are forcibly reminded of Plutarch’s description of the outlaws and fugitives that flocked to the Temple dedicated to the Asylæan God by Romulus and Remus. Their liberal Majesties welcomed all that came, and refused to deliver up the debtor to his creditor, and the murderer to the magistrate ! by which means the rising city of Rome was soon peopled.

<sup>13</sup> “ Few men rise to power in a state, without a union of *great* and *mean* qualities.”—*Lord Bacon*.

<sup>14</sup> “ Honesty the best policy.”—Antediluvian adage ! Honesty is a ragged virtue, turned out of doors to beg or starve ! The march of progression (the “*Rogue’s March?*”) has kicked away this old-fashioned stumbling-block. In the general scramble for money, who can find time or afford to be honest ? Talk of *physical* malaria, of sulphuretted and phosphuretted hydrogen (first cousin to the

<sup>15</sup> WORLDLY WISDOM—craft and cunning,  
 All out-witting and out-running!  
 FRIENDSHIP,<sup>16</sup>—not the glow-worm spark  
 That shines upon us in the dark,

cholera!) Think of *moral malaria*! Of stagnant cess-pools and public ordure-pits! What pool or pit, with its putrescent *residua*, so anti-odoriferous as the reeking rascality of Capel Court? Think of the pestilential virus of such an intramural deposit as a Rail-Road Jobber! Yet this moral plague what shall stay? *Religion*? when every man's God is Gold! *Shame*? when the brass candlestick, (like the schoolmaster,) is abroad, and not expected home again! A "*Board of Health*?" when ALL are alike infected!

Yet knaves, like shears, whose edges are so keen,  
 Will cut themselves, as we have often seen,  
 For want of HONESTY to put between.

In the singing days of Uncle Timothy this was his

DEMOCRITUSIAN CHANT.

I owe the World nothing—I'm not in it's debt—  
 Ne'er has the World been my creditor yet—  
 It's favor to me it has never unfurl'd,  
 Yet still in good humour am I with the World.

The World ne'er deceived me—with all its deceit;  
 The World never cheated me—tho' a great cheat!  
 I'd heard how its word it had twisted and twirl'd,  
 So never put I any trust in the World!

A sweet smiling face and a pair of bright eyes  
 I knew very well was the World in disguise;  
 And when I was offer'd a heart and a hand,  
 That joke call'd a "Friend" I could quite understand!

Did pity, kind soul! come with me to condole,  
 Impertinent pride I saw peep thro' her stole!

But fair-weather's follower fervent,  
 Fawning flattery's fellow-servant !  
 INGRATE'S<sup>17</sup> SMILE—like coffin-plate  
 Over rottenness in state !

Then came, apropos, to my mind *Rochefoucault*,  
 And how one man feels for another man's woe !  
 Contented and gay let me laugh life away,  
 With something to *give*, but with nothing to *pay* ;  
 And when the last smile has my dying lip curl'd  
 May I, *sans* a sigh, bid good b'ye to the World.

<sup>15</sup> "Keep up appearances, there lies the test,  
 The world will give thee credit for the rest."

*Churchill.*

<sup>16</sup> "Give mee that Bird," says Bishop Hall, "which will sing in winter, and seeke to my window in the hardest frost ; there is no tryall of friendship but adversity." And again—"Give mee that love, and friendship, which is betweene the vine, and the elme, whereby the elme is no whit worse, and the vine so much the better." Alexander being asked where he would lay his treasure ? answered "*Apud Amicos.*"

<sup>17</sup> "But be not concerned," writes the Archbishop of Dublin to Doctor Swift, "*ingratitude* is warranted by modern and ancient custom : and it is more honour for a man to have it asked, why he had not a *suitable return* to his *merits*, than why he was overpaid."

Looking at the actors in this great Drama, (the *glorious* Revolution of 1688,) we have,—on the one hand a king, such as James's own acts have declared him,—on the other his nearest relatives,—sons-in-law professing towards him a devoted allegiance, daughters bound to him by every tie of filial gratitude ;

("Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
 More hideous, when thou showest thee in a *child*,  
 Than the sea-monster !")

TEMPERANCE—sober from satiety !  
 Plausible professing PIETY—<sup>18</sup>  
 Eyes devoutly raised to heaven,  
 Hearts to earth entirely given !  
 GOOD INTENTIONS, that might pave  
 Pandemonium !—To his grave

trusted counsellors, sworn to uphold his power, nobles and commanders paying him obsequious court,—friends loaded by him with benefits,—all combining to thrust him from his throne, and transfer their allegiance to another. If this be glorious to England, unswerving justice and unsullied honour may be no more recognized in the dealings of man with man :—let the law of heartless selfishness, that “the end will justify the means,” be the adopted motto of politicians.

<sup>18</sup> “Do you not think piety to be a more important qualification for the ministry than learning ?” once asked Mr. Wilberforce of an eminent prelate. “Certainly I do,” he answered, “but they can cheat me as to their piety, but they can’t as to their *learning*.” . . .

<sup>19</sup> “This tottered Colt which once had high desires, hath now low fortunes; his thoughts were wont to reach the starres, but now stumble at stones. He was his Father’s dotage, and his Mam’s darling. He did of late swim in gluttony, but now is pinched with poverty. He was wont to devise what to eat, and is now destitute of any food. He hath worn more upon his back than the gold (which procured passage for the ape into the castle) would defray. His drinking so many healths hath taken all health from him.”—*The Foot-Post of Dover with his Packet stuft full of Strange and merry Petitions*. 1616.

Theophilus Cibber, having asked his father for the loan of a hundred pounds, received from him this reply : “When I was of your age I never spent any of *my* Father’s mo-

DISSIPATION,<sup>19</sup> dancing, piping !  
 HOARY AVARICE,<sup>20</sup> grasping, griping !  
 POMP, VENALITY, and PRIDE—<sup>21</sup>  
 In their favor wind and tide,  
 Passing, with averted eye,  
 Slighted blighted poverty !<sup>22</sup>

---

ney.” “I can’t say,” replied the son, “but I’m sure you have spent many hundred pounds of *my* Father’s money !”  
 Diamond cut diamond ! . We hope Colley cashed-up. . .

<sup>20</sup> “To see a man roll himself up, like a snow-ball, from base beggary to right worshipful and right honourable titles, unjustly to screw himself into honours and offices ; another to starve his *genius*, damn his soul, to gather wealth, which he shall not enjoy, which his prodigal son melts and consumes in an instant.”—*Robert Burton*.

<sup>21</sup> “ Besides, how many Villaines are advanc’d  
 To such theatricall, and stagic-state  
 Whilst Vertue lies obliviously entranc’d,  
 Neglected, and disdain’d as out of date :  
 Besides the multiplicite of abuse  
 That is in such mundanities mis-use.”

*A Fig Fortune*, 1596.

<sup>22</sup> “In seeking virtue if thou find poverty, be not ashamed : the fault is none of thine. Thy honor, or dishonor is purchased by thy own actions. Though virtue give a ragged livery, she gives a golden cognizance : if her service make thee poor, blush not. Thy poverty may disadvantage thee, but not dishonor thee.”—*Enchiridion*, by *Francis Quarles*. 1681.

“ He whose mind  
 Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind ;  
 Though poor in fortune, of celestial race ;  
 And he commits the crime who calls him base.

*Dryden*.



Base DETRACTION<sup>23</sup>—ever first  
 Of his friend to think the worst,  
 Prompted by some merit great  
 First to envy, then to hate!<sup>24</sup>  
 Vain PHILOSOPHY—in youth,  
 Sinking, soaring after truth,<sup>25</sup>  
 At the bottom of the hill,  
 Baffled, and enquiring still!

---

<sup>23</sup> Thearidas, being asked, as he ground his sword, if it were not sharp enough, said, "Not so sharp as slander."

"There was something noble," said Alexander, "in hearing myself ill spoken of while I was doing well."

People do not, as a general rule, lightly charge others with crimes of which they are themselves incapable, or of which they have a genuine horror.

<sup>24</sup> We should look at superior abilities not with envy, but admiration, and a desire to imitate.—The world however is not of this opinion. Its littleness would lower the gifted mind to its own level, its vanity would crush the excellence that wounds its self-love. If, in some adverse hour, Genius, too sorely tempted, "stoop, reluctant, to low arts of shame," how sternly will your worldly-wise wind-bags, flatulent with fury! arraign the offender at their bar. A donkey eloquently discoursing over his thistles is not more musical! From such mere syphons of victuals and drink, *fruges consumere nati!* genius expects nor justice nor sympathy. It appeals to nobler natures and to higher powers — It demands to be tried by its peers. Its glorious inspirations and fine sensibilities, its triumphs and its trials, its firmness and its failings, touched by a truthful yet tender hand, shall present a picture of mingled light and shade at which the generous heart will throb with admiration, and melt with pity and forgiveness; since the shade that darkened was the dust of the world, but the light that illumined was "light from heaven!" . . . . .

SELF—the plague-spot that infects  
 All societies and sects,  
 That opes to every vice the door,  
 Corrupts of every heart the core !  
 KNOWLEDGE NEW—of which the sum is,  
 Fools your fathers were, and dummies !<sup>26</sup>  
 LAW<sup>27</sup>—in subtleties refined !  
 JUSTICE<sup>28</sup>—deaf, as well as blind !

---

<sup>25</sup> “ *What is Truth?* ” of TRUTH INCARNATE

Pilate ask'd—but answer none  
 (For earth and sky will soon reply)  
 Vouchsafed the HOLY HEAVENLY ONE !  
 Appall'd Creation's funeral cry,  
 The rushing wind, the darken'd sun,  
 The thunder, and the opening grave  
 To Pilate's question answer gave !—*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>26</sup> We laugh at the wisdom of *our* ancestors, and posterity (for whom we are attempting such great things!) will laugh at the wisdom of *theirs*. Our aspirations are as big as the genius that came out of the tin kettle in the Arabian Tale, and their realisation will be as small as that same genius when he was soldered up in the same kettle again !

“ When I was a young man, being anxious to distinguish myself, I was perpetually starting *new* propositions. But I soon gave this over, for I found that generally what was *new* was *false*. ”—“ A fine passage,” remarks Dr. Johnson, “ that Goldsmith was fool enough to expunge ” from his Vicar of Wakefield. . . .

<sup>27</sup> “ I know so much of that sort of people called *lawyers*, that I pity most heartily any one that is obliged to be concerned with them: if you are not already, I hope you will be soon safe out of their hands. ”—*The Earl of Oxford's Letter to Dr. Swift*, July 15, 1730.

<sup>28</sup> In the Olden Time Kings bestowed their bounty, and



CHARITY<sup>29</sup>—retiring soul!

That hangs her lantern on a pole.

---

administered justice in their own persons. An appeal to the sovereign was not made through an official go-between. The humblest subject might place in the royal hand his petition, and receive summary relief or redress. Kings walked, and rode abroad like other folks, without having their whereabouts watched by a court lord, and chronicled by a court newsman. If they did any thing moderately good, or said any thing immoderately bad, the doing and the saying were not blown by the trumpet of a penny-a-liner. It was no remarkable event for a prince to visit a peasant, to partake of his frugal fare, joke with the "Gudeman," make himself agreeable to his buxom wife and bonny daughters, and listen to their humble joys and sorrows. In those primitive days the King saw and heard for himself. He cut short the intricate and round-about road of the law, and made its sharp sword fall heavily on the wrong-doer. If justice was deaf and blind, the touch imperial soon restored her hearing and sight; if lagging, it quickened her halting, hobbling pace; and if her scales were out of order it was an "*annoyance jury*" with a vengeance! His Majesty thought a hasty decision not so dangerous as a vexatious delay; and if sometimes he proved a little "fast," the hearts of his suitors were not made sick by hope long deferred. Royalty (in this sense) has ceased to be a reality and a refuge. The Sovereign is a ceremony, to be approached through automaton files of gentlemen-pensioners with Fool's coats and gilt battle-axes! and should the subject intrude his petition upon the "Presence" his presumption would be made a privy-council job!

Pleasant tales have been told how, in the Olden Time, princes, by accident or design, came in familiar contact with plebeians. Who has not read the story of the King and the Miller of Mansfield, and the nocturnal rambles of

HONOR<sup>30</sup>—that blows out your brains,  
But pays his debts—the gambler's<sup>31</sup> gains!

England's Merry Monarch? The true secret of kingly popularity lies in a good-humoured condescension, that can temporarily discrown the monarch without compromising him. The half-gracious smile and the stiff state-bow are highly picturesque; but Charles the Second, before the morning dew was off the grass in St. James's Park, striding among the trees, playing with his spaniels, and flinging corn to his ducks is, to our fancy, a far more agreeable exhibition.

<sup>29</sup> Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole," which is seen afar, but gives no light below. . . .  
—*Chinese Proverb.*

<sup>30</sup> Duelling was long an exclusive privilege. The aristocratical poltroon, if he could muster up resolution to become a locomotive target, was suddenly metamorphosed into a man of honor! The law, by its silence, gave consent, and pistols popped with impunity. But the people grew jealous. They had bodies to be riddled as well as their betters! Then the *éclat* of two rival tailors winging one another, a pugnacious apprentice introducing a few inches of cold steel between the recreant ribs of a tyrannical shop-walker, or a terrible tallow-chandler transfixing a brother Dip! The temptation was too strong for plebeian resistance. One of a brace of belligerent linendrapers received his quietus from a pistol ball. Then (for the first time!) it was discovered that an affair of honor was an unlawful luxury, only because it had been contaminated by the vulgarities of Tottenham Court Road! . . . .

Our notions of Honor are widely different to those of the ancients. A Lacedæmonian tutor, being asked, What he would teach his disciple, replied, *Honor*: intimating that all precepts are contained in *that*. . . .

<sup>31</sup> "Though the *lowest* orders of the Chinese are cer-

DULNESS<sup>32</sup>—making war upon sense,

BUBBLES<sup>33</sup>—blown with windy nonsense !

tainly very prone to gambling, this is a vice which is chiefly confined to them. *So much infamy* attaches to the practice in any official or respectable station, and the *law* in such cases is so severe, that the *better classes* are happily exempt from it.”—*The Chinese*, by SIR T. F. DAVIS.

<sup>32</sup> The popular literature (trashy novels!) of the present day throws off all decent restraint, and gives elbow-room to the passions of the multitude. “Fire *low*,” said Cromwell to his soldiers, “and you will be sure to *hit* them !” Its plots are hung upon Tyburn-Tree. It is the *vade mecum* of the thief and the bully, a vocabulary of Newgate slang, a pocket-picking made easy. The most disgusting caricatures of human wickedness are pronounced masterpieces of a witty invention. Flash becomes household words, and if now and then a dash of no-meaning sentimentality be thrown in to sweeten the unsavoury mess, it is hailed as pure pathos by the delicate sympathies of Petticoat Alley and Hockley-in-the-Hole ! An *élève* of a forensic free-and-easy who, after an idle, dreary day, vents his accumulated spirits, and restores the moral equilibrium at the Coal-hole or Cider Cellar, is made the hero to point a moral and adorn a tale.

“In the precious age we live in,  
Most people are so lewdly given,  
Coarse hempen trash is sooner read  
Than poems of a finer thread.”

“Surely what a man can write I can read !” said Charles Lamb, who was a *helluo librorum*. As botanists allow nothing to be weeds, he would admit nothing to be waste-paper ! “*Nullus est imperitus Scriptor, qui Lectorem non inveniat*,” says St. Jerome. What a comfort for scribblers ! Much of the (so-called) wit of the present day is begot by flatulence, born of fable, fed by folly, and nursed and maintained at the expense of virtue and the public.

WOMAN'S LOVE<sup>34</sup>--as warm as summer  
To the cash-replenish'd comer!<sup>35</sup>

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<sup>33</sup> If all Athens went mad about whistling like birds, all Europe (under the auspices of Peter the Hermit) went crazy about Crusades. The Mississippi, and the Tulip mania (as lately as the year 1835, the bulb of a new tulip, called "The Citadel of Antwerp," was sold to M. Vander-ninck, of Amsterdam, for £640!) turned the wits of France and Holland. Scotland became "daft" about the Isthmus of Darien; and the South Sea Bubble, Moonshine Companies and Railroads to Ruin have been the "bee in the bonnet" of Merrie England! All have paid dearly for their *Whistle*.

<sup>34</sup> "But happy they! the happiest of their kind!

Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate

Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend--"

sings Thomson, and the gentle Cowper is no less enthusiastic.

"Domestic happiness, thou only bliss

Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall."

Yet how happens it that these poetical apostrophisers of conjugal blessedness should be bachelors?

When

"Thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,

And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart,

This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be--"

But what bliss can result from antagonistic tempers and tastes; from society without sympathy, talk without converse, tenderness without ideas?

To ensure happiness there must be no petty jealousies,

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<sup>35</sup> A French Painter, Nicholas Loir, in order to show how much love depends upon plenty, painted Venus warming herself before a fire; and Ceres and Bacchus retiring to a distance. . . .

WOMAN'S TONGUE<sup>36</sup>—uncertain thing!  
 Honied barb, or fiery sting!  
 Are here as clever in their craft  
 As when *at* fools, not *with*, I laugh'd,<sup>37</sup>  
 And Athens sent her learned leech  
 To practise on me and to preach,

---

the vulgar offspring of conscious inferiority too tremblingly alive—no base-minded selfishness, incapable of intellectual enjoyment, and therefore obstructing it in others—no pitiful purse-pride—no spirit of contradiction, stinging itself with its own whimsies, and whipping others with the same nettles—no puritanism in Querpo, preached out of its senses, but not out of its iniquities—True happiness shall be found in the entire devotion and generous sympathy that anticipates every wish, brightens every hope, crowns every joy, and charms away every sorrow!

Dr. Burney, to whom—as times go—was meted out more than his proper share of matrimonial felicity, draws the following beautiful picture of his first wife. “And with all her nice discernment, quickness of perception, and delicacy, she could submit, if occasion seemed to require it, to such drudgery and toil as are suited to the meanest domestic, and that, with a liveliness and alacrity that, in general, are to be found in those only who have never known a better state. Yet with a strength of reason the most solid, and a *capacity for literature* the most intelligent, she never for a moment relinquished the female and amiable softness of her sex with which, above every other attribute, men are most charmed and captivated” . . . No wonder then that it was with such difficulty he tore himself from her converse in the morning, and flew back to it with such celerity at night . . . “Here” to adopt the eloquent language of Professor Richardson, “Love



And, for as yet had Rome to pour,  
 Her legions on your barbarous shore,  
 And yoke you captives to her car,  
 And tame you into what you are!<sup>36</sup>  
 In his wild woods the Briton ran,  
 A naked, painted, savage man!

was the ruling passion; but Love ratified by wedlock, gentle, constant, and refined." . . .

It was a pretty conceit of the Philosopher, who, being asked, What was the best emblem of the marriage-state? went to his closet, and drew the picture of two oxen in a yoke, with the following motto underneath, "*Draw equal.*"

<sup>36</sup> "The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reckoning yields.  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall."

*England's Helicon.* 1600.

Ladies, it has been said, are the very reverse of their mirrors—the latter reflecting without talking, and the former talking without reflecting.

<sup>37</sup> It was once remarked to Lord Chesterfield, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Peer, "and you may add perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at!"

<sup>38</sup> The ancient Briton, majestic even in his semi-barbarism—the godlike Roman—the generous and valiant Celt—the hardy Pict and Scot—the Dane, and the noblest offspring of the great Scandinavian tribes, brave, adventurous and energetic—the industrious and liberty-loving Saxon—and the ever glorious Norman, infusing the elements of valor, intellect, and power into the blood of England have made us what we are.

So much mischief brew'd and brewing,  
 What have been your parsons<sup>39</sup> doing?  
 Slow to preach,<sup>40</sup> or slow to hear,  
 They, or you, Sirs? Both, I fear!  
 Or have they with a careless hand  
 Held slack the reins of stern command,

<sup>39</sup> *Mudfog, a Character.*

God save the Church! May ev'ry surpliced knave  
 Be known as thou art known—from whom, God save  
 The Church! that makes thee “*Rev'rend!!*”—makes  
 thee, too,  
 Peep o'er the timber that thou should'st peep *through!*  
 Hangs on thy back a gown, which, jest profane,  
 Spoils the buffoon, but spares—*disarms* the cane!—  
 Pert without wit, bombastic without force,  
 Dull without depth, and without humour, coarse;  
 A slave, unmask'd—a bravo, 'neath thy hood;  
 Letting “I dare not,” wait upon “I would!”  
 Living in fear of bailiffs, satire's rod,  
 And all fears, but the right—the fear of God!  
 From friendship's social circle flung away  
 Dishonor'd—like thy promises to pay!  
 Stand forth! defiler of the sacred cloth,  
 In all thy full-blown impudence and froth!  
 Put on thy coat of motley—giber stand!  
 The coxcomb on thy head, and in thy hand  
 The bauble; on thy lip a sorry jest,  
 To which thy fav'rite tippie gives the zest—  
 Stand forth, thy ribald “*Reverend!*” Stand confest.

*Uncle Timothy.*

Mark the contrast! “Some of the meaner sort” of  
 George Herbert's parish, says Walton, “who did so love  
 and reverence him, that they would let their plough rest  
 when his Saints-bell rung to prayers, that they might also

And let the steed<sup>41</sup> which has most sway,  
 That steed unruly! run away?  
 Or have they metaphysic mud  
 Stirr'd from the bottom of the flood?<sup>42</sup>  
 That shallow pool which makes pretence  
 To something more than common sense!

offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour."

<sup>40</sup> Diogenes struck the father when the son swore, because he taught him no better. . . .

<sup>41</sup> Like a chariot is the soul  
 Drawn by two horses to its goal,  
 Black the one, the other white;  
 Evil, good; and wrong, and right.—*Plato*.

<sup>42</sup> Not a more pernicious Quack exists than a "*Popular Preacher!*" His sermons are of that mosaic, patchwork pattern for which the merest modicum of mind and memory will abundantly supply the scraps. He perplexes by his obscurity, astonishes by his high-flown bombast and extravagant figures of speech, and relieves the tedium of his turgid tautology by *pantomimical* postures, the illustrations of a faith far too "*lively*" for sober tastes. Speaking of one of these *popular* pulpiteers, Lord Brougham said, "His style is so inflated that one of his sermons would fill the Great Nassau Balloon!"

"The shallowest pond, if turbid, has depth enough for a goose to hide its head in."—*W. S. Landor*.

"Dropping empty buckets into wells,  
 And growing old in drawing nothing up."



Or have they vainly tried to scan  
 Mysteries never made for man,<sup>43</sup>  
 And then left off where they began?  
 O, folly rare! foundation fair  
 Of some rich temple to lay bare  
 Just to show to curious eyes  
 How deep that firm foundation lies!<sup>44</sup>  
 Not by its root, but by its fruit  
 The tree's just value we compute;  
 The faith wherein the virtues<sup>45</sup> shine,  
 We know, like beauty,<sup>46</sup> is divine!

---

<sup>43</sup> Loin de rien décider sur cet Etre Suprême,  
 Gardons, en l'adorant, un silence profond :  
 Sa nature est immense, et l'esprit s'y confond.  
 Pour savoir ce qu'il est, il faut être lui-même.

*Anon.*

<sup>44</sup> It is not true that "where Mystery begins, Religion ends." There are mysteries belonging to religion which call for the exercise of faith—Reason shall never penetrate them. Religion is founded on reason and revelation—Reason, God's noblest gift, is the searcher after, and discoverer of Truth. But if Reason plunge a man into the intricacies of sceptical inquiry for the doubtful chance of confirming his faith, it might with equal wisdom hazard another experiment, by casting him headlong from a precipice to prove the existence of matter. . . .

<sup>45</sup> *Virtus in actione consistit.*

"Man is born happiest when his actions  
 Are arguments and examples of his virtue."

*John Webster.*

"What care I," says Seldon, "to see a man run after a Sermon, if he cozens and cheats as soon as he comes home?"

Greece, the seat of heroes, sages,  
 Gods! and gray with glorious ages!  
 How sad the moral, how august  
 That time has written in her dust!  
 Every moss-clad mouldering stone,  
 Temple, tower, with grass o'ergrown,  
 Crumbling column, ruin'd, rent,  
 How profoundly eloquent!  
 Mute mournful monitors are they  
 Of grandeur,<sup>47</sup> beauty, and decay!  
 By pilgrims sought from every shore,

---

“ To live uprightly then is sure the best,  
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.”

Would that men would practise, what Puritans call,  
 the “ *Pantheism* ” of Pope's Universal Prayer!

<sup>46</sup> All Beauty is of God. The Golden Gates of Day opening on the palmy East: the Night's pale Regent, and the countless stars; the fruits of the earth, the flowers of the field; the valley, the mountain, the streamlet and the ocean! Love and truth are of God, for they are beautiful in their purity and immutability! Music is of God, for to its sacred voice sang the Morning Stars when they hymned his glory and his praise! Wisdom is of God, for it is Beauty intellectual; and Virtue, for it is Beauty moral. Penitence is of God, for it is the portal of heaven! Conscience the soul's monitor, sorrow its chastener, Hope its comforter, and Peace its reward, are of God, for they are beautiful in their fidelity, patience, constancy and celestial quietude! Justice and Mercy are of God, for they are the Beauty of Holiness, and Holiness is God Himself in his Beatitude and Beauty.

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>47</sup> The Parthenon is said to have cost a thousand talents.

No Shrine was ever worshipp'd more !  
 Beheld with throbbing heart, with eyes  
 Of mingled rapture and surprise !  
 And mused upon in future years  
 With sweet regret and quiet tears !<sup>48</sup>  
 Debased by sloth, unnerved by ease  
 The countrymen of Pericles  
 Live but the timid life of slaves,

This was one of the factious charges brought by the political economists of Athens against Pericles.

<sup>48</sup> Those spots which have been the theatre of great events, or the abodes of eminent men we behold with thoughtful interest and remember with tenderness and regret. Something analogous to this, Milton has embodied in the language of Adam, when the angel informs him that the leaving the garden of Eden shall be the penalty of his disobedience. Adam, with melancholy feeling, anticipates the pleasure he should have enjoyed, in pointing out to his children the places which had been sanctified by the presence of their great Creator ! . . .

<sup>49</sup> The best and wisest men of Athens have by their writings exercised more influence over all countries than their own, and over all ages than the age in which they lived. Thucydides wrote his history in exile ; in exile Æschylus sought refuge from the hatred of those who had heard the Agamemnon. The ashes of Themistocles were laid by stealth in the land which his genius had delivered. The bad measures of Pericles scarcely sustained him against the unpopularity to which his good measures exposed him. Plato thought the cause of political morality less desperate in the Syracuse of Dionysius than in the Athens of the Sophists. Half of each speech of Demosthenes is taken up with lamentations over the utter neglect shown to all that had preceded it. Of all

Rot in ignominious graves !  
 A penance for their fathers' crimes,<sup>49</sup>  
 A looking-glass for present times !  
 Amid the cloud that darkly roll'd  
 O'er future worlds in days of old  
 One god-like spirit,<sup>50</sup> only one !  
 Had glimpses of the rising sun.  
 Greece, to whom was given the prize,

---

those who have made the name of Athens dear and venerable, there were few who did not in persecution, humiliation, envy, if not in greater injuries and worse sufferings, taste of the cup of Socrates. The only writer who can be said to have enjoyed universal and unbroken popularity, is as immoral as he is meretricious. The only public man who retained to his death the support and confidence of his countrymen was a fool, a sycophant, a speculator and a poltroon. . . .

<sup>50</sup> The Delphic Oracle was never so prophetic as when it responded to the question of Chærophon, that "Socrates was the wisest of men." He was, in his youth, working at his bench as a journeyman statuary, when the mysterious voice of the familiar spirit which whispered to him through life called to him to devote himself to the instruction of mankind; and he flung down his tools, and became the missionary of truth and virtue. For forty years he chose a life of poverty, temperance, and severe self-denial. While all the other teachers grew rich with their fees, he alone would never accept one mina for proclaiming truth. Mean in apparel, pinched in coarse food, bare-footed, venerated, almost worshipped, by the greatest and most learned of his countrymen, did he daily move through Athens, the grand centre figure of mankind, the most divine man that God ever sent on earth to guide his fellow-mortals in the path of wisdom, purity, justice, and mercy !

Turn'd her back and closed her eyes  
To the bright celestial ray  
That glorifies your happier day !  
Phœbus gilds the mountain tops  
Ere he shines upon the copse  
And his noon-tide glory throws  
On the humblest flower that blows ;  
Thus eternal truth we find  
Lights up first the lofty mind,  
Then, with unmitigated ray,  
On lowlier visions pours the day !  
From the " Writing on the Wall,"  
From a Greek and Roman Fall,  
Britain, give desert its due,

---

Cato the Censor admired nothing more in Socrates, than his living in an easy and quiet manner with an ill-tempered wife and stupid children.

" Socrates," says the *Quarterly Review*, in a strain of noble enthusiasm, " no longer stands amongst us. Yet we could fancy what would result were he now to visit us. . . With that Silenic physiognomy, eccentric manner, indomitable resolution, captivating voice, homely humour, solemn earnestness, siege of questions . . . in the groves and cloisters of our Universities, in our ecclesiastical and religious meetings, at the foot of the pulpits of our well-filled churches. How often, in a conversation, in a book, debate, speech, sermon, have we longed for the doors to open, and for the son of Sophroniscus to enter—how often, in the tempest of pamphlets, in the heat of angry discussions, in discourses that have darkened counsel by words without knowledge, during the theological controversies

What indemnity have you ?  
 Yours the inconsistent tact is,  
 Christian precept, pagan practice ;<sup>51</sup>  
 In proportion as is true  
 Your religion, false are you !  
 When on some peaceful prosperous land  
 You've pour'd trade's greedy, ruthless band,<sup>52</sup>  
 Carved with the sword, and writ in flame  
 The terrors of the Christian name !  
 And, to the music of deep groans,  
 Whiten'd the soil with human bones !  
 You bid her sons<sup>53</sup> their gods abjure  
 For one wise, holy, just, and pure !  
 —“ Men of slaughter ! men of plunder !<sup>54</sup>

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of the past year, have we been tempted to exclaim, ‘ O for one hour of Socrates ! ’ ”

<sup>51</sup> *Hostes humani generis.*

<sup>52</sup> “ It is a principle of the Chinese Government,” says Dr. Morrison, “ not to license what they condemn as immoral. I know they glory in the superiority, as to principle, of their own Government, and scorn the *Christian* Governments that tolerate these vices, and convert them into a source of pecuniary advantage, or public revenue.” . .

“ I know enough of *political economy* to have perceived in the father of the British School (*Adam Smith*) that the wealth of nations is every thing in that school, and the morality and happiness of nations nothing.”—*Southey*.

<sup>53</sup> “ Who better live than we, tho' less they know.”

<sup>54</sup> What a noble response was that of the Athenians to the declaration of Aristides, “ that the enterprise which



The poor heathen asks with wonder,  
Hath he lightning, hath he thunder?"<sup>56</sup>

Grecian arts you Britons borrow;  
Grecian relics, day of sorrow!  
Wresting from their native soil,  
You have made the plunderer's spoil.  
Would your intellectual march<sup>57</sup>  
Uprear the column,<sup>58</sup> bend the arch,

Themistocles proposed, (burning the confederate fleet at Pagasæ) was indeed the most *advantageous* in the world, but, at the same time, the most *unjust*." They commanded him to lay aside all thoughts of it.

<sup>56</sup> "*Deus patiens quia Æternus.*"—St. Augustin.

In the lightning and the thunder,  
In the blast  
Sending the ship sinking under  
Ocean vast!  
In horrid war, in (what is worse),  
Wild anarchy, companion-curse!  
In the pestilence that rides  
Ghastly, on the winds and tides,  
And torturing famine, spectre-twin!  
A voice there is that cries to sin!

It hath broken silence, spoken—  
Thou hast heard  
From some fell form (plague, famine, storm)!  
The warning word—  
Heard, but heeded not, made naught  
Of sounds with direst meaning fraught,  
Ungrateful Britain! and defied,

The never-dying foliage wreath,  
 And bid the senseless marble breathe?  
 Fair Greece supplies each rich design,  
 Hers the original divine!  
 Her poets<sup>59</sup> long have been your theme,  
 Your midnight study, morning dream!  
 Enthroned in majesty of thought  
 Your youth have they sublimely taught!<sup>60</sup>  
 The Grove, Lyceum, and the Porch

---

In thy presumption and thy pride,  
 The Angel of Omnipotence that waits  
 With destruction at thy gates!—*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>57</sup> Seneca says of himself, "When I would solace myself with a fool, I reflect upon myself; and there I have him." This is the sage whom Plutarch extols beyond all the Greeks. "Know Thyself" is one of the many things that the "March of Intellect" has yet to learn . . . .

<sup>58</sup> Democritus contended that men learnt music and architecture from birds, and weaving from spiders.

<sup>59</sup> Alexander, when he was presented with that rich and costly casket of King Darius, and every man advised him what to put in it, he reserved it to keep *Homer's Works*, as the most precious jewel of human wit.

*Robert Burton.*

<sup>60</sup> Not always has the pupil done honor to the instructions of his master, and not unfrequently has the master been blamed for the mis-behaviour of his pupil. Seneca (see "Plutarch to Trajan") is reproached, and his fame still suffers for the vices of Nero. The reputation of Quintilian is hurt by the ill conduct of his scholars, and even Socrates is accused of negligence in the education of Alcibiades. Plutarch and Trajan are illustrious exceptions.



Lighted of eloquence your torch,  
 And full many a noble band  
 Bear impress of their master's hand !<sup>61</sup>  
 Her philosophers of old<sup>62</sup>  
 Taught, 'tis said, but morals cold,

---

The precepts of the master are reflected in the virtues of the prince.

<sup>61</sup> One Poet is the father of another.

“ *Milton*,” remarks Dryden, “ was the poetical son of *Spenser*, and *Mr. Waller* of *Fairfax* ; for we have our lineal descents and clans, as well as other families : *Spencer* more than once insinuates, that the soul of *Chaucer* was transfused into his body ; and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. *Milton* has acknowledged to me, that *Spenser* was his original ; and many besides myself have heard our famous *Waller* own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from the *Godfrey of Bulloing*, which was turned into *English* by *Mr. Fairfax*.” From *Homer* (whom he greatly preferred to *Virgil*, the *Grecian* being “ choleric and sanguine,” the *Roman* “ phlegmatic and melancholic”) *Dryden* inherited

“ The full-resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine—”

and it is beautiful to hear the glorious old bard, then sixty-eight ! though “ a cripple in his limbs,” truly saying, “ By the mercy of God, I think myself as vigorous as ever in the faculties of my soul—What judgment I had, increases rather than diminishes ; and thoughts, such as they are, come crowding in so fast upon me, that my only difficulty is to choose or to reject.”—Who was the poetical father of *Shakespeare* is yet a mystery. What happy age shall hail the advent of his *Son* ? Has he said, like his own *Prospero* ?

“ I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

Reformer none could Athens boast  
 To rule some new religion's roast  
 Such as Smithfield, by your leave, a  
 Roasting region! taught Geneva—<sup>63</sup>  
 Yet, unawed by fiery stake,

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my *book*."

<sup>62</sup> The Academicians shall be regarded for their modesty of opinion and rational theology; the Peripatetics for their natural science and logic; the stoics for their belief of a particular providence, and their doctrine of fortitude; (up to that sublime point, beyond which stoicism ceases to be a virtue!) the Epicureans for their refined idea of enjoyment, and the Pythagoreans for their instinctive tenderness to the whole animal creation, of itself a religion to soften the cruelty of man! . .

<sup>63</sup> The morning of October 27, 1553, broke over Geneva with the calm sweetness of autumn in that delightful country. In this beauty and repose of nature a man was seen tottering from the prison-gate to the council-chamber. He was in the summer of his days, but wasted to a skeleton, and his hair had become white in his chains. The eye fell on piles of oak wood, still in leaf, and a stake with a block and iron chains. The hour was come, and the man. A damp, smoky blaze, drifted heavily upwards; a wild, agonizing shriek for mercy and of despair burst above through smoke and flame, piercing the ears of the crowd, who "fell back with a shudder!" the sun shone brightly overhead; the clock of St. Peter's tower struck twelve—and the soul of *Servetus* went to its own place!

Where was the fanatical and ferocious Frenchman who proclaimed himself a chosen minister, elect and precious, of the Prince of Peace? Where was the High Priest of

Was virtue loved for virtue's sake.<sup>64</sup>  
 Her august, heroic story<sup>65</sup>  
 Wins for Britons crowns of glory,  
 Teaching, by its example high,  
 How nobly men can live<sup>66</sup> and die!<sup>67</sup>  
 Her lofty language to your own  
 Has given an eloquence, a tone ;  
 Her follies, added to the spoil,  
 Have flourish'd in your fruitful soil !

the Geneva Inquisition, who, to his last hour gloried in the awful guilt of this appalling martyrdom?—" *Servetus*," says M. Audin, " appeared before God, and *Calvin* closed the window, where he had come to seat himself to assist at the last agonies of his enemy." . . . .

" I am able to assure you," wrote *Calvin*, jocosely, " that they have acted very *humanely* towards the guilty (*viz.* one of the reformer's heretics!); *they hoist him up upon the stake, and cause him to lose the earth by suspending him from the two arms.*" How quietly facetious is this tale of swinging and torture! No wonder that it was a common saying in Geneva (a fact recorded even by *Calvin's* apologists, who have suppressed, and given a false colouring, as best suited their crooked purpose), " It were better to be with *Beza* in hell than with *Calvin* in heaven." But why in *hell*? Not, we fain hope, for writing a few rather free pieces, (see his *Poemata*, 1548) which bringing scandal and reproach upon him, he suppressed in subsequent editions. If loose lyrics, be such a crying sin how will fare little Tom, alias Tom Little? . . .

" Ah, *Tam!* ah, *Tam!* thou'lt get thy fairin!  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!"

<sup>64</sup> Most of the Orations of Demosthenes enforce this principle; more particularly, that *of the crown*, that *against Aristocrates*, that *for the immunities*, and the *Philippics*.

All antiquity has taught,  
 Every noble deed and thought  
 Time has to your treasury brought—  
 From ancient learning's page august  
 With hand most reverent sweep the dust!  
 And from Academic bowers  
 Cast the weeds, but spare the flowers.<sup>68</sup>  
 From the courts above a visitor,  
 (Mr. Motley the inquisitor !)

<sup>65</sup> The Athenians were a politic as well as brave people; and when Timagoras, who was sent by them as ambassador to the King of Persia, had the imprudence to degrade his country by the act of prostration, he was condemned to die on his return. . .

<sup>66</sup> When Zeno consulted the oracle in what manner he should live, the answer was, that he should inquire of the dead.—

“Lives of great men all remind us  
 We may make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Foot-prints on the sands of time !”

<sup>67</sup> Cato determined not to outlive his liberty; Themistocles refused to survive his honor. The death of the Roman was noble; that of the Athenian nobler still.

<sup>68</sup> Is fickle fortune cross or kind,  
 Or foul or fair the wanton wind,  
 From envious tongues and lowering looks  
 I turn to my best friends my books.

With leisure that no tedium knows,  
 With health on every breeze that blows,  
 How happy I to friends that fly  
 That ne'er deceive, and ne'er can die !

I the *pabulum* am after  
 Looking that I live on—Laughter!  
 What fresh folly rich and racy,  
 Turning town and country crazy!  
 Does the Phœbus of to-day see?  
 Helter-skelter, in full cry,  
 Hither flock the village fry!  
 Quidnuncs queer, whose daily diet  
 Is rebellion, rapine, riot,  
 With an appetite and swallow<sup>09</sup>  
 Beating the Athenian hollow!

Enter *Gaffer Grig*, followed by the *Town's-folk*.

*1st Townsman*. Neighbour! neighbour!  
 What new mountain is in labour?  
 Is the earthquake coming down?  
 Is the comet's tail in town?  
     Here I am  
     Slippery Sam

---

Would I with fairy fancy stray,  
 Forth lightly trips some frolic fay!  
 Or with stern truth commune aside,  
 See, beck'ning, see my heavenly guide!

Would I a pensive hour beguile,  
 Mirth meets me with his merry smile!  
 And melancholy stands apart  
 To touch me when too light of heart!

And would I in the vista bright  
 Keep heaven, my happy home! in sight,

Of the Lion and Lamb !  
 And scarlet Dick  
 Of Hampton-Wick,  
 And Solomon Slim,  
 And Gaby Grim,  
 And Margery Glib,  
 And Trimming Tib,  
 And Mat the Miller and his rib !  
 All agog to hear the news  
 That makes you shiver and shake in your shoes !  
 And, Goodman Grig,  
 Disorders your wig !

SONG, *Gaffer Grig.*

The day is fast coming of doom,  
 The Castle's astonish'd ! astounded !  
 From the Master of Horse to the Groom  
 Answer I'll not for a sound head !  
 For suddenly came marching in,  
 Surely the couple were crazy !

---

Religion opes her page, and see,  
 Withdraws the veil 'twixt heaven and me !

Friends ! and old familiar faces  
 Fortune keep you in your places !  
 I pray that we may never part  
 Till heaves with life's last throb my heart.

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>69</sup> *Pamphlet.* "Believe it !—believe any thing ; no swallow like a true born *Englishman's* : a man in a quart bottle, or a victory, it's all one—down it goes."—*The Upholsterer*, by *Arthur Murphy*. Act 2. Scene 1.

O, such a riotous Chin!  
O, such a rollicking Jazey!

The Porter rang for the Page,  
The Page rang the Exon his mate in,  
And the Exon rang, in a rage,  
The Stick Gold or Silver of State in!

I from this deuce of a din  
Turn'd to the right about quick,  
Leaving the Jazey and Chin  
Strutting up stairs to the Stick!

*Chorus of Town's-folk.*

From Gunpowder, treason and brawl  
God save Queen Victoria!  
We can't understand it at all;  
A mighty mysterious story, ah! [*Exeunt.*

*Dem.* In of Bull the addled brain,  
There's a maggot got again!  
Some new bee, depend upon it,  
Now is buzzing in his bonnet! [*Exit.*



SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Windsor Castle.*  
*A Lord in Waiting and a Gentleman Usher*  
*discovered.*

*Usher.*

STRANGERS two your Lordship's leisure  
 Wait—

*Lord.* Whence come they? what's their pleasure?

*Usher.* From Bow-Bells—

*Lord.* Bow-Bells! by the by,  
 Did you, Mr. Usher, spy  
 In their foreheads, blazing high,  
 One great goggling gooseberry eye?  
 Is not Bow a certain town,  
 Topsy-turvy, upside down,  
 Every man upon his crown?  
 Bow-Bells! where the devil! where is  
 Bow?—among the Pawnees, prairies?  
 Where the Rocky-mountain bear is?  
 Bristling on my head my hair is!  
 Admit the nondescripts, but mind,  
 They leave their tomahawks behind!  
 I hope the cannibals have dined! [*Exit Usher.*]

Re-enter *Gentleman Usher, introducing Sir Peter*  
*Prolix and Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric.*

*Usher.* Sir Peter Prolix.

*Lord (aside).* By this light,



A City Alderman and Knight !

*A foie gras*

*With chapeau bras !*

*Usher.* Pumpkin Plethoric, Esquire. [Exit.

*Lord (aside).* Rosy as a curtail Friar !

What a bow-window the mutton's

Built beneath his bright brass buttons !

Now and then must even crown'd heads

Condescend to humor roundheads,

And belted knights and garter'd earls

<sup>70</sup> The Royal Exchange, in ancient times, had its rivals, viz.—The New Exchange or Britain's Bourse at Durham House, and the Middle Exchange (nearest to London) at Salisbury House. The citizens became jealous of these marts, and in a letter from Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated July 8, 1608, he writes, "the citizens, and especially the Exchange-men begin to grumble, foreseeing that it will be very prejudicial, and mar their market, and thereupon have made a petition to the Lord Mayor to provide *Ne quid detrimenti Republica capiat.*" The proprietor, the Earl of Salisbury, Lord High Treasurer, returned the petitioners a very laconic answer, that "Westminster being where he was born, and of his abode, he sees not but that he may seek to benefit it by all means he can." This "stately building so sodainely erected in the place of an olde, long stable, the outward wall whereof to the street side (i. e. the Strand) was very old and ruinate," the "upper shoppes" of which were (Tuesday the 10 April 1609) "richly furnished with wares, and which "the next day after that, the King, Queene, the Prince, the Ladie Elizabeth, and the Duke of York, with many great Lords and chiefe Ladies" visited, and were there entertained with "pleasant speeches, gifts and in-

To common people cast their pearls!  
 The business of these obesities  
 Gastronomical I guess it is!

SONG, *Sir Peter.*

One terrible night we saw such a sight!  
 The Lord of the Lions of London  
 Our Burse,<sup>70</sup> in a blaze! our town in amaze!  
 Our trade, *pro tempore*, undone!

---

genious devices, the King giving it the name of 'Britain's Burse,' was ignominiously demolished in 1737!

The Middle Exchange adjoined Great Salisbury House. "It consisted," says Brayley, "of a long room, extending from the Strand to the Thames, lined on each side with shops; and at the end was a passage, with a handsome flight of steps leading to the river. It however obtained a bad name from the class of frequenters who patronised it, and the estate again reverting to the Earl of Salisbury, he pulled down the Exchange, together with the whole of Great Salisbury House too, and erected Cecil Street on its site, about the year 1696." . . .

The following is extracted from the Minutes of the Joint *Gresham* Committee, 4th November, 1667:—"King Charles the Second came to the Royal Exchange on the three and twentieth of *October, anno 1667*, and there fixed the first pillar at the re-edifying thereof, which is that standing on the west side of the north entrance. He was entertained by the city and company with a chine of beef, a grand dish of fowl, gammons of bacon, dried tongues, anchovies, caviare, &c., and plenty of severall sorts of wine. He gave £20 in gold to the workmen. The enterteynment was in a shedd, built and adorned on purpose, upon the Scottish walke." . . .

Now blessed reverse! both business and burse  
 Sick are no longer and sorry,  
 For commerce again will be soon in her fane,  
 The quintessence quite of a quarry!

We post to-day to petition and pray  
 The Crown, with sceptre and garter,  
 Prancing in state with the cream-color'd eight,  
 (And the more blue-ribbon'd the smarter!)

With the Beef-eating chaps in their muffin caps,  
 And the Guards in their helmets glist'ning,

---

<sup>71</sup> The Guildhall Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day, 1850, was enlivened with much official tumbling. The vast refectory resounded with cheers and laughter as the ministerial and judicial Joe Millers rang their satirical changes on Pope Pius and his Archbishop of Westminster. The following lyric, by the Laureat, (to the tune of "O, such a day,") arrived a little too late to be chanted *in character* (see "Tom Thumb") by the Lord \* \* \* \*

Candlesticks with lighted wicks, Cardinal, and Crucifix,  
 Pio Nono sends (*pro bono!*) with his papal Bull—  
 That this, alas! should come to pass—We're in a proper  
 Pusey—"fix!"  
 Of Pusey's *ruses*, heavy news! is England's measure full.  
 Soon here the Pope will (give him rope!) sit *in pontificalibus*,  
 (His gouty toe John Bull, (*grand sot!*) devoutly ducking,  
 shall he buss?)  
 More shocking still! and have a grill of heretics (O fie!)  
 again,  
 And bring us—what?—a powder-plot, Guy's tinder-box,  
 and Guy again!

Will drive us poor cits fairly out of our wits  
By coming to honor the christ'ning.

In pitiful plight for a feast and a sight  
Is each municipal member,  
He wants to go thro' a rehearsal or two  
Against the ninth of November!<sup>71</sup>

*Lord (aside).* That ever I should live, ha! ha!  
To hear an alderman *sol fa*.  
—Citizens, the Lord's Anointed  
Has commanded and appointed

---

Altar, Chancel, (gracious powers!) strewn with fair and  
fragrant flowers—

(In our noses every rose is Puseyite-perfume!)  
Anthems breathing (well-a-day!) horrid, monkish, melody!  
(I'd rather now a Flemish frow hear warble "*Buy a  
Broom!*"

Rome-ridden Denison, you don't deserve that benison,  
Reformation's toothy rations turtle soup and venison!  
Pusey too, the same to you! and all (God save Victoria!)  
Who say she's not (I'd have 'em shot!) the Church's upper  
story, ah!

O, Bishop Ullathorne (in the side of Bull a thorn!)  
Sent to fry us! post to Pius, varlet! lead the van—  
O, Bishop Beverley (who thought to coax us cleverly!)  
Brush with Brother Brummagem as quickly as you can!

Scarlet Tile, quit Britain's isle, or else (tile territorial  
To swallow up our "loving cup," our turbot and John  
Dory all!)

Your owner will from Tower Hill to Pius at the Vatican  
Have soon to go to kiss his toe, if, minus head and hat,  
he can.

Tom Thumb<sup>72</sup> to try his mimic power,<sup>73</sup>  
 On royal ennui for an hour.  
 Crowns, with high debate and discourse,<sup>74</sup>  
 Overdone, have taken this course.  
 King Hal made much of mimes and mummers,  
 His wag was Will, the famous Summers;

---

<sup>72</sup> It is a melancholy reflection that a tithe of what was lavished upon this "*disgusting dwarf*" (as "*The Times*" designated this Lilliputian mountebank, in its eloquent lament on the death of Haydon) would have stood between genius and despair. Upon this sad subject we might ponder till the mind "burst with thinking." To Sir Robert Peel belongs the deep consolation of having relieved Haydon in his last extremity. The broken-hearted man applied to a certain loosely-loquacious and "liberal" (!) Lord for pecuniary assistance, but in vain. The Prime Minister, harassed by the combined hostility of factious friends and place-hunting foes, found leisure for benevolence. He sent the applicant two hundred pounds, and received his dying benediction.

It was only a few weeks before the death of Haydon that Uncle Timothy saw him in Paddington Church Yard reading the inscription ("Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord!") on the tomb-stone of Siddons. To that friend he confided his many sorrows, and his mournful conviction that there was but ONE cure for them.

"O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,  
 Things standing thus unknown, shall leave behind me?"  
 he exclaimed.—Then, with a look and tone never to be forgotten, he added,

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
 To tell my story."

Queen Bess, when sorrowful and sick,  
 "Undumpish'd" was by Tarleton Dick!  
 And Archee Armstrong<sup>75</sup> often burst  
 The sides of good King Charles the First.  
 These jesters of the ancient schools,  
 Mark me, were "material" Fools,

---

But a few paces from the grave of Siddons this once sensitive and too-finely-strung organisation "sleeps well!"

"Oh! let him pass, he hates him  
 That would upon the rack of this tough world  
 Stretch him out longer."

<sup>73</sup> Very different were the "Merriments" of our *English Tom Thumb*, which "in the olde time have beene the only revivers of drousy age at midnight: old and young have with his tales chim'd mattens till the cocks crow in the morning; batchelors and maides with his tales have compassed the Christmas fire-blocke till the curfew bell rings candle out; the old shepheard and the young plow-boy, after their dayes labour, have carold out a Tale of *Tom Thumbe* to make them merry with: and who but little Tom hath made long nights seem short, and heavy toyles easie?"—*The Famous History of Tom Thumb*.

<sup>74</sup> "Strain'd to the height,  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair."

<sup>75</sup> *Archie* came in gold most glorious to behold,  
 Which made the people fall into laughter;  
 Some men they stood by, when the *Foole* they did  
 spie,  
 Expecting many Lords to follow after."

This was on the 11th of April, 1609, when King James I. accompanied by the Queen, the Prince, and a splendid retinue, gave the name of "*Britain's Burse*" to a rival Exchange at Durham House. . . Archee's annuity was



Their quaint parlousness and patter  
 Pregnant were with mind and matter,  
 Their words were swords, their ready wit  
 Shone brightest in their use of it !  
 Now this Merry-Andrew's greatest  
 Merit is that he's the latest,  
 Tho' judging from experience past,  
*He* is not like to be the *last* ! <sup>76</sup>  
 When the Imperial Presence from  
 In state has strutted tiny Tom,  
 I, your *baterie de cuisine*  
 Will humbly lay before the Queen,  
 And your dutiful petition  
 For Her Majesty's commission.  
 Touching this momentous measure  
 You shall know the Sovereign's pleasure. [*Exit.*  
*Sir P.* . . . . Ye diplomatic spirits crown  
 My head with laurels ! drop me down

---

*two shillings per day*, as we learn from a very curious De-  
 benture written in Latin, and now lying before us, of which  
 the following is a translation.

Debenture.	" To Archibald Armstrong for an Annuity, to wit at 2 <sup>s</sup> for the day for half a year ended at the feast of the Birth of our Lord In the 10 <sup>th</sup> year of the reign of King Charles.	}	£18 : 6	Paid by Pitt.
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It is recorded 22<sup>nd</sup> Jan<sup>y</sup>. 1634.

Robert Pye.

<sup>76</sup> " The Dutch Dwarf, Van Tromp, had the honor of  
 attending at *Buckingham Palace* on Wednesday Evening."  
 —*Court Circular*, Saturday, February 24, 1849.



From your amaranthine bowers  
Bouquets, for the victory's ours!

*Pumpkin*. . . . Haunch of venison, hot and  
smoking!

Cherry sauce, *piquant*, provoking!  
And a bottle of the best  
Make *me*, too, completely blest!

SONG, *Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric*.

In nectarine streams all purple beams  
Let me lovingly lave my lip,  
Then, for a spree, shall gallopade glee,  
And toes trot out on a frolicksome trip!  
At every draught so merrily quaff'd  
Cupid Dan shall open his fire,  
From some wicked eye an arrow let fly,  
And turn his gas on higher and higher!  
Then, by the mass! let bumpers pass;  
Now for a bottle from Bacchus's bin!  
I long for a quiz at my festivo phiz  
In the glass that I hold 'twixt my nose and my  
chin! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III.—*The Long Walk, Windsor.*

Enter *Democritus*.

*Democritus*.

NOT by Motley Coat alone  
I have found the Fool is known,  
Seldom he abroad appears  
Wearing his symbolic ears,

Girded with his dagger wooden,  
 And his coxcomb, bells, and hood on !  
 Hence of laughter the loud burst,  
 As if *I* were Fool the First !  
 The stupid stare from high and low,  
 And pointed finger as I go,  
 Quizzing my uncommon costume,  
 Past and primitive and posthume !  
 Knowing what a favourite school  
 A royal court is to the Fool,  
 Where, slippery ground ! the idol crown'd  
 He loves to dance attendance round.  
 Thus professionally frock'd  
 At yon palace gate I knock'd,  
 And discover'd in a second  
 I without my host had reckon'd.  
 Fools must *there* to gain admittance  
 Cry with Coat of Motley quittance !  
 A liveried lacquey stopp'd my path,  
 And look'd at, leeringly, my lath !  
 But served not so another sword  
 Whose Fool, by good luck ! was a Lord.<sup>77</sup>

---

<sup>77</sup> " He's a name only, and all good in him  
 He must derive from his great grandsire's ashes :  
 For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd  
 His titles to him, and wrote on his forehead,  
 ' *This is a Lord,*' he had lived unobserved  
 By any man of mark, and died as one  
 Amongst the common rout."

*The Custom of the Country.*

Alas ! how many have the fortune without the feelings

Lo, a garter ! in a crack he  
 Bows it in, discerning lacquey !  
 Dangling from a privy pocket,  
 See, a Key ! the gate ! unlock it !  
 Mark, to a judicial jazey  
 What judicious homage pays he !  
 In the presence of a crozier  
 He's as supple as an osier !  
 Ushering in a strawberry leaf  
 Down goes, bob ! his head of beef !  
 And before a royal bubble  
 He is really nearly double !  
 My Lord Parvenu,<sup>78</sup> whose peerage  
 Makes rare quizzing for this queer age,  
 Full of new, grotesque gentilities,  
 In his ermine O, how ill at ease !  
 And, a proper pair ! the pigmy  
 Past, both looking mighty big ! me,  
 Seeming each to say, " Your coat is  
 Very much beneath my notice !"  
 Among the miscellaneous crowd  
 That in were so politely bow'd,

---

of a gentleman ; and how many the feelings without the fortune !

<sup>78</sup> The following lines were chalked by Canning on the door of a rich *parvenu* who had then recently been made a peer—

" Bobby R— lives here,  
 George the Third made him a peer,  
 And took the pen from behind his ear."

Not one Fool I must confess  
 Saw I in his proper dress,  
 From the beaver to the boot  
 All had put off Motley's suit !  
 Did ever laughter break its fast  
 On a more risible repast ?  
 Make merrier meal upon the daws  
 And peacocks of the world's applause ?  
 —Day declines—how dark to one  
 From a world where sets no sun !  
 Yet how beautiful ! how bright,  
 In her darkness, is the night !  
 Centuries have roll'd away  
 Since I beheld yon lunar ray  
 Light up a dreaming world ! and heard,  
 As now I hear, my favourite bird.<sup>79</sup>  
 Chantress, to my home on high

---

A similar *plaisanterie* has been recently perpetrated !  
 "Give me rather a low fulness," says Bishop Hall, "than  
 an empty advancement."

"Wee buy Titles of honour with gold, that our Pre-  
 decessors purchased with virtue."—*Barnaby Rich*. 1649.

<sup>79</sup> The favourite bird also of Sophocles and Tasso ; and  
 the subject of many an Arabic and Persian allegory.  
 Pliny has eloquently described the effect of this bird's  
 note, and Izaak Walton says beautifully :—"He, that, at  
 midnight, when the labourer sleeps securely, should hear,  
 as I have heard, the clear air, the sweet descant, the rising  
 and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice,  
 might well be lifted above the earth, and say, 'Lord !  
*what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when  
 thou affordest bad men such music upon earth.*' How exqui-

Could'st thou but take wings and fly!  
Such sweet songs should never die. . .

*The Scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The Castle Tavern, Windsor.*

*Sir Peter Prolix and Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric  
at their dessert and wine.*

*Pumpkin.*

I MY Lord Chief Joker,<sup>80</sup> miss'd  
Of your jingling jest the gist,  
Prithee let me cry, Sir Peter,  
Encore to that merry metre!

*Sir. P.* What exclaim'd the gallant Napier,  
Proudly flourishing his rapier!  
To the army and the navy,  
When he conquered Scinde?—" *Peccavi!*"<sup>81</sup>

---

sitely has Milton apostrophised the aerial music of the nightingale in his

"Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly—"

The author of the "*Seasons*" would listen, hour after hour, on a fine summer's evening, to hear the nightingales in Richmond gardens. The nightingale, however melancholy as she has been represented, is, in fact, a cheerful bird. Like the infant, in an elegant Persian poem of Sadi, she smiles and is happy, while all around her are silent and sad. . . .

<sup>80</sup> "Every man," said Dr. Johnson to Miss Burney, "has, *some* time in his life, an ambition to be a wag." . .

<sup>81</sup> *Another* of Sir Peter's! Why is a man always *sure* to be in time when on a broken-winded horse?—Because Hours wait on *Aurora* (a roarer)!

*Pumpkin.* "Not one swallow makes a summer,"  
Said old Sherry<sup>82</sup> to his rummer—  
I must have another rosy  
Glass to make me warm and cosey.  
Water never tempts me to it,<sup>83</sup>  
Sworn at Highgate, I eschew it  
When there's claret in the cruet.

Enter *Waiter.*

Boy! have you a vintage brighter,  
Purer, more translucent, lighter,  
Of a deeper, richer ruby,  
Fit to swear your mistress true by?  
A mighty magnum introduce  
Of that genial, genuine juice. [Exit *Waiter.*

*Sir P.* Pumpkin, he who dreads to die  
Don't deserve to live, say I!  
Intrepidity of soul  
Soon rekindles, like hot coal!  
A puff revives the slumbering spark—  
When I beheld in Windsor Park

---

<sup>82</sup> A friend remarked to Sheridan that *hot* drinks were pernicious. "True," replied Sheridan, "hot tea, hot coffee,—nay, possibly, hot punch when—*very hot!*"

<sup>83</sup> Brother Barnardina Palomo said, that if you put your wine in water, you lose your wine; and if not, you lose yourself! . . .

"A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped."

<sup>84</sup> The title of Soldier is derived from *Solidus*, a piece of money. The Roman Legions were *paid*. Hence the Volunteer, whose gallantry was *gratuitous*, was said to be

Colors flying, troops parading,  
 Heard the music, cannonading,  
 (As in my volunteering<sup>84</sup> days,  
 When call'd the Compter's siege to raise,  
 I turn'd my back on shots and shells,  
 And bivouac'd at Bagnigge Wells !)

*Dulce et decorum est*

Thought I, as I thumpt my breast,  
*Pro—'pon honor !—patria mori—*  
 How sweet and pleasant  
 To be shot like a pheasant—

*Pumpkin.* Always excepting the company present !—

*Sir P. Con amore,*  
 For honor and glory !

*Pumpkin.* Sir Peter ! Sir Peter ! a very fine story  
 Over Johannisberg, after John Dory !  
 Is not Peace's modern March<sup>85</sup> meant—

*Sir P.* Pure's palaver, pens, and parchment !—

*Pumpkin.* For the—

*Sir P.* Revolution—Robber,<sup>86</sup>

“no soldier !” A gold *Solidus*, weighing sixty-seven grains, having on the obverse a bust with full face, and on the reverse a cross within a wreath, (from the Earl of Pembroke's celebrated collection of rare and unique coins,) was sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Co. on the 31st July, 1848, for £59.

<sup>85</sup> In imitation, probably, of the *Irenophylakes* of the Greeks and the *Feciales* of the Romans, neither of which sacred orders answered the intended purpose.

<sup>86</sup> Like the Albanian, who takes the run of a Bulgarian larder, and then with a cocked pistol demands a recompense for the wear and tear of his teeth !



Fudge ! with his fraternal slobber,  
 Greasy jowl and frouzy whisker  
 Courting all Cockayne to kiss, cur !<sup>87</sup>  
 Bull's old-fashion'd arbitrator  
 Whizzing from the cannon's crater,  
 Nelson's broadsides,<sup>88</sup> Arthur's thunder !  
 Better makes the knave knock under.<sup>89</sup>

*Enter Waiter with Wine.*

*Pumpkin.* Ha ! Ganymede has made good speed,  
 Lusitania's grape indeed !  
 Bottled up in all its beauty,  
 Full of years, yet fresh and fruity !  
 Star of Brunswick ! Prince, and Issue,  
 Long and merry lives we wish you !

*Sings.*

Here's to our Queen, in the true Hippocrene !  
 Here's to His Highness her Spouse, and  
 The Progeny all of Crown, Sceptre, and Ball,

<sup>87</sup> Sir Peter calls the owners of these mendacious muzzles the *hairystocracy* of Revolution !

<sup>88</sup> When the *Victory* passed under the stern of the *Bucentaure* at the Battle of Trafalgar, she poured into her antagonist, from every gun of her broadside, her "customary charge" of one round shot and a keg of five hundred musket balls ! The *Bucentaure* struck her colours.

<sup>89</sup> "Perpetual war is bad," says Lord Kaimes, "because it converts men into beasts of prey. Perpetual peace is worse, because it converts them into beasts of burden."

"I condemne not just armes ; those are as necessary,

And may they years live a thousand !  
 Happy and free !  
 With 'em may we,  
 Loyalists loving, those years live to see !

*Chorus. Pumpkin and Sir Peter.*

Happy and free ! &c.

*Sir P.* Pupil not of Mars, but Mozart,  
 Thou, by thy round chin and nose, art,  
 To thy very marrow bone a  
 Son of Bacchus, not Bellona !  
 Follow this Falernian fluid  
 Let a stave—

*Pumpkin.* Grinning? grave?  
 Droll or dismal?

*Sir P.* Droll, my druid!

SONG, *Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric.*

Sir Walter the Brave,<sup>90</sup> the redoubtable Raleigh  
 Put under his nose a tobacco pipe daily,

as the unjust are hatefull; even *Michael* and his Angels  
 fight; and the style of God is the Lord of Hostes."

*Bishop Hall.*

<sup>90</sup> This story is also told of Tarleton, (see his *Jests*, 1611.)  
 and Barnaby Rich, in his "*Irish Hubbub*," 1619, makes a  
 "certain Welchman" the hero of his merry tale.

"I remember a pretty jest of Tobacco, that was this.  
 A certain Welchman comming newly to London, and be-  
 holding one to take tobacco, never seeing the like before,  
 and not knowing the manner of it, but perceiving him  
 vent smoake so fast, and supposing his inward parts to be

Finding life's sorrows his spirit that bow'd  
Grew dimmer and dimmer when seen thro' a cloud!<sup>91</sup>

While puffing his pet he did not forget  
To moisten his whistle and whiff with a wet,  
And the Queen's Head<sup>92</sup> and Crown in Islington  
town  
Bore, for its brewing, the brightest renown.

on fire ; cried out *O Jhesu, Jhesu man, for the passion of Cod hold, for by Cod's splud ty snowl's on fire*, and having a bowle of beere in his hand, threw it at the other's face to quench his smoking nose."

<sup>91</sup> " Musicke, tobacco, sacke, and sleepe,  
The tide of sorrow backward keep."

*What you will. A Comedy by  
John Marston, 1607.*

" Happy Mortal! he who knows  
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows ;  
Curling Eddies climb the room,  
Wafting round a mild perfume."

*The Oxford Sausage.*

<sup>92</sup> The old Queen's Head at Islington was (for it is now pulled down!) the finest specimen in the neighbourhood of London of the domestic architecture, temp. Henry VII. It consisted of three stories projecting over each other in front, with bay-windows supported by brackets and figures carved in wood. The entrance was in the centre, through a quaint-looking porch, supported on each side by caryatides of oak, bearing Ionic scrolls. To the left hand was the "*Oak Parlour*." Over the mantel-piece was a corniced oak carving, in a chest-like form, of two panels, with nail-head centres. The jambs of the fire-place were caryatides in bold relief, supporting the ends of the stone slab

Sir Walter had grown exceedingly prone  
 To pop, for a pipe, in that noddle his own !  
 With a festivoſ few<sup>93</sup> he bibo'd and blew,  
 Puffing for twenty and tippling for two !

Quoth Walter the Brave to his half-witted knave  
 Who knew not the weed<sup>94</sup> wafted o'er by the  
 wave,

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beneath the mantel. On this slab was carved, in two compartments, the story of "Diana and Actæon." The ceiling represented a shield, bearing the initials, "I. M." in a glory, with cherubim, two heads of Roman Emperors, with fish, flowers, and other figures, within wreathed borders, ornamented with bosses of acorns.

<sup>93</sup> In the times of Thomas Heywood, the poet, (1635), the following were among the tippler's many titles :

"He is a good fellow—or A boon Companion—A mad Greek—A true Trojan—A stiff Blade—One that is steel to the back—A low-Country Soldier—One that will take his rowse—One that will drink deep, though it be a mile to the bottom—One that knows how the cards are dealt—One that will be flush of all four—One that bears up stiff—One whom the Brewer's horse hath bit—One that knows of which side his bread is buttered—One that drinks upse-freeze—One that lays down his ears and drinks—One that drinks supernaculum—One that can sip off his cyder."

<sup>94</sup> "That in Asia," says the celebrated traveller M. Pallas, "and especially in China, the use of tobacco for smoking is more ancient than the discovery of the New World I scarcely entertain a doubt. Among the Chinese, and among the Mongol Tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and become so indispensable a luxury—the

“ Bring me ale some in, that Elinour Ruming,  
 “ Right good, might have brew’d—nappý, sparkling  
 and humming !”

Then his pipe forth he drew and set lustily to  
 ‘Till his nostrils and mouth came the smoke curl-  
 ing thro’ !

Quicker and quicker the smoke curl’d, and thicker !  
 When Simon the Simple march’d in with the  
 liquor !

“ Fire ! fire ! fire !”—Nor stopp’d to enquire  
 Anything further the terrified crier !  
 But flung, in a crack, all the liquor, alack !  
 Full in the Knight’s face from the jolly Black  
 Jack !<sup>95</sup>

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tobacco-purse affixed to their belt, so necessary an article of dress—the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so *original*!—and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so *peculiar*; that we cannot possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe; especially as India, where the habit of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China. May we not expect to find traces of this custom, in the first account of the Voyages of the Portuguese and Dutch to China ?”

<sup>95</sup> “ Next for variety of drinking cups we have divers and sundry sorts, some of glass, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c., mazers, broad-mouthed dishes, Noggins, Whiskins, Piggins, Crinzes, Ale-bowles, Court-dishes, Tankards, Kannes, &c., from a pottle to a pint,

Sir Walter up rose to slit the knave's nose  
 For soiling and spoiling his countenance, clothes ;  
 O how the rogue roared when he saw the drawn sword,  
 And begg'd, on his knees, not to have his sconce  
     scored !

The Knight disabused, simple Simon excused,  
 The jack was replenish'd, the pipe was re-fused,  
 And, talking of smoke, in his parlour of oak  
 Mine Host, with the jorum, still serves up the joke !

O Jamie ! King Jamie !<sup>96</sup> thy stupid crown'd head  
 Reposed to the last on a soft downy bed,  
 But Walter's red scaffold,<sup>97</sup> blush ! blush ! "Right  
     Divine,"

Was glory's proud pillow, mean tyrant ! to thine.

from a pint to a gill ; other bottles we have of leather, but they most used amongst the shepherds and harvest people of the country ; small jacks we have in many Ale-houses in the City and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides great *black-jacks*, and bombards at the Court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their return into their country, that the Englishmen used to drink out of their boots."—*Heywood's Philocothonista*, 1635.

<sup>96</sup> King *James*, lying sicke, one prayed in publicke that hee might raigne as long as the Sun and Moone should endure, and the Prince his Sonne after him.—*The Booke of Bulls*. 1636.

<sup>97</sup> "The time of Sir Walter Raleigh's execution," observes Aubrey, "was contrived to be on my Lord Mayor's day, that the pageants and fine shows might avocate and draw away the people from beholding the tragedie of the



*Sir P.* Live to sing some racy relic on  
 Festive days, sweet Swan of Helicon!<sup>98</sup>  
 When the rosy god of wine  
 Makes our happy faces shine!  
 A murrain on that organ player!

[*A street organ is heard.*

Gramercy! what a grind was there!  
 Every melody he mangles  
 Is with music at right angles!  
 Hark! his tuneable proboscis<sup>99</sup>  
 (Could his back my cane but cross!) is  
 Going to give us, as a favor!  
 Some excruciating quaver  
 (To the love-and-murder muses  
 An annuity the noose is!)

gallantest worthie that England ever bred." . . —*Aubrey's MS. in the Ashmolean Museum.*

A rare judicial mockery was the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh! The public prosecutor was the unprincipled and ruffianly Attorney General Coke, who bullied the noble patriot; and the Judge was Popham the reformed Highway-Robber!

<sup>98</sup> "Recreation is intended to the minde, as whetting is to the sithe, to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull, and blunt; hee therefore that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grasse may grow, and his steed starve; as contrarily, he that alwaies toyles, and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; labouring much to little purpose: as good no sithe, as no edge."

*Bishop Hall.*

<sup>99</sup> Brathwait (see *Whimzies*) thus describes the accom-



Telling how the tender passion  
Tucks its tools up Tyburn fashion !

*The Musician's SONG.*<sup>1</sup>

In the olden time his rueful rhyme a ballad-singing  
clown  
The streets of merry Abingdon was chanting up  
and down,  
But from the squires (no ballad buyers !) few far-  
things did he finger,  
For Puck had on their purses put a padlock, a  
distringer !

A tavern nigh just caught the eye of this poor  
metre-monger,

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plishments of a ballad-singer. "Now he counterfeits a natural *base*, then a perpetual *treble*, and ends with a *counter-tenure*. You shall heare him feigne an artfull straine through the *nose*, purposely to insinuate into the attention of the *purer* brother-hood."

<sup>1</sup> "After he (Richard Corbet, *Bishop of Oxford*) was a Doctor of Divinity we are told he sung ballads at the High Cross at Abingdon : being at a tavern in that town, a ballad singer came into that house, complaining that he could not dispose of his stock ; the doctor in a frolic took off his gown, and assuming the ballad singer's leather jacket, went out into the street, and soon drew a crowd of admiring purchasers."—*Chalmers*.

This frolicsome divine is the author of *Poetica Stromata*, or *Collection of Sundrie Pieces in Poetry*, 1648, in which there are a rare superabundance of wit, and constitutional hilarity.

How long'd for flip his thirsty lip, how crew his crop  
with hunger !  
How shiver'd, shook for ingle nook his bag of bones  
and skin !  
And, ah ! how faint his tuneful plaint, "*Sure Po-  
verty's no sin !*"

No surly "Stand !" no hostile hand him at the  
porch opposed,  
Not him before they barr'd the door, nor yet their  
hearts they closed !  
But blazing coal, and wassail-bowl, and roasted crabs  
and ale  
Made glad a true and jolly crew, to whom he told  
his tale.

A holy priest was at the feast, a doctor, (*inter nos !*)  
Who many a time a ballad rhyme had trowl'd at  
the High Cross !  
And risen gay at dawn of day with merry chanti-  
cleer,  
To wend to the wood with Robin Hood in the  
spring-tyde of the year !

"Thy lenten nose looks lachrymose, thy tatter'd  
garments tell  
Thou'rt not too rich in purse or breech ; the world  
don't use thee well !  
Jack Frost's sharp gripe has crack'd thy pipe—  
thou shalt not hie thee hence  
Until a cup has cheer'd thee up, and thou hast  
pouch'd some pence.

“Come sit thee down, my reverend gown,” this  
 holy doctor cry’d,  
 “Thy sorry case will not disgrace, for this is Christ-  
 mas tyde !  
 Ah! cares HE which is poor or rich whose Advent  
 now we hail ?  
 So thee I pledge to my goblet’s edge, nor will good  
 fellows fail !”

His glass each took with kindly look in welcome to  
 their cheer,  
 “No *Puritan*,” the singer said, “no *Pharisee* sits  
 here !”  
 His heart rejoiced, his eye grew moist, his nose,  
 too, in the light  
 Of this carouse, out-blush’d the boughs with berries  
 red and bright !

“Thy leather frock, thy ballad stock lend me,”  
 quoth the divine,  
 “And I, poor knave ! will launch a stave with bet-  
 ter luck than thine ;  
 The peasant churls and village girls shall soon my  
 pockets fill,  
 While I sweet gentle Willy’s wag Autolicus out-  
 trill !”

His gown he slipp’d, away he tripp’d, and sang  
 what once befell,  
 In her despair, a maiden fair who loved, alas ! too  
 well :

Soft tears he drew, and pennies too ! his next, a  
 lively strain,  
 Made mirth abound, the laugh go round, and pen-  
 nies fly again !

They bid for more of lyric lore—his bunch had  
 taken flight !  
 A *L'Envoy* them he chanted, "*Johnny Arm-  
 strong's last Good Night,*"  
 Then chirping ran to the ballad man, and made the  
 pennies ring,  
 And joyfully crew, "Be as rich as a Jew, and as  
 happy too as a King !"

These Olden Times of ballad rhymes shall never  
 more be seen,  
 When if the wintry head was white, the heart, like  
 spring, was green !

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<sup>2</sup> The *Bête noire* of the worthy Knight. Socrates had his haunting demon !

<sup>3</sup> It is but repeating a remark of the ingenious Schlegel, that Shakespeare has not fallen into the vulgar error of painting his *monks* in knavish colors, to show his zeal for the *new religion*. His love of truth, and reverence for the guardians and depositaries of ancient learning forbade him to repeat the common cant about ignorant and slothful monks, while his enlarged humanity could walk by the light of his own faith without proscribing that of his ancestors. The monks introduced in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and in *Measure for Measure*, are employed in kind and beneficent offices. It was not necessary, because they had renounced the world for

Thou jocund priest, we hope at least, for all thy  
 laughing leaven,  
 That they who heard thee sing on earth now hear  
 thee sing in heaven !

*Sir P.* Sinking in a soft siesta  
 To be roused by such a guest—  
 [Enter *Musician*] Ah !

Goblin priest of Belial's brood,<sup>2</sup>  
 With bell, book, candle, sackcloth, hood !  
 What, fire and faggots ! come again  
 To play fresh pranks in Pudding Lane ?  
 Back to purgatory's oven,  
 With horns, tail, and trotters cloven !

*Mus.* First a fool, and then a friar,  
 Sometime jester, holy prior,<sup>3</sup>  
 I, living, play'd my parts assign'd,  
 And, dying, left my works behind—

*themselves*, that they should retire to sullen seclusion, and, as regards doing good, renounce it for *others*. Besides we have reason to believe that Shakespeare regarded with no favorable eye the growing puritanism of the age, and its sanctimonious hypocrisy. Dr. Farmer points to a direct sarcasm against those precisians,

“Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,  
 Give ample license to their appetites—”

in the Constable's account of Master Froth and the Clown : —“*Precise* villains they are, that I am sure of ; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.” . . . “The Fathers, Church Story, Schoolmen,” (says Selden) “all may pass for Popish Books, and if you take away them, what learning will you leave ?

What *are* they? ask the halt, the blind,<sup>4</sup>  
 The sick, the helpless! hence to school,  
 And lesson learn of Friar and Fool!  
 O, what mumming, dancing, drumming,  
 For six centuries hail'd the coming  
 Of my Smithfield Saturnalia,  
 Pomp grotesque and paraphernalia!  
 O, how laugh'd the City 'prentice,  
 With delight *non compos mentis*!  
 To see march forth, in motley ranks,  
 My giants,<sup>5</sup> dwarfs, and mountebanks!  
 My porcine prodigies, in letters  
 Not a bit behind their betters!  
 My hocus pocus sons of magic,  
 My histrionics comic, tragic!

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These *Puritan* Preachers, if they have any thing good, they have it out of Popish Books, tho' they will not acknowledge it, for fear of displeasing the people." . . .

"It has been," says Dr. Johnson, "for many years, popular to talk of the lazy devotion of the Romish Clergy; over the sleepy laziness of men that erected churches, we may indulge our superiority with a new triumph, by comparing it with the fervid activity of those who suffer them to fall."

<sup>4</sup> Father Rahère founded the Priory, Hospital, and Church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, A. D. 1102. He is also the origin (without its *abuses*) of Bartholomew Fair. . . .

<sup>5</sup> Giants are supposed to have existed on this planet. The ancient Greeks believed in them. Dr. Tytler, (vide *Calcutta Mirror*, March 23, 1820) states that in the bed of a river near Russun, he found the fossil remains of the first joint of a human finger twice the size of the joint of



How bumpkin gaped to see round whirl  
 My Flying Cars ! my tumblers twirl !  
 The blue flame thro' the nostrils curl  
 Of my Fire-Kings ! and my Bottle-  
 Conjurer jump down his own throttle !  
 Age and youth in every booth,  
 All that had a liquorish tooth  
 Banquetted on dainty viand,  
 Savory sausage,<sup>6</sup> Farthing Pie, and  
 Prime roast Pig!<sup>7</sup> hot from the spit,  
 Tempting, but ungodly bit !  
 How danced merrily mirth's many kin  
 To the clinking of the canikin !  
 My penny ballads,<sup>8</sup> a rare bunch !  
 With lively portraitures of Punch,

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an ordinary man, whence the Doctor introduces an *ergo* that the subject must have been twelve feet high. . . .

<sup>6</sup> Very different to those at the Roman Banquets, which were served upon gridirons of silver, with the rich gravy dripping through the bars upon a sauce of Syrian prunes and pomegranate berries ! . . .

<sup>7</sup> "A delicate show-pig, little Mistress, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leaf i' de fire," cries Captain Whit to the Proctor's longing wife and her puritanical party in Ben Jonson's Comedy of Bartholomew Fair. . .

<sup>8</sup> Aubrey mentions that his nurse could repeat the History of England, from the Conquest to the time of Charles I. in *Ballads*. In Walton's Angler, Piscator having caught a chub, conducts Venator to an "honest alehouse where they would find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, *twenty Ballads* stuck about the wall," and the hostess "both cleanly and conveniently handsome." There they



And, *in propria persona*,  
 Judy, his connubial crony !  
 To " Sellenger's " brisk, rattling " Round,"<sup>9</sup>  
 And " Packington's " old favorite " Pound,"<sup>10</sup>  
 Were garnish to some goblin tale  
 O'er roasted crabs and cakes and ale  
 When winter, in his hoary dress,

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dine, and afterwards resume their sport, when Venator having caught a " gallant trout," mine hostess cooks it for their supper; then (joined by " brother Peter " and his friend) they have " a gentle touch at singing and drinking, but the last with moderation ; " they tell tales, or sing *ballads*, or make a catch," retire in good time to rest, and lie in sheets that smell of lavender! Touching these " honest " alehouses of the olden time, what a meeting was that (" in the dangerous year 1655 ") between Walton and Bishop Sanderson " near to Little Britain," where the poor prelate, dressed in " sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from costly, had been to buy a book which he then had in his hand." How (the two friends being loth to part!) they stood under a penthouse, " and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much " that they repaired to a " cleanly house," and had " bread, cheese, ale, and a fire for " their ready money," and how much to the contentment of Izaak was their talk! . Coleridge pronounced *Pilgrim's Progress* the next best book after the *Bible*. Uncle Timothy prefers to that high place the *Book of Common Prayer*, and puts (not irreverently,) *Piscator* on a par with the *Pilgrim*. When, vexed with " man's ingratitude," a hard thought has crossed his mind, the Angler, with his Arcadian beauty and cheerful piety, never failed to restore his spirit to its hopeful, happy tone, and make it at peace with the world.

<sup>9</sup> A popular Country-Dance and Ballad tune.

Yet full of pleasant joyousness !  
 Gather'd round the blazing ingle  
 Merry gossips, married, single !  
 Was St. Bartholomew his whims <sup>11</sup>  
 To barter for capacious brims,  
 And Mr. Mawworm's psalms and hymns ?  
 For when did ever Simon Pure

<sup>10</sup> "Packington's Pound," says Whalley, "seems to have been at first a Country-Dance,—probably so styled from the inventor of it,—in which the performers were 'pounded' or inclosed by each other." Nightingale, the Ballad-Singer, in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, asks Cokes whether he shall sing his ballad to the tune of "Paggington's" (i. e. Packington's) "Pound." . . . .

<sup>11</sup> The City Magnates have always been jealous of Bartholomew Fair, considering it, naturally enough ! as a formidable rival to their Lord Mayor's Show. During the Commonwealth, on a certain "August, foure and twentieth eve, being the day before the Apostolick Fayre."

"Entring through Duck-lane at the Crowne,  
 The *soveraigne cit* began to frowne,  
 As if 't abated his renowne,  
 the paint did so o'retop him,  
 'Downe with these dagon's !' then quoth he,  
 'They out-brave my dayes regality !'  
 Jove crop him !  
 'I'le have no puppet-playes,' quoth he,  
 'The harmlesse-mirth displeaseth me.'"

See an old ballad (no date) entitled "The Dagonizing of Bartholomew Fayre, caused through the Lord Maiors command for the battering doune the vanities of the Gentiles comprehended in Flag and Pole appertayning to Puppet-Play." . . . .

Or crop-ear'd Jaek,<sup>12</sup> that saint demure!<sup>13</sup>  
 (Grace, grimace, the greasy, godly<sup>14</sup>  
 Ne'er compounded were more oddly!)

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<sup>12</sup> See Hall's *Loathsomnesse of Long Haire*, 1653. Among the Harleian Manuscripts (No. 6396) is a Parody upon Carew's beautiful Song, "Ask me no more where Jove bestows," called a *Dialogue between Captain Long-haire and Alderman Short-haire*, of which the following is a specimen.

C. L. Ask me no more why I do waire  
 My hair so far below myne eare:  
 For the first man that e'er was made  
 Did never know the Barber's trade.

A. S. Ask me no more where all the day  
 The foolish owle doth make her stay;  
 'Tis in your locks, for, tak't from me,  
 She thinks your haire an Ivy tree.

C. L. Ask me no more why haire may be  
 Th' expression of gentility;  
 'Tis that which, being largely grown,  
 Derives its pedigree from the Crown.

<sup>13</sup> "That will not smell of sin,  
 But seem as they were made of sanctity!  
 Religion in their garments, and their hair  
 Cut shorter than their eyebrows! when the conscience  
 Is vaster than the ocean, and devours  
 More wretches than the counters." . .—*Ben Jonson*.

"Nay," quoth the cock; "but I beshrew us both,  
 If I believe a *saint* upon his oath."—*Dryden*.

There are moral virtues whose bloom will tolerate but very little breath. The more men talk about their virtue and their religion, the less they are likely to be believed.

"Perpetual use of strong perfumes," (says Bishop Hall)  
 "argues a guiltinesse of some unpleasing savour. The

With their sanctimonious visor  
 Make this wicked world the wiser ?<sup>15</sup>  
 Sacrilegious and accurst,

case is the same spiritually ; an over-glorious outside of Profession implies some inward filthiness that would faine escape notice."

<sup>14</sup> "The holy page with horny fists was gall'd,  
 And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd."

<sup>15</sup> Williams, Bishop of Lincoln (temp. Charles I.) asking Sir John Lambe "what sort of people these Puritans were?" Sir John replied, "that to the world they *seemed* to be such as would not swear, wh—(?), or be drunk ; but they would lie, cozen, and deceive ; that they would frequently hear two sermons a-day, &c." Hume remarks, "that that sect was more averse to such irregularities as proceed from excess of gaiety and pleasure, than to those enormities which are most destructive to society." What says honest Izaak Walton ? "Of this party" (the Puritans) "there were many that were possessed of an high degree of spiritual wickedness ; I mean with an innate, restless, radical pride and malice ; I mean not those lesser sins which are more visible and more properly carnal, and sins against a man's self, as gluttony, drunkenness, and the like—but sins of a higher nature, because more unlike to the nature of God, which is love, and mercy, and peace, and more like the devil, (who is no glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil) ; those wickednesses of malice and revenge, and opposition, and a complacence in working and beholding confusion.—Men whom pride and self-conceit had made to over-value their own wisdom and become pertinacious, and to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men which they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey." . . . It was with the Puritan as with Paddy in the play, "'Tisn't whether I tell a truth

Tempting treason<sup>16</sup> to its worst,  
 They, thro' happy Britain prowling,  
 Made her once a desert scowling,  
 Hypocritical and howling!<sup>17</sup>

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or a lie, but whether I tell a lie or a devil of a lie! If I'm to get more kicks than coppers for telling the truth, of course I shall get more coppers than kicks for telling a lie; so here goes for a thumper!" . . . .

<sup>16</sup> The Scotch mercenaries, who had been brought into England to fight the battles of the rebellious Parliament, and the English army were at this time (1647) crying out for their arrears of pay, which the sequestrations and compositions extorted from the royalists, the selling Irish lands, plundering the bishops' sees, &c. &c. were not sufficient to provide for without the excise tax, which, from its novelty and oppression, was particularly unpopular. The "bonny Blue-Caps" might therefore have marched home to their "gude oatmeale, long and short kale," as penniless as they marched from them, had not the lucky circumstance of having King Charles in their keeping enabled them to make a bargain to deliver him up to the regicides. The price was fixed at two hundred thousand pounds, which is ludicrously recorded in an old ballad entitled "The Poore Committee-Man's Accompt Avouched by *Britannicus*." Aug. 26, 1647. This *Britannicus* was one Marchamont Nedham, or Needham, a Commonwealth pamphleteer, "a model of political prostitutes," as he has been very properly styled. He wrote "*Mercurius Britannicus*," a Grub-Street republican weekly paper—afterwards "*Mercurius Pragmaticus*," a royalist paper—and after that "*Mercurius Politicus*," which was devoted to the protectorate! This old ballad is exceedingly bitter against the northern marauders for their pride, "nastie pestilence," dissimulation and treason.



Roll'd down Revolution's flood  
 Her crown and sceptre, dripping blood !  
 On the red ruins of her throne  
 Set up an idol of their own,<sup>18</sup>

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“ And for the *bonny Blue-Cap*,  
 we'll be so bold to tell him,  
 Had he his *gude* King Charles againe,  
 for *siller* he would sell him.”

<sup>17</sup> “ Among wolves learn to howl,”—says the old proverb—Ay, and to *steal* too ! . . . .

<sup>18</sup> The “ *God-intoxicated man*,” as Thomas Carlyle calls him ; or, according to the learned and witty Dr. South, and Thomas Jordan the City Poet (much more rational authorities!) the “ beggarly bankrupt fellow !” “ The preaching, praying, perjured Oliver !” Thomas Goodwin, Cromwell's favourite preacher, attended his death-bed. He believed that he had received intimation from the Spirit that Cromwell should recover ; and when his expectation was not verified, on the Protector's death, he thus impiously addressed the Almighty, “ Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived.” And another of Cromwell's disciples, Major-General Harrison, when about to pay the penalty of his treason, promised his dupes that he should rise again the third day, and his maid cleansed the house with much curiosity, expecting him the Tuesday, the day after his execution ! . . . . .

“ If ever there was a spectacle to angels and to men, it was Cromwell in his last days, wandering from palace to palace—unable to retrace his path filled with blood and perfidy—wasting away, in the fever of the mind and the breaking down of the body—and haunted with the terrors of death.” . . . George Fox, the Quaker, meeting him riding in Hampton Court Park, “ *felt*,” (to use his own expressive language) as he drew near him, “ *a waft of death*

And made her house of Sabbath rest  
 For beasts a lair,<sup>19</sup> for owls a nest !  
 Witness altar, star-lit porch  
 Sear'd and blacken'd by the torch !<sup>20</sup>

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*to go forth from him!*" And well he might! for in a few days after the "*Protector*" (!!) died. . . . .

The regicide Colonel Bond died a day or two before Cromwell, and it was universally reported that the Protector was dead; "No," said a gentleman, who knew better, "he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his future appearance!"

<sup>19</sup> Poor Robin, in his "*Merry Exploits*," makes the following sarcastic allusion to the Churches being turned into stables by the Puritans of Cromwell's time. "But lest he should take a surfeit with such ravishing delights," (viz. the *Royal Exchange*, *Leadenhall*, the *Tower*, and the *Ships upon the Thames*!) "his friends persuaded him to go to see the ancient Cathedral of St. Paul's, it being at that time made a horse guard by the soldiers; which Poor Robin beholding, 'What a blessed reformation,' quoth he, 'have we here! for in our country we can scarce persuade men to go to church, but here come men and *horses* too!'"

This profanation was improved upon by the French Revolutionists of 1793, who invaded the churches, dressed themselves in the sacerdotal vestments, violated the tabernacles, and insulted God by sacrilegious parodies. In 1848 the disciples of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just ("Vive la *Republique Democratique et Sociale*!") shot dead the Archbishop of Paris, who ventured on a mission of peace to them. . .

<sup>20</sup> D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, remarks that the Republicans of England, like those of France in the next century, were infected with a hatred of literature and the arts; he asserts that the burning of the Records in the Tower was proposed, but that a speech from Selden baffled the incendiaries. On another occasion he



Holy choirs where anthems peal'd,<sup>21</sup>  
 Sparkling shrines where pilgrims kneel'd,  
 Roofless walls where ivy creeps,  
 Tombs where mailed warrior sleeps,<sup>22</sup>

---

(Selden) defeated a proposition made to Parliament by Bradshaw to plunder the Universities. A "*Visitation*" was the cant word for Spoliation used by the Regicides! .

Some say that some which colleges did found,  
 Were wicked men; I grant it may be so:  
 But what are they which seek to pull them downe?  
 Are not *these* wicked builders, let me know?  
 How do times differ? how are things discust?  
 For see their wicked do excell our just.

*Chrestoleres, Seven Bookes of Epigrammes*  
 written by T. B. 1598.

<sup>21</sup> The music of the Church should be broadly distinguished from the music of the world. So spiritually majestic, so serenely noble, so warmly devout! The most art with the least ostentation. The *Hallelujah*, which is described by St. John in the Revelations, to be the chant of the blessed angels; (how electric is the solemn swell of the organ heaving forth these billows of triumphant sound!) the *Gloria Patri*; the Trisagion, or, "Holy, Holy, Holy," from Isaiah vi., or as it was also used, and now is, in the Roman Church, "Sanctus Deus, Sanctus Fortis, Sanctus Immortalis;" the jubilant and magnificent Morning or Angelic Hymn, beginning with the words used by the Angels at the Nativity; the Evening Hymn, beginning "Hail gladdening Light," preserved by St. Basil; the *Te Deum* (beautifully expressive of praise and adoration!) and Luther's glorious Hymn, are masterpieces of ecclesiastical harmony. Calvin and Knox persecuted Music as a snare of the Evil One, and condemned it to perpetual degradation in their conventicles. . . . .

<sup>22</sup> "I do love these ancient ruins.

We never tread upon them but we set

And pious memory sits and weeps !  
 Desecrated, rent asunder  
 By—O, where was, Heaven ! thy thunder ?—  
 Canting cut-throats, priests of plunder !<sup>23</sup>  
 Tears could not quench the burning brand,<sup>24</sup>  
 Nor prayers compel the impious hand  
 To leave to time his gentle duty

Our foot upon some reverend history :  
 And, questionless, here in this open court,  
 Which now lies naked to the injuries  
 Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd  
 Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to 't,  
 They thought it should have canopied their bones  
 Till doom's-day." *John Webster, 1623.*

<sup>23</sup> The sacking of Basing House, the plunder and slaughter of its inhabitants were, according to *Hugh Peters*, "answers to the prayers, and trophies of the faith of some of God's servants." And John Knox has given what he calls "*a merry narrative*" of the murder of Cardinal Beaton by the "ruffians of reformation." That Knox knew and applauded the scheme for the murder of David Rizzio "we fear," says Lord Mahon, "is proved by Mr. Tytler." No doubt it is! John found in the "Old Testament" certain injunctions to put idolaters to death ; hence he played the Protestant butcher among the Catholics with holy unction and ardor. A curious old Ballad entitled "*Hugh Peters' last Will and Testament ; or the Haltering of the Divell.*" (Nov. 29, 1660) is preserved among the folio Broad-sides, King's Pamphlets, Vol. 19. It thus refers to Goodwin's spiritual prophecy. .

" Noll and the De'ele cop'd many a year,  
 Till the date of 's indenture now grew near ;  
 Sick, sick, sick, and the pains of hel  
 Upon old Noll as a mortal fell :

To touch them with sublimer beauty !  
 Eternal hope, and truth divine  
 Had nor sanctuary nor shrine,<sup>25</sup>  
 And gentle charity, forth driven,  
 Took back her homeward flight to heaven !—  
     To school, to school  
     Of Friar and Fool !<sup>26</sup>

Though his augurers told him he nere should dye,  
 Yet there his prophet *Goodwin* did lye ;  
 The dearest friends they say must part,  
 So did Noll and the Divel with a heavy heart."

<sup>24</sup> What learning, civilisation, or protection for helpless innocence would there have been in the middle ages had no monastic institutions existed ? Monasteries were " Cities of Refuge " to persecuted innocence and the falsely accused. If, as St. Augustin says, the Jews were the librarians of the old religion, the Monks, in the succeeding ages, were the librarians both of the old and the new.

<sup>25</sup> " Let it simply be asked," says Washington, on taking leave of public life, " where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice ? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that *national* morality can prevail, in exclusion of religious principle."

<sup>26</sup> Stand upon the hill-side, and take a peep below—  
 Four-and-twenty black coats all of a-row !  
 Each the " *Reformation* " cut, and yet alike are none ;  
 On greater contrariety never shone the sun !

What you have received from heaven  
 Freely give,<sup>27</sup> 'twas freely given !

---

Stand upon the hill-side, and listen to their brawl;  
 The furious fold how loud they scold, what naughty names  
 they call !

“ Rank Methodist ! ” — “ Arminian ! ” — “ Jack Presbyter ! ” —  
 “ Socinian ! ”

“ Fat Pluralist with griping fist ! Old Mother Church’s  
 minion ! ”

Stand upon the hill-side—behold with what a leaven  
 Of pious self-complacency each shows the way to heaven !

“ My path to bliss you cannot miss, the prospect lies  
 before,

“ So you and I will enter by the *Nonconformist*-door.”

Stand upon the hill-side, and mark with what a fund  
 Of promise points to Paradise the Pluralist rotund !

“ The wicket, true, to let us thro’ must open very wide ;

“ The road is smooth to all, in sooth, who in their coaches  
 ride ! ”

Stand upon the hill-side—no longer daggers drawn  
 Are *Low-Church* and *No Church* with *Lordly Sleeves of*  
*Lawn* ;

Say why the deuce this sudden truce ? how civil looks  
 each sinner !

When fawners meet, the proverb says the devil goes to  
 dinner !

Stand upon the hill-side—The brethren bellicose,  
 Ah, woe betide ! have just espied yon *Scarlet Hat and*  
*Hose* !

They in the bright horizon *Salvation’s Symbol* see,  
 That every head may bow to, and bend may every knee

Stand upon the hill-side—in arrogant array  
 The black-coated belligerents blaspheme, buffoon, and  
 bray ;

And as you shall freely give,  
So shall you receive, and live! . . . [*Exit.*]

The *Hat and Hose* make all jocose; but chiefly at the *Cross*  
They shake their heads with bitter scorn, their ribald  
taunts they toss.

Stand upon the hill-side—hark! foremost of the pack,  
With leather lung and lying tongue bawls *Presbyterian*  
*Jack!*

To-day unlocks the devil Knox to prompt Jack's brazen ire,  
And in Satanic savagery the son outstrips the sire!

Stand upon the hill-side—i'fakins! what a flood  
The *Latitudinarian* flings of foul fraternal mud!  
And see a fierce *fanatic*, for true religion's sake!  
Holds up his paw for gibbet-law, the thumb-screw, and  
the stake!

Stand upon the hill-side—with a plethoric groan,  
Brimful of soups, a *Bishop* stoops, and lifts a pond'rous  
stone

Which, by your leave, he cannot heave—a little mudlark by  
Does, with a jerk, his dirty work, and makes the missile  
fly!

Stand upon the hill-side—To hunt a brother down,  
Reformers say is *this* the way you win your heavenly  
crown?

Look up and view yon azure blue ye *Christians* but in  
name!

Go put aside your passion, pride, and hide your heads  
for shame. *Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>27</sup> The bounty of the rich is the chief, if not the only  
patrimony which God has assigned in this world to the  
poor. Aristotle, being reproached for giving alms to a  
bad man, answered, "I did not give it to the man, I gave

*Sir P.* O, for the stocks! the whipping-post!  
To lay your ragamuffin ghost!

Enter *Postilion*.

*Post.* Chaise, your honors!

*Pumpkin.* Ha! postilion,  
Now for music for the million!

SONG, *Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric.*

Better greased was never chin,  
Never body better lined,  
Warm without, and warm within,  
O, ye gods! how I have dined.

Drive to merry London town,  
Jockey! for the Mayor inquire,  
Set us at his mansion down,  
Ply the knocker! pull the wire!

Dash along thro' thick and thin,  
Let your steeds outstrip the wind!  
Warm without, and warm within,  
O, ye gods! how I have dined.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

---

it to humanity." The History of Peru assures us, that the Incas, above all their titles, esteemed that the highest, which called them lovers of the poor . . . Yet what says that good Samaritan Joseph Hume? "The tendency of *charitable institutions* is to increase the number of those who depend upon them for assistance, and to weaken the motives for prudence and economy in the *lower classes.*"



Enter *Host*.

I'm surrounded, I'm surrounded  
With confusion most confounded !  
Hark ! how my bottles, well-a-day !  
Are popping all their corks away !  
How every bell with noisy chime  
To every knocker's keeping time !  
See the room, chairs, tables, tapers,  
Round about me cutting capers  
To a jig that Hecat' pitches  
When at midnight dance the witches !  
Bully Boots, to show his breeding,  
Down the middle cook is leading !  
While Waiter Will, i'feggs ! out-foots  
(To bouncing bar-maid buckled !) Boots !  
Windsor's wives pass merry lives,  
(Needs must when the devil drives !)  
Gods ! some gallopading ghost is  
Frisking with my handsome hostess !  
What a shriek ! what a squeak !  
This is like a fairy freak  
Beldams, huddled round the blaze,  
Told the imps of ancient days !  
I'm surrounded ! I'm surrounded  
With confusion most confounded !

[*Exit*.



SCENE V.—*The Mansion House.*

Enter *Sir Peter Prolix, Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric,*  
and *Postilion.* Time, Night.

*Sir P.*

AFTER not a pleasant drive  
Here we are again—alive!  
Little thanks, my lad, are due  
To your horses, or to you.  
Whip and spur, gee up! gee ho!  
Neck or nothing! on they go—  
One a cob, and one a colt,  
Now they back, and now they bolt,  
Now they stumble, now they stop,  
Up they get, and down they drop!  
Staggers having done their worst  
To make the second like the first!

*Post.* Remember, please your honors.—

*Sir P.*

Who?

*Post.* The postilion—

*Sir P.*

So I do!

Every socket, every sinew  
In my body—deuce is in you!  
Every joint—you driving dog!  
Gives my memory a jog!

*Pumpkin.* Your ramshackle team and tackle  
Creak have made my bones and crackle!

What warlock, wizard, did bewitch  
 The hacks you did so smartly switch  
 Over hedge and over ditch?  
 What invisible musician  
 All the way, *sans* intermission,  
 (Like ten thousand jacks up-winding!)  
 Kept his hurdy-gurdy grinding?

*Post.* I've knocked up both the horses—

*Sir P.*                    There!—[ *Gives him money.*

And now, my lad, knock up the Mayor!

*The Scene closes.*

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in the Mansion House.*

*The Lord Mayor reclining on an ottoman.*

*Enter Sir Peter Prolix and Mr. Pumpkin  
 Plethoric.*

*Sir P.*

**H**ARK! how quickly can repose  
 Make a bassoon of a Lord Mayor's nose!

SONG, *Sir Peter Prolix.*

Shake! O shake off Somnus' power,  
 Wake! and break from your feather-bed bower,  
 Dream no more of puddings and pies,  
 Shut your mouth, and open your eyes,  
 And lend us your ears for an hour!

*Pumpkin.* Never big-wigs,<sup>28</sup> box'd in banco,  
 Never Panza (sharp-set Sancho!)  
 When the doctor talismanic  
 Put him in a hungry panic,  
 More unjolly look'd than Jupiter,  
 Bending his black brow on you, Peter!

*Lord M.* Knight of Bow-Bells! beware—  
 Pumpkin Plethoric! take care,  
 And look how, like Hook,<sup>29</sup> you hoax London's  
 Lord Mayor!

SONG. *Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric.*

A plague o' your Lordship! why make such a  
 pother?  
 Worshipful Mayors, and aldermen too,  
 To waddle and toddle from one feast to t'other  
 Is all they are good for, and all they've to do!

<sup>28</sup> The Judicial wig, as a peg to hang jokes upon, has of late given place to the Cardinalitial hat. Let however wig and hat divide the crown. "The *Wisdom*," as the old song says, being in the one; the "*Wiseman*," in the other.

<sup>29</sup> Theodore Hook, assisted by a brother profligate and a playhouse punk, projected and perpetrated the famous *Berners' Street Hoax* in 1809, which reckoned among its many hundred dupes, a Prince of the Blood Royal, the Chairman of the East India Company, and the Lord Mayor of London! It is sad to reflect that talents which, if worthily employed, might have earned for their possessor a fair fame, should have been prostituted to the low ambition of merely qualifying him for a practical joker and a table buffoon! The Lords and Ladies who banqueted on his *bon mots* unkindly

Fresh from a cruise,  
 We bring you rare news  
 Well worth a Jew's eye, by Jingo! a Jew's.  
*Mirabile dictu,*  
 Ha! ha! we have trick'd you—  
 Sir Peter and I are the boys for a *ruse!*

*Sir P.* This morning, while some crowing cock  
 Was vocalising seven o'clock,  
 (Chanticleer's an early riser!)  
 Pumpkin Plethoric and I, Sir,  
 Business of importance brewing,  
 Closeted, were up and doing.  
 Plans completed to perfection,  
 Confab over and refection,  
 Soon our fiery coursers, lash'd  
 By a liveried Phaeton, dash'd<sup>30</sup>

---

left their Jack Pudding to the tricks, shifts, and bitter reflections that beset ridiculously proud poverty! Tricks and shifts which would have furnished fine food for the after-dinner jokes of the parvenu had they not been unhappily *his own!*

Speaking of Tom Brown (a humorist that would have made a host of Hooks), Johnson says, "Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy, but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a Merry Fellow, and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery, so that his performances have little intrinsic value." . .

<sup>30</sup> You have heard how Phaeton,  
 Phœbus's hot-headed son,

Without a trip, or tumble down  
 Full gallop to fair Windsor town !  
 Bells loud bob and triple-majors,  
 Recognising two old stagers !  
 Rang from every tower and steeple,  
 We were such important people !  
 The flag upon the Castle's summit  
 Waved a welcome, every drum it  
 Roll'd, the guns all prittled, prattled,  
 And the cannons roar'd and rattled  
 As we march'd thro' towers embattled !<sup>31</sup>

*Lord M.* What provoked, Sir Peter Prolix,  
 These your locomotive frolics ?

*Sir P.* My revered and royal Mistress  
 I, to greet, had sported this dress ;  
 (Claret-color'd coat and kerseys,  
 For my humble homage hers is !)  
 Girded sword on, mounted buckles,

---

Drove the chariot of his sire,  
 And would have set heaven, earth, on fire,  
 But that Jupiter, to hinder  
 Both from being one vast cinder  
 Turn'd the Tyro into tinder,  
 And into Po's pellucid pool  
 Down hurl'd him, hissing hot ! to cool.

*The Laureat.*

<sup>31</sup> Fancy's child  
 Draw it mild !—*Ibid.*

<sup>32</sup> “ The commanding port, the chaste symmetry, and  
 the magic form—for which not a tint was requisite, and

Frill'd and flounced my neck and knuckles—  
 Yes, for her my occiput  
 In these flowing locks I put ;  
 (The Statue that enchants the world<sup>32</sup>  
 Boasts not a cranium better curl'd!)  
 But (I in the deep Atlantic  
 Wish'd the Showman and his Antic!)  
 Barnum, that Janitor jocose  
 To give the blue devils a dose !

*Lord M.* Quickly to the question come.<sup>33</sup>

*Sir P.* Had got the start of us, and Thumb !  
 Still a Lord the task of list'ning  
 Undertook, to him the christ'ning  
 I, with a respectful air,  
 Introduced, and then my prayer  
 That Her Majesty our Jubilee  
 Would appoint a day to view Billy !

*Lord M.* In the land of Cakes (a country

colouring would have been superfluous—of that unrivalled production of which the peerless grace, looking softer, though of marble, than the feathered snow ; and brightly radiant, though, like the sun, simply white, strike upon the mind rather than the eye, as an ideal representation of ethereal beauty.”—*Dr. Burney's description of Apollo Belvedere.*

<sup>33</sup> “A tedious person,” says Ben Jonson, “is one a man would leap a steeple from.”—“*Mon Dieu ! voyez Dumont ! Il a dormi pendant deux siècles !*” cried Madame De Staël to Professor Drogg when he was preparing to begin a fresh Chapter in his drowsy Lecture. (A Doze of Two Ages !)

Where the Doctor saw not one tree !  
 But where dropp'd in golden showers<sup>34</sup>  
 Choice perfumery, by the powers !  
 As thro' reeking wynds and closes  
 He and Bozzy held their noses !  
 Vowing that the fair Edina  
 Out of all scents took the shine, ah !)  
 To Lion's skin, his coat of mail,  
 Red Sawney hangs the fox's tail !  
 Hence, for you that fragrant land  
 Has labell'd in her large round hand !  
 City Solomon and Solon,  
 My Lord Mayor a march you've stole on,  
 You have improvised the prologue,  
 Leaving him to go the whole hog,  
 And to you and your abettor  
 He remains a Rowland debtor !  
 First, to a head that holds a brain  
 I shall commit the *mise en scene*,

---

<sup>34</sup> " But to walk home at night is the most dangerous adventure, for then the chambermaids shower out the filth into the streets with such profusion, that a Scotchman might fancy himself at Edinburgh." — *Robert Southey's Letter from Lisbon to Joseph Cottle.*

<sup>35</sup> Words must be fitted to a Man's Mouth ; 'twas well said of the Fellow who was to make a Speech for my Lord Mayor, he desired to take measure of his Lordship's Mouth.

*Selden's Table-talk.*

<sup>36</sup> The mock gravity and state with which this learned functionary presents the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs to the Cursitor Baron to perform their annual city farce of chop-



Which must outshine the Pageants, yes,  
 Of London to imperial Bess,  
 When upon a city Progress  
 Hither came the sceptred ogress !  
 Then our mouth-piece<sup>35</sup> the Recorder,<sup>36</sup>  
 Cudgelling his brains to order !  
 Shall of putting make a point  
 The nose of Cicero out of joint !  
 For the Abbot of Unreason,  
 None but you my eye, Sir P's, on;  
 You shall make us merry with  
 Marrowy morsels full of pith ;  
 Nothing better than a high jest  
 Makes a hearty dinner *di-gest*<sup>37</sup>  
 When of city lords and ladies  
 There a monstrous grand parade is !  
 To His Majesty the Mayor,  
 Pumpkin, you shall be purveyor !  
 Put petitions in our churches

---

ping the sticks and counting the hobnails, and his pompous recitation of the burnished-up biography of these ephemeral and inflated grandees are high burlesque. How the two Wigs contrive to keep their countenances during these ironical glorifications is a puzzle.

When met augur augur wily  
 Brother leer'd at brother slyly !  
 When meets Cursitor Recorder  
 Gravity gets out of order !

<sup>37</sup> Hence the ancient custom of introducing a *Court Jester* at the King's table to set Royalty in a roar. . .

For the turtle bound to Birch's!  
 Let your banquet, not a comical  
 Solecism gastronomical!  
 In variety surpass  
 All that was ever writ in *Glasse!*<sup>38</sup>  
 See that Bacchus pours in plenty  
 Nectar for the cognoscenti,  
 Supernaculum in sooth,  
 Clear as crystal, strong as truth!  
 Potato-brandy, log-wood-port  
 Are only for the middling sort,  
 Common-council men committees<sup>39</sup>  
 Who think the best wine is the City's!  
 And in the gourmandising race  
 Give naught the go-by but the *grace!*  
 I'll have the Guys of every Guild  
 In the art and mystery drill'd  
 Of etiquette, that courtly screen  
 Betwixt a Quorum and a Queen!  
 Let Corporation Madam mind  
 She leaves her city airs behind,  
 (For those city airs and graces  
 Easter Ball the proper place is!)  
 Else will Royalty cry "These are

---

<sup>38</sup> "The New Art of Cookery made plain and easy," by that culinary and courteous dame Hannah Glasse. . .

<sup>39</sup> "Let me, as an old member give you, who are a young one, a little piece of advice. Never have any thing to do with the *Corporation of the City of London*. Its mem-

Very cockneyfied and *bi-zarre!*”  
 In prose or rhyme old Father Time  
 I'll leave to tell the tale sublime  
 How MAGNUS, mid his brethren all,  
 Look'd like among the prophets Saul!  
 How with rare majesty and grace  
 He march'd behind the sword and mace,  
 And Queen, Prince, Court, and all surprised  
 With what his wit extemporised!  
 Our feast and show shall *comme il faut*  
 Be—now good b'ye, Sirs, *bon repos!* [*Exit.*

*Pumpkin.* Miracles will never cease,  
 Foxes shall be turn'd to geese!  
 Quakers dance, that formal folk! a  
 Clumsy reel or ponderous polka!  
 You, who give the thorogonimble  
 To poor rogues that rig the thimble!  
 Frighten petty knaves in grain  
 With the rattling of your chain!  
 Dole them a collation hybrid,  
 Between pump-water and dry bread!  
 Luncheon lachrymose and lenten,  
 Fit and proper to repent on!  
 You, so famed for deeds of arms

---

bers are the *greatest jobbers* I have ever known in the whole course of my life.” This was the advice that the Earl of Liverpool gave Lord Ellenborough when the latter nobleman, in a fit of youthful generosity, seemed not unwilling to attach himself to that apoplectic body, mental, corporeal, and politic.

At Chalk and sundry other farms !  
 Doing, with the City Light Horse,  
 Warlike wonders on your white horse !  
 You, Sir Peter, I'll be shot  
 But I'm ashamed, if you are not !  
 To let him look and talk us down,  
 A fico for his cockney crown !  
 And not, Od's Triggers ! tickle him !  
*Sir P.* Toot !  
 'Twill be (daylight's coming soon)  
 Better policy to shoot  
 Not the Mayor—but the Moon ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*London Bridge.*

Enter *Democritus.*

*Democritus.*

**T**RICKSY spirit ! moonlight fay !  
 Melting in the mist away,  
 Flitting by me, hovering nigh me,  
 Wherefore, frolic phantom ! fly me ?  
 If thou art a courteous sprite  
 Keep me company to-night,  
 While the stars above us shine  
 Mingle sweet discourse with mine ;  
 Merry 'tis when rides her noon  
 Spirits meet beneath the moon !

*Puck.* Ho ! ho ! ho !

*Dem.* That voice I know—

(*Puck appears.*)<sup>40</sup>

Robin's form, and Robin's crow !  
Special mischief I'll be bound  
Brings thee, Puck, from fairy ground.

<sup>40</sup> Robin Good-Fellow, or Puck, was (see "*Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie, &c.* 1588) "famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad pranks." Anthony Munday, in his Comedy of "*The Two Italian Gentlemen,*" printed in 1584, styles him "Hob-goblin." In "*Skialtheia or a Shadowe of Truth,*" 1598, he is thus introduced,

"No ; let's esteeme opinion as she is,  
Fool's bawble, innovation's mistris,  
The Proteus, Robin-good-fellow of change."

The fairy-father of Robin Good-Fellow was Oberon, to whom he is indebted for his Protean gifts, which, in "*Robin Good-Fellow, His mad Prankes, and Merry Jestes, Full of Honest Mirth, and is a Fit Medicine for Melancholy,*" 1639, are curiously enumerated.

In Percy's "*Reliques of Ancient Poetry*" occurs the Ballad of "The Merry Prankes of Robin Goodfellow," and there is another production of a similar description, viz. a *unique* black letter history in verse, printed early in the seventeenth Century as a Chap-book, which shows whose son he was—how he carried himself—how he ran away from his mother—how he left his master the tailor—how Oberon told him he should be turned into what shape he could wish or desire—and how he proved the truth of his "mysterious skill," and played it off with whimsical effect upon those who deserved to be mischievously annoyed by it. . . . .

Such was "Will the Wisp," Robin Good-Fellow. Shakespeare adopted him, and put upon his head the crown of immortality !

Truant! what a contrast this  
 To thy balmy bowers of bliss!  
 Thine the fragrant breath of Flora  
 Offering incense to Aurora;  
 Mine a reeking fume, alas!  
 Of impurity and gas;  
 Thine the woodland's velvet green;  
 Crooked are my ways, unclean,  
 Not thro' leafy groves and valleys,  
 But long lanes and dark blind alleys!  
 In thy fairy home and free,  
 Thine the gurgling melody  
 Of the rivulet, as along  
 It ripples, and the joyous song  
 To pastoral pipe that shepherds sing  
 Coming forth to meet the spring!  
 With a serenade of sadness,  
 Shouts of hollow mirth, and madness,  
 Of houseless wretches the shrill cry  
 Shivering beneath a wintry sky,  
 And wet with icy dews distill'd  
 By the cold moon, my ear is fill'd—  
 Mournful music! with affright

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<sup>41</sup> When, in the course of ages, this magnificent Forest is laid low, the poet of future times shall behold in imagination *Herne's Oak*, associated with Falstaff and fairy revelry!

<sup>42</sup> There never was a merry World since the *Fairies* left Dancing, and the Parson left Conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept Thieves in awe, and did as much good in a Country as a Justice of Peace. —*Selden's Table-Talk*.



Startling the silence of the night !  
 Say, are Oberon, Titania,  
 Bitten with thy rambling mania ?

*Puck.* Beneath the ancient forest-tree<sup>41</sup>  
 That sweetly-flowing Avon's Swan  
 Set his glorious mark upon,  
 While the Regent of the night  
 Bathed the heavens in liquid light,  
 To fairy measures, on the green,  
 From magic lutes and harps unseen,  
 I left them tripping merrily !<sup>42</sup>  
 In whatever shape appear  
 Spirits from their shadowy sphere  
 They, with cunning speech and guise,  
 Cannot cheat my ears and eyes.  
 Not of swash-buckler the swagger  
 Wedded to a wooden dagger,  
 Nor, to boot, that motley suit  
 With the Fool's regalia to't,  
 Nor the speech so gravely spoken  
 Puck, ho ! ho ! can play a joke on !  
 Spirit ! erst of the Acropolis,<sup>43</sup>  
 Of Minerva the Metropolis !

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<sup>43</sup> The city of Solon, Socrates, and Demosthenes ; of Phocion, Plato, and Euripides—with its majestic Citadel and Temple—its marble columns still standing around the sunny heights of Hymettus—its plain divided by a scanty stream, and gray with olive groves—and, in the distance, the azure expanse of the Ægean sea ! . “ On reaching Parnassus,” Dr. Clarke exclaims, “ it is necessary to forget all that has preceded—all the travels of my life—all I ever

Who in marriage bonds allied  
 Wit, and wisdom heavenly bride !  
 Jests right jocund quaintly brought  
 From the solemn depths of thought,  
 And made philosophic lips  
 Redolent of cranks and quips !  
 Spirit, erst of that fair land  
 Where beauty, terror, hand in hand,  
 Breathe the sublime on Tempe's vale,<sup>44</sup>  
 And honey-crowned Hymettus, hail !  
 If, as I expect, thy visit  
 To our city is to quiz it,  
 A raree-show to be rehearsed  
 Shall soon provoke thy merriest burst.  
 As a prologue to the laughter  
 In good store for thee hereafter,  
 Puck, the organ-grinding ghost,

---

imagined—all I ever saw! Asia—Egypt—the Isles—Italy—the Alps—whatever you will! Greece surpasses all! Stupendous in its ruins!—awful in its mountains!—captivating in its vales—bewitching in its climate. Nothing ever equalled it—no pen can describe it—no pencil can pourtray it!” . . .

<sup>44</sup> Euripides has given a fine description of this celebrated valley, this “festival for the eyes!” Ælian describes its beauty, and Livy its sublimity. The latter assures us that when the Roman army was marching over one of the passes, the soldiers were thrilled with horror at the awful appearance of the rocks, and the thundering noise of the cataracts !

<sup>45</sup> “He shall make songs in the night.” The painful affliction of one dearly loved has, to Uncle Timothy, realised this divine promise :—

Puck, the jockey driving post,  
 Drove, but now, two London cits  
 Nearly out of their small wits !  
 Never wights were, to the letter,  
 Taken in, and shaken better !  
 By a dismal, diabolic  
 Diapason given the cholic—  
 O, for such another frolic !  
 Her mute vigils darkness keeps,  
 All this mighty city sleeps,  
 Save, where on the bed of anguish,  
 Sickness, sorrow, lie and languish,  
 On the fiery wheels of pain  
 Travelling home to dust again !  
 Or to heaven the secret prayer  
 Pleads, and finds acceptance there,<sup>45</sup>  
 Or a brother's purse and life

---

Calm, composed, relieved and blest,  
 Suffering nature sink to rest !  
 He who soothed thy throbbing brow,  
 He shall watch thy slumbers now !  
 Not when earth is rock'd and riven  
 Comes the " still, small voice " from heaven,  
 Not when awful thunders shake  
 Doth it holy silence break,  
 But within the chamber, where  
 Faith uplifts her fervent prayer,  
 To hush the sigh and dry the tear  
 We its heavenly music hear !  
 Even now the " still, small voice "

Tempt the prowling felon's knife !

Not this broad majestic stream  
 With a moan the silence mars,  
 Reflecting the moon's silver beam,  
 Refulgent with ten thousand stars !  
 It rushes onward to the sea,  
 Like time into eternity !

Trophied domes and clustering spires,  
 Storied windows, stately halls,  
 Altars worthy of the fires  
 Of faith and freedom ! darkness palls ;  
 In the beautiful serene  
 They are shadows dimly seen.  
 Not a footstep ! not a breath !  
 Nothing walks abroad—but Death !  
 Hark ! those deep and solemn chimes,  
 Every tongue is still—but Time's !<sup>46</sup>  
 Motley, would'st thou hear and see  
 What midnight's made of ? Here's the KEY !  
 Tho' I cannot, like the imp,  
 That lame devil with the limp !

---

And, by that sweet smile, I see,  
 Words of hope is whispering thee !

<sup>46</sup> What is Time ? The question never  
 Has been answer'd—Some have said  
 Time's a river flowing ever  
 From the Eternal Fountain-Head.

What is Time ? A fleeting phantom—  
 What is Time ? A creeping snail—

Unroof first and second floor,  
 I can open every door ;  
 Show thee whatsoe'er appears  
 Fit for laughter, and for tears ;  
 What, for pleasure and surprise,  
 On the glittering surface lies ;  
 What beneath a lurid light  
 Shadows to the shuddering sight ;  
 Every secret, every sin  
 That darkness hides and bolt bars in !  
 Follow, and with step as light  
 As becomes the vagrant sprite  
 On his rambles for the night !            [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Glutton's Hall. Alderman  
 Calipash, recumbent.*

*Enter Puck and Democritus.*

*Puck.*

THERE reclines, but not reposes,  
 Repletion on his bed of roses !  
 His short breath how hard it labors,  
 Harder than his poorest neighbour's !

---

Time is, what ? A quibble—Quantum !  
 Let Time tersely tell his tale.  
 I'm, to men, what pain and pleasure  
 Please to make me—Swift or slow  
 They my steady march's measure  
 Reckon by their weal or woe.—*Uncle Timothy.*

*Ald. (in his sleep).* Encore! encore! fresh  
bumpers pour!

Mr. Deputy, one cheer more!

*Dem.* Hark! the tempest speaks aloud,  
Its voice is in the thunder-cloud!  
Around its path blue lightnings play  
With fearful radiance!

*(Three Spirits appear.)*

Who are they

Whose glassy eyes with horror glare  
Upon that restless sleeper there?  
Tell me, thou mysterious fay!

*Puck.* Famine, Sickness and Despair!

*Famine.* To my faint and feeble cry  
What hath been thy rude reply?  
“Depart! and” (darkly frowning) “Die!”

*Sickness.* When my palsied, feverish frame  
To thy pity urged my claim,  
What thy harsh response? The same!

*Despair.* When my haggard sisters twain  
Into fury lash’d my brain,  
What thy antidote? The Chain!

*Spirits.* Crush thy fellow, he shall turn—  
Bruise his spirit, it shall burn—  
If his blessing reach the skies,  
His curse hath wings as swift to rise!



*Sickness.* Prosperity is not the school  
 To mend the heart, blind Fortune's fool !  
 The robe of Charity the storm  
 Stripp'd not from the gracious form  
 That meekly wore it, in the ray  
 Of pleasant sunshine's cast away !  
 Gold within the furnace tried  
 From the flame comes forth refined ;  
 If adversity<sup>47</sup> betide  
 It shall purify the mind ;  
 Teaching, by its stern appeal,  
 Hearts of adamant to feel !

Some, when only skies are clear,  
 See of love the heavenly form ;  
 Dwellers in a darker sphere,  
 We behold it in the storm !  
 Hath His face the Father hidden ?  
 We have borne as He hath bidden ;  
 Sorely tried and sorely chidden,  
 In His holy sight are we  
 One iota less than thee ?

---

<sup>47</sup> The air is not fuller of Meteors, than man's life is of miseries : but as we find that it is not a clear sky, but the clouds that drop fatness, as the holy Text tells us, so adversity is far more fertile than prosperity ; it useth to water and mollify the heart, which is the *centre* of all our affections, and makes it produce excellent fruit ; whereas the glaring Sunshine of a continual prosperity would enharden and dry it up, and so make it barren. . .

*Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ.*

What art thou that He should shower  
 Superfluity and power?  
 They are but a sacred trust,  
 Items for thy reckoning hour!  
 This *thy* trial, and, proud dust!  
 Which shall, at the trumpet's sound,  
 Thou, or we be wanting found?

[ *The Spirits vanish.*

*Dem.* See, a mist is gathering round us,  
 Some new potent spell has bound us!

*Puck.* One of that unhappy number  
 Whom despair will not let slumber,  
 For a deed of darkness done  
 Dies ere sets to-morrow's sun!  
 Bolts and bars may not withstand  
 Fairy key in fairy hand.

*The Scene changes to a Prison, the Gaoler, the  
 Chaplain and the Poacher discovered.*

*Chap.* Thou hast bound him in his chain,<sup>48</sup>  
 And the law approves thy zeal,

---

<sup>48</sup> Lordly sport! are *these* your gains,  
 Prisons, penance, gibbets, chains,  
 Of remorseful tears a flood?  
 Princely pastime! bought with blood!

*Uncle Timothy.*

“Time has been,” said Sir Walter Scott to Captain Basil Hall, “when I did shoot a great deal, but somehow

Having its sad wages ta'en,  
 Fast to fetter, not to feel!  
 To thy pillow, I will share  
 This hard pallet with despair.

Tho' I cannot hope to heal,  
 Haply I may soothe the smart  
 With a tender, calm appeal  
 To his bleeding, broken heart!  
 Hush the tempest of the mind,  
 Heavenly truth shall entrance find!

Doth our cottage need repair,  
 We select some season fair,  
 Not unroof it to the high  
 And whistling winds and wintry sky!  
 For the erring heart's reform  
 Choose the sunshine, not the storm!  
*Puck.* Prisons, hark! like holy spires,  
 Entertain celestial choirs.

#### ANTHEM.

Heavenly Father! heavenly Friend!  
 O, vouchsafe Thy Presence! send

---

I never very much liked it. I was never quite at ease when I had knocked down my black-cock, and going to pick him up, he cast back his dying eye with a look of reproach. I don't affect to be more squeamish than my neighbours, — but I am not ashamed to say, that no practice ever reconciled me fully to the *cruelty* of the affair." . . .

Pardon, peace—and let the morn  
Rise on a Spirit newly born !

Lively Faith appear in power,  
Hope illumine this dark hour !  
Weeping Penitence atone,  
And Mercy make the work thy own.

*Dem.* Sad inheritance ! thine was made  
Thy Parents' guilt, and thou hast paid  
(Foredoom'd, forsaken, and forlorn !)  
The penalty of being born.<sup>49</sup>

*Puck.* In the valley passing thro'  
Mists make dim the traveller's view,  
Tree or tower or rising ground  
The far-distant prospect bound.

<sup>49</sup> " Never to have been born, the wise man first  
Would wish ; and next, as soon as born, to die."

*Posidippus.*

*Death* man's punishment for sin ?  
That frees ! Or *Life* ? that bars him in.

To the Question " Which is strongest, Life or Death ? " put by Alexander to one of the ten *Gymnosophists* ; " Life," answered the philosopher, " because it bears so many evils." And to another Question, " How long is it good for a man to live ? " he received from the Indian Sage this reply : " As long as he does not prefer death to life."

Doctor Johnson, from a constitutional malady, but more from a devout sense of his own unworthiness, contemplated death with terror. It was not the mercy of God that he doubted, it was himself. Yet when the long-dreaded hour at last drew nigh, the Great Spirit, whom

But if he the mountain climb  
Then the landscape grows sublime !  
All its beauteous objects meet  
In fair order at his feet !  
Thus if the soul divinely soar,  
This mortal film obscures no more ;  
Thro' the bright portals of the sky  
A glorious future meets the eye !  
Yet, as the eagle's loftiest flight  
Alone can reach the Alpine height,  
All others of the feather'd race  
But fluttering round its awful base !  
The spirit of a purer fire,  
Of aspirations holier, higher,  
Can only, tho' but faintly, scan  
The wondrous ways of God to man !  
Justice holds the scales of heaven,<sup>50</sup>

---

he had so zealously and reverently served, benignantly sustained him, and his death was as calm and as grand as that of Socrates. What vast affections and generous sympathies ; what a treasury of knowledge ; what a mighty intellect died with that noble heart and brain ! The closing scene of Addison was the Christian's victory over the grave.

<sup>50</sup> In the mysterious dispensations of Providence it is hard to recognise the hand of divine justice. We behold the unworthy prosperous and happy, and the good bowed down by adversity and sorrow. We see youth and innocence condemned to an unequal warfare with the world, and the undeserving favourite of fortune pampered, and fawned upon from the cradle to the grave ! The life that is lovely drops in the summer of its days ; but that which

And that thou this truth may'st see  
 Undefined with earthly leaven,  
 Again I turn my magic KEY!

(*The Scene changes to the Chamber of Death.*)

*Dem.* What means this sepulchral gloom,  
 And that white-robed seraph bending  
 O'er a form with beauty blending  
 Death's mute eloquence? on her lips  
 Life lingers, and her cheek has bloom.  
 Happy Spirit! she would seem  
 Passing, in a heavenly dream,  
 From this eclipse!

*Puck.* On a night of storms, from far

---

is concentrated in self drags through a long winter of apathy and avarice! Are *these* evidences of eternal justice? If we have *no* belief in a better world we shall say they are *not*.—If we *have* we shall acknowledge they *are*.

“These dark and seemingly cruel dispensations of Providence” (says Sterne) “often make the best of human hearts complain. Who can paint the distress of an affectionate mother,—made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterness over a numerous, helpless, and fatherless offspring! God! these are thy chastisements, and require (hard task!) a pious acquiescence.” “Man” (sings Burns) “was made to mourn.”

In the same beautiful Letter (already quoted) from Elizabeth Carter to Miss Highmore, is the following. “Without the hope of some final explanation how perplexing would be the present view of the World! A confused scene of inexplicable action, a melancholy prospect, closing in Doubts and Darkness. It is in the persuasion

Never pilot polar star  
 More intently watch'd, than she  
 A gallant bark that o'er the deep  
 (The winds and waves were hush'd to sleep!)  
 Rode in silent majesty!  
 The declining lamp of day  
 Dipp'd in western clouds his ray,  
 And beneath the waters roll'd  
 A vast sea of living gold!  
 In heaven's blue concave rose serene  
 The full-orb'd moon—still, still intent  
 On that far point her eyes she bent  
 Round which the stately vessel steer'd,  
 A shadowy speck! then disappear'd.  
 And not till darkly changed the scene,

---

of a future state alone that, amidst all its perturbation,  
 the mind can fly for repose; there every difficulty va-  
 nishes, and there it rests assured of finding the unfinished  
 Scheme complete where 'there is a time for every pur-  
 pose and for every wish.'”

All will be well—*then* we shall know  
 (A marvel, and a mystery here)  
 Why vice flaunts in the foremost row,  
 And virtue drudges in the rear.

Why sympathies too finely strung  
 Are the world's bitter sport, and why  
 The teeming brain and tuneful tongue  
 At war with fortune live and die.

Let it be our prayer that Heaven may subdue every un-  
 lawful affection, and subordinate every lawful one.

*Uncle Timothy.*



And deepest gloom and blackest night  
 Shut ocean from her aching sight,  
 Did she, pensive, leave the shore,  
 In dreams to hear loud tempests roar,  
 And see wild waves ingulph the wreck !  
 —That gallant bark return'd no more !  
 Time it was her heart should break.<sup>51</sup>  
 One lost, loved one on his pillow  
 Sleeps beneath the angry billow !<sup>52</sup>

#### THE SERAPH'S SONG.

Trial is over, and triumph is thine,  
 In vain hath the grave for the victory striven ;  
 See yonder bright star thro' death's dark valley  
 shine,  
 A lamp to thy path that shall light thee to heaven.

How beauteous this holy tranquillity deep !  
 Not a charm from thy brow the Destroyer hath  
 driven ;

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<sup>51</sup> The mournful privilege to die was desired by Moses the meekest, and by Job the most patient of men. Listen to the Holy Psalmist. "O that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

<sup>52</sup> "Oh, love ! exquisite delusion ! Captivating error ! From the moment the lips find pleasure in that word, till they lose the power of pronouncing it, the charm, the inconceivable charm remains.—Whether cherished by the sunbeams of hope, or chilled by the dews of disappointment."

"So fades a summer cloud away ;  
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;

So sweetly they smile and so calmly they sleep  
Whose ransom is paid and whose sins are forgiven !

*Puck.* As the dew before the day  
The mournful vision melts away !  
Darkness, silence, sisters twin,  
Their deep caves retire within.  
The cold, grey light of morning steals,  
The world once more will be on wheels !  
To the universal scramble  
All will take their daily amble !  
All, save one—REPLETION'S SON—  
His inglorious race is run !<sup>53</sup>  
Dreaming of his midnight orgies,  
Gloating, glutton ! o'er his gorges,  
With a strong convulsive heave  
His harsh, selfish<sup>54</sup> soul took leave !  
Sable plumes and velvet pall,

---

So gently shuts the eye of day ;  
So dies a wave along the shore."

<sup>53</sup> " Oh indignant Reader ! think not his Life useless to Mankind ! Providence connived at his execrable Designs, to give to After-ages a conspicuous *Proof and Example*, of how small Estimation is *Exorbitant Wealth* in the Sight of GOD, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all Mortals.—*Dr. Arbuthnot's Epitaph on Francis Chartres.*

<sup>54</sup> Some there are who sow to reap,  
And for Self more dross to heap ;  
Some who only live to sow  
Harvests that for others grow !

Pope, writing to Ralph Allen in 1736, says, " I am now as busy planting for myself as I was lately in planting for

Mutes and mourners,<sup>55</sup> hirelings all!  
 In funeral pride shall slowly ride,  
 But where will be the heavenly guide? <sup>56</sup>

(*The Scene changes to Windsor Forest.*)

What a landscape smiles around!  
 Looks it not enchanted ground?  
 Happy homestead, fruitful soil  
 Paying back the peasant's toil!  
 Cheerful hamlet, playful steeds,

another; and I thank God for every wet day and for every fog that gives me the head-ache, but prospers my works. They will outlive me, but I am pleased to think my trees will afford fruit and shade to others, when I shall want them no more. And it is no sort of grief to me that those others will not be things of my poor body; but it is enough that they are creatures of the same species, and made by the same hand that made me!"

<sup>55</sup> It was the custom in Popish times to give bread and money to all manner of persons, without distinction, who came to assist at the funeral of a deceased neighbour; and this in order to engage them to pray the more heartily for the soul of the defunct. Rich men's funerals are now otherwise managed. There is an abundance of persons on horse, a crowd of coaches and pretended mourners, a deal of pomp and pageantry almost without end; all which does neither the poor nor themselves any good at all; but rarely any dole, in which I think (though I am no papist) the money were far better bestowed."—*Peck*.

<sup>56</sup> No star to steer by, at the helm  
 No pilot o'er the watery realm,  
 Heavy laden, tempest-tost,  
 Shall his bark be saved or lost?

*Uncle Timothy.*

Flocks and herds in flowery meads  
 Disporting, and the hound the hare  
 Pursuing to its secret lair !  
 Welcome Windsor's proud alcoves,  
 Forest, woodlands, glades and groves !  
 Winding river, on whose bright  
 Calm, clear bosom lives in light  
 The mirror'd landscape ! by whose stream  
 Sits musing on some thoughtful theme  
 The pensive angler !<sup>57</sup> classic shore,<sup>58</sup>

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<sup>57</sup> THE ANGLER'S SONG.

“ Study to be quiet, ”—Life  
 Is not worth this toil and strife,  
 Down the cool and shady side  
 Of its streamlet calmly glide.

Leave disputes to crabbed schools,  
 Politics to faction's fools,  
 High ambition to the bold,  
 And wealth to him whose God is gold !

How beautifully morning breaks  
 On the far-distant hills and lakes !  
 How, tinted by Aurora's hand,  
 The lovely landscape does expand !

A southern breeze, a gentle beam  
 Just curls and lights the limpid stream,  
 Yon cowslip bank, sweet odour flings,  
 And blithly, hark ! the blackbird sings.

Come, and be the Angle plied,  
 Carking care shall soon subside,  
 And the day, ere set of sun,  
 By tranquillity be won.

The Muses' favourite haunts of yore,  
 And still where pure ennobling thought  
 Is to the young aspirant taught!<sup>59</sup>  
 Stern-brow'd Castle! dauntless! hoar!  
 In feudal grandeur that has frown'd  
 For ages! and with memories crown'd  
 Awe-inspiring and profound!

The bubbling stream is all alive!  
 Come, and with its myriads strive;  
 Quickly! quickly! scholar mine,  
 Bait thy hook, and drop thy line.

While tempts the finny tribe thy lure  
 (The Angler's only guile, be sure!)  
 Some Knightly Geste or Minstrel-Lay  
 Shall charm till dies the golden day.

A gallant trout that leap'd the Lea  
 Shall our evening banquet be,  
 And then a cheerful cup or two  
 While glow the stars, and drops the dew.

Our carols sung, our pillows press'd,  
 To guardian powers we'll leave the rest,  
 And making Heaven our grateful theme,  
 Securely sleep, and sweetly dream!

And when is changed (life's journey trod)  
 For Pilgrim's Staff the Angler's Rod,  
 Peace, white-robed seraph! shall attend  
 Thro' death's dark vale her earthly friend.

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>58</sup> "*Floreat Etona!*"

<sup>59</sup> It is a vulgar error that Literature is incompatible with less intellectual pursuits. "Prior," writes Swift in his *Journal to Stella*, "hates his Commission of the Customs because it spoils his wit. He says he dreams of no-

Welcome yon bright orb ! behold  
 He tips its antique towers with gold !  
 Minaret and village spire  
 Glow with his celestial fire !  
 Temples for divinest duty,  
 Types of holiness and beauty,<sup>60</sup>  
 Uprising in the solar ray,

---

thing but cockets, and docketts, and drawbacks, and other jargon words of the Custom-House." This is affectation. Prior's was an easy and gentleman-like employment, with a very liberal remuneration. What a contrast to the ill-paid drudgery that broke the heart of Burns ! "Let poetry be your staff, not your crutch," said Sir Walter Scott. As the sole means of providing for the day that is passing, Literature is indeed a painful calling ! its success depending more on public caprice than desert ; the popular idol being too often as worthless as he is ephemeral. Literature, without the healthful excitement of active employment, produces bodily lassitude and mental depression. Was Cowley contented at his classic retirement at Chertsey ? Was Shenstone happy at his lovely Leasowes ? Coleridge regretted that he had no pursuit but poetry and philosophy. The bustle of the world (not its turmoil and selfishness !) braces the mind after an interval of study, as the quiet of the closet strengthens it for renewed exertion. However men may *affect* to hold cheap the intellectual world, it is *there* only that the truly noble can enjoy communion with kindred spirits. But this high privilege demands some grosser sacrifices. To postpone a sensual pleasure is the first step towards its abandonment. We sow resignation, and we reap content. Difficulty is the condition of success. We must learn "To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

<sup>60</sup> "Should the beauties of Architecture be neglected in



Like pinnacles of flame are they!  
 Welcome too the babbling hum  
 Of busy men! <sup>61</sup> the distant drum  
 The trumpet answering! and of morn  
 The merry bells! the huntsman's horn  
 Thro' the hills and vales resounding!  
 And the stag majestic bounding!  
 And of birds the tuneful voices;  
 Nature smiles and man rejoices,  
 Earth is paradise to view,  
 Heaven one deep unclouded blue,  
 A vast scroll serenely bright  
 Writ in characters of light!  
 As morning's bright and orient dews  
 That gem the flowers, reflect their hues,

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Churches? As monuments of piety, places of meeting for the holiest purposes, as places where the symbols of Christ's body and blood were given to the people, they should bear on their front such a stamp of beauty, that every one might say, *Surely this is the House of God!* My opinion is, that it could not but be displeasing to the Almighty that so little should be expended for His service, and so much for worldly magnificence — even for the *pageantry of a day!*” — *The Bishop of London's Sermon at the re-opening of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, Sunday, January 5, 1851.*

<sup>61</sup> Wherever light shines, there must be an eye to welcome it; wherever air expands, there must be beings to breathe it; wherever heat vivifies, there must be life to be revived. Every where is matter — every where is light — and every where must be life. Life animal to enjoy God's bounty; life intellectual to expound his wisdom; and life moral to love and to fear his name. . . . .



From each scene my spirit borrows  
 Something of its joys and sorrows !  
 Thus, oft-times, to temper folly,  
 Come will pensive melancholy,<sup>62</sup>  
 Re-enthroning in their shrine  
 Golden thoughts and themes divine,  
 Which, unto the wise and good,  
 Make a heaven of solitude !<sup>63</sup>  
 Part we, till another greeting  
 Welcome in a merrier meeting.      [*Exeunt.*

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<sup>62</sup> “ *Les images du bonheur nous plaisent, mais celles du malheur nous instruisent.* ”—Paul et Virginie.

<sup>63</sup> Scipio Africanus used to say, “ that he never was less idle than when idle ; nor ever less alone than when alone.” If ever solitude be the “ nurse of woe ” it is when we bring into it an unforgiving, restless, and repining spirit. A spirit for which the past has no grateful remembrances, the present no intellectual enjoyments, the future no lively hope! . . . “ It is in solitude, in exile, and on the bed of death,” says Pope, “ that the noblest characters of antiquity shone with the greatest splendor ; it was then they performed the greatest services ; for it was during those periods that they became useful examples to the rest of mankind.” . . .

SCENE XII.—*Mercer's Hall.*

*The Master of the Mercer's Company, and the New Royal Exchange Committee at their dessert and wine. Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric in the Chair.*

SONG, *Mr. Pumpkin Plethoric.*

**J**OLLY Queen Bess had an appetite stout,  
Her Majesty too was a great diner-out,  
The court and the city, the country and town  
Found it no joke entertaining the Crown!<sup>64</sup>

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<sup>64</sup> "When the Queen," says Warton, "paraded through a country town, almost every pageant was a pantheon. When she paid a visit to the house of any of her nobility, at entering the hall she was saluted by the Penates, and conducted to her privy-chamber by Mercury. Even the pastry-cooks were expert mythologists. At dinner, select transformations of Ovid's metamorphoses were exhibited in confectionary: and the splendid iceing of an immense historic plum-cake, was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy. In the afternoon, when she condescended to walk in the garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids: the pages of the family were converted into Wood-nymphs, who peeped from every bower: and the footmen gamboled over the lawns in the figure of Satyrs."—And all this foolery for a whimsical woman in the post-meridian of her fading beauty! . . .

<sup>65</sup> "The Queen" (*la bonne femme avec le chapeau rouge!* as King James addressed her) "is on very good terms with you" (writes Sir Walter Raleigh to the Earl of Leicester) "and, thanks be God, well pacified, and you are again her 'Sweet Robin.'" . . . Her Majesty's manifestations of wrath were not always dignified or even decent.

With Robin, "sweet Robin!"<sup>65</sup> and Burghley<sup>66</sup>  
and Bacon

Her mutton the Queen had alternately taken;  
And fearing the cits might with jealousy burn,  
She promised to give Thomas Gresham<sup>67</sup> a turn!

A merchant was he of princely degree,  
With gold in his coffers and ships on the sea,  
So, gamesome and gay, on a Michaelmas day  
She rode, with his good things old gooseberry to  
play!

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"I do remember" (says Sir John Harrington) "she spit on Sir Mathew's fringed clothe, and said, 'The foole's wit was gone to ragges!' Heaven spare *me* from such gibing." And whenever Her Grace was about to perform some new act of tyranny, she gave her opinion through the medium of the *preachers*, which she called "*tuning the pulpits!*"

<sup>66</sup> Elizabeth had a fancy for nicknaming her familiars. Burghley was her "spirit;" Hatton her "eyelids;" Whitgift her "black husband;" Francis Bacon her "young Lord Chancellor;" Walsingham her "moon;" and she addressed Lord Mountjoy, then her deputy in Ireland, as "mistress kitchen-maid!"—*Cotton MS. Titus, C. vii. fo. 123.*

<sup>67</sup> The "walks in Paules," (where Falstaff bought Bardolph!) and the Royal Exchange were much resorted to by idlers in ancient days. Hayman, in his *Quodlibets*, 1628, has the following epigram to Sir Pierce Pennilesse:

"Though little coin thy purseless pockets line,  
Yet with great company thou'rt taken up;  
For often with Duke Humfray thou dost dine,  
And often with Sir Thomas Gresham sup."

Her silk (the fine girl's!) was powder'd with  
pearls,<sup>68</sup>

And crown'd was her wig, with its carrotty curls!  
Her fan was of feathers, her collar of gold;  
She sparkled like Sheba's proud sovereign of old!

Her ruff was of lace, and as to her face,  
Time had made very free with Her Majesty's  
Grace!

Her teeth had fall'n out and her cheeks had  
fall'n in  
While bringing together her nose and her chin!

As Bow's merry bell hailed the pious Pucelle,  
Deep toll'd in her ear Mary's last dying knell!  
Her pulse it beat quick and her heart it grew  
sick,  
And Essex, her pet, in his neck felt a crick!

The halt and the blind, the crooked inclined,  
All who a hump had before or behind,  
Were put out of sight lest Her Majesty might  
Than her own royal self see a still greater fright!<sup>69</sup>

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<sup>68</sup> Queen Elizabeth threatened to send Bishop Aylmer to heaven without a staff and a mantle if he preached any more against female vanity in dress! . . .

<sup>69</sup> A portrait of Queen Elizabeth by Mark Garrard in the Hampton Court Gallery represents her as a bedizened old beldame, gorgeous and ghastly! Neither her picture, as a young girl, by Holbein; nor that, in middle age, by

Bareheaded and cropp'd, Sir Thomas he dropp'd  
 On his dutiful knees when the cavalcade stopp'd,  
 Sir Walter his gown for a carpet threw down,  
 Her Grace gave a smile and her Favorite a frown !

The banquet was rare with the choicest of fare,  
 The fish of the sea and the fowls of the air ;  
 Old English Roast Beef was a lion let loose,  
 But the lion of all was a Michaelmas Goose !

In spring it had been a gosling and green,  
 But autumn had fatten'd it up for the Queen !  
 'Twas barley and barm from Sir Thomas's farm,  
 Stuff'd to a miracle ! done to a charm !

Quoth the Queen, "*Cock and Pie!*"<sup>70</sup> we'll a merry-  
 thought try—"

Next off-hopp'd a leg, then two wings took a fly!  
 And she swore in plain prose the episcopal nose  
 Her banquet should bring to an orthodox close !

In the silver tureen was no apple-sauce seen,  
 And the ghost of the Goose look'd aghast at the  
 Queen !

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Zucchero (in the same gallery), justify the absurd flattery  
 of her courtiers, and the ballad-mongers of her time. . .

<sup>70</sup> A popular and profane adjuration of the time. See  
*Henry IV. Part 2: The Merry Wives of Windsor: Soliman  
 and Perseda*, 1599: *Wily Beguiled*, 1606: *The Two angry  
 Women of Abingdon*, 1599: &c. &c.

Then after a toast, just to keep down the roast!  
Her Grace thus proclaim'd to her citizen host.

“ Now hear our command! at the feast of St.  
Michael

Let true loving lieges henceforth do the like all;  
In memory of *this*, be their banquet for aye  
A Royal Roast Goose upon Michaelmas day! ”

*Master.* Let each member take his heeltap—  
Now a sparkling bottle we'll tap!  
Charge—the CHAIR! for festive gaiety  
Quite a pattern to the laity!  
Not forgetting—hip!—(*sub rosa*)  
*Placens uxor! cara sponsa.*

*Pumpkin.* Citizens! your art and mystery  
(Never root or branch of this tree  
May reforming hatchet sever,  
Live to eat and drink for ever!  
And be never your digestive

<sup>71</sup> It was a custom among the Romans to exhibit at their epicurean banquets a small image of a skeleton to remind them of the uncertainty of life, and to stimulate them to enjoy it.

<sup>72</sup> The reason why (ourselves between)  
Mankind are all so jolly *green!*

Quoth *The Laureat.*

<sup>73</sup> “ If you tell them ” (i.e. the drunkards) “ how in former ages their forefathers drank water, they swear water is the frogs' drink, and ordained only for the driving of mills, and carrying of boats. ” — *Peacham's Seven Deadly Sins.* 1634.



Organs out of order, restive !)  
 Chiefly lies in making cheer  
 For yourselves throughout the year,  
 And passing round the "loving cup,"  
 An art to which you all are up !  
 No important motion passes  
 At this board o'er empty glasses ;  
 Legislation (hang your drops !)  
 Always with the bottle stops ;  
 Little doubt a bumper bright  
 Puts things in the clearest light,  
 Hence, half measures you decline  
 Both in politics and wine.  
 Bacchanalians, in your glory,  
 You need no *memento mori*<sup>71</sup>  
 To croak "Alas ! all flesh is grass,"<sup>72</sup>  
 So boys the bottle briskly pass !"  
 You are not the men, in sooth,  
 In a well to fish<sup>73</sup> for truth,  
 When (*in vino veritas*<sup>74</sup>)

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<sup>74</sup> THE VIRTUE OF WINE.

Sir Thomas More, when Ambassador to the Emperor from Henry the Eighth, on the morning he was to have his audience, knowing the virtue of wine, ordered his servant to bring him a good large glass of sack, and having drank that, called for another. The servant with officious ignorance would have dissuaded him from it, but in vain ; the Ambassador drank off the second, and demanded a third which he likewise drank off. Insisting on a fourth, he was overpersuaded by his servant and let it alone. So he went to his Audience. But returning home again he called for his servant, and threatening him with his cane,



You have got it in your glass !  
 Above Roman<sup>75</sup> fame and Grecian  
 Is your banquet for repletion.  
 How would Kitchiner<sup>76</sup> his eyes up  
 Turn with rapture, could he rise up !  
 Turtle (every present man, Sir,  
 Has for three good pints to answer,  
 Percolating thro' his system,  
 How the deuce could he resist 'em ?)  
 More decidedly delicious

“ You rogue,” said he, “ what mischief have you done me ; I spoke so well to the Emperor on the inspiration of those three glasses that I drank, that he told me I was fit to govern three parts of the world : Now, you dog, if I had drunk the fourth glass, I had been fit to govern *All* the world ! ”

<sup>75</sup> Had the Chairman ever read the Fifth Satire of Juvenal ? The dishes of the ancients outdid even the dainty promises made by Sir Epicure Mammon to inflame the supposed ambition of Doll.

“ We will eat mullets

Soused in high country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,  
 And have our cockles boil'd in silver shells.”

The following is a curious picture.

“ Richard the Second had in his kechyn of Cokes, undercokes, turne broches and other seruytures, thre hundred. Also of Ladyes, gentylwomen, chamberers, and launderers thre hundred. And many Bysshoppes and Clarkes of Sundry nacions, the Yomen and gromes aparayled in saten and damaske.”

“ Of all gases,” cries the citizen, “ *gas*-tronomy for my money ! ” This sentiment the Civic Majesty of York illus-

Never palated Apicius!<sup>77</sup>  
 Of your punch, that prime *liqueur*!  
 Bacchus must have been the brewer,  
 'Twould make a gentleman, I swear,  
 Masticate *son propre père*!  
 In your sherry, pale and brown,  
 A Duke might be content to drown!  
 Visitors would very far go  
 Ere they match'd your *château margaux*!  
 Your Rudesheimer (luscious tears

trated in his grand “*Exhibition*” Banquet given to Prince Albert, the Lord Mayor of London, and a muster of Mayors from all parts of England on the 25th October, 1850. *One Dish*, to which turtle, ortolans, and other rich denizens of sea and land had contributed, cost *One hundred pounds*!

<sup>76</sup> Dr. Kitchiner was famous for his Saturday dinners, to which none but the learned in luxurious living were invited. On the chimney-glass in his refectory was posted the following notice,

“Come at seven,  
 Go at eleven.”

Colman (the Junior George!) once gave to the distich, by the clandestine interpolation of a little pronoun, quite an opposite meaning. *Viz.*

“Go (IT!) at eleven!”

<sup>77</sup> By the aid of Cælius Apicius de re Culinaria—Platina, de tuenda valetudine—and Paulus Ægineta de facultatibus Alimentorum, Albano Torino interprete, a good idea may be formed of the Italian Cookery of the middle ages, and a comparison of it with that of the ancient Greeks. . .

That flow'd for Charlemagne<sup>78</sup> and his peers !  
 The nectar of a thousand years !)  
 Exquisitely soft and sunny,  
 Rivals Hybla for its honey !  
 Your port has got the beeswing in't,  
 Your champagne the true opal tint,  
 Your hock, bright, mellow ! tells the tun  
 From which it rippled was A 1 !  
 That such feast should have a finis,  
 Mercers, your lament and mine is !

<sup>78</sup> Charlemagne observing from the window of his palace at Ingelheim, says an old legend, that the snow disappeared from the bluff above Rudesheim earlier than from any other of the neighbouring hills, caused the same to be planted with vines. And here are the progeny of these very vines to the present hour.

<sup>79</sup> How charming is the description of the festive nights spent at Will's Coffee House, when the most famous wits of the time assembled round the particular chair of Dryden (placed for him by the warm chimney corner in winter and near the cool balcony in summer !) to listen and to learn. "The discourse was neither too serious nor too light, but always pleasant, and for the most part instructive ; the raillery neither too sharp upon the present, nor too censorious upon the absent ; and the cups such only as raised the conversation of the night without disturbing the business of the morrow."

<sup>80</sup> Hear the festivoous Reformer ! His distich has become a proverb in Germany. . .

"Wer nicht liebt wein, weiber, und gesang,  
 Der bleibt ein naar sein le benlang."

Who loves not women, wine, and song  
 Will be a fool his lifetime long ! . .

Old Simposiarchs! with brevity,  
 Health I wish you and longevity;  
 Wit and wine,<sup>79</sup> when ruled by reason,  
 Never can be out of season;  
 To the which (not *Bacchi plenus!*)  
 Martin Luther<sup>80</sup> buckles Venus.  
 Socrates,<sup>81</sup> of sages veriest,  
 Was of merry men the merriest;  
 Judged by his facetious prose if,  
 What a wag was Miller Joseph!<sup>82</sup>

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The Reformer of Wittenberg had an eye for beauty in nature and in art, and an ear for music and poetry. For his brother of Geneva the far-famed Lake and the glaciers of Savoy and Mont Blanc, that he looked upon from the window of his study had no charms! . . .

<sup>81</sup> Plato says, harshly, "The outside of *Socrates* was that of a Satyr and buffoon." *Socrates* knew the value of mirth. "This" (see *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*) "is that keeps life and soul together, mirth! This is the philosopher's stone that they write so much on, that keeps a man ever young."

<sup>82</sup> How oddly persons and things become associated and synonymous! A Watch, in Colley Cibber's time, was called a "Tompion," after its modish maker. The "Rumford" stove derived its name from the mechanical Count its inventor; the "Spencer," from the maccaroni whom it originally buttoned up; the "Brutus," from the Roman conspirator; the "Cavendish Scratch," from the Patrician pate upon which it first perched: the "Tyburn Bob" from the locality of the triple tree; the "Joliffe" hat, from a modern Nimrod of notoriety; the "Brougham" from an eccentric ex-Chancellor; and "Wellingtons," (breeches and boots) from the warrior of Waterloo! "Billingsgate" is a language peculiar to those polite purlieus.

To gladden every mother's son  
 And give a fillip to our fun,  
 That it flow a little faster,  
 Something comic from the Master!

SONG, *The Master.*

Three Tooley Street Tailors presuming, pretending

---

We have "Dog-Latin," and "St. Giles's Greek." "Dog-cheap," and "Cheap as dirt!" "Cymon" is a soubriquet for a too bashful lover, and "Pump" for a Solomon upon whom every body imposes. "Jack Ketch" shall be the hangman for all time. We have "Æolian" harps; "Pandean" pipes; "St. Vitus's" dance; the "Scotch" fiddle; "Bacchanalian" songs; "Pindaric" odes; "Ciceronian" eloquence; "Hudibrastic" verse; "Job's" patience; "Job's" comforter; "Hobson's" choice; "Briareus's" hands; "Midas's" ears; "Argus's" eyes; Eyes, "wall," "gimlet," and "gooseberry!" "Garagantua's" mouth; "Bardolph's" nose; noses, "brandy" and "bottle!" a "blind" alley; a "lame" story; a voice of "Stentor;" and a dinner with "Duke Humphrey!" Blacking, out of compliment to its compounders, is denominated "Day and Martin;" which name has also been appropriately given to a particular sort of Port Wine. That sober liquid called "Adam's Ale" owes its patronymic to the First Man. We say a man has a "game" leg, "bird-lime" fingers, a "calf's" head, "pigeon" toes, "carrotty" hair, and a "pot" belly! That he is as tall as a "steeple," as fat as a "pig," as tired as a "horse," as fierce as a "lion," as silly as a "goose," as stiff as a "poker," as busy as a "bee," as drunk as a "fiddler," as sly as a "fox," as rude as a "bear," as mischievous as a "mon-

The State, like an old pair of breeks, wanted  
 mending,  
 At the "*Thimble and Shears*" (three cross-legged  
 seers!)  
 Drew up this address from the plebs to the peers.

*We*, the people of England! (three Tailors!)  
 imprimis,

---

key," as deaf as a "post," as blind as a "bat," as mute as a "mackerel," as mad as a "March hare," as ugly as "sin," as queer as "Dick's hatband," and as dead as a "wall!" To be out of spirits is to be in for 'em—the "Blue Devils," to wit! Every joke, good or bad, is a Joe Miller. Certain names were originally derived from localities. Bottom (signifying a low ground or valley) gave rise to the Longbottoms, Sidebottoms, Ramsbottoms, and Shufflebottoms (shaw-field-bottom). Higginbottom and Bombgarson are corruptions of the German Ickenbaum, an oak-tree, and of another word meaning tree-garden. The ancient Romans had their Plauti, Pandi, Vari, Scauri, and Tuditani, (the Splay-foots, the Bandy-legs, the In-knees, the Club-foots, and the Hammer-heads!) as we have our Crookshanks, Longshanks, Sheepshanks, Great-head, &c. The *Fabii* derived their name from being excellent bean-growers; and the *Pisones* from their proficiency in the cultivation of peas. The *Suilli* boasted an illustrious swine-herd for their ancestor, the *Bubulci* a cow-herd, and the *Porci* a hog-butcher! Strabo is *Mr. Squintum*, Naso (Ovid) *Mr. Bignose*, and the proprætor Publius *Mr. Snubnose!* Among the modern Italians occur the following elegant names, Malatesta, chuckle-headed; Boccani-gras, black-muzzled! Porcina, a hog; and Gozzi, chubby-chops! . . .



Proclaim for equality now come the time is,  
 Like Citizen Phil and his brave *sans culottes*,  
 We mean to take measures for cutting your throats !

Our will shall be law, and our sovereign the people,  
 A king's but a crown, and a church but a steeple!  
 And when not a stone stands of altar and throne,  
 What's *yours* shall be *mine*, Sirs, and what's mine,  
                   my own !

The King and the Queen peeping thro' shall be  
                   seen  
 Our "*national window*," a French guillotine !  
 At every lamp-post when *We* rule the roast,  
 Shall some proud aristocrat give up the ghost !"

They bid mine host bring 'em (three Tailors from  
                   Tooley !)  
 A bowl of hot punch, which he did—the more fool  
                   he !—  
 In riot and rumpus these radical railers  
 Grew out of all compass—three Tooley Street  
                   Tailors !

---

<sup>83</sup> Let the following be recorded in honor of the Tailors !

“ There is a Proverb which has been of old,  
 And many men have likewise been so bold,  
 To the discredit of the Taylor's Trade,  
*Nine Taylors goe to make up a man*, they said.  
 But for their credit I'll unriddle it t'ye :  
 A Draper once fell into povertie,

Quoth Boniface, "Pardon! I keep no Bear Garden."  
 The Liberty Boys roar'd "*Ve don't care a farden!*  
 Cut and come again now is the popular strain."  
 Cried mine host "You shall *cut*, but you sha'n't *come*  
*again!*"

"Three Tailors are not worth powder and shot,  
 But when you *thrice* three<sup>83</sup> shall together have got  
 I'll first, nothing loth, tackle ONE of you, troth,  
 Then run and fetch NINE more, and I'll baste you  
 BOTH."<sup>84</sup>

They prudently beat a rapid retreat  
 These terrified Tailors, as white as a sheet!  
 Sing God save King George and his soldiers and  
 sailors,  
 And shout *three times three* for three Tooley Street  
 Tailors!

Enter a *Beadle with letters.*

*Pumpkin.* More addresses, more additions,  
 It rains, it pours, it hails petitions

---

Nine Taylors joyn'd their Purses together then,  
 To set him up, and make him a man agen."

*Grammatical Drollery, 1682.*

<sup>84</sup> Charles Fox being made a Liveryman of the Merchant Tailors' Company, they, upon the ceremony of his inauguration, thought to make him tipsy. About two in the morning, eighteen of the Court lying under the table, he politely took his leave, saying, "Gentlemen, I wish you *both* a good night!" . . . .

Crying, like so many crickets,  
 " Tickets for the Pageant ! Tickets ! "  
 Simkins Seth of Savage Gardens,  
 (Begging me ten thousand pardons !)  
 Timkins (" *Yours most truly !* ") Grigsby,  
 (Can't he quiet selling figs be ?)  
 " *Your devoted servant,*" Diggins,  
 And (the foul fiend fetch 'em !) Figgins,  
 Higgins, Spriggins, Wiggins, with  
 Smuggs, and the everlasting Smith !  
 In these polite epistles keep  
 Ringing the changes for a peep !  
 Every city son of Adam,  
 Every Corporation Madam,  
 Jew and Gentile, parson, layman,  
 Parish clerk that snuffles " Amen ! "  
 Infidel and true believer  
 All have got this ticket fever !

Enter *Puck*.<sup>85</sup>

*Puck*. Of the human face divine  
 Up the staircase what a line !

<sup>85</sup> *Din*. " This may be a rascal, but 'tis a mad rascal.

What an alphabet of faces he puts on ! "

*The Little French Lawyer*.

<sup>86</sup> Merry Tom of all Trades ;

or

A trick to get money at every dead lift,  
 Made known by Tom of all trades, that bravely could  
 shift,

In the corridor and lobbies,  
 On the very scent that Rob is !  
 Mr. Chairman, for a ticket,  
 I've contrived to thread the thicket.  
 Puck's my name, and *Miching Mallecho*,  
 Which, (as classics less than calico  
 You affect, and more the loom  
 Than learning) I inform the room  
 Means merry mischief in full bloom !  
 Never, of all sorts and sizes,  
 Proteus put on more disguises  
 Took so many forms and faces,  
 Play'd so many airs and graces !  
 Tom-of-all-trades !<sup>86</sup> I am he,  
 Nothing comes amiss to me ;  
 If it be successful knavery  
 The effluvia's not unsavoury,  
 Rather like a bunch of roses  
 It to my commercial nose is !  
 But a fetid fume the affair has  
 When 'tis wound up with a "*Whereas* !" <sup>87</sup>

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From one place to another about he did range,  
 And at his own pleasure his trade he could change.

*Printed for I. Wright, I. Clarke, W. Thackeray,  
 and T. Passinger. . . N. D. circa 1670.*

<sup>87</sup> " I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen in good credit," cries Young Philpot in Murphy's Farce of *The Citizen* " than a commissioner of the customs. Commissioner! The King has not so good a thing in his gift as a

Special specs I have for sale  
 On the river, on the rail !  
 Steam, to send up shares, and after  
 Them the steamer, rib and rafter !  
 Bond, for a financial fudge meant,  
 Bought without, but bringing, judgment !  
 Line, whose terminus should be  
 (For Directors !) Tyburn-Tree !

Daily puff I from my rostrum  
 Pill infallible and nostrum ;  
 Sinners in a piteous panic  
 Touching certain tours satanic,  
 (Gluttons, hypocrites and misers  
 Wonder not they dread to die, Sirs !  
 Crossing Styx to the attorney  
 Is a very awful journey !)  
 Millionaires, who worlds would give  
 Over again their lives to live,  
 (Length of days could riches buy,  
 Nobody but the poor would die !)  
 Saints,<sup>88</sup> to creature comforts given,  
 Very shy of going to heaven !  
 Who rather in this vale of tears  
 Would weep away a few more years,

---

*Commission of Bankruptcy!*"—"It was when I was *unfortunate*," said a white-washed wight to Uncle Timothy. "You mean," replied my Uncle, "when your *creditors* were !"

<sup>88</sup> Who, when they read the Bible, pick out those parts

From dark trips and beatific  
 Respite seek in my specific !  
 Ills that flesh is heir to fly me,  
 Influenza come and try me !  
 Gout, dyspepsia, asthma, ague,  
 And blue devils, don't I plague you ?  
 Locks of gray I turn to golden,  
 Make a young face out of an olden,  
 Change eyes, noses, and what various  
 Carious teeth for teeth vicarious !<sup>89</sup>  
 For teeth, as they are done by, do ;  
 First you cut them, then they cut you.

Puck from Windsor to St. James's  
 With the court to travel claims his  
 Right and title, hence (the fame's his !)  
 Pranks at Windsor Castle, Buckin'ham  
 Palace have a spice of Puck in 'em !  
     There am I,  
     And the courtiers cry  
 (The maids of Honor tittering by !)  
     " My Lord of Misrule  
     Is playing the Fool,  
     Trying a trick  
     On the silver stick,

---

where men lived to a century ! They calculate on not being  
*paid off* until (like their *Consols!*) they are at *par* !

<sup>89</sup> It appears, from the 8th Satire of Horace, that the  
 Roman Ladies, like the English, were not unacquainted  
 with the use of false teeth and false hair.



Running his rigs  
 On the ermine and wigs,  
 Quizzing the reverend aprons all,  
 And poking his fun at the sceptre and ball !”

Me a Merry-Andrew you may  
 See at fancy “ *Bal Costumé.*”<sup>90</sup>  
 Figuring with fantastic groups,  
 Antique stomachers and hoops,  
 High-heel’d shoes and stockings roll’d,  
 Rouge and diamonds, grease and gold !  
 Such as *a la mode* were reckon’d

---

<sup>90</sup> A galvanised Resurrection of Monmouth Street masquerading.

<sup>91</sup> Let us take a peep into the Hanoverian Harem. The Schulenburg (the “ *Maypole!*”) and the Kielmanseck (the “ *Elephant and Castle!*”), the one ridiculously thin, the other preposterously plump, were the accredited mistresses of George I. and were paraded by him in public. George II. lived openly with Lady Suffolk and Countess Walmoden. Sir Robert Walpole lived openly with Miss Skerritt, whom he afterwards married, and was not one jot the less intimate, for all that, with Bishops Gibson and Hoadley. An Archbishop of Canterbury was the envoy notoriously selected by Mr. Howard, to disengage his wife from the service of the Queen, and the embraces of the King. An Archbishop of York had lived openly with a succession of mistresses; and one of his natural sons sat on the Episcopal Bench. Walpole, and Pulteney, intriguers against the honour of other husbands, were careless of their own. Lady Bath was as gallant as she was beautiful. Lady Walpole was no less an intriguante. It is now thought

At the court of George the Second,<sup>91</sup>  
Which to that of Louis,<sup>92</sup> Rowley,<sup>93</sup>  
P'r'aps might be accounted holy!

The ballet stopp'd, the curtain dropp'd,  
For midnight come, no hop is hopp'd,  
That Sovereign, subject, figurante may,  
Good christians! all go home to pray,  
And holy keep the Sabbath day!  
Having souls, the which have most men  
But the Queen's poor penny-postmen!<sup>94</sup>  
I gossip in the sacred (!) dawn

tolerably certain that the father of Horace Walpole was Lord Hervey's elder brother, Carr.

Even the Calvinistic King William of Nassau, though he had a young and handsome wife (the *Goneril* to her sister's *Regan!*) kept a squinting mistress!

<sup>92</sup> One day when Madame de Maintenon, was looking at the carp in the water at Marly, her companion observed, "how languid the fish appeared." "They are like me," said Madame, "they regret *their mud!*" Alluding to her *liason* with Louis the fourteenth in his bigotry and dotage . . . .

<sup>93</sup> King Charles II. was nick-named "*Old Rowley!*" after a horse in the royal mews renowned for its ugliness and (craniologically speaking) "*philoprogenitiveness.*" . . .

<sup>94</sup> THE PENNY-POSTMAN'S PETITION.

Lord Clanricarde! Lord Clanricarde!  
Do not ride me to Old Nick hard!  
Neither, Rowland, bind me soul and  
Body, as is slave in no land.  
I'm but a penny-postman, true,

At Lady Spree's<sup>95</sup> "réunion"<sup>96</sup> yawn,  
 (*Mon ami*  
 Lady Spree,  
 Very brassy! very *passé*  
 Longing still to look a lassie  
 Worthy that adust Adonis  
 Who the Darby to her Joan is!)

Yet soul have I as well as you,  
 A heart to pray, a voice to praise  
 Which ought to be the Sabbath Day's.  
 Lord Clanricarde, Rowland Hill,  
 I humbly hope you never will  
 (A sop for Mammon!) take away  
 The penny-postman's Sabbath Day!

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>95</sup> The Temple of Mylitta (*Venus*), in Babylon, was a place in which (according to Herodotus), every woman was once in her life obliged to relax her severity, that she might thenceforward be proof against all temptation. Doubtless the saloons of her ladyship are thrown open (though somewhat more exclusively) for the same pious purpose! One visit sufficed for the Babylonian Belle, but the British Beauty (so extra terrific are her temptations!) is often obliged to take one and twenty!

<sup>96</sup> In the present age of affectation everything is called by a fine name. The Tradesman (whose word is one thing, and whose bond is another!) is a "purveyor;" his shop is a "mart," and his warehouse a "dépôt." The compounder of fricassees and fricandaus (reeking with the "effect of gravy!") is an "artiste," by which new-fangled name are also known opera singers, figurantes, fiddlers, players, barbers, tailors, tumblers, and tooth drawers. A publican is a "licensed victualler," and his pandemonium a "gin palace." Selfishness is "individual considera-

Rank and fashion flocking thither  
 For a little small-talk with her!  
 The Queen's command to dance or dinner  
 Wakens prompt obedience in her,  
 But the command of Heaven's High King  
 Is a very different thing!<sup>97</sup>

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tions," and roguery "philosophical necessity." Doing evil that good may arise (serving the devil for God's sake!) is "expedience;" and swearing black is white (in parliament!) "political consistency!" Society does not advance but "progress," conspirators do not plot, but "agitate." A gathering of "Hail! Gossips well met," over the toast-rack and tea-kettle is a "*soirée*;" and Moore's Melodies, the Polka, and the cheap thumping of a most economical pianoforte (that Trinity of female accomplishments!) are a "*réunion*." A Holborn-Hill hollyhock, transplanted to the bowers of Bloomsbury, asks (duck-dissecting!) if she may "assist" you to (jocose gentility!) a "walker," a "flyer"—or (refinement rarissimus!) a "bit of *bo-sum*!" This rage has infected even our localities. Grub Street (erst the Parnassus of Cockayne!) is metamorphosed into "Milton Street;" and Battle-Bridge, the region of dog-carts, dykes, dusthills, and demireps! into "King's Cross." Let Intellect pursue its march and we shall no longer have Petticoat Lane, Sparrow Corner, and Hockley-in-the-Hole.

<sup>97</sup> The nobility and gentry can no longer have wealth and security, than the populace have honesty and religion. But the fashions must be set above, for the small will follow the great, and poverty will imitate riches. Many instances of this communicable corruption might be produced. Let us venture the ridicule of naming one: that of keeping holy the Sabbath Day, the sacred use of which all ranks of people contribute to profane. We cannot but pity the

I, hey presto! Whig or Tory,<sup>98</sup>  
 Turn my coat<sup>99</sup> and twist my story—  
 Give me but the loaves and fishes,  
 Bribery a savory dish is!  
 Send me to the right about,  
 Then I strut reformer stout!  
 In the Liberal's masquerade,  
 (Tartan trousers and a plaid!)  
 Kidnap freedom—heavenly maid!  
 Great cry and little wool,  
 Poor Europa and the Bull!

In my meeting-going guise,  
 Turning up the whites of my eyes  
     Like William Penn  
 (Mov-ed by the Spurr-it!) when  
 With his Brummagem nick-nacks  
 He bamboozled the poor blacks  
     (Cunning Quaker!)  
 Out of many, many an acre;  
 Giving for their title deeds  
 Little bits of glass, and beads!—

---

lower class of mankind (to whom the actions of their superiors are but too apt to give law) that they have no better examples before their eyes. Hannah More says that Horace Walpole contended that the ten commandments were not meant for people of quality!

<sup>98</sup> “Hasn't a man two hands—(*ambo dexter!*)” cries *Quid-nunc* in Murphy's Farce of *The Upholsterer*—“to write for and against?”

<sup>99</sup> A trading politician being taunted with having twice

In my meeting-going guise,  
 Turning up the whites of my eyes  
     Like our fat friend  
 When he William Penn out-Penn'd,  
 From behind his double chin  
 Took the Taunton lasses in,  
 Robb'd them of a pretty handsome  
 Sum, the rogue! by way of ransom!  
 Preach'd (papistically zealous)  
 Perjury to the Oxford Fellows!  
     At Exeter Hall  
     I open the ball,  
 With (simpering, whimpering!) "Gentle folks all,  
 You that have tears prepare to spout—<sup>1</sup>  
     Pocket-handkerchiefs out!—  
 British slaves need no compassion,  
     Starved, and toiling early, late;  
*Black's* the color now in fashion,  
     *White* has long been out of date!"

Does the crown to Windsor town<sup>2</sup>  
 Command a Thespian cart-load down

---

turned his coat, replied, that one good turn deserves another.

<sup>1</sup> "A feeling heart" (says Mrs. Greville) "is certainly a right heart, nobody will contest that: but when a man chooses to walk about the world with a cambric handkerchief always in his hand, that he may always be ready to weep, either with man or beast,—he makes me sick." . .

<sup>2</sup> The Prince of Denmark, "twice killed!" The Merchant of Venice, and Julius Cæsar "used up!" (as yet the



Manager Puck (to heighten the joke !)  
 Dons Lord Hamlet's inky cloak,  
 And has a trial with the Ghost  
 Which can make ugly faces most !<sup>3</sup>  
 Which can grin a tragic passion  
 In the best horse-collar fashion !  
 " *Box and Cox* " <sup>4</sup> sets hardly more  
 The Room of Rubens in a roar !

Having from my client Cain  
 His last pilfer'd penny ta'en,  
 I burnish up my brazen face,  
 For fear it blush, unlikely case !  
 In falsehood rank redip my tongue,  
 Lest it slip, tho' glibly hung !  
 Season my Old Bailey bathos<sup>5</sup>  
 With a dash of Liston's pathos,

---

principal *Travesties* in the Rubens Room !) have given the Queen some idea how Shakespeare can be *donne en spectacle* !

<sup>3</sup> Certain caricaturists (barn-door *Richards* and *Macbeths*!) when they strut with the dignity of a Tragedy Giant, and roar as lustily as if they were in Phalaris's brazen bull, jump to the comical conclusion that they are acting Shakespeare! Others ape "the natural style of acting," the charlatanry so successfully introduced and practised by Edmund Kean. We remember Sir Walter Scott, after sitting with exemplary patience through a scene of Edmund's "natural style" (poking "Cousin of Buckingham" in the ribs, twitching him by the sleeve, tapping him on the shoulder, and sundry similar eccentricities!) coolly exclaiming at the close, "The little fellow seems to have forgotten that Richard was not a *porter-swigger*, but a *Plantagenet* !"

Screw up my forensic fury,  
Drop a tear to judge and jury!<sup>6</sup>

'When old Dives every ingot<sup>7</sup>  
By his sad besetting sin got,  
Hoping for a clear acquittal!  
Gives to build a church or spital,<sup>8</sup>  
(His last trick to cheat Old Nick!  
The worms he leaves but bones to pick!)  
I, while Hades rings with laughter!  
Guide his pen and shrive him after,  
Follow him as far as Styx  
In a mourning coach and six!  
Cut in monumental stone  
His repulsive skin and bone!  
And scrawl his hearse with venal verse,<sup>9</sup>  
Which makes the matter ten times worse!

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<sup>4</sup> When a certain orator had made, as he thought, a very moving harangue, he asked Catullus, "Have I excited pity?" "Yes," replied Catullus, "very great!"

<sup>5</sup> A Bartholomew-Fair piece of stage buffoonery.

<sup>6</sup> A certain shallow-brained, bombastical Barrister has been nicknamed *Necessity*—because *Necessity has no Law!*

<sup>7</sup> PABULUM ACHERONTIS.

"Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store,  
And he that cares for most shall find no more."

*Hall's Satires.*

<sup>8</sup> We have read of a miser whose will was set aside on the plea of insanity because he had ordered twenty penny loaves to be distributed to the poor.

<sup>9</sup> —" *De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" says Sterne, is "a nonsensical lullaby of some nurse, put into Latin by some

Business bad, I mount my pad,  
 And gallop the country round like mad !  
 Rat-tat ! open sesame !  
 Who's that ? Jemmy Jessamy !  
 Come to look into every nook,  
 And by hook or by crook to hash up a book !  
 An Olla-pod—anecdotes odd  
 Of poor poets under the sod.  
 Having got, to boil the pot,  
 Of slip-slop gossip a lumping lot,  
 I pack up my pack, harness my hack,

---

pedant, to be chanted by some hypocrite to the end of the world—Who says so?—neither reason nor scripture.—Inspired authors have done otherwise—and reason and common sense tell me, that if the characters of past ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themselves; that is, with their excellences, and with their foibles.”—We are not bound to imitate the “poor devil of a painter,” and “paint both our angels and our devils out of the same pot.”—Charity to the dead is indeed commendable, but neither reason nor religion can require it to be exercised to the prejudice of the living. *De mortuis nil nisi VERUM.* Truth is as sacred as the grave.

Uncle Timothy being requested to write an epitaph on a sanctimonious old money-grub, extemporised the following couplet.

If on this stone no Epitaph you read,  
 “*De mortuis nil*” is the excuse to plead.

<sup>10</sup> “Now for poets,” (writes Robert Burton) “sing they must in summer, and pine in the winter; for there is no preferment for them.” And he repeats a pleasant tale how Socrates, sitting with the fair Phædrus under a plane-

Whip and spur with my budget back,  
Then hey for "*Homes and Haunts*" in a crack!

Lyre in limbo, in my grief<sup>10</sup>  
Ogling visionary beef!  
For a mug of mum and chops  
I'll distil you honey drops!  
Old Sylvanus, in his dotage,<sup>11</sup>  
Grudging my poor pint of pottage,  
(Which the not too-liberal soul  
Does to his dunces<sup>12</sup> daily dole,  
Where, hot and thin! ne'er enters in

---

tree, on the banks of the river Ismenus, "about noon, when it was hot, and the grasshoppers made a noise," took that "sweet occasion" to tell him that "grasshoppers were once scholars, musicians, poets, &c. before the Muses were born, and lived without meat and drink, and for that cause were turned by Jupiter into grasshoppers."—And he quaintly adds, they "may be turned again, *in Tithoni cicadas, aut Lyciorum ranas*, for any reward I see they are like to have." . . . .

<sup>11</sup> In the dulness of his latter days  
"Myself would take his sentiments on *ink*,  
Myself would take his sentiments on *letters*,  
On *syllables*, indeed, I'd ask *his betters!*"

Let him swab himself in his easy chair, and compose his spirits to a nap by reading one of the last numbers of the "*Gents*" Magazine; but let him not sit in senile judgment and mistake coarseness for criticism.

<sup>12</sup> "These are people  
Of such a clean discretion in their diet,  
Of such a moderate sustenance, that they sweat  
If they but smell hot meat.

Of solid beef the sinewy shin,  
 But which well-diluted diet  
 Keeps them lean and keen and quiet,  
 And their wits from running riot!)  
 Economically cruel,  
 Doses me with hungry gruel!<sup>13</sup>  
 Which detestable decoction  
 Puts me up again to auction!  
 Who bids highest, and my body  
 Takes the quickest out of quod he  
 Shall among my lions sit  
 In the full-dress box of wit!  
 Catch a sparrow, salt his tail!  
 Catch a critic like a whale!  
 Th' outward man may not surrender,  
 'Tis the inward one that's tender!<sup>14</sup>

The Tub's Tenant for an honest  
 Man sought Athens—But he *non est!*

You see their wardrobe,  
 Though slender, competent. For shirts, I take it,  
 They are things worn out of their remembrance."

*The Scornful Lady.*

<sup>13</sup> "Nine grits, and a gallon of water!" Genuine *Gran-*  
*tham.* *Old Proverb.*

<sup>14</sup> Like Subtle, "At Pie-Corner,  
 Taking his meal of steam in, from Cook's stalls."

<sup>15</sup> It's a hard winter when one wolf eats another.  
*Old Proverb.*

<sup>16</sup> "These (the *Quakers*) buy up corn when it is cheap, sell  
 it again when it is dear, and are more thankful to God for  
 a famine than others are for plenteousness. Painting and

With his lantern here in London  
 Would his work be sooner done, done ?

When, for speculation, sport,  
 I visit Mark Lane, Capel Court,<sup>15</sup>  
 Me to choose a pin it poses  
 'Twixt Corn,<sup>16</sup> Consols—Pure, and Moses !  
 When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug  
 Of war—a proper Cornish hug !  
 When benighted Scot his brother  
 Each contrives to cheat the other !  
     When Jew meets Quaker  
     'Tis “pull Devil ! pull Baker !”

If you love to hear and see cant—  
 (My last *ruse*, Sirs, is to *re-cant*,<sup>17</sup>  
 Solemn vows to break and barter  
 To be written down a martyr !  
 Petted, as apostate<sup>18</sup> knave is,

---

sculpture they condemn ; they never dance, they never sing ; music is as hateful to them as discord. They always look cool in hot weather, and warm in cold. Few of them are ugly, fewer handsome, none graceful. I do not remember to have seen a person of dark complexion, or hair quite black, or very curly, in their confraternity. None of them are singularly pale, none red, none of diminutive stature, none remarkably tall. They have no priests among them, and constantly refuse to make oblations to the priests royal.” . . . . . *W. S. Landor.*

<sup>17</sup> In the same sense as men *retire* from trade—*Tire over again!* . . . .

<sup>18</sup> “ They got a villain, and we lost a fool.”—*Dryden.*



Shown up for a *rara avis*,  
 "More like," cry knowing ones, *nem. con.*,  
 "A *sheep* in sables than a *swan*!")  
 If you love to hear and see cant  
 Of the newest fashion—*the cant*,  
 (Lazy latitude<sup>19</sup> and low church,  
 Non conformity<sup>20</sup> and no church  
 Are to me all A. B. C.,  
 To each conundrum I've the key!)

---

<sup>19</sup> "I would desire you (the Clergy) to consider whether some of those persons who are disgusted with the departure, now too common, from the soberness and simplicity of our devotional offices, and with exaggerated notions which are insisted on as the authority of the priestly office, are not too likely to take refuge, not in Low Church doctrine, as the term is commonly understood, but in the boundless expanse of *Latitudinarianism*—a sea without a shore, and with no pole-star to guide those who embark on it but the uncertain light of human reason—I cannot but think that we have more to apprehend from the theology of *Germany* than that of *Rome*; from that which deifies human reason than from that which seeks to bind or stifle it."

*The Bishop of London's Charge at St. Paul's. 2nd Nov. 1850.*

"But as I do not doubt, that the Church of England has a definite line of teaching, I hold it to be my duty to repress, as far as I am able, all teaching amongst her pastors in my diocese, which departs from that line, whether on the side of *Puritanism*, *Latitudinarianism*, or *Popery*."

*The Bishop of Oxford to the People of Wycombe. 25th Nov. 1850.*

*Latitudinarianism*, says good Bishop Ken, is the common sewer of all heresies imaginable.

From the platform, from the pulpit  
 Come and hear me to a full pit  
 (I've a rubric and a ritual,  
 Friends fanatical, to fit you all !)  
 Bully every art and science,<sup>21</sup>  
 Bid 'em, in a fury, fly hence !  
 Ranting, and with relish relate  
 How I, in my zany zeal, hate  
 Steeple-houses,<sup>22</sup> priest and prelate !<sup>23</sup>

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<sup>20</sup> The objection of Non-conformists to the *Government Plan of Education* in 1847 was the very same that the *Synod of Thurles* in 1850 made to a similar plan of Education for the Irish Catholics,—*a necessity of opposition at the call of a sacred pastoral duty that they owed to the spiritual health of the people committed to their charge.*

<sup>21</sup> In reply to those sectaries who maintain that there is neither a natural, nor a necessary connexion between science and religion, hear the dying testimony of Laplace. "Whatever you do, never part with religion; never consent to the overthrow of your religion. When you overthrow that, you overthrow all good government, all civil rights, all social happiness."

"Another objection I have had to encounter among our *Dissenting Friends* is, that they have been inclined to imagine that the teaching children a little of reading, writing, grammar, and geography, is inimical to *religion!*"—*Mr. Cobden on National Education, Manchester, January 23, 1851.*

<sup>22</sup> "Steeple-Houses" was the scornful name by which Churches were called in the *Canting Dictionary of the Conventicle*. And in the Song of the "*Mud Sectary*," which was sung in Guildhall, after dinner, to the tune of "*Tom-a-Bedlam*" by "one of the city musicians, being attired like a New-Bedlamite, with apt action and audible

Down with painted altars !<sup>24</sup> oriel  
 Windows, popish and pictorial !<sup>25</sup>  
 Kick out liturgies and creeds,<sup>26</sup>

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voice" (see Jordan's Pageant, entitled "London's Triumphs," 1677), is the following characteristic allusion to "*Steeple-Houses*."

" Next I turn'd Anabaptist,  
 And pray'd by the spirit;  
 To preach and print,  
 Make mouths and squint,  
 Was thought a mighty merit.  
 We slighted *steeple-houses*  
 Stables we met together in,  
 With yea and nay  
 We did betray  
 Our Presbyterian brethren."

<sup>23</sup> Selden, in his Preface to "*De Synedriis et Prefecturis Juridicis Veterum Ebræorum*," speaking of the divine right of excommunication claimed by different churches, says, "This claim has not a few assertors as well Romanists, as Nonromanist Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, which latter insist upon it much more positively, and carry it much farther in their *own favour* (!); for after having, *in their manner*, inveighed against this power in *papal* and *episcopal* hands, they have, as it were, cut it into shreds and portioned it out among themselves, with a vast accession from that authority, which they so confidently attribute to their own order.—Presbyters have the greatest power of any Clergy in the World, and gull the Laity most." . . . . .

<sup>24</sup> Ancient art attained its greatest splendour when employed in illustrating the mythology of the Greeks and Romans. The masterpieces of Christian art are still to be found over Catholic altars.

<sup>25</sup> "The *parsimony*, no less than the fanaticism, of the

(Pitchers crack'd and broken reeds!)  
 Preaching good and holy deeds.<sup>27</sup>  
 Off with surplice! Romish raiment,

---

Reformers spared the ancient and beautiful painted windows that still adorn our Sanctuaries. "As for our churches, all images, shrines, tabernacles, rood-lofts, and monuments of idolatry, are removed, taken downe, and defaced: onlie the stories in the glass-windowes excepted, which for want of sufficient store of *new stuffe*, and by reason of *extream charge* that should grow by the alteration of the same into *white panes* throughout the realme, are not altogether abolished in most places at once, but by little and little suffered to decaie, that *white glasse* may be provided and set up in their roomes."—HARRISON'S *Description of England*, written about the year 1580, and prefixed to the first volume of Holinshed.

<sup>26</sup> Dr. Adam Clarke said that not only did the grandeur, devotion, and reverential humility of the *Litany* lift it far above every human form of prayer in the world, but that one truly catholic supplication, "*That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men,*" made it inspired and divine.

"There is no Church without a *Liturgy* (says Selden) nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no School without a Grammar.—Admit the Preacher prays by the Spirit, yet that very Prayer is Common-prayer to the People; they are tied as much to his Words, as in saying *Almighty and most merciful Father*: is it then unlawful in the Minister, but not unlawful in the People? 'Tis hoped we may be cured of our extemporary Prayers, the same way the Grocer's Boy is cured of eating Plums, when we have had our Belly full of them." . . . . .

<sup>27</sup> In Queen *Elizabeth's* time, when all the Abbies were pulled down, all good Works defaced, then the Preachers must cry up Justification by Faith, not by good Works.—*Selden's Table-talk*.

Not for this reforming day meant !  
 Carnal cloth ! unlovely linen !  
 Not to swaddle saint, but sin in !

Now and then his vicar, sub,  
 Me doth an archbishop dub,  
 Then, ho ! ho ! Puck and Co.  
 Three grim Doctors all of a-row !  
*Præmunire, in terrorem,*  
 Grinning like a ghoul before 'em !  
 (*Præmunire ! Præmunire !*<sup>28</sup>  
 Of true faith the trial fiery !  
 Written down in Harry's diary !)<sup>29</sup>  
 Play their solemn farce at Bow.  
 Is the good Archbishop shock'd ?  
 Doth he deem God's temple mock'd ?  
 Is his courage primed and cock'd  
 For resistance holy ? lock'd  
 He shall be in prison ! dock'd  
 Of his dignities—unfrock'd !

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<sup>28</sup> King George the Third having seen one of his Court Chaplains at the Play, expressed surprise and displeasure. "Sire," replied the chaplain, "I am not ashamed at appearing at any place where our 'most religious and gracious Sovereign' the *Head of the Church* thinks proper to be present." . . .

<sup>29</sup> Sir Thomas More refused to render unto Cæsar the things that are God's, and resigned his head to the Protestant axe. Archbishop Cranmer (who burnt a poor wretch for denying the King's Supremacy) set up Henry VIII. as the spiritual dictator of a Christian people !

When (of law a slippery limb !)  
 My credit will no longer swim,  
 All the better at my tail if  
 Dangle doxy and a bailiff !  
 My ragged fortune to repair  
 Reformer furious up I flare,  
 Expectorate my Billingsgate,  
 At Common-Hall, on Church<sup>30</sup> and State,<sup>31</sup>  
 City classics that the clique  
 Better understand than Greek !  
 With a penitential chuckle  
 Down to Jacks in office knuckle,  
 Dearly love they tools that truckle !  
 Sinners whose conversion recent  
 Makes their dotage only decent !  
 Thus I rise, and get rewarded,  
 Though its duty if the cord did,  
 My last dying speech, confession,  
 Would most aptly crown the session !

What d'ye lack ? what d'ye lack ?

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<sup>30</sup> In L'Estrange's *Reflections upon Poggius's Fable of a Priest and Epiphany*, part i. 364, is the following.

“ Upon one occasion an Alderman (probably Pennington) said, ‘ Mr. Speaker, there are so many clamours against such and such of the Prelates, that we shall never be quiet till we have no more *Bishops*.’ Upon this Selden rose and desired the House to observe, ‘ what grievous complaints there were for high misdemeanours, against such and such of the Aldermen ; and therefore, by parity of reason, it is my humble motion that we have no more *Aldermen*.’ ”

<sup>31</sup> “ Sedition ” (exclaims Pamphlet, in *Murphy's Farce*



Pedler Puck has 'em all in his pack !  
 "The People's" *Chit*, "the People's" *Chat*,<sup>32</sup>  
 "The Family" *This*, "the Family" *That*,  
 Every pun cracked under the sun  
 Since Momus first opened his budget of fun !

of "*The Upholsterer*") "is the only thing an author can live by now. Time has been when I could turn a penny by an earthquake ; or live upon a jail-distemper ; or dine upon a bloody murder ; but now that's all over ; nothing will do now but roasting a minister ; or telling the people that they are ruined ; the people of England are never so happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined."

<sup>32</sup> Had the finest productions of genius been written in the present day, they would have dropped still-born from the press. What chance would have stood "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and Gray's "Elegy" against the seductive pruriency of Thomas Little and Don Juan ? Or the "Minstrel" and the "Cotter's Saturday Night" against the bewitching blasphemies of "Queen Mab," and "Cain" ? How tame would have seemed the "Vicar of Wakefield" and "Rasselas" after the excitement of perusing "Paul Clifford," "Jack Sheppard," and Company ! Would the "Passions" and the "Ode to Evening" have found a single admirer, the "Task" been endured, or the "Spectator" reached its second number with such a cloud of weekly caterers for its rivals ? Fancy "As You Like It" and "Lear" submitted (for the *first* time !) to an audience reeking with the pleasantries and pathos of modern playwrights, who smuggle their nonsense, duty free,

"And shift their style much oftener than their clothes."

What Publisher, with the fear of Basinghall Street before his eyes, would bestow paper and print on an *editio princeps* of the "Fairie Queen" ? Even the memorable modicum

Plays with plots,<sup>33</sup> and plays with none.  
 Fustian tragedy, mountebank mummery,  
 Fine-drawn, filigree, flatulent flummery,  
 Histories, mysteries, sentiment,<sup>34</sup> smut,  
 The froth of the beer, and the dregs of the butt!

---

doled out by Samuel Simmons for "Paradise Lost" would be met by the "cold blank bookseller's rhyme-freezing face" as far too great a risk for "*The Row!*" Piety and Truth, Gentleness and Beauty, delicate Wit and Humour, have given place to stronger stimulants.

<sup>33</sup> Intricacy of plot, wire-drawn intrigues, unexpected turns, ludicrous situations, contretemps, and equivoque belong to Comedy. However witty and humorous her dialogue, she must do something more than talk. Her characters must not be mere brilliant abstractions, firing off epigrams, pelting each other with puns, pointing, and parrying bon mots, roasting each other with repartees, but racy realities, frolicksome flesh and blood. The courteous cold simper of gentility in the boxes, and the approving smile of criticism in the pit, will not carry her through triumphantly without a genuine gallery roar.—She must win the veto of the vulgar. The gods have a keen perception of, and a high relish for humour. Democritus Senior when he wanted to split his sides went abroad into low life, and crowed accordingly; and Democritus Junior (honest Richard Burton!) walked to the water-side, and diverted his melancholy with the broad fun of the bargemen. A dish of old-fashioned English drollery, while it lays uncertain siege to fashion and fastidiousness, takes plebeian intelligences by storm.

<sup>34</sup> On the ancient stage gross vice was not whited and painted to look like a sickly virtue. It was undisguised, palpable, plain-spoken. A brazen warning—not a sophisticated snare! But now the case is altered. Our ears

French (by the stench!) from the sewer of Sue—  
 Knowledge is, nowadays, (who'll buy? who?)  
 As cheap as dirt, as plentiful too,  
 And awfully like it in hogo and hue!  
 What d'ye lack? what d'ye lack?  
 Intellect's brass with a fine gilt back?  
 Pedler Puck has 'em all in his pack.

are grown delicate, and our hearts callous. We dare not put in words what we daily put in practice. Hence vice is so tampered with, mendacity is so mock-modest and mealy-mouthed, that we are puzzled to find out which is addressing us, a saint, a seducer, a parson, or a pick-pocket!

A prim Parson once called upon David Garrick to solicit a subscription. "For what?" demanded David. "A *Family Shakespeare*," drawled the prim Parson. "Spoil your *own Bible*, Sir," replied Roscius, "but let *ours* alone!"

Many years ago two officious "*Reverends*," (Messrs. Bowdler and Pitman) published a pair of impertinences which they called "*Family*" *Shakespeares*! Now what young lady or young gentleman ever was, or ever will be satisfied with a "*Family*" *Shakespeare*? It but stimulates curiosity to find out the omissions; which, when discovered, will not (for the trouble taken!) very soon be forgotten. The verbal improprieties of Shakespeare will be passed over without offence by all who can truly appreciate his manifold and transcendent beauties. The pure in heart they will not corrupt, the prurient they cannot.

When Alcibiades gave *one* pedagogue a box on the ear because he had *not* Homer in his school, both ears should he have boxed of the *other* pedagogue who told him that he *had*—viz. a Homer—*of his own* correcting!

In my sacerdotal smalls,<sup>35</sup>  
 Clerical coat, canonical castor,  
 A portly pillar of St. Paul's,  
 A rector plump, a rosy master,  
 Roll'd into one,<sup>36</sup>  
 I bask in the sun!

Tinted by Italian skies

---

Mr. Macready has recently published a "*Family*" Pope, to suit, doubtless, the pure morals (*My Fan, Peter!*) and delicate taste of the Green Room!

"I have seen enough," (says Gifford) "of castrated editions, to observe that little was gained by them on the score of propriety; since, when the author was reduced to half his bulk, at the expense of his spirit and design, sufficient remained to alarm the delicacy for which the sacrifice had been made."

<sup>35</sup> Four fat livings rolled into one!  
 Isn't our Canon a very great gun?  
 More holy and hale, with more joints to his tail  
 No priest can be found in the pluralist-pale.

Four fat livings rolled into one!  
 Mother Church well may rejoice in her son!  
 Hail! Master—Hail! Canon—(two joints of thy tail!)  
 And Hail! rosy Rector—Archdeacon, ALL Hail!

*The Laureat.*

"Though any other should preach and teach for me as constantly and industriously as St. Augustine did, yet I cannot think myself discharged by another man's pain-taking."—*Bernard Gilpin.*

<sup>36</sup> A Pluralist alleged, in defence of non-residence, the old maxim, "*Qui facit per alium facit per se.*" To which Lord Chesterfield, who was present, replied, "Very well,

Glowing cheeks, bright laughing eyes,  
 Lips, that archly curling, show  
 Of fair teeth an ivory row,  
 Caper comic to a spinet  
 With more mirth than music in it !  
 Song that makes its sad appeal  
 To the few with hearts to feel,  
 You have seen and heard implore  
 Liberal largess at your door.  
 Oft that Puck was Troubadour  
 Shall this chanson make you sure.

BALLAD.

Where majestic mountains rise  
 To the blue unclouded skies,  
 And in sunny vales below  
 All the flowers of Eden blow ;  
 Where, to music, dance and song,  
 Every streamlet glides along,  
 There the home is, sweet Savoy !  
 Of the merry Minstrel Boy.

I have wander'd far and wide,

---

Doctor, then you shall be saved by proxy, but damned in person." . . . .

37 " Thus when a *Barber* and a *Collier* fight,  
 The *Barber* beats the luckless *Collier*—white.  
 The dusty *Collier* heaves his ponderous sack,  
 And, big with vengeance, beats the *Barber*—black.  
 In comes the *Brick-dust Man* with grime o'erspread,

Many a country's bounty tried,  
 And in freedom's happy land  
 Found at last a fostering hand!  
 Hearts to pity so inclined  
 Who shall out of Britain find?  
 Who? with gratitude and joy,  
 Asks the merry Minstrel Boy!

When critics fight, and bark and bite,  
 In setting William Shakespeare right,<sup>37</sup>  
 Meanings, in their controversy,  
 Making, marring without mercy!  
 When the would-be widow's lover  
 Sees her dying spouse recover;  
 When, out of pique to Jerry Sneak,  
 Death gives his wife another squeak!  
 When the worshippers of Wesley  
 (Does devotion in a dress lie?  
 Is of piety the essence  
 In a perpendicular presence?  
 In frigidity, acidity,  
 Querulousness in its quiddity?)—

---

And beats the *Collier* and the *Barber*—red.  
 Black, red and white in various clouds are toss'd,  
 And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost. ". .

"But your sweet Swan of Avon was no *Lawyer*, Sir,"  
 exclaimed a verbal critic, who had "studied Shakespeare  
 at the inns of court," to Uncle Timothy (my Uncle had  
 been pursuing his favorite theme of the universality of  
 Shakespeare's knowledge), "or he would never have made  
 such a blunder as the following,



When the Janizaries of John<sup>38</sup>  
 Mysterious "*Fly Sheets*" light upon,<sup>39</sup>  
 Proving, if or not it please 'em,

' And their *executors*, the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.'

He *should* have written *Administrators!*"

<sup>38</sup> Horace Walpole, describing the personal appearance of Pope *John* in the pulpit, says, "He is marvellously neat and clean, and *as great an actor as Garrick!*"

<sup>39</sup> Peeps behind the curtain of the Wesleyan Conference! For the presumed authorship of these trenchant tracts certain suspected preachers were summoned to appear before their spiritual senate, who put "*a brotherly question*," affectionately inviting them to criminate themselves! Some, time-serving and timid, confessed, and were "*admonished*;" but three would not be brow-beaten into submission, and were expelled from the ministry.

Tho' vengeance is sped ye have nothing to dread,  
 The blessing of Heaven is over your head;  
 With truth on your side and faith for your guide  
 The Lord will protect and the Lord will provide!

Far better it were to be left to the care,  
 Like the prophet of old, to the birds of the air!  
 Than receive from the hand of insulting command  
 The bread so dishonor'd by slavery's brand!

Ye have cause to rejoice having raised such a voice  
 Applauding your zeal and approving your choice,  
 A voice that shall make your inquisitors quake,  
 And the "*brotherly*" bonds they had forged for ye  
 break. *Uncle Timothy.*

Much their stable wants the besom !  
 When of knockers-out<sup>40</sup> a knot  
 Are outplotted in their plot ;

---

<sup>40</sup> A notable knock-out came off with great *eclat* some short time since. The grand prize was a *Folio Shakespeare of 1623*, which, after a little politic skirmishing among the sham competitors, was knocked down for sixty-one pounds, and knocked out for one hundred and ninety-one pounds! A dinner concluded the pleasant and profitable day's sport, at which, it is said, was sung Uncle Timothy's

KNOCK-OUT GARLAND.

Nicodemus Knock-out, biblioplist stout,  
 In many a bellicose book-buying bout,  
 You'll know by his crow, cachinnation and clamor  
 That make merry music to Sotheby's hammer.

Nicodemus you'll know, when the breadth of his buttock  
 He squats, for rare lots ! near the pulpit of Puttick,  
 By his wide-awake wink, his auricular smile,  
 His cut-away coat and triangular tile !

Wherever he goes, in poetry, prose,  
 Nothing escapes Nicodemus's nose !  
 What a ferreter-out ! What a capital scout  
 Is, black-letter boy ! Nicodemus Knock-out !

A fine "*Widow Toye*" or a "*Wynkyn de Worde*"  
 How lovingly ogles the wicked old bird !  
 And when his eye cocks on a "*Caxton*," sly fox !  
 Bold knockers-out all Nicodemus out-knocks !

No knocking-out wight draws a bargain so tight  
 And gets such a profit, thrice cent. per cent. ! by't—  
 Push the bottle about—bumpers sparkle and spout—  
 Our brother *unique* Nicodemus Knock-out !

When knaves <sup>41</sup> fall out, and honest men  
 Obtain their rights, but not till then !  
 And rogues in their own traps are caught,  
 Robin has not roam'd for naught !

He to bear his mischief brings

<sup>41</sup> " When Theeves fall out, it hath been often known,  
 True men by their contention get their own.

*Sam. Rowlands.*

Judas and Judy had *three* sons,  
 Jackey, Jemmy, and Joe—  
 First in the pack  
 Of knaves was Jack,  
 Jem was second, and Joe was third,  
 Each to strut a broth of a bird  
 On his own dunghill, and crow !

Judas was counting his *gold* dust,  
 After snuffling a hymn !  
 When death dropp'd in for his *old* dust—  
 Judy with Nick  
 For a time went tick,  
 She saved every ducat,  
 And then kick'd the bucket !  
 All the three prigs  
 Were as merry as grigs !  
 They parted the hag's  
 Rhino and rags !  
 And sent their sisters her—empty bags !  
 Jackey, Joey, and Jem.

Judas and Judy had *three* sons,  
 Jackey, Jemmy, and Joe—  
 Sly and dry

Not on sad and sacred things.

Who shall dare

Arraign despair?

Make direst woe

A penal show?<sup>42</sup>

Was madness made for mockery? No!

Jemmy (O fie!)

Snugly slipp'd

In the family crypt,

His cook-maid quean

From behind the scene

Came with her litter of cubs unclean,

And hook'd at a haul

Jem's money bags all!

O, how black

Look'd Joey and Jack

To be *done* by a demirep so!

Judas and Judy had *three* sons,

Jackey, Jemmy, and Joe—

Joey to Jackey

Turn'd toady and lackey—

"I shall touch his *tin*,"

Said Joe, with a grin,

"So the sooner the better we shovel Jack in!"

But Puck

Spoilt his luck,

And threw them the apple

Of discord to grapple;

A thriftless throw

For juggling Joe

When Jack join'd Jem in the shades below.

*The Laureat.*

<sup>42</sup> How sternly has Shakespeare rebuked this presumption!

Often I, a farcing fellow !  
 Play the pulpit Punchinello,<sup>43</sup>  
 Vapour in a gown and cassock,  
 Dance a hornpipe on a hassock !  
 Now and then, to tickle the town,  
 Midas I strut in an Alderman's<sup>44</sup> gown,  
 And with my judicial ears  
 Take my place among my peers !  
 Clap on my cranium civic crown,  
 " Entertaining " Toga<sup>45</sup> try on, .  
     And royally roll'd  
     In scarlet and gold,

---

" I tell thee, churlish priest,  
 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,  
 When thou liest howling ! "

What " furred gown," in its obtuse officiousness, would have *dared* to commit to prison the author of " The Task ? "

My dark hour is returning,  
     Alas ! there's no dissembling,  
 Again my brain is burning,  
     Again my heart is trembling.  
 Abroad I restless roam,  
     Yet know not where to wander,  
 My thoughts I would call home,  
     But, O ! I dread to ponder—  
 Nor brain nor breast can hope for rest  
 But in the church-yard yonder !

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>43</sup> The pulpit-pleasantries of Rowland Hill were endured out of respect for the minister and regard for the man. In his faith we forgot his fun. Rowland's light comedy, and (sometimes) broad farce, ridiculed not doctrines, but deeds.

Rampantly out-roar the Lion !  
 But would I out-Bruin the Bear—

*Pumpkin.* This droll would make a parson swear !  
 Mr. Mountebank—— (*Rising from his seat.*)

*Puck.* *Mon frere !*  
 I take, by Jupiter ! the Chair.  
 (*Slips into the vacant seat.*)

Enter *Democritus as Beadle.*

DUET. *Democritus and Puck.*

*Dem.* Punch and Jem Crow are both waiting below,  
 As soon as you can, Sir, an answer they crave.

He was no punster in polemics. As a Scholar and a Christian Gentleman, he venerated the Liturgy of the Church of England for its Catholic spirit and heaven-inspired beauty and holiness. He admired dissent, but not dissenters; in illustration of which he quoted Churchill's line,

“ The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect.”

The conceited, vituperative, vulgar sectary found no favor in his sight. His mantle has descended upon no one. A Brummagem Rowland Hill is intolerable.

“ God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly ! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox ; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.” *Twelfth Night.*

*La-Writ.* “ Let him learn, let him learn ;  
 Time that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

*Cler.* Why, he's a judge, an old man !

*La-Writ.* Never too old  
 To be a gentleman——” *The Little French Lawyer.*

“ When the Lord Mayor of London receives his royal and noble guests at a City Feast he puts on his “ *Entertaining Gown.*”



*Puck.* Tell nigger Jem I've the treadmill for him!  
Tell Mr. Punch he's an impudent knave!

*Dem.* Little Tom Thumb for his ticket is come.

*Puck.* Rare sport for the court! he shall caper  
and spout;

We'll serve, to a tittle, *up* Boney the Little!  
Boney the Great we have often served *out*.

*Dem.* The Giant will thank ye for one for a Yan-  
kee.—<sup>46</sup>

With Strong-wind's petition I bring the Great  
Bear's—

*Puck.* Bid the Ojibbeway run with his rib away!  
Kick the American Giant down stairs!

*Dem.* A ticket for——

*Puck.* Eh?

*Dem.* Gog! another for Magog!

<sup>46</sup> *The Laureat.* The "Stars and Stripes" proclaim the  
land

Where Liberty's tall tree grows;

What mean the "Stars?"

*Uncle Tim.* I'm at a stand.

*The Laureat.* The "Stripes," then?

*Uncle Tim.* Ask the *Negroes!*

"We talk a great deal of our national intelligence in  
America" (says Fenimore Cooper); "but blocks are not  
colder, nor can have less real reverence for letters, arts,  
or indeed cultivation of any kind, than the great bulk of

*Puck.* The sooner the better each right-about  
wheels!

My brain's like a feather, I cannot tell whether  
I stand, noble Grand! on my head or my heels.

*The Scene closes.*

SCENE XIII.—*A Tavern. Timothy Truckle  
and Jacob Juniper discovered.*

*Timothy.*

**T**O-MORROW, when from Titan's bed  
Aurora rises blushing red!  
When, after snuffing out the moon,  
The Sun Dan Phœbus rides his noon;  
Jacob, when our Bow-bells chime  
The pleasant tune of pudding-time  
To your daughters Dolly, Dinah,  
Then proclaim we that *Regina*,

---

the American people. In short let the truth be said, the only country in which the writer has found his pursuits a disadvantage, *is his own!*"

The following picture (by the same hand) is amusing. "He (the *American*) can surely smoke cigars, drink congress water, discuss party politics, and fancy himself a statesman, whittle, clean his nails in company and never out of it! swear things are good enough for him without having known any other state of society, squander dollars on discomfort, and refuse cents to elegance and convenience, because he knows no better; and call the obliquity

With her court and consort, (listen !)  
 This bran new Exchange will christen  
 (Brick-and-mortary salmagundi !)  
 On the next ensuing Monday.  
 Pearson,<sup>47</sup> mad wag ! Merewether,<sup>48</sup>  
 Laying their wise wigs together !  
 Have concocted martial law  
 To keep the citizens in awe !  
 I their Corporation thunder  
 Pump, and you, the beadle under,  
 Must, with all submission due,  
 From me, first fiddle ! take your cue.  
 While this Pageant's on the stage  
 Every cockney in his cage  
 Shall, like the imprison'd starling, shout  
 " I can't get out ! I can't get out ! "

*Jacob.* Tim, my farthing rushlight dimmer  
 In your sun can only glimmer,  
 Seeing you imbibed at school  
 Grammar<sup>49</sup> just like gooseberry-fool !

---

of taste patriotism, without enjoying a walk in a wood by the side of a murmuring rill."

<sup>47</sup> The facetious City Solicitor.

<sup>48</sup> The learned Town Clerk.

<sup>49</sup> " Learning," (says Bacon,) " taketh away the wildness, barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds; though a little of it doth rather work a contrary effect." Pope, in his oft-disputed but never-refuted axiom, " A little learning is a dangerous thing," (the cheap indoctrination of a puffing pedagogue!) echoes the sentiment.

Long divisions and subtractions,  
 Airs polite and vulgar fractions.  
 My palavering pedagogue he  
 "Preachee" did, but never "floggee!"  
 (Birch<sup>50</sup> for blockheads had than blarney  
 Better been, that yawning yarn he  
 Spun the school-boys, cant and carney!)  
 Hence I took to British stingos  
 Rather than to foreign lingos,  
 And could never join or jump  
 With social parties round a pump!  
 Such experiments hydraulic  
 Savouring cruelly of cholic,  
 To teetotallers and twanky  
 I said "Gentlefolks, no thank'e!"  
 I remember you a clerk  
 Shuffling after Shadrack Shark  
 That walking gibbet of a man  
 Whom never bankrupt bard outran!  
 Deeming a dramatic stroller

---

<sup>50</sup> On one end of the School-Room of Wykeham's College at Winchester, in uncial letters, are the following orders, with significant symbols opposite.

*Aut Disce* (either learn). A mitre and crosier, as the expected reward of learning.

*Aut Discede* (or depart). An inkhorn to sign, and a sword to enforce expulsion.

*Manet Sors Tertia Cædi* (the third choice is to be flogged).  
A Scourge.

Uncle Timothy and the Laureat, on a late visit to this college, remarking how a Robin Red-breast hopped all

More delectable, and droller,  
 You dodged about the playhouse doors,  
 Then danced a devil on all fours ! <sup>51</sup>  
 How gaped the gallery gods and grinn'd  
 To see you frisk, you funny fiend !  
*Filch* to figure in at Fairlop  
 You from four legs did a pair lop !  
 At St. Bartlemy and Barnet

round with them through the beautiful cloisters, was told that it was the "*Chapel Robin*," a name given to the little bird from its regularly attending divine service ! This anecdote was not lost upon Uncle Timothy.

Chirping on a window sill  
 When the snow falls fast and chill,  
 Or upon the bloomy spray  
 Singing through a summer day,  
 All the Robin Red-breast know,  
 He is free to come and go,  
 A mysterious, holy charm  
 Keeps his little head from harm !

In my childhood I have heard  
 Thou wert God-Almighty's bird,  
 And with food thy path I strew'd  
 In the wintry season rude.  
 While, as from thy tuneful throat  
 Pour'd a soft thanksgiving note,  
 Methought I heard, in that sweet song,  
 A voice that dwelt the stars among !

Say, what sympathetic spell  
 Hath for thee the Sabbath bell ?  
 Art a voice, that here, in praise,  
 Join'd the saints of other days,

You were comedy incarnate !  
 Up and down the country strolling  
 (In the interval of drolling),  
 Yeovil, Yoxford, Yackum, Yarmouth  
 Heard you, as a tragic star,<sup>52</sup> mouth !<sup>53</sup>  
 Like in an ivy-bush an owl,  
 You scowl'd the true Macready<sup>54</sup> scowl,  
 And shaved your beard with water cold

Come to mourn how dim the flame  
 Bearing still devotion's name ?  
 But with altars, shrines o'erthrown  
 Quite in harmony and tone !

<sup>51</sup> He (Thos. Killigrew) would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, "Who will go and be a *Devil*, and he shall see the play for nothing?" then would he go in, and be a *Devil* upon the stage, and so get to see plays. . . . *Pepys's Diary.*

<sup>52</sup> In the days of the Drama's glory no such puffs were put forth as "*The eminent Tragedian*," and "*Those highly-talented artistes*." Neither did *Mrs. Frail* and *Jeremy Diddler* play their professional parts in private life to an applauding public! Would Pope have painted Betterton's portrait, and Addison written the affecting account of his funeral in Westminster Abbey, if the great actor had brought scandal upon his eloquent art? Modern players have been puffed until they are fairly puffed out!

<sup>53</sup> A troublesome Stroller asked Tate Wilkinson whether he had any opening for him at his theatre. To which Tate replied in his laconic way, "No!—You shall never *open your mouth* on my stage as long as you live!"

<sup>54</sup> The sun of Siddons had gloriously set, and that of John Kemble was majestically descending the horizon, when Mr. Macready made his first appearance on the



Because John Kemble did of old!  
 Having join'd a gipsy throng,  
 (Meals were short and miles were long!)  
 You with geese for playing fox

---

London Stage. The sublimity, grandeur, and depth of Shakespeare's tragic creations the genius of Mr. Macready has failed to realise; yet in *Ion*, *Claude Melnotte*, *Richelieu*, *Virginus*, *William Tell*, *Rob Roy*, and *Werner*, it has left criticism nothing to desire. Canning's Rule-of-Three,

“Pitt is to Addington  
 As London is to Paddington—”

applies to Mr. Macready in relation (*Mr. Phelps* excepted) to his *present* tragic contemporaries; Tyros, whose narrow perceptions and stunted idiosyncracies cannot discover that nature has qualified them for the stage in about the same degree as she has the bear for the ball room. Let us speak of his masterpiece. *Werner*, from the hand of Lord Byron, is a picturesque and bold outline; *Werner*, as represented by Mr. Macready, is that outline skilfully filled up and highly finished. The lurid light that plays about the character of this mysterious man, and but half reveals its moody darkness, becomes more terrible and intense in the histrionic interpretation, and much that is only hinted at by the poet, is made palpable by the player. In the earlier scenes, haggard misery and hereditary pride, aristocratical remembrances and utter ruin, revengeful resolves and fierce despair, alternately tearing their ignoble victim, are pictured by the actor with appalling force and effect. And when adverse fate has seemingly done its worst, and fortune takes a favourable turn, the character of *Werner* rises not with his improved condition; he is, as represented by Mr. Macready, (and with consummate propriety) the same little-minded, abject waverer, deriving no consolation from his reflections, and living in mor-

Took a benefit in the stocks !  
 Once again in London town,  
 In the mouth extremely down !  
 (At Covent Garden rogues in grain <sup>55</sup>

bid dread of some new calamity. Has he, then, no redeeming qualities ? The player has been more charitable than the poet. In the closet, *Werner* is all but irredeemable ; on the stage, there is something in his character to palliate and to pity. He becomes, after many fearful struggles, a robber. But he recoils from murder. The thought of shedding blood chills his throbbing heart and convulses his attenuated frame ! How finely does the actor improve upon the conception of the poet where the son's infamy is gradually revealed to the miserable father. Though soul-subdued and prostrate at the fatal intelligence, there is still (as depicted by the poet) neither dignity nor sacredness in the parent's sorrow. But the actor, by giving it a gentle elevation, a mournful spirituality, not inconsistent with the character, moves our sympathy ; and what seemed harsh and crude is touched with a gracious humanity as judicious and just as it is benign and beautiful. The heart-sickness and hopelessness of the sufferer that finds no consolation within, the guilt that sees its own evil deeds working retributive justice against itself, the harrowing remorse, the grief, the cowardice, the despair—this whirlwind of fury-passions that maddens, and hurries on the doomed criminal to death—exhibits a picture to which nothing on the modern stage can furnish a parallel. It is the province of the player to illustrate the poet's vigorous, eloquent, and majestic inspiration ; to reflect the various passions of the soul alternately swayed by low desires, and refined and transfigured by truth and virtue.—*Uncle Timothy*.

<sup>55</sup> The *Cacoëthes loquendi* (Platform-Quackery in all its flatulent verbosity !), distillations of emasculated slip-slop,

The Elephant at Drury Lane,  
 Brompton's,<sup>56</sup> and St. Bartle's players,  
 Gooseberry and Greenwich fairs  
 All at their last kick and pray'rs !)  
 In what theatre could you  
 Frisk on four legs or on two ?  
 Wizard of the Norwood breed,  
 Merry-Andrew run to seed,

---

and a loose, rambling, conventional mode of mouthing are the three grand ingredients of Joint-Stock agitation eloquence. Such harangues would be unbearable even in Bœotia. To tie up these wind-bags it would puzzle King Æolus!

<sup>56</sup> *Risum teneatis, amici?*

Was Grub-Street air to rhymers rare  
 In ancient times a tonic ?  
 A Brompton breeze as well agrees  
 With modern histrionic !

There Covent-Garden-shepherdess  
 Cashiers her crook and kirtle,  
 And sports a spray, in bonnet gay,  
 Of Cranbourn-Alley myrtle !

*King Dick* lays down his hump and crown,  
*Old Shylock* casts his Jew-coat,  
*Cordelia* wears a cotton gown,  
 And *Caliban* a blue coat ;

Lord *Hamlet* doffs his inky cloak,  
 His inky face *Othello*,  
*Cassio* turns Teetotaller,  
 And *Filch* an honest fellow !

In cosey trim cries *Corporal Nym*,  
 " Wine makes our spirits gay, light,

Bankrupt ward of capering Bruins,  
 Sometime rope-dancer in ruins,  
 Barn-door bantam on the scout,  
 Salamander quite burnt out,  
 Parcel-poet, not plethoric !  
 You were now, " Alas, poor Yorick !"  
 Settled, sold up, ruin'd, roll'd up,  
 Never more your head to hold up ?

---

*Ghost*, fill a bumper to the brim,  
 You goblins hate the day-light !

*Moll Flaggon*, *Dan*, *Macbeth*, my man,  
 The toast that I propose is  
*King Richard's* rose and *Bardolph's* nose—  
 Let's twine the rival roses !"

Quoth *Falstaff*, " Bring a cup of sack,  
 No cockney champagne (gooseb'ry !)—  
 Drink, *Harry Percy* ! drink with *Jack*  
 Who shoulder'd thee at Shrewsb'ry !"

*Dame Quickly*, *Desdemona*, *Doll*,  
*Sir Andrew* and *Sir Toby*,  
*The Witches Three*, a gladsome glee  
 To give dull care the go-by !"

Thus fly the hours in Brompton's bowers,  
 Thus drollery is out-droll'd ;  
 The wine, tho' brighter than the jokes,  
 Is still not half so old !

Thus sally quips from laughing lips,  
 Thus wit out-wits his witty mate,  
 And *Miller Joe*, Chief Joker ! trips  
 The Drama's Lord legitimate.

*The Laureat.*

No such thing, Tim, no such thing,  
 Your bow had still another string !  
 Thro' your vocal nose,<sup>57</sup> and thorax  
 You held forth like many more hacks,  
 And your bray<sup>58</sup> the brainless "brethren"  
 Suck'd thro' their long ears of leather in !  
 Puzzling dogmas by the score  
 You but set on foot, to floor !  
 As the skittles-playing clown  
 Puts them up to knock them down !  
 Soon expanding to a "Deacon,"  
 Cant you grew quite smug and sleek on,  
 Sang devoutly, sigh'd demurely,  
 Slumber'd in your pew securely,

---

<sup>57</sup> The Nose was the only organ admitted by the sectaries into their conventicles. It was the carnal vehicle of puritanical psalmody. So popular became this harmonious conductor, that even penny ballads were directed to be droned through it. A "Psalm of Mercy, Jan. 26, 1660," bears the nasal injunction of "*Sing it in the nose.*" In "The Holy Sisters' Conspiracy," 4to. London, Jan. 1660-1, "Ursula reads and all the sisters sing through the nose."

"One hearing a silenc'd Minister speake in the *nose*, askt his companion standing by the reason of it. Foole, said the other, how should he speake otherwise than in the *nose*, when the Bishoppe hath stopp'd his *mouth*?"—*The Booke of Bulls*. 1636.

<sup>58</sup> Robert Hall was once reprov'd by "Tabernacle Wilks" for "talking nonsense" at a private party after having just before preached an eloquent sermon. "Matthew" (replied the profound theologian and brilliant orator) the

Nodding your sympathizing head,  
 To every thing the parson said !  
 In your Muggletonian face  
 Gravity<sup>59</sup> was sign of grace,  
 Did you laugh, I do believe,  
 It was only in your sleeve !  
 From all corners of your eyes  
 Ogling for the richest prize,  
 Every widow, every maid  
 In the balances you weigh'd  
 Under as they pass'd in rows  
 Your prognosticating nose !  
 When, behold ! a "serious" maiden  
 Full of love, with lucre laden,

---

difference between us is this ; I talk my nonsense in the *parlour*, thou talkest thine in the *pulpit* ! " . . . . .

<sup>59</sup> "Gravity" (says Rochefoucault) "is a mysterious carriage of the body invented to cover the defects of the mind." "Gravity" (quoth Yorick) "is an errant scoundrel, and of the most dangerous kind too, because a sly one ; and more honest well-meaning people are bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth than by pocket-picking and shop lifting in seven. The very essence of gravity is design, and consequently, deceit ; a taught trick to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man is worth." "Gravity" (says Shaftesbury) "is of the very essence of imposture." Paley calls it a cloak for stupidity—"A man who is not sometimes a fool is always one !" . . . "Friend," said Theophrastus to a person who had observed a profound silence during an entertainment, "if you be a fool you act the part of a wise man ; but if you be a wise man you certainly play the fool."



(Brother Snuffle, who intruded  
 Popp'd the question not as you did!)  
 Of conventicles the cream,  
 Got up your connubial steam !

*Tim.* Jacob, when your weaker vessel's  
 Laid upon a pair of trestles,  
 And you've grunted all your grief out  
 Take my book and tear a leaf out !  
 Let those (luck's logic !) laugh that win,  
 Somebody must be taken in,  
 Cries my easy conscience,<sup>60</sup> which is  
 Very like a Dutchman's breeches,<sup>61</sup>  
 Plenty large enough, and roomy,  
 Quite indeed a treasure to me !  
 O'er the sick, with solemn face,  
 The dismal doctor grumbles grace,  
 Not forgetting, sly old fox !

---

<sup>60</sup> Like Mercutio's "scratch," "'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door ; but 'tis enough." Archdeacon Paley when pressed to publish some opinions which he held in opposition to his ecclesiastical superiors, replied (notwithstanding his many rich and fat preferments!) "I cannot afford to have a conscience."

<sup>61</sup> "The great large abominable breech!" see *The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds*, by Samuel Rowlands. In the Middle Temple, an order was made in the 4th and 5th of Philip and Mary, that none of that society should wear *great breeches* in their hose, after the *Dutch*, Spanish, or Almain fashion, &c. on pain of forfeiting 3s. 4d.; and for the second offence the offender to be expelled. . .

<sup>62</sup> In reply to one of the circulars lately sent round by the Bishop of Oxford to the different parishes in his diocess

Blessings on Pandora's box.  
 The attorney ne'er, rely on't,  
 Makes two mouthfuls of a client,  
 Any more than school-boy merry  
 Makes two nibbles of a cherry !  
 Alas ! how many curates lean<sup>62</sup>  
 It takes to dine one rosy dean,  
 And how many deans to dish up  
 Banquet bilious for a bishop !  
 Chuckling o'er his sinecure may  
 You the *gourmand* see, and *gourmet*,<sup>63</sup>  
 In satiety and sloth  
 Living on the public both !  
 Not, a burning shame ! to mention  
 The state pauper with a pension,<sup>64</sup>  
 Or in petticoat or breech  
 A rare lickspit and a leech !

---

was this enquiry, "Does your officiating clergyman preach the Gospel, and are his conversation and carriage consistent therewith ?" To which a churchwarden, about four miles from Wallingford, wrote in answer, "He preaches the Gospel, but does not keep a Carriage." . .

<sup>63</sup> "To see an hirsute beggar's brat, that lately fed on scraps, crept and whined, crying to all, and for an old jerkin ran of errands, now ruffle in silk and satten, bravely mounted, jovial and polite, now scorn his old friends and familiars, neglect his kindred, insult over his betters, domineer over all."—*Robert Burton*.

<sup>64</sup> George the Third fancied he had done good service to literature by pensioning Dr. Johnson ; yet when a moderate addition to that pension was asked to enable him to recruit his shattered health by foreign travel, the request,

The scale descend, will matters mend  
 Opine you at the people's end?  
 Treading see the commonalty  
 In the footsteps of the quality;  
 Yes, Jacob Juniper! I feel  
*Your* toe intruding on *my* heel,  
 Toe of one that two a-penny,  
 Trims His Majesty the Many!  
 A duck-legg'd little dog like you  
 Talk of "Fraternity," pooh! pooh!  
 To me, a beadle six feet two!  
 The world's turn'd topsy-turvy!

*Puck.* *True!*

*Tim.* Jacob!

*Jacob.* Tim!

*Tim.* A rig!

*Jacob.* A riddle!

*Tim.* List! (*Puck plays the Fiddle*)

What is't?

*Jacob.* Why, fool! a fiddle!

though urged with all the warmth of friendship by Lord Thurlow, was refused! A beggarly per-centage on the vast sums of England's money pocketed by

Gamblers, pimps, and demireps,  
 Pretty ballast for our ships!

imported by the illustrious House of *Hand-over* (George the First landed in England with a couple of German mistresses, a couple of Turkish valets, and a Secretary who belonged, it is said, to no country at all!) was too princely a reward to add one humane appliance to the declining years of the author of *The Rambler!*

*Trio, Timothy, Jacob, and Puck.*

*Tim.* What, i'feggs! bewitches my legs?

*Jacob.* 'Tis, O Tim! that fiddle's trickery.

*Tim.* Every joint's at capering point!  
Every toe out-trips Terpsichore!

*Puck (joining in the dance).* Dance the hey!  
figure away!

Pirouette quick, my prancing pup, again—

*Chorus.* Royal Exchanges every day  
We don't burn down and then build up again!

[*Exit Puck.*

*Tim.* Stop, Jacob, stop! I pant for breath,  
I'm almost fiddled, danced to death!  
If ever goblin plied a bow,  
Tripp'd on supernatural toe,  
With unearthly vigor chanted,  
This was he—the house is haunted!

*Enter Host with a Bowl of Punch.*

*Jacob.* Wafted by a fragrant gale  
See! our punch is in full sail—  
Brother Boniface, all hail!  
Strong and spicy!

[*Exit Host.*

[*Drinks.*

*Tim.* Lawless liquor  
Brew'd by Be'lzebub, Old Nick, or  
Doctor Faustus!

*Jacob.* Megrims musty!  
If your windpipe's dry and dusty  
Try a sip, 'tis first-rate flip

Worthy of a beadle's lip !

Try, my tulip !—

*Tim.* Just one drip !

[ *Takes a deep draught.*

Tipple for an emperor !—tip !—

[ *They fall asleep.*

Enter *Puck and Democritus.*

*Puck.* This charm'd bowl the wits that wheedles  
Of these two bibacious beadles  
Shall, by its somnific powers,  
Hold them captive for twelve hours.  
While in a delirious trance  
Fantastic furies round them dance,  
Hobgoblins, of the bottle's birth,  
In ghastly shapes of madness,<sup>65</sup> mirth !  
While reel tapers, jug and jorum  
In a phantom jig before 'em,  
These two-legged, torpid trunks of state  
To-morrow we will personate,  
Ay, and publish to the lieges  
London in a state of siege is !  
—Busy day has done its duty,  
Night's enthroned in awful beauty !

---

<sup>65</sup> Beroaldus will have drunkards, afternoon-men, and such as more than ordinarily delight in drink, to be mad. The first pot quencheth thirst (so Panyasis the poet determines in Athenæus) : *secunda Gratiis, Horis, et Dionysio*—the second makes merry : the third for pleasure : *quarta ad insaniam*, the fourth makes them mad.

*Robert Burton.*

All her lustrous lamps divine  
 In their glittering orbits shine !  
 From thy realm, grim king of ghosts !  
 Mute and stealing, spectral hosts  
 That could tell full many a tale  
 Walk in death's mysterious veil !  
 Oath of silence they have ta'en,  
 Man may ask, but ask in vain  
 What wondrous secrets lie beyond  
 The vale of shadows ! none respond  
 To the inquirer !<sup>66</sup>—Now the breeze  
 Swells into solemn harmonies,  
 Hark ! Hosannas rise around,  
 Every star a voice has found !  
 All Creation, in the calm,  
 Uplifts her high thanksgiving psalm  
 To the Eternal Dwelling-Place,  
 And in the darkness hides her face !  
 Crime and gluttony and woe,  
 The ridiculous and low  
 Are not ALL this KEY can show—  
*Dem.* Spirit !  
*Puck.* Follow ! time flies fast,  
 One Lock more—and THAT the last ! [*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>66</sup> “ Well, 'tis no matter—  
 A very little time will clear up all,  
 And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.”  
*Blair's Grave.*



SCENE XIV.—*The Interior of Westminster Abbey. Democritus and Puck discovered.*

*Puck.*

NEVER Temple more august<sup>67</sup>  
 Rear'd its sacred spires to heaven  
 Where repentant, sinful dust  
 Humbly prays to be forgiven!

Light celestial streams around,  
 And from every holy altar,  
 With a sweet and solemn sound,  
 Rises a mysterious psalter  
 As thro' walks of chiefs we glide  
 In their monumental pride;  
 Marble effigy, and pall,

---

<sup>67</sup> Whether we enter a Church as the sacred Temple of the Deity, set apart for his most solemn worship; whether we view it, as the House appointed for all Living, to which we must sooner or later retire;—or whether, with a philosophic mind, we hope to be animated, by contemplating the tombs of the virtuous, to imitate their example, and obtain the grateful reward of posterity; all serve to exercise our rational faculties, and to “advance us in the scale of thinking beings.”

<sup>68</sup> St. George's Ensign, a Red Cross on a white field, was introduced by Joseph of Arimathea. In “The Debate betwene the Heraldes of Englande and Fraunce” printed about 1550, it says, Joseph of Arimathea came to Avalon now called Glastonbury, forty-five years after the

Curtain dread ! that drops on all.

Death's thick-shaded frontier past,  
 Kings their crowns imperial cast,  
 Lowly pilgrims ! at the gate  
 Of this sepulchre of state.  
 The knight who once in triumph bore  
 The Cross of Christ to Canaan's shore  
 His lance and panoply<sup>68</sup> lays down,  
 Assured his hope that Cross<sup>69</sup> will crown !  
 From perils of the land and wave  
 Beneath our footsteps sleep the brave !  
 Patriots who saw senates shake  
 And tyrants tremble when they spake,  
 Poets whom the lyre made glorious  
 And o'er death and time victorious,<sup>70</sup>  
 Firm confessors whom the wheel  
 But inspired with stronger zeal,

---

Nativity of our Lord, Arviragus then reigning over Britain, and propagated Christianity ; and Leland in his " Assertion of King Arthure" printed in 1582, not only mentions it, but makes it appear from the Genealogy of that Prince, that he was the tenth lineal descendant from Joseph. For centuries has " St. George !" been the war-cry of Britons.

" Advance your standards, draw your willing swords;  
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;  
 The words " *St. George, Richmond, and Victory!*" . . .

<sup>69</sup> Death touched the sacrifice, His mortality, and consumed it—touched His Godhead, and itself expired ! . . .

<sup>70</sup> The soul shines brightest in adversity and sorrow !  
 Never was there a more affecting proof of this than the circumstances under which *Rasselas* was written. No pas-

Saints who fed the funeral pyre,  
 Souls of faith ! and lips of fire !  
 With the martyr's glory crown'd,  
 Sanctify this sacred ground !  
 Mingling with their hallow'd mould  
 Hands lie nerveless, lifeless, cold,  
 That sculptured with enchanting grace  
 The fairest form, the loveliest face,  
 That in their magic tints attired  
 What nature, fancy, faith inspired !<sup>71</sup>

---

sionate longing after literary fame, no ardently desired luxury or pleasure, neither the sharp necessities of the present, nor the anticipated wants of the future impelled the poet to his task. A sacred duty (to defray the charges of his mother's funeral) was the high incentive of his heaven-inspired heart ! Never did the poet's function assume a more sublime aspect, nor a holier purpose awake his inspiration ! What a paradise of good spirits was his lonely chamber ! Of ministering angels assisting, encouraging, and crowning his labors ! Where was the imputed meanness of poverty at that august hour ? With such celestial visitants it was an ennobling privilege to be poor !—*Non omnis moriar* !—Poverty gave to mankind the *Vanity of Human Wishes* and *The Wanderer*, and to their writers toilsome days and homeless nights ! To poverty the world owes the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, but poverty drove their author to a premature grave in disappointment and sorrow ! How even keeps stern poverty the balance ! *Non omnis moriar* !—Beyond the gates of death are the portals of immortality !

Let the following extract of a letter (the address of which is torn off) tell its melancholy tale ! “ I know of no misery but a gaol—I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and by heaven request it as a favour, as a favour that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been years

The eye, the voice that every breath  
 Held, in charm'd wonder, hush'd as death !  
 Their histrionic wreath resign'd,  
 Here, closed and silent, rest enshrined.  
 Minstrels<sup>72</sup> who the chords once swept  
 Here the grave's dark sabbath kept,  
 Now, with seraphim enroll'd,  
 Hymns they chant to harps of gold !  
 The brain enrich'd with various lore  
 (That busy brain ! it throbs no more)<sup>73</sup>

---

struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable."

*Oliver Goldsmith, 1759.*

<sup>71</sup> So enamoured was Gainsborough of his beautiful art, that on his death-bed he exclaimed, " We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke will be of the party." . . .

<sup>72</sup> " I have heard it related," says Shield, in his *Introduction to Harmony*, " that when Handel's servant used to take him his chocolate of a morning, he has often stood in silent astonishment, till it was cold, to see his master's tears mixing with the ink, as he penned his divine notes, which are, surely, as much the picture of a sublime mind as Milton's words."

<sup>73</sup> " Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,  
 To mortify man's arrogance, that those  
 Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,  
 Much sooner than the common herd decay."

" You desire to be remembered to him who sang of ' Thalaba, the wild and wondrous song,' (writes Mrs. Southey, formerly so well known and justly admired as Caroline Bowles, to Mrs. Sigourney, an American authoress). " Alas ! my friend, the dull, cold ear of death is not more

Sleeps beneath this marble floor !  
 All that lifts the living clod  
 To the image of his God,  
 All that deifies his dust  
 This vast temple holds in trust !  
 These were they whom gold could never  
 From their independence sever,<sup>74</sup>  
 Or poverty make mean, or scorn  
 Of their nobility inborn  
 Despoil, that star upon their brow

---

insensible than his, my dearest husband's, to all communications from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. The almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six months' standing, though more than two years have elapsed since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, 'Edith,'—of his first love—who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year that he spent with me in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly re-established, and he used to say, 'It had surely pleased God that the last years of his life should be happy.' But the Almighty's will was otherwise. The cloud soon appeared which was in no long time to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow we still live, and shall pass from under it only to the portals of the grave. The last three years have done upon me the work of twenty. The one sole business of my life is that which, I verily believe, keeps the life in me—the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband." *Feb. 7th, 1843.*

<sup>74</sup> One Dr. Scott being commissioned by Lord North to propose to Oliver Goldsmith a *carte blanche* if he would write for the ministry, waited upon him in his "miserable set of chambers in the Temple," but with what success let

The world to value knew not how!<sup>75</sup>  
 These were they who walk'd the earth  
 Conscious of celestial birth,  
 Proved that glittering dross and dust  
 Do not *every* soul encrust,<sup>76</sup>  
 But that of their sacred sire  
 Some retain the heavenly fire!  
 Did sad tears their errors mourn  
 While the mortal coil was borne,  
 Seraphs might have shed them all

---

the poet's sternly majestic answer tell! "I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance, therefore, you offer is unnecessary to me."

<sup>75</sup> Next to the sin and shame of suffering a great poet to live and die in poverty, is the world's neglect of his offspring. On the 5th of April 1750, *Comus*, preceded by an Address written by Dr. Johnson and spoken by Garrick, was acted at Drury-Lane Theatre for the Benefit of Milton's Grand-daughter, then old, infirm, and poor! And how did "rising ages hasten to be just?" How responded the "fair," the "wise," the "brave" of that liberal day to the pathetic and eloquent appeal? By a sum (after deducting play-house charges) of about Sixty-seven pounds! and even in *that* were included a contribution from Dr. Newton, and Twenty pounds from Jacob Tonson.

"Thus graced with humble virtue's native charms,  
 (*Her Grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms!*)"

the immediate descendant of Milton was dismissed with this penurious pittance to die, which she did soon after, in an obscure lodging in Islington! . . . .

<sup>76</sup> "The Angel grows up in divine knowledge," says Mùlòvi Manovi; "the brute in savage ignorance; and the son of man stands hesitating between the two."



When, alas ! they wept the Fall  
 Vanish'd life's brief, troubled dream,  
 Pass'd the valley, cross'd the stream,  
 As Guardian Angels they descend,  
 Still ministering to virtue's friend  
 Until eternity unite  
 Good spirits in the realms of light.<sup>77</sup>  
 Solemn grandeur ! silent gloom !  
 Handmaids of this reverend tomb,  
 Altho' beyond of death the power,  
 I feel this awe-inspiring hour !  
 And thou, a Spirit too, I see  
 It has a mystic charm for thee !  
 Slow dies away the dirge-like hymn,  
 The supernatural light grows dim,  
 The shadowy shrines and cloisters seem  
 The relics of a fading dream !

---

<sup>77</sup> " Father Cardinal, I have heard you say,  
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven."

A sublime consolation ! if by "*Friends*" may be understood those whom we have *not* seen, as well as those whom we *have*. If the truth *dare* be spoken, how few (so-called !) earthly friends desire to meet again after death has parted them ! To a large majority sad will be their reminiscences, even in a state of beatitude, if the *past* is to be remembered ! But the friends with whom (though unseen) we held spiritual converse it will be happiness to meet, in a better world ! If to these be added those we saw and loved here ; friends true from the first and to the last, heaven will be a heaven indeed ! Sorrow then will be lost in sanctification, and the remembrance of time made holy by the gratitude of eternity ! . . . . .

The moon is down, the stars are pale,  
 Hail! congenial darkness, hail!  
 Primæval shade! our steps attend,  
 Of time the origin and end!        [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XV.—*Guildhall. A merry Peal of  
 Bells. Time, Noon.*

Enter *Ballad-Singer.*

THE BALLAD-SINGER'S SONG.

WHAT makes the merry heart more glad?  
 Tuneful Bells!

And the sorrowful more sad?

Tuneful bells!

What welcomes in the bridal day

When with flowers they strew the way?

What calls the penitent to pray?

Tuneful Bells!

What proclaims the feast, the show?

Tuneful Bells!

Joy and sorrow, weal and woe?

Tuneful Bells!

What salutes the smiling morn

When the noble heir is born,

Or some dear one has departed

Makes us *still* more broken-hearted?

Tuneful bells!

Mournful music are to me  
 Tuneful bells !  
 Chime they e'er so merrily,  
 Toll they knells !  
 One recalls with startling truth  
 Happy infancy, and youth !  
 One, when weeping, bending lowly,  
 I beheld earth's bosom holy  
 Take my last friend !—pealing slowly  
 Tuneful Bells !

I shall die alone, obscurely,  
 Tuneful Bells !  
 And lie where the orphan poor lie,  
 Tuneful Bells !  
 Tho' no tomb my grave encumber,  
 Tho' among that nameless number,  
 I shall not less sweetly slumber,  
 Tuneful Bells !

[*Exit.*

*Enter Puck and Democritus as Beadles, followed by citizens and mob.*

*Puck.* O Yes! O Yes! O Yes!  
 Next Saint Monday (rogues uproarious !  
 I had need the breath of Boreas,  
 Silence !), by my hat and cockade,  
 We the city bar and blockade ;  
 For the show upon our borders  
 Will be for the lower orders  
 (Revolution's raw material !)

Too imposing, too imperial.

By Jupiter Ammon !

None shall warble " Pickled Salmon ! "

Periwinkles improvise,

Hot potatoes, mutton pies !

None the royal ear offend

With " All a-growing ! "

" All a-blowing ! "

" Knives to grind ! " or " Chairs to mend ! "

'Twixt Temple-Bar and Aldgate Pump,

Jem Crow, you are forbid to jump !

Punch, if you presume to squeak,

You'll stand committed for a week,

And make vocal Brixton Hill,

As you migrate to the Mill !

Barrel-organs be it known

We've a concert of our own,

Dancing Bears

There's a ball at the mayor's !

*Dem.* The Chairman and Quorum,

With bumpers before 'em,

From the Hall of the Mercers, their Sanctum-

Sanctorum !

Wishing you a merry meeting,

Send this manifesto, greeting !

Natty Sparks

Of Bevis-Marks,

Panyer Alley, Paul's Chain,

Pye-Corner, Petticoat Lane,

Moses,

Whose poetry just on a par with his prose is !  
 Sells a suit of any hue  
 For ("*Ready Money!*") two pounds two.  
 "Phenomenon," says Mr. Moses,  
 "As plain as on my face my nose is !"  
 And the word of Moses  
 As good as his clothes is !  
 Run ! run !  
 To Moses and Son,  
 Make a leg,  
 And a dashing suit unpeg,  
 If on Monday, with your tickets,  
 You expect to pass the wickets.

Chubby Venuses from Cheap,  
 Courteous dames from Candlewick,  
 Would you qualify to peep ?  
 To your mantua-makers quick !  
 For the foreign fashions ding 'em,  
 (No admittance in a gingham !)  
 Belles from Bow the changes ring 'em !

---

<sup>76</sup> Alcibiades thus addressed the ambassadors from Lacedæmon. "Men of Lacedæmon, what is it you are going to do? Are not you apprised that the behaviour of the senate is always candid and humane to those who apply to it, whereas *the people* are haughty and expect great concessions?" The inconstancy and ingratitude of "The People" were exhibited when they hooted the Duke of Wellington (Scotch Radicalism paid the like honors to Sir Walter Scott!) during the Reform Bill mania. "The

Paris! Paris!  
All the world before it carries.

[*Exeunt Puck and Democritus.*]

*Grand Mob-Chorus, led by Un Marchand de  
Ragatons. (Grisé!)*

Brother Britons! hear you this?  
Is it not beyond a joke  
Such a pickled rod to kiss?  
Such a pill to gulp, or choke?

Cut the counter! sink the shop!  
Beavers doff, and helmets don,  
Forward! Cits, shoulder spits!  
Aprons off, and armour on!

Should a red-coat give the word,  
Do, as you have often done;  
Ere his single pop is heard,  
Show the blade your backs, and run!<sup>78</sup>

[*Exeunt Mob, singing "Rule  
Britannia!"*]

*Manent two Citizens.*

1st *Cit.* The Roman Chief<sup>79</sup> his gods besought

---

People" wanted not the will but the courage to *De Witt*  
their brave Defender! "The sensual multitude," says  
Lamartine, "measure only with their eyes." The rabble  
rout, like Circe's train, are hirsute, horned, hoofed and  
tusked!

<sup>79</sup> Plutarch, speaking of the banishment of Themistocles



To fall in battle bravely fought,  
 Not in ignominious squabble  
 With the locust-looking rabble!<sup>80</sup>  
 “*Rule Britannia!*”<sup>81</sup> requiem, zanies!  
 Screech’d by you to Freedom’s manes

by the Athenians, says, “that the *ostracism*, or *ten years banishment*, was not so much intended to punish this or that great man, as to pacify and mitigate the fury of envy, who delights in the disgrace of superior characters, and loses a part of her rancour by their fall.” It was the envious, factious tribunes, backed by the Roman mob, that banished Coriolanus.

<sup>80</sup> The Lord deliver us from the “mutable, rank-scented many!” *Telluris inutile pondus*—“*Morbos reipub.*” (the boils of the commonwealth) as Lycurgus, in Plutarch, calls them. If we must fall, let it be under the single paw of the monarch of the forest, not by the grovelling fangs of the dogs of democracy, incarnations of ox-flesh and alcohol! Duty makes, license unmakes a man. The most arbitrary measures *against* the people have been carried by designing demagogues, who, like the crafty *Menes-theus* the first of their gang! with charlatan patriotism and inherent duplicity, cajoled and exasperated them. “In every age,” says Macaulay, “the vilest specimens of human nature are to be found among demagogues.” Swift, in defending his Yahoos, avows that, dearly as he loves *John, William, and Thomas*, when taken individually, mankind, taken in the lump, he abhors or despises.

Lord Strafford, being desired by the Lieutenant of the Tower to get into a coach, that he might not be torn in pieces by the infuriated rabble as he proceeded to the block, replied, “I die to please the people, and I will die their own way.”

<sup>81</sup> Little thought Thomson when he wrote these inspir-

Quite enough to turn my brain is !  
 And make my Lumber-Trooper's sword  
 Leap from its scabbard, by the Lord !

2nd *Cit.* Last night's motion made, and muddled,  
 When in their hot hall<sup>82</sup> were huddled

ing strains that they would be the rallying song of Britons for all time ! Surrounded by the stormy barrier that lashes her white cliffs, standing like a great sea-tower among the billows, Britannia laughs to scorn foreign aggression.

Long may "*Rule Britannia!*" be our national chant ! We leave to France her *Ca Ira*, the *Te Deum* of the guillotine !

<sup>82</sup> This warlike and festive fraternity have their different Lodges ; one of which is held at a Public House in Bride Lane, Fleet Street ; and another at the Falcon Tavern, Fetter Lane. In these schools of eloquence the Coger

"Shakes his empty head,  
 And deals out empires as he deals out thread,"

with the true *grimacierie* and growl of a morbid pot-house orator. It was on a memorable occasion that the Laureat (*though no Coger!*) produced the following

LUMBER-TROOPER'S GARLAND.

Tib, my wife, cries, "Little Lubin,  
 Where the dickins, Sir, have you been ?"  
 —"I have with a jolly crew been,  
 Gallant, gay, good fellows all !  
 Dr. Wade, our sable badger,  
 Call'd on every noisy cadger ;  
 From their jobs some city snobs  
 Stole away to *Cogers' Hall.*"

Fetter-Lane's Odd-Fellows, fuddled!  
 And those pots and pipes nocturnal  
 Mystify your cranium, Colonel!  
 To your fumigated fancy  
 Figure what no one else can see!  
 Hence the goddess *in extremis*,  
 Like your valour, but a dream is!  
 A most comical chimera  
 Of tobacco born and beer, ah!  
 Why Freedom, from her firm-set rock,  
 Laughs at my Lord's heroics mock,  
 And for these braggadocios, bah!

---

*Chorus.*

I've been drinking, I've been drinking,  
 Drowning care, despair, and thinking,  
 Tossing bumpers off like winkin',  
 With the Coves of *Cogers' Hall!*

For a "*Crisis*" now the roar is,  
 Dash my wig! we'll trick the Tories!  
 So good bye to *Arthur's* glories,  
 Bully Bumptious beats 'em all!  
 Corporal of that ancient number  
 Call'd the *Troop of living Lumber*,  
 Huffing, puffing, ragamuffin,  
 Rainers, Tailors, Rogues and all!

*Chorus.*

I've been drinking, I've been drinking,  
 Tossing bumpers off like winkin,  
 Glad to see the vessel sinking,  
 In the shoals of *Cogers' Hall!*  
 Parson Flam, a pious sapling!  
 With the Tory monster grappling,

Has a still heartier "ha! ha! ha!"  
 When did the goddess ever moult  
 A feather? To the red-hot bolt  
 From the cannon, many a time  
 She has opposed her front sublime!  
 Freedom! 'twas her powerful charm  
 That warm'd the heart and nerved the arm  
 Of Abercrombie!<sup>83</sup> to its goal  
 That impell'd the fiery soul  
 Of Acre's hero! and that gave  
 Nelson's<sup>84</sup> signals to the brave!  
 On Corunna's fatal shore

Since we lost "*the Devil's chaplain,*"  
 Is to Cogers' all in all;  
 What care we for riches, rank, or  
 King and Crown?—At Crown and Anchor  
*Sunday* next our parson's text  
 Is, "My boys let's have a brawl!"

*Chorus.*

"All who winking, blinking, drinking,  
 Are of *my own* way of thinking,  
 Mount your tiles, and march, my files,  
 Rank and file to *Cogers' Hall!*" . . . .

<sup>83</sup> The Warrior of antiquity who concealed his death-wound till the battle was won, finds his parallel in a British Hero!

"So, till the day was won, the *Greek* renown'd,  
 With anguish wore the arrow in his wound;  
 Then drew the shaft from out his tortured side,  
 Let gush the torrent of his blood, and dyed."

<sup>84</sup> "Remember me, Jack, in the day of battle!" exclaimed NELSON to one of his crew, whom (the poor fel-

Her sigh bewail'd the gallant Moore,  
 And what burning tears she shed  
 On noble Howard's crimson bed,  
 When Ponsonby, when Picton bled!<sup>85</sup>

If the tears of angels flow  
 When "Robes and furr'd gowns" play the fool,  
 Wiser mortals here below  
 Follow quite a different rule!  
 If Whimsiculo the Mayor is  
 Full of vanities, vagaries,  
 If gross Aldermen ape grandees,  
 Common-council-men turn dandies,<sup>86</sup>  
 There loud laughter through the land is!  
 Worshipful Dogberries! have done,  
 Or, faith, you'll kill the town with fun! [*Exeunt.*]

---

low crying to him for mercy!) he saved from the lash. And Jack *did* remember him. From *that* moment he became a reformed man, and fought his way up to a pair of epaulettes!

Who would not be a *Sexagenarian*, exultingly asks Uncle Timothy, to have seen Nelson? To have heard Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan? To have stood face to face with the baffled Corsican on the deck of the *Bellerophon*? These by-gones are among Uncle Timothy's great guns, and he pities most profoundly your juveniles of forty who came into this breathing world a day after the fair! This, however, is but the bright side of the picture. Swift, writing to Dr. Sheridan (London, Sept. 2, 1727), says, "These are the perquisites of living long: the last act of life is always a tragedy at best; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's best friend go before one."

SCENE XVI.—*The Gardens of Buckingham  
Palace.*

Enter *Minstrel*.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

THE fragrant incense of the morn  
On the freshening breeze is borne  
As, with sweetly-solemn sound,  
It scatters autumn's leaves around !  
The air is vocal, to the skies  
The merry birds, in chorus, rise,—  
In their concert why are mute  
The Minstrel's voice, his harp and lute ?

---

Norris of Bemerton, who died in 1711, has a beautiful verse upon this subject :—

“ But those who soonest take their flight,  
Are the most exquisite and strong,  
*Like angels' visits short and bright,*  
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.”

Robert Blair, author of the “*Grave*,” borrowed his well-known line from this verse, which line Campbell transferred almost *verbatim* to his “*Pleasures of Hope*.”

<sup>85</sup> “ Go, my boy, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you, the most precious tears are those with which heaven bedews the unburied head of soldiers.” . .—*Vicar of Wakefield*.

<sup>86</sup> Mark the difference between a gentleman of the “last edition,” and the following picture of true gentility—



For once could his romantic rede  
 ('Twas in the Olden Time indeed!)  
 Commend itself by tuneful arts  
 To gentle bosoms, manly hearts!  
 The monarch oped his hall of state,  
 The peasant, too, his cottage gate,  
 To hear his merrie song and geste,  
 And give him largess, food and rest!

Ah! happy days—in vain I mourn—  
 The Minstrel<sup>87</sup> long has pass'd the bourne!  
 To none descend his magic lyre,  
 His tuneful voice and heavenly fire!

---

“O what an easie thing is't to discrie  
 The gentle bloud, however it be wrapt  
 In sad misfortune's foule deformitie  
 And wretched sorrowes which have often hapt.  
 For howsoever it may grow mishapt,  
 That to all vertue it may seem unapt,  
 Yet it will shew some sparkes of gentle minde,  
 And at the last, breake forth in his owne proper kinde.”

*Ed. Spencer.*

<sup>87</sup> The “Minstrelle, the Harper, the Glee-man or the Jestour” were always welcome at kingly and baronial halls.

“In which stoden all withouten,  
 Full the castle all abouten,  
 Of all manner of ministrals,  
 And jestours, that tellen tales  
 Both of weeping and of game,  
 And of all that longeth into fame.”

*Chaucer's 3rd Boke of Fame.*

Comfort cold, neglect unkind,  
 Hearts less warm, but more refined,  
 Hush'd his harp-strings, and for aye  
 Their thrilling music died away!

Who shall mark the sacred mound  
 Where he sleeps his sleep profound?  
 Traces none tradition gives,  
 But his sweet song for ever lives!  
 —This poor voice, these trembling wires,  
 Lady! one fond hope inspires  
 That sorrow never more than now  
 May wound thy heart or cloud thy brow. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Democritus in a court dress, and Puck.*

*Dem.* Now have I, the courtier's brother,  
 Changed one Fool's coat for another!  
 That I may presume to jostle  
 Fashion, folly's priest, apostle!  
 And strut a Don among the Dons  
 Of this unblushing age of Bronze!  
 Think you, with a little bluster,  
 I shall pass this motley muster?  
 Not for lack of some assurance  
 Would I, Puck, forego endurance!

*Puck.* Not a more vain-glorious varlet,  
 Fluttering in his gold and scarlet,  
 Ranks in Royalty's retinue!  
 Every lass will wish to win you!  
 If I catch you once Philand'ring,

Such a peal I'll rattle *and* ring  
 In your ears, Lothario gay!  
 You hav'n't heard for many a day.  
 How would Jove the cloud-compelling,  
 Laugh while Motley's tale was telling!  
 Flowers by gay Anacreon wreathed,  
 Burning sighs by Sappho breathed!  
 Wags ye all are in Elysium,  
 Mortals mundane queerly quiz ye 'em!  
 I, when no observer's nigh,  
 Mark the language of the eye,  
 Listen to the secret sigh,  
 Hear what scandal would insinuate,  
 Puck on which your faith to pin you hate!  
 And then repay, with cent. per cent.  
 Every hint so kindly meant!  
 I, on tongue of tattling sister  
 Seal her story with a blister!

<sup>89</sup> " Num tu, quæ tenuit dives Achæmenes,  
 Aut pinguis Phrygiæ Mygdonais opes  
 Permutare velis crine Licymniæ,  
 Plenas aut Arabum domos? "—*Horace*.

<sup>90</sup> Much mischief has been done by a whisper. A whisper may bring down an avalanche. When the enemy veiled himself in a cloud, honest Ajax only prayed for light!

" the light of heaven restore,  
 Grant me to see, and Ajax asks no more;  
 If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,  
 But let her perish in the face of day."

Plant a Pelion of a pimple  
 On some dear bewitching dimple !  
 Transfer to her nasal tip  
 The red rose-bud from her lip !  
 Her long love-locks, Cupid's angle !<sup>88</sup>  
 First uncurl, and then entangle !  
 Or, to make her feel the smart  
 Of a bruised and broken heart,  
 I turn the tables and the tale,  
 Whispering<sup>89</sup> Miss *herself* is frail !

*Dem.* Ah ! Puck, but for that goblin sly,  
 That merry antic in your eye  
 Peeping, peering, laughing, leering,  
 This would oddly in my ear ring !  
 What ! when vestals are so venal,<sup>90</sup>  
 Make a little flirting penal ?  
 Blooming cheeks of rosy hue,  
 Sparkling eyes of heavenly blue

<sup>90</sup> THE CROW UPON THE WALL.

A pretty form and face, a sprightly air  
 Are willing to be won ! Of this new fancy  
 The *Crow* upon the Wall thus counts the cost.  
 —Your old familiar friends, the souvenirs  
 Of social, happy intellectual hours,  
 Shall to the right about, and in quick time,  
 To music matrimonial ! the White Sergeant  
 Giving the word of conjugal command !  
 Your shelves their treasured lore (a bookworm makes  
 But half a Benedick !); your pictured walls,  
 Hung round with thoughts ! their beauty and their pride ;  
 Your cabinets their gems of ancient art

Are, in every meeting, minster,  
 Brought to market by the spinster !<sup>91</sup>  
 Is the purse of eighty weighty ?  
 Then trips eighteen off with eighty !<sup>92</sup>

(Clean sweeps a bride's new broom !) shall all resign.  
 Right pleasant will it be to have your looks  
 Watch'd by a pair of eyes as green as keen !  
 Your very thoughts well sifted, once so free !  
 How vastly kind the trouble to be saved  
 Of opening your own letters ! (for her dad  
 So did her dam before her, curious crone !)  
 And O how entertaining, with a frown,  
 To hear my lady read them upside down !  
 Charming ! to saunter round from shop to shop,  
 Your hobby hook'd, fond hubby ! on your arm,  
 Drawing upon your purse at every pause,  
 And twitting you with what (provoking hint !)  
 By parsimonious pinching, " Pa " put in't.  
 Charming ! to sit down daily to a dish  
 Of tedious tittle-tattle with your toy !  
 To sigh o'er small complaints that never kill,  
 (How large they look tho' in the Doctor's bill !)  
 Complaints a temper sweet might quickly cure,  
 And hurricanes hysterical endure !  
 Then (curtain lecture over !) to be scared  
 By dreams domestic, Doctor ! Parson, Nurse !  
 And Gossips in full shriek ! A household " Hail ! "  
 To Master Johnny Newcome's advent shrill.

—Thus far the *Crow*.—And doth not in mine ear  
 The little link-boy *Cupid* laughing cry  
*Noli me tangere?* My rosy fetters  
 Leave, if you're not a blockhead, to your betters !  
 Your books, looks, friends, tastes, trinkets, time, your own,

The young widow of Cornutus<sup>93</sup>  
 Pairs with some soft son of Plutus!  
 Of MIND what nymph the meaning knows?<sup>94</sup>  
 'Tis not the small-talk of her beaux,

Let, merry bachelor! let well alone.  
 Your Ladye-love or Liberty? 'Od's life,  
 Your liberty! What want you with a wife?

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>91</sup> Sophocles having been asked, whether he still enjoyed the pleasure of love, replied, "I thank the gods that I have escaped its wild and furious tyranny."

"Pray Mr. Quin," said a fine Lady, "did you ever make love?" "No, my Lady," replied Sir John Falstaff, who had taken a lesson of Æsop's Frogs, and Sterne's twenty-second sermon! "I always buy it ready made." . . .

<sup>92</sup> A clergyman having published the banns of marriage, his clerk gave out the psalm commencing, "*Mistaken souls who dream of heaven!*"

<sup>93</sup> "I think of Beauties," says James Howell in one of his *Familiar Letters*, "as Philip King of Macedon thought of Cities, there is none so inexpugnable, but an *Ass laden with Gold* may conquer them."

Many doe match (as true as this is wine)  
 With some Dunce, Clowne, or Gull, they care not who,  
 For no cause, but to be maintained fine,  
 And have their wills in what they please to doe.

*Well met Gossip: Or 'Tis merrie when  
 Gossips meete. 1627.*

<sup>94</sup> Poets, Philosophers, and Star-gazers should never marry! A Bachelor may invoke the tuneful daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, and ogle the Pleiades; but a Benedick must renounce Poetry, pix, and stars!



Fine gems, fine flattery,<sup>95</sup> fine clothes.

Tell me not of earthly love,<sup>96</sup>  
Evanescent and material !

Newton, Locke, Gibbon, Hume, Harvey, Adam Smith, Leibnitz, Bayle, Hobbes, Hampden, Sir Francis Drake, Pitt, Michael Angelo, the three Caraccis, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Haydn, Handel, Pascal, Fenelon, Pope, Akenside, Goldsmith, Gray, Gay, Collins, Thomson, and Cowper all were bachelors ; as were, among the ancient philosophers, Plato, Pythagoras, Democritus, and Diogenes. The following were married men, but unhappy ones :—Aristotle, Socrates, Pittacus, Periander, Euripides, and Aristophanes ; and among the moderns, Boccacio, Dante, Machiavelli, Milton, Wycherley, Steele, Addison, (poor Addison ! Holland House owned him as a tenant, but he was the brow-beaten slave of an ignorant, arrogant, heartless woman !) Dryden, Molière, Racine, Sterne, Lords Bacon and Byron. . . .

Seldom is a poet honoured by his own household. The following exception is as rare as it is beautiful.—After a few numbers of the *Rambler* were published, Dr. Johnson showed several of them to *his wife*, in whose taste and judgment he had great confidence : “ I thought very well of you before,” said she, “ but I did not imagine you could have written any thing equal to this.”—“ Distant praise,” continues Boswell, “ from whatever quarter, is not so delightful as that of a *wife* whom a man loves and esteems ; her approbation may be said to come home to his *bosom*, and being so near its effect is most sensible and permanent.” . . .

<sup>95</sup> “ *Avec les hommes l’amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles* ” (i. e. flattery !).

<sup>96</sup> Those that march under the Ensine of amorous Ve-

When the flame, in bowers above,  
Is immortal and ethereal!

Tell me not of jealous scolds,<sup>97</sup>

---

nus are subject to many effeminate follies, as an idle head, a dulled wit, a pale and wanny face, their thoughts still silent, yet alwayes at worke, their mind mute, yet never in quiet, speaking faintly, behaving themselves fondly, walking solitary, and using sickly jestures, ever exclayming on Cupid, but never remembring their own cowardice, still crying "Fie on Love," when it were more meete to correct the folly of their life.

"These are the Passions of a Lover, which entreth through Idlenesse, is kindled by Desire, set on fire by Affection, and if Perseverance helpe not, is utterly wasted by Desperation."—*Palmerin of England*, 1639.

<sup>97</sup> To the complaint of a "*mighty good sort of a woman*" that her husband was all cheerfulness abroad, and all taciturnity at home, the *Laureat's* response was the following Lyric.

For richer, for poorer, for better, for worse,  
Tom took you with only *five pounds* in your purse!  
When you cried "*I will*," and the clerk cried "*Amen!*"  
Alas! you were poor enough sure enough then.

"The eye of a lynx and the mind of a minx,"  
Friends sigh'd as they cried, "Ah! how little Tom thinks  
What a bargain he's bought, what a tartar he's caught  
That has been taught nothing, and will not be taught."

Still you look'd so kind, and Tom was so blind,  
He thought he had married the girl to his mind.  
In word and in deed a friend for his need  
He hoped in your smile he could happily read.

Very wives! domestic furies!  
When my ravish'd sight beholds

---

With stirring up strife, a shrew of a wife!  
You open'd the ball of your conjugal life;  
So crochetty you and grandiloquent grew,  
That nothing to please you could Tom say or do.

When flow'd his discourse with fancy and force  
You gloried in checking its eloquent course;  
Your only reply to his argument high  
Was a withering flash from your emerald eye!

For jealousy next you took for your text,  
Attention to Tom made you terribly vext!  
Your small selfish soul, peeping out of her hole,  
Look'd daggers—to all, but poor hubby—how droll!

In pleasing your eye saw you not on his brow  
An intellect high to which beauty would bow?  
But this, Madam Grand! you could not understand,  
Coming of such a Bœotian band!

His sorrows from you no sympathy drew,  
His joys no rejoicing, joys fleeting and few!  
And had he a hope that to earth might be given,  
From home, to confide it, from home he was driven!

If Tom had a friend who to wit might pretend,  
Him sullenly you would to "Coventry" send;  
And, by the same rule, (let him be of "Pa's" school!)  
I'feggs! what a fuss you would make with a fool!

Unreform'd, unrefined by the magic of mind  
You sigh'd for the "Shop" you, alas! left behind,  
And to hear "Pa" again expound and explain  
His sordid old saws of commercial Cockayne.

Sweet-voiced,<sup>98</sup> soft-eyed, heavenly houris !

---

You sigh'd for the farcical, fine-lady airs  
Of that little back parlour up one pair of stairs !  
Where Parish *scan. mag.* and bombast and brag  
Made tongues round the tea-table wantonly wag !

For the holiday hop that threaten'd to drop  
The drawing-room dancers down into the shop !  
And, while " *Pa* " was away at his pantile to pray,  
For the Fly, on the sly ! and half-price to the play.

You should, Madam Pert ! a cockneyfied, curt  
And queer counter-Cupid have pinn'd to your skirt,  
Enough of the knave his credit to save  
With your round party of money-grubs grave !

You ought to have chosen a heart that was frozen,  
And *any* face, faugh ! if it had but a nose on !  
A creature of twaddle, a noodle with noddle  
Built after, for laughter ! your family model !

To fetch or to carry, to go or to come,  
To toddle or tarry, to talk or sit dumb,  
To be what your " *Pa* " is, meek mute ! to your " *Ma* ,"  
A hubby well harness'd and henpecked—Ha ! Ha !

Some fine summer-day will poor Tom wend his way—  
But whither ?—Far off from your frowns, and for aye :  
The generous few shall a tear drop (his due !)  
But what a black blot would a tear be from YOU !

<sup>98</sup> Shakespeare, who drew the female form and character with such beauty, tenderness and truth, has not omitted, in his catalogue of rare gifts, a *gentle voice*. Lear says of Cordelia,

Exquisite intelligences !<sup>99</sup>  
 Mind ennobling form and face  
 And to the enchanted senses

---

“ Her voice was ever soft,  
 Gentle and low ; an excellent thing in woman.”

In the full freedom and felicity of luxurious bachelor-  
 ship, what chants the *Laureat* ?

Is the Lady's voice a rasper ?  
 Were she set in jewels, jasper,  
 And as beautiful as *Hebe*,  
 Mistress mine shall never she be !

The following “*petit chanson*,” warbled by his bride  
 elect, and opportunely overheard by him, put to flight a  
 whole covey of Cupids, and bound him fast to single bless-  
 edness.

The weather, good gracious ! is really audacious !  
 Again see the rain how it pelts down and pours ;  
 What *shall* I do, eh ? here's *another* dull day !  
 But, O, la ! with Mama sit and sulk within doors.

Papa would p'r'aps say, “ Upon such a dull day  
 Your mind, if inclined, might improve itself—” Bah !  
 “ In learning and study find pleasure—” O lud ! he  
 Might guess how to *dress* is my study—Ha ! Ha !

Of drawing, and music, and reading, I'm too sick !  
 The look of a book only gives me the blues !  
 On polkas and parties quite fix'd my fond heart is ;  
 On bouquets and beaux, satin slips, satin shoes !

To-morrow will Hymen to me buckle Cymon,  
 Then after must (fiddlestick ! “*honor, obey*”)  
 Eat humble-pie hubby, or faith (there's the rub ! ) he  
 Shall sigh, and cry daily “ *Another* dull day ! ”

Beauty crowning mental grace !

And tell me not of widows' caps,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>99</sup> Smiling morn, and opening flower,  
If the sun his radiance shower,  
Though surpassing lovely, will  
In his light look lovelier still !

Youth and Beauty, witching pair !  
Though they be divinely fair,  
Will be fairer, by the mind  
If transfigured and refined.

Gentle voice must gentle soul  
First inspire, and then control !  
Tuneful harp but discord brings  
If we rudely sweep the strings !

Morn declines, and fades the flower,  
Youth and Beauty have their hour ;  
The Sun is day in heaven enshrined,  
And Beauty's sunshine is the mind.

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>1</sup> The Hindoo widow burns for *one* husband, and the broken-hearted British Niobe for *two* ! The former is allowed no second flame but what her kindred kindly kindle for her ; the latter Hymen's torch soon lights again to church ! Much argument has been wasted on this side of the water to bring Hindoo widows to our way of thinking, but they continue obstinate and unconverted, not to marry, but to burn ! This gives the single ladies of Hindostan a double chance over the European, and binds the married to pray for the longevity of their liege lords, if they would not too prematurely be called over the coals. The feminine gender is not in very high request in the East.



Set as matrimonial traps!  
 Of fond Niobes<sup>2</sup> and buxom,  
 Trying their connubial luck, some  
 Twice, thrice, faugh! for every man  
 They keep the Chinese Widow's fan!<sup>3</sup>  
 Have I left my argent fields  
 For aught this dreary planet yields?  
 Earth, one mighty grave-yard, one  
 Sepulchre moving round the sun!  
 Have I left the bright, the vernal,  
 Bloom unfading, bliss supernal,

---

Some twenty years ago it was the custom of the Jahrejahs, a tribe of Guzerat, in India, to put their female infants to death, so that if you asked one of their grandees how many *daughters* His Highness happened to have, he would say you were no gentleman, and wanted to affront him! .

<sup>2</sup> "No moisture sooner dies than women's tears."

"It's no more pitty to see a woman weep, than to see a goose goe bare-foot."—*Old Proverb.*

*Niente piu tosto se secca che lagrime.*

"Intrigue" (says Steele) "is mere invention in men, and instinct in women."

"What will not women do, when need inspires  
 Their wit, or love their inclination fires?"

writes John Dryden!

<sup>3</sup> See an agreeable tale concerning the Chinese philosopher *Chuáng-tsze* (the chief disciple of *Laou-keun*) and his young and beautiful wife, which has been translated into French by Père Dentrecolles, and from which Voltaire borrowed ample materials for his *Zadig*. . . . .

<sup>4</sup> The ancient name of *London*. . .

Skies unclouded and eternal,  
 For *Augusta Trinobantum*,<sup>4</sup>  
 But to have of quiz my *quantum*?  
 Land of dissonance and discord!  
 Mammon<sup>5</sup> jarring that and this chord;  
 Where, by open fraud or stealth,  
 The busy vermin pick up wealth  
 Blacken'd with the smoke of hell,  
 Yet passing current quite as well!  
 Land of suffocating dens  
 Fill'd with faces not like men's!

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<sup>5</sup> "You know how much I dislike the spirit of *trade*," said Gray in one of his Letters to Walpole. Goldsmith, otherwise so prophetic! was mistaken when he poetically predicted the "*swift decay*" of "Trade's proud empire." The world is become one vast workshop! . . .

*Rem* ;

*Si possis, rectè ; si non, quocumque modo rem.*  
 "Trade's proud empire!" 'Tis a tumour,  
 A gathering gross of every humour,  
 Of every meanness foul and fœtid  
 Out to man by Mammon meted!  
 "Trade's proud empire!" What is Trade?  
 The tricks by pettifoggers play'd  
 By which a man is marr'd or made!  
 The dirty secrets of success,  
 Expedience, cunning, and address!  
 The loop-holes at which knaves creep out  
 When jolter-headed juries doubt;  
 Counsel talking, *ad captandum*,  
 Twaddle to twelve fools at random!  
 What the deuce has this carbuncle  
 To be proud of? asks "*My Uncle*."

Where we catch a ghastly glimpse  
 Of half-naked hags and imps !  
 Where the bell's incessant boom  
 From his labor, from his loom  
 Calls the pauper to his tomb !  
 His birth-place on the mountain's brow,  
 The fields o'er which he drove the plough,  
 Carolling some love-epistle  
 To the merry " Carman's Whistle ! " <sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> This popular tune was a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth : it is preserved in her *Virginal Book*, with harmony and variations by W. Byrd. Falstaff says of Justice Shallow that " he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the *carmen whistle*, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights."—" I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in sermon times ! " Says Waspe, of his young master, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, " If he meet but a *carman* in the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will *whistle* him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep." And John Playford exclaims with simple truth, " Nay, the poor labouring beasts at plow and cart are cheered by the sound of musick, though it be but their *master's whistle*."

<sup>7</sup> " When the old farm-houses are down (and down they must come in time), what a miserable thing the country will be ! Those that are now erected are mere painted shells, with a mistress within, who is stuck up in a place she calls a parlour, with, if she have children, the " young ladies and gentlemen " about her ; some showy chairs and a sofa (a sofa by all means !), half-a-dozen prints in gilt frames hanging up ; some swinging book-shelves

The hospitable homestead,<sup>7</sup> where  
 The harvest feast,<sup>8</sup> old Christmas fare  
 Made glad the honest son of toil,<sup>9</sup>  
 And bound him to his native soil !  
 The deepening glen, the opening glade,  
 The holly and the hawthorn shade,  
 The oak beneath whose clustering leaves  
 He join'd the dance on summer eves,  
 Neighbour crossing hands with neighbour

with novels and tracts upon them; a dinner brought in by a girl that is perhaps better "educated" than she; two or three nick-nacks to eat instead of a piece of bacon and a pudding. The children (which is the worst part of it) are all too clever to work: they are all to be gentlefolks. Go to the plough! Good God! What! "young gentlemen" go to the plough!"—*Cobbett*.

<sup>8</sup> "As we were returning to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating their *Harvest Home*; their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which, perhaps they would signify Ceres, this they keep moving about, while men and women, man and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can, till they arrive at the barn." . . .—*Paul Hentzner*. 1598.

<sup>9</sup> "Then, why should I give way to grief?  
 Come, strike up pipe and tabor;  
 He that affecteth God in chief,  
 And as himself his neighbour,  
 May still enjoy a happy life,  
 Although he *lives by labor*."

This was the Song of Wither when at the age of seventy-two, broken in fortune, and a prisoner in Newgate!

To the merry pipe and tabor! <sup>10</sup>  
 The church where he his sabbaths <sup>11</sup> kept,  
 The graves where once his fathers slept,  
 And the hoped-for resting-place  
 Of himself and all his race!

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<sup>10</sup> "Now I observed on the way,  
 How clownes were nothing nigh so gay,  
 And merry as th' were wont to be  
 In dayes of myrth and jollity,  
 When piper striking up would make them  
 Every one to legs betake them,  
 And all the harm to them sunk down,  
 Which settling now in head of clown,  
 Hatches discontentment there,  
 Which we all have cause to feare,  
 And to wish agen those dayes,  
 When in harmlesse sports and playes,  
 They feast dayes spent, and Sundayes even,  
 Never the farther by't from heaven,  
 They being then as godly too,  
 And more perhaps than they are now."

*The Diarium, or Journall.* 1656.

Not on "Sundayes," facetious Master Fleckno!—"For the Seventh Day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." . .

<sup>11</sup> Enact no laws against the open violation of the Sabbath, and it will cease to be the humble christian's day of thanksgiving and of rest. Certain lax and liberal legislators affect squeamishness at interfering with the poor man's "single holiday." *Single Holiday!* why Sunday is but an undress rehearsal of *St. Monday!* His Motley Majesty the Many, *coute qui coute*, finds money and leisure to keep wassail on that saturnalian Saint's day! The better part of mankind who obey the divine law ought not to be prejudiced in their worldly calling or too sharply tempted

The green,<sup>12</sup> the waterfall, the brook,  
 All blotted from fair nature's book !  
 For what ? alas ! around thee look,  
 And, first, behold a patchwork pile,  
 A gimcrack, in the " *ornée* " style !

by the bad example of the sordid and the profane who set it at defiance by Sunday trading. It is guilty encouragement to those that fear not God, and gross injustice to those that do. We cannot make a man pious by act of parliament any more than we can make him honest, but as we punish him for breaking one holy law, why suffer him with impunity to trample upon another ? We may not drive the churl to church, but we can compel him to shut up his shop ; we cannot keep the drunkard from Sunday tipping, but we can withdraw the extra temptation of the gin-palace.

" *Froth*. I got more by uttering halfe a Barrell in the time of *divine* service than I could by a whole Barrell at any other time, for my customers were glad to take any thing for money, and thinke themselves much ingaged to me ; but now the case is altered."

" *Cooke*. O what will become of me ! I now thinke of the lusty Surloines of roast Beeffe which I with much policy divided into an innumerable company of semy slices, by which, with my provident wife, I used to make eighteene pence of what cost me but a groat, provided I sold it in *Service time*."—*The Lamentable Complaints of Nick Froth the Tapster and Rulerost the Cooke, Concerning the restraint lately set forth against drinking, potting, and piping on the Sabbath Day, and against selling meate*. 1641.

<sup>12</sup> Sometimes againe, in the merrie month of May, I betake myselfe to our *Common-greene*, where I behold Tib and Tom, Jug and John, Dick and Doll, Will and Moll, dancing a measure about a Pole."—*Thos. Nash*.



A garden, where, consumptive show!  
 The flowers seem all ashamed to blow!<sup>13</sup>  
 Where the lily and the rose  
 Droop their heads, their petals close,  
 Water'd by a copious flood  
 Of ochre, indigo, and mud!  
 A paddock pauper-like and pimping,  
 Where a lean nag, log-bound, limping,  
 Sniffing from the pool pestiferous  
 Exhalations odoriferous!  
 Returns, with sympathetic neigh,  
 His long-ear'd fellow-prisoner's bray!  
 Their liberal MASTER<sup>14</sup> next admire—  
 Not the old-fashion'd English Squire  
 Who never yet denied a bed

---

<sup>13</sup> "If God Almighty had been a *Quaker* he would have made all the flowers of the field of the same colour!" . . .  
*Cobbett.*

<sup>14</sup> Catullus saying to Philip the orator, "Dog, why do you bark?" was answered, "Because I see a thief!" . . .

<sup>15</sup> "Above all of your *Yea and Nay*  
 Man, take especial heed I pray."  
*The Diarium, or Journall.* 1656.

<sup>16</sup> The old-fashioned village abounded in objects both serious and mirthful. The ivy-mantled church, with its gothic porch and curiously sculptured chancel; the rural church-yard, full of quaint records of life and death, of earthly suffering and heavenly hope; the apostolic, primitive pastor, poor in this world's wealth, but rich in the affections of his flock; the daisy-dappled green; the decent almshouses with their trim little gardens; the poor-

To pillow the poor wanderer's head,  
 Or sent him forth unhoused, unfed—  
 But, let my laughing lungs have play  
 Indignant scorn! yon "Yea and Nay,"<sup>15</sup>  
 Reserved, repulsive, square-built, squab,  
 Dew-lapp'd Adonis dress'd in drab!  
 Mammon-worshipper the slyest,  
 Dogged disputant the dryest,  
 Frigid formalist the merest,  
 Fop fanatical the queerest,  
 Sober sensualist the sleekest,  
 Wolf in sheep's clothing the meekest!  
 No welcome smiles his coming greet,  
 The peasant fears his frown to meet!  
 The village<sup>16</sup> children look askance,

---

house; (not, in *those* days, a prison-looking, unsightly edifice!) the stocks and the pound, for vagrants on two legs and on four! Then the village oddities! The apothecary and his piebald pad; the lawyer, tinkering one legal loop-hole and making two! the barber; (a peripatetic gazette!) the schoolmistress, (spectacled, dreaded dame!) and the pedagogue, of whose birch and ferule the village urchins stood in fear! Resplendent with tarnished gold and true blue creaked the signs of the "Rodney's Head," and the "Admiral Benbow." An earnest of good entertainment were the bronzed cheeks, flaring eyes and copper noses of those terrible old tars! The traveller enjoyed excellent cheer beneath the wide-spreading ancient elms that shaded their once hospitable portals, and a no less hearty welcome awaited him at the ingle when the faggots blazed, and the nut-brown ale and the merry song went round! Their busy Bonifaces how

And turn from his ill-favour'd glance.  
 Thick clouds of "*Devil's Dust*" assail  
 His nose and mouth, a stifling gale!  
 And sweetly in his hearing peals,  
 From parallelogram Bastiles,  
 The music of the whistling wheels!  
 Tall chimneys whence black columns rise,  
 Trade's sooty incense to the skies!  
 A sable and unsightly team  
 Borne by bellowing blasts of steam,  
 And leafless woods and voiceless groves  
 Enchant his vision as he roves!  
 For when he Dodona banish'd,  
 With the rural goddess, vanish'd  
 From their ancestral, sylvan realm  
 The stately oak and lofty elm!  
 Where once the sparkling fountain play'd

---

good-humoured and rosy; their comely hostesses how  
 accommodating and courteous: their buxom barmaids how  
 simpering and obliging; their brace of boots how *bon-*  
*hommieish* and urbane! The Village in the olden time  
 was a well-ordered community, delighting in social inter-  
 course, and kindly offices. It had its good-for-naughts,  
 but these were only a few dark spots in the bright land-  
 scape, now rooted up and obliterated for ever! . . . .

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>17</sup> Non si tosto si fa un templo à Dio come il Diavolo ci  
 fabrica una capella appresso.—*Italian Proverb.*

<sup>18</sup> A demi-parson intoxicated with muddling theories,  
 a wolfish priest with the serpent's tongue, but the dragon's  
 tooth; an anythingarian in religion, an utilitarian in po-  
 litics; one whose modes of thinking are so tortuous, as to

In the honeysuckle shade,  
 And to the listening young and old  
 His tale the wounded veteran told,  
 And to some future Nelson gave  
 His early passion for the wave !  
 Stands one of those misshapen piles  
 On which the devil laid the tiles,<sup>17</sup>  
 Where quack economist from town<sup>18</sup>  
 (Too liberal to wear a gown !)  
 Drawls utilitarian text,<sup>19</sup>  
 And preaches *this* world, not the *next*.  
 As soon shall the good shepherd lead  
 His fold on flinty rocks to feed,  
 Forgetful of the flowery mead !  
 As Hope shall bid the sinner hie  
 To starve on such vile husks, and die !  
 Hope,<sup>20</sup> a star upon the main

---

have been born, as Sydney Smith said, with a *corkscrew* in his head. "Newgate never does much mischief to society. No! 'tis your fine-talking free-thinkers and refiners that are to be feared, your atheistical charlatans! Watch but the vital parts, and the extremities will take care of themselves."

<sup>19</sup> "Your cold, naked utilitarian holds a sword that bruises as well as cuts; and your sneaking, trading aristocrat, like the pickpocket who runs against you in a crowd before he commits his theft, one that cuts as well as bruises."—*J. Fenimore Cooper*.

<sup>20</sup> Every hope that breathes salvation  
 Bid me recklessly resign ?  
 Take my last sweet consolation ?  
 Rob me of that FRIEND benign ?

In the mariner's distress !  
 A green spot on the desert plain,  
 A fountain in the wilderness !  
 Thus Poverty's from first to last  
 By Mammon gripp'd and then held fast,  
 And, skin and bone, to its last groan <sup>21</sup>  
 The unrelenting tyrant's own,

---

HIM I pray to,  
 HIM I say to  
 FATHER! THY Blessing on me and on mine.  
 When from darkness, stupefaction  
 I awake to deep despair  
 What shall soothe my wild distraction ?  
 Will HE hear if HIM I dare  
 Kneel and pray to,  
 Humbly say to,  
 FATHER OF MERCIES! have pity, and spare ?  
 Sceptic cease, thou soul-deceiver !  
 And no more my spirit try ;  
 To the hope of pardon leave her,  
 She would not for ever die—  
 Leave her to pray to,  
 Love, and obey too,  
 (Holy and happy!) her FATHER on High.

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>21</sup> "For my own part" (says Plutarch in his *Life of Cato the Censor*), "I would not sell even an old ox that had laboured for me, much less would I remove for the sake of a little money, a man grown old in my service, from his usual place and diet: for to him, poor man! it would be as bad as banishment; since he could be of no more use to the buyer than he was to the seller." This is worthy of him who adopted the nobler parts of the phi-

And when death kindly enters in  
 The slicing surgeon's,<sup>22</sup> bone and skin !  
 Fix your home (a sad locality !)  
 In this world of stern reality<sup>23</sup>  
 (With no moody, misanthropic  
 Smile I treat this mournful topic,  
 Life's dark economy!<sup>24</sup> that quite

osophy of Pythagoras, that Priest of Nature ! who (after disputing in the Olympic contests) when the choice of his title was left to him, modestly declined the appellation of a *wise man*, and was contented only to be called a *lover of wisdom*.

<sup>22</sup> See The "Anatomy Bill."

<sup>23</sup> Turn to realities—don't be a fool !

Trifle no more in the theorist's school ;  
 Dreamer, awake from the visions of youth,  
 To Life, that stern lesson ! that terrible truth !

Rugged and steep is the way you've to tread,  
 The pitfall below, and the sword over head !  
 Temptations to try you and arts to ensnare,  
 Delusions to cheat—Have a care ! have a care !

If content to be poor, and a feast is content,  
 (Pray what sort of feast was by moralist meant ?)  
 You may creep thro' the crowd, most ignobly secure !  
 Amid the contempt that belongs to the poor !

But if you aspire to mount a step higher  
 (Ah ! when was poor honesty known to stand fire ?  
 In Mammon's hot fray it soon melts away !)  
 Courage, not conscience, shall carry the day.

*The Laureat.*

<sup>24</sup> One trouble follows another,  
 Every bane has its brother,



Subdues the laughing Abderite)<sup>25</sup>  
 Plenty you shall find to do  
 For yourself and neighbour too.  
 Mourn for sorrow<sup>26</sup>—ask not why  
 Life is but one long-drawn sigh!  
 Folly let your lungs set crowing—  
 Marvel not they're always going!  
 Gape at ingratitude<sup>27</sup>—in vain  
 You'll try to shut your mouth again!  
 Hark! the loud trumpet's brazen lungs,  
 The shouts of thrice ten thousand tongues

---

Early and late  
 Man fights with his fate  
 Till death puts an end to the pother.

*The Laureat.*

See, too, the bright side of the picture! “To complain, indeed, that life has no joys, while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our councils, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and is just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.”—*Fitzosborne's Letters.*

<sup>25</sup> While plays the sunshine on the stream,  
 How dark beneath its waters flow!  
 Thus smiles will often lend their beam  
 To secret sorrow, silent woe!—*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>26</sup> Dr. Johnson remarks that life is not so much embittered by great misfortunes, as by continual petty annoyances.

“If mankind are unhappy,” says Goldsmith, “it is of little consequence what occasions the disquietude. Real and imaginary evils are synonymous.”

<sup>27</sup> “Ingratefull who is call'd, the worst of ill is spoken,” says Sir Philip Sidney. “Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted

Proclaim the Pageant! and behold  
 The sun's bright face of burning gold!  
 Forbidden at the pomp to peep,  
 The murky mists and vapours weep,  
 As before yon ball of fire,  
 Mizzling, drizzling, they retire!  
 Did I rule this Saturnalia,  
 Your Magnifico the Mayor  
 Should cap, hood, and coxcomb wear,  
 Bladder, bauble, fit regalia!  
 And the hobby-horse<sup>28</sup> bestride

fiend!" is the anathema of Shakespeare. Sir John Harrington is equally unsparing of his censure.

"Unthankfulness is that great sin,  
 Which made the devil and his angels fall:  
 Lost him and them the joyes that they were in,  
 And now in hell detaines them bound and thrall."

Michael Drayton thus apostrophises it.

"Thou hatefull monster base Ingratitude,  
 Soules mortall poyson, deadly killing wound:  
 Deceitfull serpent seeking to delude,  
 Blacke loathsome ditch, where all desert is droun'd:  
 Vile pestilence, which all things doest confound.  
 At first created to no other end,  
 But to grieve those whom nothing could offend."

Milton indirectly satirises it.

"A grateful mind  
 By owing, owes not; but still pays: at once  
 Indebted and discharged."

And Socrates puts his seal to its condemnation.

"The greatest of vices is ingratitude." . . .

<sup>28</sup> In Sampson's play of *The Vow-Breaker*, 1636, a miller

My Lord Misrule was wont to ride  
At once merry Christmas-tide!<sup>29</sup>

---

enacts the *hobby-horse*; and being angry that the mayor is to be his competitor, exclaims, "Let the major play the hobby-horse among his brethren, and he will, I hope our town-lads cannot want a hobby-horse. Have I practis'd my reines, my careeres, my pranckers, my ambles, my false trotts, my smooth ambles, and Canterbury paces, and shall master major put me besides the hobby-horse? Have I borrowed the forehorse bells, his plumes and braveries, nay had his mane new shorne and frizl'd, and shall the major put me besides the hobby-horse?"

<sup>29</sup> There are plants that flower in mid winter and lift their heads above the snow; there are also duties that find their season at Christmas, and feelings that blossom in the midst of nature's repose.

The earliest *Christmas Carol* known to have been written in England is one in the Anglo-Norman composed in the beginning of the 13th Century. It is preserved among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum.

A merry Christmas! A morose and melancholy one, my masters, when Brothers *Snort*, *Sneeze*, and *Snuffle*, mountebanks militant! held sway. Ghastly merriment, under the scowl of those rancorous, cantankerous, anti-christian curmudgeons! What frolic or fancy could flourish, what spirits, but evil ones, could trip under the Upas Tree that then overshadowed England with its deadly foliage? What dance was danced, but the Dance of Death? A stagnant malaria of mind and body infected the droning dupes of that dolorous day.

Treacherous, canting, lying, and ranting,  
Brother cheating his brother!  
Holding in one hand a sword or a gun, and  
" *Hooks and Eyes* " in the other!

As the Pageant moves before us  
I will play the part of Chorus,  
Then to Olympus, and report  
Its pomp to Jove and his high court.  
If, perchance, his royal scolder  
Heaven has made too hot to hold her,  
The God's good humour 'twill restore,  
And set the Mountain in a roar! [*Exeunt.*





SCENE XVII.

THE PAGEANT.

*Democritus as Chorus.*

**T**RUMPETS sounding, colors stream-  
ing,  
Veteran swords of victory gleaming,  
Warriors, in their glittering corsair  
Casques with tails of redhot horsehair!  
In military pomp and pride  
Through yon tall ARCH TRIUMPHAL ride!  
Follow Exons, Ushers, Grooms,  
Fine dress'd-out dolls for drawing-rooms!  
Chamberlains and Treasurers bold,  
Valiant Silver Sticks and Gold,  
Gaudy butterflies and vain beaus,  
Woods of wands, of ribbons rainbows,  
A dazzling firmament of stars,  
Guerdon meet of glorious scars,  
As when ANGLESEY, in barter,  
Lost a leg and won a garter!  
Maids of Honour, who as yet  
Are to old Time not much in debt,

Duennas, deeply in arrears,  
 In debt all over head and ears !  
 Dummies in the show to-day  
 With polite indifference play.  
 Yeomen<sup>30</sup> of Herculean mould  
 In scarlet doublets dight with gold,  
 Such as bluff King Harry wore,  
 Burly Beef-eater of yore !  
 Ever roving, ever ranging,  
 Chopping his poor wives and changing !<sup>31</sup>  
 March in order, every man  
 With his good sword and partisan.  
 Moustached round the nose and lips  
 BOUVERIE, BOWATER, and PHIPPS,  
 And warlike WHIMS,

---

<sup>30</sup> The Yeomen of the Guard were instituted by Henry VII. and their duties were to wait in the first room above stairs, forty by day, and twenty by night ; to bring up the dishes for His Majesty's table ; to deliver them to the servers ; to attend the King's person on going abroad, and on all occasions of solemnities. Six of them, called "Yeomen-hangers," had the charge of removing the tapestry from the royal apartments when the King changed his residence, and two of them called "Yeomen-bed-goers," had the same charge with respect to putting up and taking down the royal beds. . . .

<sup>31</sup> King Henry the Eighth made proposals to the Princess of Parma, who returned for an answer that she duly appreciated the royal compliment, and if she had had two heads, one of them should have been at His Majesty's service, but having only one, she could not conveniently spare it.



WHIMS, who better loves a joke,  
 An Irish Bull or equivoque  
 Than psalms and hymns!  
 Guard the chariot where, sedate,  
 Sit with the Sovereign *tête à tête*  
 Two automatons of state,  
 Just like patience (beating Job's!)<sup>32</sup>  
 The Mistress of the royal Robes,  
 And, in full feather and full force,  
 The mighty Master of the Horse!  
 MR. MERRIMAN of the show

---

<sup>32</sup> A new version, by the *Laureat*, of an old Latin epigram.

When Job was robb'd of all his riches  
 To his last pair of earthly breeches!  
 With fiendish malice most refined,  
 The Devil left his *Wife* behind!

Coleridge puts feminine antiquity into three classes—  
 “That *dear* old Woman!”—(Frosty, but kindly!)  
 “That *old* Woman!”—(A nipping, hard frost!)  
 “That old *Devil!*”—(A bitter, black frost!) All dry  
 bones and wickedness! . . . .

On a Window at the Sign of the Four Crosses on the  
 Road to West Chester.

Host! would you paint your Crosses to the life,  
 Pull down your Sign, and then hang up your Wife!

<sup>33</sup> “Of all the juice that the gods do produce,  
 Sack shall be preferred before 'em;  
 It's sack that shall create us all,  
 Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, *Virorum*.

We abandon ale, and beer that is stale,  
*Rosa solis* and damnable hum;

WHIMS convulses PHIPPS AND Co.  
 And with his conundrums, quips,  
 Relaxes even royal lips  
 As he canters to and fro!

Merry musical St. Martin  
 This proud Pageant plays a part in,  
 Waving, ringing from his steeple,  
 Banners, and bob-majors triple!  
 Squirt the fountains liquor very  
 Different to the Sack<sup>33</sup> and Sherry

But we will crack, in the praise of sack,  
 Against *omne quod exit in um.*

This is the wine in former time  
 Each wisest of the magi  
 Was wont to carouse, and frolickly bouze,  
*Recumbans sub tegmine fagi.*"  
*The Loyal Garland, 1686.*

" If any so wise is  
 That Sack he despises,  
 Let him drink his small beer and be sober :  
 Whilst we drink Sack and sing,  
 As if it were spring,  
 He shall droop, like the trees in October."  
*The New Academy of Complements.*

Falstaff is so rich a compound of various humours that to take the whole length and breadth of him would require an essay of itself. In drawing this great original Shakespeare has shown wonderful art. To excite mirth from, and make agreeable the voluptuary, the drunkard, and the braggadocio was a dangerous experiment. The *Tucca* of Ben Jonson, and the *Cacofogo* of Fletcher are

Tipped by the fiery Trigon  
 Bardolph at Chepe's Conduit bygone—  
 Cistern from the sober city  
 Vanish'd, banish'd—more the pity!  
 Flags peep from the "Pepper Boxes,"<sup>34</sup>  
 The Northumbrian Lion cocks his  
 Tail, and "Pigtail Place's"<sup>35</sup> Statue  
 Seems to ride full gallop at you,

---

disgusting pictures of mere cowardice and sensuality; not so the "fat Knight with the great pelly-doublet," his wit is so delightfully redundant, his joke and repartée, his "gipes, and knaveries and mocks" so prompt and racy, that "we are ready to hug him, guts, lies, and all"—We cannot abate one tittle of this "sweet creature of bombast," this comic world in one! . . . .

His companions are admirably adapted to illustrate their Master, and draw forth his humours. The malmsey-nosed Bardolph his carbuncled-visaged cupbearer, whose face is full of "bubukles, and whelks, and flames of fire"—the bombastical, lack-linen "tame-cheater" Pistol, with "a killing tongue and a quiet sword"—the taciturn Corporal Nym, who "scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward"—the swaggering Poins, Francis, the puny drawer, that "base-string of humility!"—Hostess Quickly ("Dame Partlet, the hen!")—the hungry, lean-faced Shallow "for all the world like a fork'd raddish, with a head fantastically carved upon it, with a knife"—Justice Silence, in his sober senses, a figure of fatuity, but in his cups a special chanter of old songs, and a right boon-companion—the pigmy page, ("Sirrah, you giant!")—the muster-roll of ragged recruits, ("most forcible Feeble" the woman's tailor, Mouldy, Bull-Calf and Company!)—Doll Tear-Sheet the

Bearing, from St. Giles's border,  
Knights of its equestrian order.

To-day has loyalty a rout,  
Turning houses inside out!  
Stuffs of every fashion, hue,  
Rich embroidery, old and new,  
Pictured arras, cloth of gold

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termagant—the frolicksome Prince Hal! Windsor's Merry Wives, the bashful Master Slender—the choleric Welsh Parson and the irascible French Quack, (the “Soul-curer and the Body-curer!”) the bully-rock tapster Mine Host of the Garter—the jealous Mr. Ford and “sweet Anne Page.”

Dame Quickly's description of Sir John's tranquil transit to “Arthur's Bosom” is beautifully earnest and true—Bardolph's exclamation, “Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he is,” coarse though it be, is the ebullition of kindly feeling that must not be too literally taken or too harshly criticised—Burns has adopted it in a well known epigram.—*Uncle Timothy*.

<sup>34</sup> Intended for towers, and turreting the top of the National Gallery; thus disfiguring the “finest site in Europe” with the ugliest sight.

<sup>35</sup> “*Pigtail Place!*” so called after Wyatt's Equestrian Statue of George III. set up in its centre.

O, that good King Georgius Tertius,  
Emulating noble Curtius,  
Would into bottomless and big  
Hibernian bog leap horse and wig!  
The Nemesis of taste might then  
Be once more reconciled to men!

*The Laureat.*

From the windows are unroll'd.  
 Like Birnam wood and Dunsinane  
 Is country come to town again!  
 Every smoke-dyed wall is seen  
 In Dodona's livery green!  
 Sooty Tusculums and towers  
 We can scarcely see for flowers!<sup>36</sup>  
 Ne'er wore the Strand such gay attire  
 Since Robin<sup>37</sup> and his festive Friar<sup>38</sup>

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<sup>36</sup> "Ye may no see, for peeping flowers, the grasse."

*George Peele.*

"You scarce could see the grass for flowers."

*Alfred Tennyson.*

<sup>37</sup> If Robin Rood robbed the rich to give to the poor he took a leaf out of the book of Alcibiades, who transferred the gold and silver cups of Anytus the millionaire to Thrasyllus the mendicant.

<sup>38</sup> "Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made,  
 In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and his trade."

Skelton, in his "goodly interlude of *Magnificence*" written about the year 1500, makes this mention.

"Another bade shave halfe my berde,  
 And boys to the pylery gan me plucke,  
 And wolde have made me *freer Tuck*,  
 To preche out of the pylery hole."

In the Sloane MS. occurs the following remark. "Though some say he (Tuck) was an other kynd of religious man, for that the order of fryers was not yet sprung up." Now the Dominican friars came into England in the year 1221, upwards of twenty years (according to tradition) before the death of Robin Hood.

But whether Dominican or Cistercian (if he be "*The curtal frier of Fountains-dale*," mentioned in one of the

Led the Sylvan dance and choir  
 Round the Maypole,<sup>39</sup> blossoming  
 With the early flowers of spring!  
 Spring returns, in groves and dells  
 The hyacinth hangs its silver bells,  
 And Narcissus makes the bowers  
 Fragrant with his snow-white flowers,  
 But not to crown the floral scene  
 Return the woodland King<sup>40</sup> and Queen,

oldest Robin Hood songs, he must have belonged to the latter order), let him be welcome!

<sup>39</sup> In the *Knight of the burning Pestle*, a grocer's apprentice, tricked out in "scarves, feathers, and rings" as a *Lord of May*, makes the following allusion, in his oration from the conduit, to his "fellows in the Strand."

"London, to thee I do present the merry month of May,  
 Let each true subject be content to hear me what I say:  
 For from the top of conduit-head, as plainly may appear,  
 I will both tell my name to you, and wherefore I came here.  
 My name is *Rafe*, by due descent, though not ignoble I,  
 Yet far inferiour to the flock of gracious grocery.  
 And by the common counsel of my fellows in the Strand,  
 With gilded staff, and crossed skarfe, the *May lord* here I  
 stand."

"A Puritan Minister inveighing against Pastimes and May-games, called the Towne *May-pole* the forbidden Tree."—*The Booke of Bulls*, 1636.

<sup>40</sup> THE BURIAL OF ROBIN HOOD.

Thro' the dark wood's deep solitudes  
 The archers bear their forest-king;  
 In silent grief the outlaw-chief  
 To his sepulchre they bring.



And foresters in Lincoln green !  
 Merry band ! Merry band !<sup>41</sup>  
 They, alas ! have left the land.

London town, capacious hive

---

In a shroud the summer breeze  
 Bleach'd on woodbine, Robin bold  
 Death's sabbath keeps, and soundly sleeps  
 'Till time shall his last hour have told !

Yon timid deer that stand at bay  
 Their ancient foe no more shall fly,  
 Nor Sherwood ring at dawn of day  
 Responsive to the hunter's cry !

Nor see his rural banquet spread,  
 Nor hear his song, a joyous one !  
 As listless laid beneath the shade  
 He caroll'd to the setting sun.

His merry horn that woke the morn  
 They raise aloft to his renown,  
 And livery sheen of Lincoln green,  
 And trusty bow and sylvan crown !

Had the bower a fairer flower,  
 One more lovely than the rest,  
 It doth bloom upon his tomb,  
 It doth blossom on his breast !

Had the shepherd swain a sigh,  
 Had the village maid a tear  
 Of a holier sympathy  
 Mournfully they mingle here !

In the grove a lyre is heard,  
 How it thrills and melts the heart !  
 What hand unseen the strings hath stirr'd ?  
 What seraph play'd the minstrel's part ?

Of busy bees! is all alive.  
 Far as ever eye can see,  
 Roof and chimney, tower, and tree  
 Swarm with gazers to the top,  
 Every lamp-post bears a crop!

Again it swells thro' woodland dells,  
 A solemn march, a dirge-like wail!  
 And behold a harper old  
 Bids the forest-funeral hail!

Winter snows and many woes  
 Have blanch'd his head and bent his form,  
 Yet doth his hand the chords command,  
 His heart, tho' withering, still is warm!

Listen now, from every bough  
 Requiems rise; hark! torrent, breeze,  
 Join the sad song as pass along  
 Robin's mournful obsequies!

And see beneath the greenwood tree  
 They pause—now slowly sinks the bier,  
 While prayer and plaintive minstrelsy  
 Plead for pardon—Jesu! Hear.

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>41</sup> If the song and the dance, the pipe and the tabor, May-day garlands and Robin Hood are sinful, our ancestors were woeful sinners! The trees shedding their bright green, and the hedge-rows their white blossoms, the birds making vocal the woods, and the streams answering to their sweet music, the sun irradiating heaven and earth, and nature rejoicing in the return of spring, announced the presence of the Great Spirit in all his benignity and beauty, and the people (gratitude we owe to God and cheerfulness to man) thought it an appropriate offering to

Curiosity, all eyes !  
Holds to-day its grand assize !  
Mammon, when perchance he dozes,  
Never more than one eye closes,  
But to-day he has, to copen,  
Argus-like, a hundred open !  
From the attic to the basement  
Every crevice, corner, casement,  
He, for gold and silver pieces,

---

welcome this vernal season with floral festivity, to meet lovely spring with light hearts and smiling faces, nor could the painful preachments of prelate or puritan persuade them to the contrary. Latimer, in a strain of ludicrous lamentation, bewails this unholy bewitchment—The good bishop, journeying homeward from London, and stumbling upon a country church, volunteered to preach therein, it being a holiday. So with his “horse” and his “company,” he proceeds to the church door which, to his surprise, he finds “fast locked!” “Sir,” cries a pleasure-taking parishioner to the astounded prelate, “this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you; it is *Robin Hood’s* day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood; I pray you let them not.” (See *Twelfth Sermon preached before Edward the Sixth.*) The sermon must succumb to the Saturnalia! The rochet must give place to Robin Hood. In “*Hay any work for Cooper,*” is the following characteristic story. “There is a neighbour of our’s, an honest priest, who was sometimes (simple as he now stands) a Vice in a play, for want of a better; his name Gliberie of Hawstead in Essex, hee goes much to the pulpit. On a time, I thinke it was the last *May*, he went up with a full resolution, to doe his businesse with great commendations. But see the fortune of

Lets, to see the show, on leases !  
 Holy Paul, to be in keeping,  
 Makes the public pay for peeping  
 From his shilling gallery gay,  
 Rising o'er the mouldering clay,<sup>42</sup>  
 Hollow cabinet of bone  
 Reason's abdicated throne !

Trumpets, trombones, horns and hautboys,

---

it. A boy, in the church, hearing either the summer Lord of his May-game, or *Robin Hood* with *his morris dance*, going by church, out goes the boye. Good Gliberie, though he were in the pulpit, yet had a mind to his old companions abroad (a company of merry grigs you must thinke them to be, as merry as a Vice upon a stage), seeing the boy going out, finished his matter presently with John of London's amen, saying, 'Ha ye faith, boy, are they there? Then ha with thee,' and so came down, and among them he goes."

The merry-makings of Old England live only in the memory of the past. The past! for which the present yields small compensation in the way of homely joys, pastoral delights and good fellowship !

<sup>42</sup> A venial offence in comparison with the enormities perpetrated on this spot in ancient times! (*See a dedication to Queen Elizabeth in the first edition of the Welsh Testament printed in 1567*), when " *Paules Church-yard* in the Citie was occupied by makers of alabaster images to be set up in Churches, and they of Paternoster Rowe earned their living by makyng of Paternoster bedes only, they of Ave Lane by sellyng Ave bedes, of Crede Lane by makyng of Crede bedes, as also, &c. &c." . .

Now or never ! bray and blow, boys !  
 Salt-boxes and fiddle-scrapers  
 Make the people's teeth cut capers !  
 Puff, Pandians !<sup>43</sup> pipers joint,  
 Puff your faces to a point !  
 Scotchmen vocal vengeance wreak  
 On your bagpipes, make 'em squeak !  
 For see, in boots, perchance the pair  
 Erst worn by Jack the Giant-Slayer !  
 Or Puss, when he abroad was seen  
 Perambulating *en bottine* !  
 With a military march  
 Steps my Lord Mayor stiff and starch !  
 Marshalled by a brandy face,  
 A parish porpoise, and a mace,  
 A tub upon ten gouty toes,

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<sup>43</sup> The polite Athenians, moved by the ridicule of Alcibiades, discarded the pipe because it disordered the economy of their features !

<sup>44</sup> "Corporations have no souls." . . Says *Coke*. *Non olet* is their motto.

<sup>45</sup> Cato the Censor, jesting upon a very fat man, said, "Of what service to his country can such a body be, which is nothing but belly ?"

<sup>46</sup> "Who can deny but that Mr. Mault can make a cup of good liquor by the help of a good brewer, and when it is made it must be sold ; I pray which of you all can live without it ? Where else would you sop your toast and nutmeg, and what would assuage the thirst of gammons and red-herrings ? Were I to suffer, lords, knights, and esquires would want their March beer and October to treat their tenants and their friends : bottle-ale and stout

A cock'd hat and a bottle nose !  
 A beadle, as the saying goes.  
 His brother Aldermen behind  
 Their way unwieldy waddling wind,  
 Each a *corpus sine pectore*,<sup>44</sup>  
 Pudding-cramm'd from the refectory !  
 In the Common-council fall,  
 Vegetable marrows all !<sup>45</sup>  
 Florid specimens of feeding,  
 And a little *brusque* in breeding !  
 To whom is Barclay's brewing rare<sup>46</sup>  
 As water to the Polar Bear !  
 Whither with their wands of white  
 Wend they ? to that far famed site<sup>47</sup>  
 (To recruit them for the brawl)  
 Where BEN JONSON<sup>48</sup> and his "FELLOWS"

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would be wanted at *Islington* and *Highgate* to treat your wives with : old women would want hot-pots of brandy and ale, and the good-wife that lies in could have no caudle."—*The Whole Tryal and Indictment of Sir John Barley-corn, Knight*, 1709.

<sup>47</sup> The Banking House of Messrs. Child and Co. Temple-Bar.

<sup>48</sup> Ben Jonson being one night at the Devil Tavern, a country gentleman in the company was obtrusively loquacious touching his land and tenements ; Ben, out of patience, exclaimed, "What signifies to us your dirt and your clods ? Where you have one acre of land I have ten acres of wit !" "Have you so," retorted the countryman, "good Mr. Wise-acre ?" "Why, how now, Ben," said one of the party, "you seem to be quite stung !" "I was never so pricked by a hob-nail before," grumbled Ben. . .



Attic revel!  
 Supp'd at "THE DEVIL"<sup>49</sup>  
 And sang "Old Rose<sup>50</sup> and burn the Bellows."

Unhorsed, uncovered, slow, sedate,  
 In his crimson velvet dress,  
 Golden Collar of S S,<sup>51</sup>  
 And pigtail pendent  
 With its satin rose resplendent!  
 MAGNUS THE GREAT

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<sup>49</sup> "October 12, 1710, Dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison at the *Devil Tavern* by Temple-Bar, and Garth treated."—(*Swift's Journal to Stella.*) There is a ludicrous reference to this ancient hostelrie in an old song describing the visit of James I. to the Cathedral of St. Paul on Sunday 26 of March, 1620.

"The Maior layd downe his mace, and cry'd, 'God save your Grace,  
 And keepe our King from all evil!'  
 With all my hart I then wist, the good mace had been in my fist,  
 To ha' pawn'd it for supper at the *Deuill!*"

April 22, 1661, (the day before his coronation) King Charles II. going from the Tower to White-Hall, "Wadlow the Vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets, &c. &c.—*Pepys' Memoirs*, vol. 1, p. 190.

It was at the Devil Tavern that Cibber's Birth-day Odes were usually rehearsed before they were performed at Court. Hence the following Epigram by a wit of those times.

"When Laureates make Odes, Do you ask of what sort?  
 Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?"

Presents the Queen his Sword of State  
 Made by the cutler to King Lud  
 Somewhat later than the Flood  
     At Vulcan's smithy !  
     Touching the hilt,  
     Superbly gilt !  
 Her Majesty's reply is pithy,  
 " Good, My Lord Mayor, take it wi' thee !"  
 My Lord bows low his curly scalp,  
 (What an intellectual Alp !)

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You may judge—From the Devil they come to the Court,  
 And go from the Court to the Devil."

<sup>50</sup> This popular old song is inserted in Dr. Harington's  
 Collection from a publication temp. Charles I.

" Now we're met like jovial fellows,  
     Let us do as wise men tell us,  
 Sing Old Rose and burn the bellows ;  
     Let us do as wise men tell us,  
     Sing, &c.

When the jowl with claret glows,  
     And wisdom shines upon the nose,  
 O then is time to sing Old Rose,  
     And burn, burn, the bellows,  
 The bellows, and burn, burn, the bellows, the bellows.

<sup>51</sup> In that amusing gossip, "*Notes and Queries*," nothing  
 more queer is, than the choler touching this incomprehen-  
 sible collar ! The ponderous intellect of *Master John Gough*  
*Nichols* has hammered hard and heavily at its mysterious  
 meaning, but it has stirred up the fog only to thicken it,  
 and the Collar of Esses is still a provoking puzzle !

Uncle Timothy, in reply to *Master John*, proposes put-  
 ting an A before SS, which he thinks would solve the  
 riddle both of the collar and the choler.

Then re-crowns it with his cock'd hat,  
 Bestrides his steed, from Batty's stud,  
 A rollicking, frolicking bit of blood  
 Ready to gallop thro' fire and flood!  
 And passes thro' the dingy gate  
 On which, in days of olden date,  
 Grinned ghastly many a trunkless pate  
 Monarchs set up to be mock'd at!

Hark! the powder; louder! louder!  
 Thicker! quicker! come the shots;  
 Another flash! another crash!  
 Saluting from the chimney pots—  
 Loyal Lumber-Troopers all,  
 (Rank and file from Cogers' Hall!)  
 If you play at this platooning  
 You will set the city swooning!

Rosinantes, two and two,  
 Back'd by bogtrotters in blue,

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<sup>52</sup> "Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights," who come up to the non-depravity mark of Rousseau, "*Que l'état de reflexion est un état contre nature et que l'homme qui medite est un animal depravé.*" "Meditation," says the *Rambler*, "elevates man to a reflective being."

When Rousseau was in England, Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him: they were Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone; and as it was known that Rousseau was to be present, the theatre was crowded to excess. Rousseau was highly gratified; but Mrs. Garrick complained that she never passed a more

Trusty knaves, for whispering tales  
 To fond, foolish Abigails,  
 Blarney from the Bay of Bantry,  
 For the freedom of the pantry !  
 Lead the van; then, *variozem*  
 Vehicles with a nag before 'em  
 Of the Common-council Grandees,<sup>52</sup>  
 Where accommodation *and* ease  
 Are, with elegance, combined,  
 Lag, *ad libitum*, behind.  
 Follow next those rival stars,  
 The two Sheriffs' coxcomb cars,  
 HUNTER'S, with its groggy dragons  
 Glorified, supporting flagons ;  
 SIDNEY'S, very much beholden  
 To three Girdlers' gridirons golden.<sup>53</sup>  
 Rolls along the rumbling stand  
 Of the Aldermanic band  
 Which their worships, plain and plodding,  
 Journey to the land of Nod in

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uncomfortable evening in her life, for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat that he might not fall over into the pit!

<sup>53</sup> The arms of the Girdlers' Company exhibit St. Lawrence, the patron saint of that guild, with his three golden gridirons. St. Lawrence was a native of Huesca, in Aragon, and was broiled alive upon a gridiron in the reign of the Emperor Valerian.

When, perchance potations deep  
 Lull their dignities to sleep !  
 And, of locomotive monsters  
 Last, the crowning gewgaw on stirs !  
 Where the painter and the builder,  
 And the carver and the gilder,  
 In artistical set-to,  
 All past doings did outdo !  
 There you shall see in the fulness  
 Of mock-majesty and dulness  
 (Sword-bearer and Sermoniser  
 Each contributing his visor,  
 Proper persons, very proper !  
 To play anti-bottle-stopper  
 To the kingly nose of copper !)  
 Civic Sovereigns on particular

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<sup>54</sup> “ When has there been such a spectacle, even so absurd a spectacle, exhibited as that which was shown, when the London Corporation took that *great gingerbread coach*, and clothed themselves in that *Bartholomew Fair* dress of theirs, and took a man with a fur cap with a long sword in his hand, and all the other set of the paraphernalia of London, and went down to Windsor to present an address to the Queen, in order to put down *Popish Mummeries!* If you want to see Mummeries, go and see the *Lord Mayor's Procession!* ”—*Mr. Cobden's Speech on the Manchester Policy*, 23 January, 1851.

<sup>55</sup> It was a custom in ancient times for the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to hunt the hare once a year in Essex. The following verses from an old song are descriptive of the sport.

“ Next once a year into *Essex* a Hunting they do go,  
 To see 'em pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show ;

Days when they become vehicular.<sup>54</sup>

Common-councilmen (the breed  
 Rightly he who runs may read !)  
 PEACOCK, DIXON, GODSON, GRESHAM,  
 Their poor cattle how they thresh 'em !  
 BEDFORD, BAILEY, FRODSHAM, FINNIS,  
 Whip and spur their kicking Jennies !  
 Never since those palmy times,  
 Recorded in old ballad rhymes,  
 When to Essex rode the mayor<sup>55</sup>  
 With his court to hunt the hare,  
 When huge Helluos were unhorsed,  
 And saddles from their steeds divorced,  
 Such a troop was seen, or read of,  
 Riding each his horse's head off !

Through *Cheapside* and *Fenchurch-street*, and so to *Aldgate*  
 Pump,  
 Each man with's Spurs in's Horse's sides, and his Back-  
 Sword cross his Rump.

“ My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes o'er,  
 I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before ;  
 A Creature bounceth from a Bush, which made 'em all to  
 laugh, [Essex Calf.  
 My Lord he cry'd ‘ a Hare ! a Hare ! ’ but it proved an

“ And when they had done their Sport, they came to *Lon-*  
*don*, where they dwell ;  
 Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd, their Wives scarce  
 knew them well ;  
 For 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd alive,  
 For of *Twenty Saddles* carried out, they brought again but  
*Five ! ”*



The two CITY MARSHALS, each reining a roarer !  
 Cry, " If you mean,  
 In your gowns mazarine,  
 Gambados, to split not the sides of the Queen,  
 Cut not so many queer capers before her !"

The gallant SHERIFFS, horsemen good,  
 Turn out their toes as sheriffs should !  
 What between the mane and bridle,  
 Neither pair of hands is idle !

SIR CLAUDIUS THE BEAU, on his charger Adonis,  
 Bows to the beauties that grace the balconies,  
 FARNCOMB and FAREBROTHER,  
 (Bobbing like their brother !)  
 Follow, with KEY,  
 On Bucephali three !

LUCAS and WOOD, and JOHNSON and CARROLL,  
 (Their coursers bestriding like Bacchus his barrel !)  
 Led by SIR ORACLE, jog on together,  
 Quizzing his new Spanish beaver and feather !

The Common Crier,  
 BEDDOME THE BOLD !  
 Coerces a shyer  
 Of twenty twice told !

SWORD-BEARER HICK  
 A palfrey propels,  
 In his high Cap of Maintenance,  
 Minus the Bells !

Hark! an Apollonian air  
 Proclaims the advent of THE MAYOR!  
 (Inspiration of a bard  
 Spinning doggrel by the yard,  
 Three of which, the hawkers roar,  
 You can buy for farthings four!)  
 By a brace of nightingales<sup>56</sup>  
 With a chorus at their tails,  
 (Major, minor, sharp and flat)  
 To the tune of the "*Frog in an opera hat!*"  
 Capriolling, horse and rider  
 Both puff'd up with equal pride are,  
 Bucephalus and Alexander  
 Greater never look'd nor grander!

In youth's spring-tide and beauty's pride  
 Behold the radiant, ROYAL BRIDE  
 OF MERRIE ENGLAND! merry still,  
 Tho' merrier once, for love's grown chill!  
 On her open brow and queenly  
 Shines her triple crown serenely!  
 ERIN'S jewel, SCOTIA'S gem,  
 CLAS MERDIN'S<sup>57</sup> regal diadem!

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<sup>56</sup> "I love strong-beer twice in the year, that is summer and winter. *Ballad-singers* have the most honest trade in the world for money: it also is an ancient and honourable calling, for Homer also was one."—*Nimble and Quick, Pick and Chuse where you will.* n. d.

<sup>57</sup> "*Clas Merdin*, 'the sea-defended green spot,' indi-

Fair daughter of a race august !  
 All Thrones, but Thine, have lick'd the dust !  
 'Twas Thine, unmoved, erect, sublime,  
 That foil'd the fame-flush'd Gallic Mime,<sup>58</sup>  
 O'er the Usurper's head abhorr'd,  
 That broke, in scorn ! his charmed sword,  
 And chain'd him to a rock on high<sup>59</sup>  
 To curse the juggling fiends, and die !

Lady ! to thy native land,  
 At the altar of thy sires  
 Thou did'st give thy heart and hand,  
 While responsive, holy choirs

---

cated alike her fertility and natural protection."—*The Naval History of Great Britain by Str Harris Nicolas.*

<sup>58</sup> The Imperial Charlatan—*Le Claquer de la Grande Armée*, as Bonaparte was called. A man plausible rather than great, specious rather than penetrating, who had a dire capacity for annihilating compunctions, and whose principal instrument of governing was dissimulation.

<sup>59</sup> In one of the gardens of Holland House is a bronze bust of Napoleon, with a Greek inscription from the Odyssey, applying the situation of Ulysses to that of the Corsican at St. Helena ! "In a far distant isle he remains under the harsh surveillance of base men !" "It has always been wonderful to me," says Walter Savage Landor, "what sympathy any well-educated Englishman can have with an ungenerous, ungentlemanly, unmanly Corsican." The wonder will cease when "a well-educated Englishman" can deliberately charge, for the first time, without the slightest ground for the cruel accusation, the virtuous

Joyful Hallelujahs peal'd  
As the solemn vow was seal'd.

Thine are now the dews of youth,  
The jubilation of the soul ;  
Thine shall be this sterner truth,  
As after years successive roll,  
How well become that sacred vow  
A pensive heart, a thoughtful brow.

Bright with glittering gold (mosaic !),  
Stuck with cameos, (gems Hebraic,  
O, for classical mythology  
What a *parvenu* apology !)

and unfortunate Marie Antoinette with infidelity to her husband, as does the late Lord Holland, in a posthumous gallimawfry of ribald scandal called "*Foreign Reminiscences*," of which it is justly said, "*The indecent anecdotes are bad enough ; the asterisks are still worse !*" No fair reputation is safe in the hands of this lordly libeller, and his "*excellent friend Dumont !*" At Page 64 the exemplary wife of the late Duke of York is described as the illegitimate daughter of the Queen of Prussia by one Müller a musician ! But the truth will sometimes out ! Almost at his last page the eulogist of this "matchless and unapproachable man" (*Bonaparte!*) testifies that he (his idol !) "*had very little regard for truth !*" ONE REMINISCENCE, of which a certain "SWEET REMEMBRANCER" must have often reminded him ! is unaccountably *omitted* by my Lord in his catalogue. Did Charity begin at *home* ? If it did, it ended there !

Rejoicing in the reddest rose  
 That Cranbourn Alley's garden grows,  
 Rose that gives a blush suburban  
 To her fierce and fiery turban !

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<sup>60</sup> "A blessed ignorant family THIS I have got into!" *sotto voce*, sighed the *Laureat* when he made his first bow to the *Platos of Portsoken*, of whom the *Beauty in the Balcony* is the head and front. Waste a day with the *Platos* and you shall hear nothing but depreciating comparisons tending to their own glorification and aggrandisement, enlivened with a senile joke from the Methuselah of the family (a beetle-browed, hard mammonite!) upon poor parsons, poor poets, and all who are poverty-stricken; for, as Doctor Johnson said of Osborne, the *Platos* have no sense of shame, but that of being *poor*! Though a farcical fierceness (the family feature!) is the "Beauty's" forte, she now and then apes what her friends the *Rumfungusses* and the *Noodlecrafts* sarcastically call "cutting the genteel caper!" viz. the ceremoniously serene! but a right word taken wrong, or a wrong word taken right, off she goes! and (like Peregrine Pickle's dressed-out gipsy girl at the card table) makes a horrible hole in her good manners! "Come, *Juliana*, give us *Jerry*!" cried her cousins the *Goosegrigs* at their Whitechapel merriments. And *Juliana* grinned, gabbled and gesticulated a fac-simile so comical, that it convulsed the *Goosegrigs*, who at once recognised the Bonassus-like Adonis! Yet after a picnic party ("al-frisko!") at Ponders-End, when *Jerry's* grotesque graces came out in full force! and a *tête-à-tête* trip with him to Turnham Green, he found favour in her sight,

"And such a day of jubilee, cajolery,  
 A day before was never seen so full of fun and  
 drollery"

as the day, when for better and for worse, she took *Jerry*

All fuss and flounce, all blonde and bounce,  
 Grotesquely gay by starts and fits,  
 Fringed and frill'd, double-distill'd!  
 In state the CITY MADAM<sup>60</sup> sits

---

and his purse! Every thing is bound to bend to the "Beauty's" caprice. Is she redhot? Out is poked the fire (to the horror of shivering Jerry!) and open fly the windows and doors! Is her temperature down to zero? The parlour furnace is replenished, and Jerry is baked alive like (in his oven!) Monsieur Chabert the Fire-King! All the pity that Jerry gets for his aches and pains is a rueful recitation, of her own. She has a set-off against every sore. To Jerry's tormented tympanum she opposes her hollow tooth, to his cholic her catarrh, and to his lazy liver her lumbago! Mark her supercilious sneer, her insolent toss of the head, the bridling up of her superabundant bust, when (speaking of some gentle heart whose accomplishments adverse fortune has made her daily bread) she (ducking her double chin!) croaks contemptuously "*Only a Governess!*"—forgetting (purse-proud vulgarian!) how problematical *her* post in the parlour would have been had the originators of her amiable being grubbed less and given more! In the "Beauty," pretension and parsimony make a pleasant pair of oddities! No sooner are her guests bowed out (her eyes have been upon every plate and she can figure up to a frustrum the feats of every knife and fork!) than down drops her extinguisher upon the long sixes, and Jerry is left to ruminate by rushlight, until a recitative from the third floor rouses him from his reverie, when up jumps Jerry as if he had been galvanised!

"Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the powers  
 Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours.*"

Her sighs are the breathings of idleness and ennui, her



A star in front of Mercer's Hall,  
 The envy of the Ladies all !  
 Who, most cruelly in eclipse,  
 Look armories, and bite their lips !  
 Among the chivalry of Cheap  
 That Jerry should his saddle keep  
 (On her bosom, when a wooer  
 Hangs his pretty present to her,  
 In the plenitude of pudden  
 Jerry's vacant face and wooden !)  
 Makes of Cheap the Venus very  
 Vain of her Adonis Jerry !<sup>61</sup>

#### The proud palace of POMPOSO

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tears the ichor of mortified vanity. To talk of learning in her presence is to libel her, to excel her is to insult her. Had Jerry been a gentleman and a scholar, she would have been jealous of those attractive charms ; but Jerry being a booby born and bred, she has him all to her selfish self, and a mouse in a trap lives as merrily ! Then to see her perform the farce, after a busy day's bickering and backbiting, of reading "*Something good !*" (Dad's devout device!) before she goes to bed. That "*Something good*" ("*The Pleasant Art of Money Catching !*") being a prologue to something extra-provoking that the "Beauty" has bottled up as a soother to Jerry's slumbers ! Her orthography is beyond the reach of caricature ! She will call for a tumbler of water out of the "*pilfering*" (filtering) machine, and bid Jerry fill her a glass of "*Bucephalus !*" (Bucellas). What she most admired among the "*curossities*" at Cobham Park was the "*Musselman !*" (Mausoleum). A lioness at City Balls, she increases, by

Cuts a figure very so so !  
 Site ignoble ! where stood bilboes <sup>62</sup>  
 For refractory Cornhill beaus.  
 Bonnets jaded, satins faded,  
 Trudging east and west as they did !  
 (A *reunion* of the Rump  
 Of Poppins Court and Aldgate Pump !)  
 Make the Palace of POMPOSO  
 Dowdy look and doloroso !

CHANNY'S art has done its part—  
 Here shall every British heart  
 Hail the Trophied Warrior, <sup>63</sup> who

feathers and flounces, her cubits and circumference ;  
 prances a polka like a tame elephant, and moves a minuet  
 like a cathedral ! Bow baptises her a belle ; Jerry, a  
*Jeze-bel* !

<sup>61</sup> " He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a  
 book ; his intellect is not replenished ;—he is only an ani-  
 mal—only sensible in the duller parts." . . . His brains  
 and bowels (to *modernise* honest Burton's homely phrase)  
 have *changed places* !—His finer feelings are obfuscated. . .

<sup>62</sup> The *Mansion-house* " damned, I may say," (see *Criti-  
 cal Review*, &c. 36, 37, and *Pennant*) " to everlasting fame,"  
 stands on the site of *Stocks-market*, so called from a pair of  
 stocks erected in an open place near this spot, as early as  
 the year 1281. The stocks is a very ancient piece of pur-  
 gatory. A pair, in which a skeleton was found, is among  
 the interesting relics discovered at Pompeii. . . .

<sup>63</sup> When Camillus was nominated military tribune for  
 the sixth time he declined the office on the plea of his *ad-*

Made a mock of the Gallic Cock,<sup>64</sup>  
 (All moonshine, moustache, cheeks and stock!)  
 And (*sauve qui peut!*) thrash'd him thro'  
 France, Spain, and Portugal too!  
     And made, like fleas,  
     His Brummagem Bees<sup>65</sup>  
 Skip across the Pyrenees!  
     And his Eagles flutter  
     Like crows in a gutter!  
     Who lowered his Flag  
     The Tri-color rag!  
     Took the gloss

*vanced age.* But the people cried out, "They did not desire him to fight either on horseback or on foot; they only wanted *his counsel and his orders.*"

The splendid and immortal eulogy which Cicero pronounced on Pompey, when, in the Manilian speech, he declared him to possess the four great qualifications of a commander—military science, valour, authority, and success, applies with equal force and truth to Wellington.

<sup>64</sup> The vane derived its name of "*Weathercock*" from the figure of the bird sacred to Æsculapius, and the adoption of it has been referred to the device of the English to ridicule their Gallic neighbours; *Gallus* signifying both Cock and Frenchman! Shakespeare makes Joan of Arc say,

"Done like a Frenchman, turn and turn again."

Charles Lamb, hearing a Jack Tar call the French "*gal-lows rogues!*" drily remarked the fellow was not very far from the truth! . . .

<sup>65</sup> In the tomb of Childeric, the father of Clovis (discovered in the year 1653), were found, among other curi-

From his gingerbread Cross !  
 And put him terribly out of tune  
 On the Eighteenth day of June,  
*Diab!e!* a day  
 When he ran away,  
 Following the nose of Marshal Ney !  
 At Waterloo !<sup>66</sup>

Who knocks ?  
 COLONEL COX !  
 Leading his Artillery Troop<sup>67</sup>  
 To guard the Queen and taste the soup !

osities, more than three hundred *little Bees* of the purest gold, their wings being inlaid with a red stone like cornelian. Hence the appropriation of this emblem by Bonaparte.

<sup>66</sup> Marshal Biron said, He liked not the English march of the drum, because it was so slow. Sir Roger Williams, a gallant soldier, answered, That slow as it was, yet it had marched through all France ! An ominous twirl of a monster-moustache, with a hoarse accompaniment of "*morbleus!*" "*ventrebleus!*" and every other *blue*, from indigo up to the sky, gave terrific token of the rage of Ragout, and the raciness of the reply !

<sup>67</sup> The Hon. Artillery Company is the most ancient corps of Volunteers in the kingdom. Henry VIII. bestowed upon it special marks of favor. It garrisoned Tilbury Fort when England was threatened by the Spanish Armada. It played a conspicuous part in placing the House of Brunswick on the throne, whence the Grenadier Company was ordered by George I. to bear the name of "*Hanoverian Grenadiers.*" It saved the Bank of Eng-

The Pageant halts.—Aghast, agape,  
 At the new monster's <sup>68</sup> size and shape  
 (Tite's Trapezium!) Critics cry, "Humph!  
 Here's a prodigy! a triumph!  
 Well, at portico and postern,  
 Taste may up its eyes and nose turn!  
 Wonder how those blocks gigantic  
 Chance toss'd into forms so antic!  
 For bricks and mortar only chance  
 Could couple in so droll a dance!  
 Brobdignagian pillars, props  
 Shouldering Liliputian shops  
 Not too large to swing a cat in,  
 Not too small to take a flat in!

---

land from pillage during the mob-riots of 1780—and in 1804, when Napoleon formed his camp at Boulogne, it mustered nearly 1400 good men and true in the field. Men who (having the fear of Revolution, that grim compendium of horrors! before their eyes) resolved to assist in repelling the would-be invaders. John Bull had not, like the French Bantam, bowed down before a brazen courtesan as the Goddess of Liberty! *Une loi, une foi, et un roi* was his motto. The mind and mettle of England were enlisted on her side. The Crown was considered as the majestic symbol of her constitutional monarchy, not the Fool's Cap of a licentious rabble! The guardian of her freedom, her laws, her imperishable renown! not the tinsel toy of mock-sovereignty tossed from one puppet-despot to another like a juggler's ball! . . . .

One "damned spot" crimsons the escutcheon of this Corps. During the civil war between Charles I. and his

Classic frieze the front enriching  
 Where sit cross-legg'd tailors stitching !  
 GRESHAM, a colossal Mammon,  
 Hoisted up as high as Haman !  
 And stout SIR HUGH, a watchman tall,  
 Mounting guard at a fiddle stall !  
 O ! (*Si monumentum quæris ?*)  
 What a funny Phœnix here is !  
 When old London's razed and rotten,  
 Poor SIR CHRISTOPHER forgotten !  
 How will some Bœotian Bruins  
 (Next to cotton mill in ruins !)  
 Worship every stone and stick of  
 This fine fabric ! bear a brick off !  
 Relic of what now October

---

Parliament, led forth by Major General Skippon (the intrepid *Sturgeon* of that time !) it rebelled against its King. The said Skippon, at the general pulling down of *play-houses* in 1648, was sent with a troop of horse, to assist the levellers.

“The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor” (says *Parkin's Penny Post*, May 31, 1737) “went to St. Paul's with Musick playing before him, and upon his return home, the *Hon. Artillery Company* saluted his Lordship on that occasion, and were handsomely treated, afterwards they marched to Moor Fields, and performed a fine Exercise in Honour of the Day.”

<sup>68</sup> The Exchange is what Euclid calls a *trapezium*, having a gigantic portico at the little end, and a dwarf tower at the big end ; it is externally a nest of shops, and internally a very narrow quadrangle containing a very large statue. . . .



Christens in its senses sober ! ”

On its topmost tower  
 (The Grasshopper's bower !)<sup>69</sup>  
 Streams the herald of the free<sup>70</sup>

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<sup>69</sup> Those were pictorial times when every citizen, (like “mine Host of the *Garter*” and *Grasshopper* Gresham) was known by his sign! Old London was one vast school of design, one prodigious picture gallery! Every shopkeeper was a patron of the brush; palmy days for the Sign-post trade! which needed no “*Art Union*” puff. Our ancestors, with better taste, hung their daubs out of doors! In a rare volume printed in Queen Anne's time, and “illustrated with proper cuts,” entitled “*A Vade Mecum for Malt-Worms*,” some ancient and curious signs “in and about the Cities of London and Westminster” are poetically described; and the following extract from “*Pasquin's Night-Cap*,” printed in 1612, shows that in those days a man was as well known by his “*Sign*” as by his “*Company*.”

“First there is maister Peter at the *Bell*,  
 A linnen-draper and a wealthy man;  
 And maister Thomas that doth stockings sell;  
 And George the Grocer at the *Frying-Pan*;  
 And maister Timothie the wollen-draper;  
 And maister Salamon the leather-scraper;  
 And maister Franke ye goldsmith at the *Rose*;  
 And maister Phillip with the fiery nose.

And maister Miles the mercer at the *Harrow*;  
 And maister Nicke the silkman at the *Plow*;  
 And maister Giles the salter at the *Sparrow*;  
 And maister Dicke the vintner at the *Cow*;  
 And Harry Haberdasher at the *Horne*;  
 And Oliver the dyer at the *Thorne*;

To every land and every sea !  
 Beneath it gaudy banners flaunt,  
 On a gastronomic jaunt !  
 Of GOLDSMITHS <sup>71</sup> and SKINNERS,  
 Rare dogs for their dinners !

And Bernard, barber-surgeon at the *Fiddle* ;  
 And Moses, merchant-tailor at the *Needle* !”

<sup>70</sup> *Uncle Timothy and the Laureat.*

*Lau.* He's afloat !

*Uncle.* Who's afloat ?

*Lau.* De Joinville in his cockle-boat,

Steering, veering—

*Uncle.* Whither ?

*Lau.* Hither !

*Uncle.* Rule Britannia !

*Lau.* Heaven be with her !

*Uncle.* Let him dare ! in the air

Back he'll soon be flying over ;

His whiskers to Boulogne-sur-mer,

His boots to Calais, *via* Dover !

His head mounting guard,

Feather'd and tarr'd,

On the “ tall Bully ” in Monument Yard !

<sup>71</sup> In Settle's Pageant for 1698 entitled “ Glory's Resurrection, being The Triumphs of London revived, for the inauguration of the Right Honourable Sir Francis Child,” of the Goldsmith's Company, St. Dunstan is represented sitting in the Goldsmith's Laboratory holding a pair of Goldsmith's tongs in his right hand and a crozier in his left, while under his feet crouches the Devil. After a flourish of “ melodious instruments ” the Saint thus addresses the Mayor :

## Or GIRDERS and GROCERS

Who to Roast Beef and Plum-Pudding never say  
 "No, Sirs!"

And now the new bells ring their first merry peal,  
 And the Aldermen's horses dance round in a reel,  
 Keeping time  
 With their musical chime!  
 Hark! cannon replies to the band's martial sound,  
 As the Queen's satin slipper prints lightly the  
 ground.

TRUMPETERS, Æolus ne'er  
 Of cheeks puffed out two purpler pair!

"The triumphs of this day, deserved so well,  
 When fame shall in recorded story tell,  
 Those oracles of truth—

*Devil (interrupting him).* Can you speak truth?

*St. Dunstan.* Peace, snarling devil! Thus I'll stop your  
 mouth! (*Catches him by the nose.*)

Down to thy hell, there croak, thou fiend accurst,  
 See this great day, and, swell'd with envy, burst."

This favourite Legend had been before enacted in Jordan's Pageant for Sir Robert Vyner, 1684, and in Taubman's, composed for Sir John Shorter, 1687. Whenever a member of the Goldsmith's Company was inaugurated Lord Mayor of London the Devil was sure to be taken by the nose.

<sup>72</sup> Richard Lambert Jones, Esq. Chairman of one Committee for rebuilding London Bridge, and of another for erecting the New Royal Exchange. To the enlightened and liberal taste of Mr. Jones the City of London owes

SHERIFFS, primed with port and prog,  
 Who the fabled frog out-frog !  
 Twelve pick'd ALDERMEN and portly,  
 GRESHAMS twelve, polite and courtly !  
 TITE, of plaster mighty master !  
 JONES,<sup>72</sup> and ASTON,<sup>73</sup> Pollux ! Castor !  
 And the MAYOR, on bended knee,  
 Welcome the Pride of Kingdoms three  
 To Her Grace's royal chamber<sup>74</sup>  
 Roof'd with gold and paved with amber !  
 With cranio-verberative sound  
 Their foreheads nine times knock'd the ground,  
 Genuflexions jeopardising  
 Inexpressibles,<sup>75</sup> in rising !

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the Guildhall Library. He was also the means of enriching it with the *Autograph of Shakespeare*, which he purchased for One hundred and forty-five pounds ;—not too great a sum for such a treasure ! Certain “ fat and greasy citizens ” however grumbled at the cost ! A word in honour of Sir Peter Laurie, who, when the Common Council refused to subscribe to the national fund for the purchase of *Shakespeare's House at Stratford upon Avon*, proposed that the City of London should, at its own expense, erect a statue of the Immortal, and give it place in the Council Chamber ! *Has this been done ?*

<sup>73</sup> The Master of the Mercers' Company.

<sup>74</sup> *Camera Regis* was a very ancient term for the City of London.

<sup>75</sup> The Dutch Embassy to China occurred in 1795, during the era of *small-clothes*, and before liberal principles had been generally established in dress, as in other matters ; and those hapless Dutchmen were made, on the most

All the live-long day preceding  
 Brushing up his ballad reading,  
 For garlands foraging, and fyttes,  
 The penny poesy of *Pitts* !<sup>76</sup>  
 (Pitts who, ere he went to heaven,  
 Domiciled in Dials seven !)  
 Vainly each Parnassian frump<sup>77</sup>  
 Invoking ! his poetic bump  
 Refreshing with a furious thump !  
 Tossing, turning, fuming, fretting,  
 Out of sorts completely getting,  
 On the very brink and border  
 Of despair was the RECORDER !  
 Hearing that the Muse's Idol  
 On a visit was from Rydal,  
 Him he sought to beg or borrow  
 For the royal ear to-morrow

---

trivial occasions of ceremony, to perform their evolutions, while the wicked mandarins stood by and laughed—and who would not ? at what has been diplomatically styled “the embarrassment of a Dutch-built stern in tight inexpressibles !” . . . .

<sup>76</sup> A modern publisher of penny-ballads, and worthy of being named with Messrs. Thackeray and Passenger who in ancient days dwelt in Duck Lane, and “befringed the walls of Bedlam and Soho” with love garlands and merriments.

Apropos of ballad-poetry. The last of that lyrical triumvirate to whom England owes a debt of gratitude for their sea-songs—the last of the Three Dibdins finds rest from his labours in the tomb.

Just a little doggrel dutiful  
 Full of the Sublime and Beautiful!  
 On that calm brow amazement mute  
 Sat, when a voice like dulcet flute  
 From a fairy form that flutter'd  
 Round the poet's chamber, utter'd,  
 "Ere moons thrice twelve shall wax and wane,  
 Of sack butts three roll round again,  
 Thy *afflatus* shall explode  
 In one grand volcanic ODE  
 To a battle by a fighter  
 Most infuriate (for a mitre!),  
 Such as never sedgy Camus  
 Saw before, the ignoramus!  
 Inflating lay and reverend lungs  
 With the wordy war of tongues,  
 Making echo with of cant a  
 Priestly peal the halls of Granta!

---

We write this with regret—not but that poor Tom was old (72!) decrepit, and in straightened circumstances, all of which tend to make life any thing but desirable—but his was a familiar face that we remembered from boyhood—we miss the sprightly sally, the comic anecdote, the joyous carol—his privileged corner is untenanted—his chair is vacant.

<sup>77</sup> When the daughters of Jupiter were each of them married to the Gods, the dowerless Nine were left to lead apes.

Calliope longum cœlebs cur vixit in ævum?  
 Nempe nihil dotis, quod numeraret, erat.



Dar'st thou put (a second *Settle!*)<sup>78</sup>  
 The Flying Horse upon his mettle,  
 Rein him like a Rosinante  
 For forensic strophe, ante,  
 Yoke his royal neck of thunder  
 To a City one day's wonder?"<sup>79</sup>

Whether to that bellman-bard  
 (Muse of *Messrs. Moses, Minories!*)  
 The man of law enclosed his card,  
 Darkly hinting what a dinner is!  
 Whether that Whitechapel rhymester  
 Did his ready stumps betimes stir,  
 And in the functionary's flip  
 His sable beard devoutly dip,  
 Must not, by way of episode,

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<sup>78</sup> Elkanah Settle, a noted writer of political rhymes, bombastic tragedies, City Pageants, and Bartholomew Fair Drolls (in one of the latter he hissed in his own *Dragon!*) was born at Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, in 1648, was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and died in the Charter-House in 1722. He was the last of the Pageant-Poets to the City of London. . In *The Case is Altered*, a Comedy that has been attributed to Ben Jonson, Anthony Munday, the Lord Mayor's panegyrist of that day, is introduced under the euphonious name of Don Antonio Balladino.

"*Onion.* Balladino! You are not Pageant-Poet to the city of Milan, Sir, are you?"

"*Ant.* I supply the place, Sir, when a worse cannot be had, Sir."

<sup>79</sup> Voltaire says he does not address his works to the

Detain us longer on the road.

Lowly bows the jazey legal  
 To the smiling Presence regal,  
*Treble* tries, and then *contralto*,  
 Cracks his voice with *Q in alt*, O!  
 Sweet *falsetto*, soft *soprano*,  
 And *chromatic* all cry, "Ah, no!"  
 Puck, who loves (I cry you mercy!)  
 Mischief positively *per se*,  
 Deeming it not *infra dig*.  
 To ventriloquise a wig,  
 Commands, *con spirito*, the song  
 To rattle merrily along;  
 The Aldermen, some jolly score, all  
 Carolling as vicars choral!

---

vulgar, who are mechanically employed all the week, and on Sundays are intoxicated either with liquor or pleasure. The "brilliant Frenchman" is but an echo of the Greek Philosopher.

"Begone, ye blockheads!" *Heraclitus* cries,  
 "And leave my labours to the learn'd and wise;  
 By wit, by knowledge studious to be read,  
 I scorn the multitude alive or dead!"

"I have observed," remarks Pope in his Postscript to the *Odyssey*, "that the loudest huzzas given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method."

SONG.—*The Recorder.*

YOUR MAJESTY, now  
 With my very best bow !  
 Ere to good fare  
 We cry, " War, to the knife ! "  
 Permit me, I pray,  
 Just to *sol fa*, and say,  
 'Tis the triple proud day  
 Of our Grasshopper's life !

Elizabeth Tudor

<sup>80</sup> " No sooner did Apollo begin to appear in the eastern horizon, but Poor Robin, shaking off melancholy sleep, roused his companion to prepare themselves for their intended perambulation ; and having armed himself with a pot of nappy ale, they took their first walk to see the *Royal Exchange*, a most magnificent structure, built by Sir Thomas Gresham."—*The Merry Exploits of Poor Robin, The Merry Saddler of Walden.* n. d.

<sup>81</sup> Viz. St. Bartholomew (from the consecrated ground of which were disinterred the bones of Miles Coverdale!) and St. Benet Fink. The old church of St. Benet Fink having been burnt down by the Fire of London, the one just destroyed was built by *Sir Christopher Wren* in 1673. The name of Benet or Benedict Fink is said to have arisen from the dedication of the church to St. Benedict and from its builder one Robert Fink or Finch, whose name is also borne by the neighbouring lane. Its Altar Piece of carved oak, including two oil paintings, produced recently at public auction fifty guineas ; the carved Poor Box, with the

(The citizens woo'd her)  
 One morning up screw'd her  
 High courage, and came  
 To lunch with our lessor,  
 And christen, God bless her!  
 This Mart's predecessor,<sup>80</sup>  
 And you've done the same!

*Chorus of Aldermen.* Too ral lal, &c.

We've taken down churches,<sup>81</sup>  
 Pluck'd priests from their perches,  
 (Trade, left in the lurch, is

---

date of 1689 wrought on the lock, was sold for four guineas; one of the pews, having a carved oak screen, for four pounds six shillings, and the beautiful carved oak pulpit was knocked down for fifteen guineas! . . . The sacred edifice had been *unroofed* before its profanation, probably from certain superstitious fears on the part of both sellers and buyers! But they were perfectly safe without this precaution.

“ When the loose mountain trembles from on high,  
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?  
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,  
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall? ”

“ Yet Consecration has this Power,” (says Selden) “ when a Man has consecrated any thing to God, he cannot of himself take it away.” Of what value is the Bishop's guarantee for the inviolability of the “ House appointed for all living? ” The pauper burial-ground in Shoe Lane, (where *once* reposed the dust of Chatterton) was chaffered and cheapened to form Farringdon Market! and the re-

Distressing and strange !)  
 Cupidity calls  
 “ *A bas* Bishops’ Stalls !  
 Down with St. Paul’s  
 To rebuild an Exchange !”

All Sunday contriving,  
 Nails knocking, screws driving,  
 Our hammer’s loud clamour  
 Drown’d sermons and psalms !  
 “ Keep Sabbath Day holy,”  
 Exclaims Dr. Croly ;  
 Cries Mammon, “ Pooh ! gammon !  
 Confound your queer qualms !”  
*Chorus.* Too ral lal, &c.

We issued our firman,  
 And forth came a German <sup>82</sup>  
 (In rouge and gamboge  
 How his nondescripts grin !)

mains of that unfortunate genius were grubbed up and scattered !

Again—The Tomb and the Ashes of Alfred the Great were sold by Public Auction on Thursday, April 11, 1850, by order of the County Magistrates ! The site of the magnificent Abbey that once enshrined them is desecrated by the building of a Bridewell.

<sup>82</sup> *Mr. Frederick Sang*, who with genuine German *sang froid*, pocketed Two thousand two hundred and forty pounds for his “ *Encaustic Painting.*”

To paint like a toy-shop  
 This new-built decoy-shop,  
 Where soon to some tune  
     We'll take all the world in !

We've cosmetics, corsets,  
 Of jigs many score sets,  
 Oil for the Brutus  
     And curls for the crop,  
 The last pretty sonnet,  
 The new Paris bonnet,  
 Polkas and Punch,  
     Penny pamphlets and pop !  
*Chorus.* Too ral lal, &c.

Our cash is well spent  
 If this feast give content  
 To Her Highness of Kent,  
     To your consort and court,  
 And if should find place  
 In Your Majesty's grace  
 Our *Petit-pâtés*,  
     Larded capons and port !

Without more ado  
 Condescend to fall-to,  
 Gadzooks ! our French cooks  
     Are uncommonly clever—  
 Your post, my Lord Mayor,  
 Is behind the Queen's chair—



*Vive la Reine d'Angleterre !*

Reign Victoria for ever !

*Chorus.* Too ral lal, &c.

AIR.—*The Queen.*

MY LORD, and each worshipful Guild,  
 Long may you barter and build !  
 I wish you your pockets well fill'd,  
 And so do the Prince and Mama—  
 But I fear that SIR ROBERT, Ah ! Ah !  
 Has made a financial *faux pas* !  
 And a hole in your money-bags drill'd ;<sup>83</sup>  
 But shall this BURSE (if not grill'd !)  
 Your gingerbread quickly regild,  
 And commerce bring back with *eclat* !

As folks, left and right, quizz'd the Temple of *Tite*  
 They, laughing, exclaim'd at the singular sight,  
 " The Queen should have sung the response of the  
 Crown  
 Not to *Marlbrook*, but to *Down, derry, Down !*"

Seated at the banquet, see  
 Britain's Grace and Majesty !  
 And behind the throne of beauty

---

<sup>83</sup> When Themistocles demanded supplies from the Andrians he told them, " he brought two gods along with him, *Persuasion* and *Force*." To which the hard-pinched Islanders replied, " they had also two great gods on their

London's Lordship doing duty!  
 Giving, with Stentorian burst,  
 (The *Second* Toole out-Toole's the *First!*<sup>84</sup>)  
 The loyal toasts to be off-toss'd,  
 That civic noses, at some cost,  
 Have richly rubied and emboss'd!  
 Hark! a sudden sound symphonious  
 Makes the festive hall harmonious.  
 Ebenezer Shave, Esquire,  
 Of the Common-council choir,  
 Vainly vocal! 's volunteering  
 Something worth the royal hearing.

SONG.—*Mr. Ebenezer Shave.*

*Money* makes the mare to go! without this golden  
 spur  
 The cunning jade will neither gallop, canter, trot,  
 nor stir!  
 Whichever side we jog along, the shady or the  
 sunny,  
 The burden is of every song "*Money! Money!*  
*Money!*"

Up to shop and reap your crop, lest others rise and  
 reap it;

---

side, *Poverty* and *Despair*, who forbad them to satisfy him."

<sup>84</sup> The sometime Toast-Master at public dinners, but now "at supper, not where he eats, but where he is eaten!"

*Money* get by hook or crook, and when you've got  
it, keep it !

Better be in spirit poor than poor, alas ! in purse,  
Peculation's bad enough, but poverty's far worse !

*Money*——

——Why this sudden pause ?  
Why start the eyes, and gape the jaws,  
Flush the cheeks with purple hectic  
Of the singer apoplectic ?  
Forced-meat ball, that savoury bolus !  
Doing battle with Æolus,  
A fat turkey's wing, and truffle  
Keeping up the windy scuffle !  
Scare the screech-owls, every wheezer !  
From the throat of Ebenezer.  
That the mirth be not diminish'd  
Puck takes up the song unfinish'd.

*Puck.*

Since *Money* makes the mare to go, be it the golden  
spur

To every good that man can on his fellow-man  
confer ; <sup>85</sup>

---

<sup>85</sup> Of all luxuries happiness is the least costly. It is no rare exotic from a distant land, but a plant of native growth, breathing delicious odour and dropping celestial balm. Its soil is the generous heart, its price making others happy !

Earth's most precious jewel is soft pity's heavenly  
 light,  
 Which as far outshines the gem, as morning does  
 the night !

Now comes on the crowning crisis !  
 From the feast the Sovereign rises,  
 The *cortège* moves ; the nimble Mayor  
 Thro' the lobby, down the stair,  
 To the Centre of the Square<sup>86</sup>  
 Trips as if he trod on air !  
 Proclaiming Heralds spare your lungs,  
 Brass trumpets hold your noisy tongues !  
 Shrill fifes and tinkling cymbals cease,

---

“ Hee is well,” says Bishop Hall, “ that is better for  
 others ; but hee is happy by whom others are better.”

<sup>86</sup> Where now stands a colossal caricature of Queen  
 Victoria at the trifling cost of One Thousand and fifty  
 pounds! . . . .

PUCK'S SOLILOQUY.

Form unfeminine, protuberant,  
 Bust exorbitant, exuberant,  
 Gooseberry eyes, and (*Lough! O, Lough!*)  
 Cheeks Æolian in full puff!  
 Head, a crown upon a bullet!  
 Pert pug nose, Puck longs to pull it!  
 Give the Amazonian negress  
 From that place of honour egress,  
 And to road-maker McAdam  
 March off the *Hic Mulier Madam!*

Loud kettle-drums depart in peace !  
 Let not the ambient air be stirr'd  
 With a whisper or a word !  
 For, with dignity inherent,  
 Ocean's Queen and Heaven's Vicegerent  
 Christens with the old cognomen <sup>87</sup>  
 (Lucky oracle and omen !)  
 This new patchwork pile plethoric,  
 Neither Norman, Gothic, Doric !  
 And lest there should be any dearth  
 Of pleasant and conceited mirth,  
 A royal farce <sup>88</sup> (perform'd at courts  
 With great applause !) concludes the sports,  
 In which my Lord plays (who but he !)  
 Sir William Magnus *malgre lui* !

Beauty, <sup>89</sup> chivalry, and splendour  
 Escort forth the Faith's Defender

---

<sup>87</sup> "Two or three Country people being at *London*, and being brought by some of their friends to see the "*Royall Exchange*, they, staring up, saw the Kings and Queenes round about them, and wondring what they should bee, asked one of their acquaintance which came along with them, what those were ? Hee made answer, and told them, that they were all the Kings and Queenes that had ever beene in this land : Ay, saies the other, then I doe intend to put off my hat with all speede, for feare I should be suspected of Treason, being, as I thinke, in the Presence Chamber."

<sup>88</sup> When an Attorney and a Solicitor-General once came to kiss hands on their appointments, and George IV. had

From monotonies away,  
 Dish'd up for her every day !  
 For flattery is the air she breathes,  
 Flowery garlands are but wreaths  
 Flung to favourites operatic,  
 Putting folks in fits ecstatic !  
 Folks to whom Italian airs  
 Are more familiar than their prayers !  
 Vanities have no variety,  
 Splendour only is satiety,  
 Awkward graces, foolish faces,  
 Common people, common places,  
 Have lost their mirth-provoking power  
 To laugh away a listless hour !  
 Merry bells and martial clangour  
 Little move luxurious languor  
*Fêted*, sated, left no leisure,  
 Not a moment's pause from pleasure !  
 Pleasure, of which the vacant heart

---

seized a sword and given the accolade to the first, the second, who was proud of his ancestry, humbly begged to be excused— "Keep still, man, keep still," exclaimed the impartial monarch, "sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander—I've served the other so!" and the sword was laid on unrelentingly.

<sup>89</sup> The reason, it is said, why the Turks marry a plurality of wives is that the charms that concentrate in one *British Beauty* they are obliged to look for in a dozen !

*Qui vult belle dame acquere,  
 Preigne visaige d'Angleterre.*

Old French Proverb.



Feels happiness is not a part.<sup>90</sup>

While westward roll the royal wheels  
To loud huzzas and deafening peals !  
Each that not with feeding faint is  
Flies to the unfinish'd dainties,

---

<sup>90</sup> THE TWIN-SISTERS.

Who art thou, unbidden guest,  
And so simply, sweetly dress'd,  
With that countenance serene,  
With that modest form and mien ?

So much beauty, so much grace  
Well deserve the highest place,  
Thou to none shalt second be  
In this goodly company.

“ I have come,” the stranger said,  
Meekly bowing low her head,  
“ From my home in yonder dell  
Where I with the humble dwell.

In the cottages around  
I've the kindest welcome found,  
But within the rich man's door  
I have never pass'd before.

If to-day I make my stay  
You'll not wish me soon away !  
And I have a sister, who  
Will be gladly welcomed too !

Wheresoever sojourn I  
She is, like my shadow, by ;  
Never we, in home or heart,  
From each other dwell apart.

Pours post-prandial bumpers higher,  
 "For which of us," they all enquire,  
 "Shall feast upon another Fire?"<sup>91</sup>  
 Gross money-grubbing sons of care  
 Soon settle down to "*as you were!*"  
 To sell and buy,<sup>92</sup> (man's calling high!)

---

See, she comes already! see!  
 In her white-robed majesty!  
*Peace* her path has always bent  
 In the footsteps of *Content!*"

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>91</sup> "For now the fierce unbridl'd flames presage  
 That we shall know the extent of their rage,  
 Begets a universal conflagration,  
 Greater than ever any generation  
 As yet ere knew, or heard of: Now it beats  
 A broad pathway into the spacious streets,  
 Roves up to *Cornhill* where with force they range,  
 Untill they overthrow the *Royal-Change*,  
 That stately fabrick, and its *Statues* rare,  
 Spoil'd and consum'd reduc'd to ashes are,  
 But honouring Reverend *Gresham's* effigy,  
 Leaves him untoucht, and gently passeth by."

*London's Lamentation to her Regardless Passengers.*

*By Samuel Wiseman, 1667.*

<sup>92</sup> What is man? A Thing begotten  
 To beget till this world's rotten!  
 Corn a creature of, or cotton,  
     Or tea, or tallow!  
 A mere machine whose heart and brain,  
 Whose "pickers" and whose "stealers" twain  
 The humble servants are of gain,  
     The God to hallow!

To dream out life, then wake—to die!<sup>93</sup>  
 The languid moon's departing rays  
 Shine dimly through the thickening haze,  
 Black mire and rain flood street and lane,  
 The City is itself again!  
 And o'er steeple, tower and hall  
 Dense fogs and darkness spread their pall!

*The Scene closes.*

---

A drudge, (if he would rise!) to creep,  
 And very little conscience keep!  
 A drone, to eat, and drink, and sleep,  
     And die! and—What?  
 Why be remember'd only till  
 His greedy heir has proved his will  
 And paid his undertaker's bill—  
     And then forgot! . . .

*Quoth the Laureat.*

<sup>93</sup> Seneca says, Death falls heavy upon him who is too much known to others and too little to himself:

“ Illi mors gravis incubat  
 Qui, notus nimis omnibus,  
 Ignotus moritur sibi.”



SCENE XVIII.—*The Quadrangle of the New  
Royal Exchange.*

*The Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, Aldermen, and  
Visitors discovered.*

Enter *Democritus as Motley.*

*Democritus.*

**T**HE Pageant o'er, the Banquet sped,  
And London's lordly Bishop fled,<sup>94</sup>  
For this *one* day shall Motley play  
The part episcopal, and say,

---

<sup>94</sup> In the present troubled times of the Church, assailed as she is by faction from without, and by contumacy from within, the position of this great ornament of the Christian Hierarchy has been, and continues to be, a most painful and trying one. To preach discipline to a slipshod clergy who wear their gowns loosely, to enjoin the due observance of sacred rites that by culpable negligence have become obsolete, is neither prelatial tyranny nor papistical innovation. An insolent and refractory priest who beards his Bishop is received with open arms by Infidels who hate *all* Religion, and Sectaries whose hatred is especially aimed at the *Established Church*. If the *Zeal of God's House* hath not eaten up these sanctimonious revilers it hath devoured (as *Dryden* said of *Collier* and his canting crew) some part of their good-manners and civility. . . .

If not out of time and place,  
 This apology for *Grace*?  
 Are your coffers overcharged?  
 Be your bounty then enlarged!<sup>95</sup>

---

<sup>95</sup> The neutral character boasts that if he does no *good*, he does no *harm*. No harm? All the sins mentioned by Our Saviour in his description of the Last Judgment, are sins of *Omission*.

Long the ground encumbering  
 Thou a blank hast stood,  
 A nondescript, and numbering  
 Nor with the bad nor good—  
 Thou might'st have been (thus slumbering)  
 A block of stone or wood!

Is this man's only mission,  
 Just to live and die?  
 His being's sole condition?  
 Alas! for the reply  
 When one day thy petition  
 For pardon pleads on high.—*Uncle Timothy*.

<sup>96</sup> “ Man, alas! was only born  
 To tread a path of brier and thorn!  
 To the flattering dreams of youth  
 Manhood tells this blighting truth,  
 And to manhood wither'd age  
 Opens a still darker page  
 Of Life's weary pilgrimage!”  
 Thus moody Melancholy cried,  
 And thus a gentle voice replied.

“ Helpless man is not his own,  
 From his first to his last sigh  
 He, unseen, but not unknown,  
 Has a guardian ever nigh,

Do your riches overflow ?  
 Turn their stream to human woe !  
 Emulate that glorious river,  
 Type of every Good the Giver !<sup>96</sup>

---

One who does benignly shed  
 Boundless blessings on his head,  
 Blessings that should all his days  
 Turn his humble prayers to praise !

Grandeur, in the skies that glow—  
 Beauty, in the flowers that blow—  
 Brightness, in the morning beams—  
 Music, in the woods and streams—  
 Plenty, in the golden ear—  
 And, throughout the varied year,  
 Hearing, motion, sense, and sight,  
 Air to breathe, and day and night  
 For labour, pastime, sweet repose  
 The sovereign balm for many woes !  
 Are his—and, richer than the ore  
 That sparkles on Golconda's shore,  
 Eternal Truth, to soar away  
 To regions of celestial day !  
 As they on Alpine heights who dwell  
 Feel not their mysterious spell,  
 Know not their altitude, nor see  
 Their grandeur, beauty, majesty ;  
 Man, to whom the heavens unroll  
 Their bright prophetic wondrous scroll,  
 And with a paradise in view  
 That seers foretold, but never knew,  
 Still blindly creeps, when he might climb  
 Yon Cross-crown'd mountain's brow sublime !  
 Say not in this transient scene  
 Rays of light and spots of green



Blessing, by its rich redundance,  
Barren deserts with abundance !

*The Scene closes.*

SCENE the Last.—*Windsor Forest.*

Enter *Democritus in his ancient costume,*  
*and Puck.*

*Democritus.*

A GAIN in this embowering wood  
We taste the sweets of solitude !  
Courteous Spirit ! thanks to thee  
For thy gaiety and glee !  
For thy sympathetic art  
When sorrow play'd the scenic part,

---

Do not sometimes intervene !  
When evening drops her dusky veil  
Sweetest sings the nightingale,  
And when moonless is the night  
The stars shine more intensely bright,  
And when sorrow deepens round  
Inward light does most abound."

*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>97</sup> Humility is not humiliation—the one descends from greatness, the other crouches to it—the one is the attribute of kings, the other the penalty of slaves !

“ Who were below him  
He used as creatures of another place ;  
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,  
Making them proud of his humility,  
In their poor praise he humbled.” . .

And when rose the vision higher,  
 Thanks for thy ethereal fire !  
 Better pleased was never visitor  
 Than I, who had the rare good luck  
 (Mr. Motley the Inquisitor !)  
 To find a *Pylades* in Puck.  
 Farewell, fantastic sprite ! farewell  
 Robin with the Protean spell !  
 Merry mischief ! moonlight spark !  
 Doors unlocking in the dark !  
 O, could thy enchanted KEY  
 Hearts but open ! men would see  
 Selfish bosoms, lock'd before,  
 All their hidden springs outpour !  
 Had thy voice this powerful charm  
 To humble pride,<sup>97</sup> revenge<sup>98</sup> disarm,

---

<sup>98</sup> " Kneel not to me :  
 The power that I have on you is to spare you ;  
 The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,  
 And deal with *others* better." . . . *Shakespeare.*

To \* \* \* .

Let the *Grave* be neutral ground,  
 Anger yield to grief profound ;  
 Bending o'er this honour'd bier  
 Peace be with us, pardon, here !

While our tears together blend,  
 I, the *Father!* thou, the *Friend!*  
 Let the Spirit, in her flight,  
 Reconcile us, reunite !

I forgive thee all thy wrong,  
 Deeply felt and suffer'd long !

To kindle in mankind the flame  
 Of virtue,<sup>99</sup> friendship,<sup>1</sup> honest fame,  
 To plant amid the barren, frozen

---

In the sorrow Heaven hath sent,  
 Broken-hearted, I relent.—*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>99</sup> To be virtuous the desire  
 Is a spark of virtue's fire ;  
 Fan the flame, 'twill soon burn higher!—*Ibid.*

<sup>1</sup> Friendship never flourishes in greater vigour than in the groves of Parnassus and by the streams of Helicon. What shed a divine halo round the old age of Cicero, and gave him a Pisgah-view of immortality? Friendship! Rightly he judged that the soul susceptible of so high a sentiment shall never die! How endearing is Spenser's designation of "Gentle Willie" (and "Gentle Willie" was one of the sorrowing band of poetical brothers who threw garlands into Spenser's grave!), Ben Jonson's inscription on "Fancy's Child," and Milton's "melodious tear" over Lycidas! The friendship of Beaumont and Fletcher, ("the Dioscuri of our Zodiac!") as recorded by Aubrey, is a touching romance. The same home, the same purse sufficed for them—Would that in the tomb they had not been divided! Right cordial was the friendship between Addison and Steele, until vulgar politics marred it, though, happily, but for a season; and sorrow never broke forth in more majestic strains than in Tickell's sublime elegy upon the author of the Spectator. What mournful tenderness breathes in every line of that eloquent address in which Pope recalls to Lord Oxford the mutual happiness they enjoyed in the society of their "once-loved Parnell!"—"There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue," is the testimony of the dying bard after he had taken the last sacraments.

One green spot select and chosen  
Where, for, alas ! they roofless roam,  
The Charities<sup>2</sup> might find a home !

“ I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,  
And weep the more, because I weep in vain,”

is the funeral song of Gray at the early tomb of West. Listen to that colossal and immortal mind who gave “ ar-  
dour to virtue and constancy to truth ! ”

“ Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,  
The noble mind's delight and pride,  
To men and angels only given,  
To all the lower world denied.”

Behold the dying sage ! See how the mingled tears of Burke and Reynolds tell their affection and their sorrow ! Supremely happy was the author of the “ Seasons ” in the friendship of Lord Lyttelton, and honest, manly James Quin ! The latter proved himself “ no actor ” when his voice faltered with emotion as he spoke the lines that pathetically recalled the merits and the memory of his friend ! Friendship is a blessing that heaven has placed within our reach to enhance our joys and to mitigate our sorrows ; a green spot hedged in from the wild waste of worldly cares. . . .

“ Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,  
Or hoary hair I never will repine :  
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,  
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,  
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame, is mine.”  
*Uncle Timothy.*

<sup>2</sup> Miss Sellon the Superior of “ *The Sisters of Mercy* ” at Devonport being summoned in February, 1849, to answer before the Lord Bishop of Exeter for the high crime and misdemeanor of being acquainted with *Doctor Pusey*, of having permitted herself to be styled the “ *Lady Superior*,”

To-morrow's sun, in sooth to say,  
 Would shine upon the happiest day  
 Since that bright morn which saw him rise

---

and of causing a *Cross* and *Flowers* to be occasionally placed on a Communion-Table set up in the private Chapel or Oratory of the Sisterhood, defended herself with great dignity, to the confusion, if not shame, of her accusers. "Lying and slandering" recoiled before the holy serenity, the irresistible truth, the touching grandeur of her APOLOGY! and the Bishop, despising the anathema maranatha of the miserable malcontents, pronounced upon the Sisterhood his well-deserved and eloquent eulogium.

Mercy's gentle sisterhood!  
 Guardian angels! spirits good!  
 Forbear not, faint not, be not turn'd  
 From your high bent, tho' slander'd, spurn'd,  
 Taunted by evil tongues! Fulfil,  
 In faith and hope, your Father's will,  
 Be Mercy's heavenly Sisters still!—*Uncle Timothy.*

3 "Life's a series of *Farewells*,  
 Each its mournful history tells,  
 Every page of which appears  
 Blotted and bedew'd with tears!

So sang *Uncle Timothy* in the extremity of his sorrow.

"Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear;  
 A sigh the *absent* claims, the *dead* a tear."

But heaven had *one* happy day in store for him, and he has thus gratefully recorded it.

#### THE STRANGER.

From his far-distant home he came  
 To bless once more our longing eyes,  
 In duty, tenderness, the same  
 But in life's sad experience wise.

On Eden's blissful Paradise!

*Puck.* Ere part Philosopher<sup>3</sup> and Fay  
With pensive thoughts for many a day!

---

From youth to manhood he had grown,  
And in his dark, expressive face  
The soul of honour brightly shone,  
And high desert and mental grace.

Though early care was pictured there,  
And many a peril, many a pain,  
His image true we quickly knew,  
And press'd him to our hearts again!

And holy tears of gratitude  
Upon his beating bosom shed  
That the Great Giver of all Good  
Had kept from harm his honour'd head.

With voice how tremulous and low  
He falter'd "*Father!*" "*Mother!*" We  
Response found none, not even "*Son!*"  
But gazed with silent ecstasy!

Then came sweet discourse to our aid;  
The well-known smile, to memory dear!  
Upon his pensive features play'd,  
The smile that glisten'd through a tear.

Calm was the day of welcome's close,  
The weary Stranger wanted rest,  
Again his head in sweet repose  
His happy boyhood's pillow press'd!

And never to the Throne of Light  
A hymn did love parental raise



(The sweetest music sadness brings  
 When we no longer hear the strings,  
 And happiest hours,<sup>4</sup> alas! we find  
 Will leave some fond regrets behind!)  
     Come and see! Come and see!  
 The evening star our lamp shall be,  
 As it leads along in light

Of purer joy than rose this night  
 In our united Song of Praise.

O! if before the God of Day  
 Again the heavens had glorified  
 ONE Spirit could have pass'd away,  
 What bliss celestial to have died!

<sup>4</sup> Mrs. Montague remarks "that the days of human life that are passed without sorrow and without sin are neither to be lamented when passing, nor regretted when passed." Still regrets will linger!

    " For it so falls out,  
 That what we have we prize not to the worth  
 Whiles we enjoy it; but, being lack'd and lost,  
 Why then we rack the value."

<sup>5</sup> What a book of sermons might be written upon texts from Shakespeare! With him knowledge is intuitive; he is not taught, but inspired. While he anatomises every passion and every motive, he is familiar with every flower and with every star. From "the poor beetle that we tread upon," to its omnipotent Creator, nothing escapes his comprehensive humanity and devout reverence. He stoops to the stricken deer and soars to principalities and powers, deducing from each some practical truth, some sublime moral for all intelligences and for all time. He has described the "quality of mercy" in terms to which there

The choral host of heaven to-night,  
The sparkling grot, the glittering throne,  
The QUEEN and COURT of OBERON!  
Haste we to the forest dingle  
And in fairy worship mingle  
At sweet SHAKESPEARE'S<sup>5</sup> sylvan shrine,  
By good sprites

---

is no human parallel for verisimilitude and beauty, and concentrated the attributes of the Saviour in words fewer and more expressive than ever spake holy seer or sage! Even deformity, "ugly and venomous," has its uses. The toad's fabled jewel is a lesson from the stars! We wonder at his various learning and at its minute, sagacious, and universal application. What sibyl opened to him the secrets of the human heart, the hidden springs of human action; revealed the mysterious sympathies that link in one sensitive chain the physical and the intellectual nature; endued him with a prophet's spirit, and touched him with a poet's fire? By what rare combination of spiritualities was formed this mighty magician? Ere he lighted upon our orb a few brilliant stars barely redeemed from Cimmerian darkness the literature of his country; but when the sun of Shakespeare rose above the horizon in its wisdom, charity, tenderness and devotion, a blaze of glory broke forth that shone as the perfect day, that still shines, and that shall shine for ever! Grown wiser, better, and happier from his works, we recognise, in the vastness of his genius, the celestial Giver, and acknowledge, with gratitude, the inestimable gift. Of the Eternal nothing is independent. Genius is but an emanation from the Divine Mind benignantly vouchsafed to man, and for the proper use of which he is deeply and awfully responsible. At that retributive tribunal before which the loftiest and the lowliest intellect must one day appear, even the glo-

On moonlight nights  
 Raised to their HIGH-PRIEST divine!

rious efforts of Shakespeare's genius may be found to have fallen short of the divine requirement. From this high argument we retreat with humility. Shakespeare has written enough for the instruction of mankind, and if mankind remain unimproved, it is not because the master has failed to develop to their full extent his unbounded mental resources, but that the soil in which dropped the immortal seed was thankless and barren! . . . . .

Quod in terris boni operis sui fructum non percepisset. Abi lector, et si publico commodo invigilare gaudes magis quam tuo, hinc sume exemplum.

A gifted school was that contemporary with, and immediately succeeding Shakespeare! The virtuous, the well-beloved, the modest Massinger, by common consent, ranks next to his illustrious exemplar. His majesty and grace, the ingenuity and skilful development of his plots, the variety and truth of his nicely discriminated characters, and the singular energy and poetic beauty of his diction, fully entitle him to that honour. Profound learning, absolute command of language, vigour of conception, analytic skill, and exact and elaborated art, place Ben Jonson one step, and *but* one, below Massinger. Beaumont is chiefly to be noted for his carefully-constructed fable, stateliness of style, critical acumen (which made Ben Jonson defer to his judgment and revision), and perfect knowledge of stage effect. Of the rich ore of his literary partner he possessed a very moderate share. Fletcher deserves all praise for his enchanting tenderness in depicting that passion, the course of which never did run smooth; for the sweetly-pensive tone, the picturesque fancy, that pervade his many beautiful scenes; for the ease, gaiety, and brilliancy of his dialogue, and that quick repartee, that "chase of wit," so delightful to

Nature brings her offerings there,

---

an audience. Middleton, had he written nothing but his tragi-comedy of *The Witch*, would have deserved a niche in the Temple of Fame. Though his hags want the spirituality of the *Weird Sisters*, they are still (more particularly if, as Steevens conjectures, they preceded *Macbeth*) wonderful creations. Yet is he not without an easy, playful wit, a characteristic and cordial humour, an urbanity very charming; merits which those who have read *More Dissemblers beside Women*, and *A mad World my Masters*, will readily allow him. Decker (that thorn in the tough side of "rare Ben!") who was associated with Massinger, Middleton, Webster, Ford, and Rowley, may safely rest his fame upon *Old Fortunatus* and *Honest Whore*, dramas displaying considerable ability as to character, plot, and language; and who that has read his *Satiro-mastix*, in which, under the title of *Young Horace* he cries quittance with *Crispinus*, will deny him extraordinary powers of wit and sarcasm? disfigured though they be by coarseness and ribaldry. Marston exhibited great knowledge of life, and skill in drawing character, particularly in *The Insatiate Countess* and *The Malcontent*; in the latter (which Langbaine calls "an honest general satire"), he is sententious and sarcastic, stern and uncompromising. From him vice and folly receive no quarter. Heywood (who in fecundity may compare with Lopez de Vega) has a touching simplicity, a gentle pathos, of which *A Woman killed with Kindness* is an excellent example. Old George Chapman, turgid and tedious as he occasionally is, has left two noble specimens of his dramatic muse, in *Bussy D'Ambois*; and the moody and melancholy Ford, to whom horror was a familiar and a welcome guest, struck the chords of desolation and despair with a master's hand! Unearthly legends, cloistered solitudes, ancient ruins, funeral bells, and

Garlands ever fresh and fair !<sup>6</sup>  
Spring, the primrose bright with dew ;

---

chapel-houses, were the subjects upon which his congenial fancy loved to dwell. In this, and in the solemn and majestic march of his metre, he bears a striking resemblance to Webster ; and it is difficult to decide which of these two kindred spirits laboured most successfully in their eloquent art.

*Vittoria Corombona* and *The Duchess of Malfi* are the masterpieces of Webster. In them pity and terror reign supreme ; though *Appius and Virginia* will find many admirers, for the simplicity, pathos, and tranquil beauty, which constitute its peculiar charm.

If we search the ancient drama, we shall hardly find a more consistent, a more powerfully-drawn character than *Vittoria Corombona*. In that scene where she is arraigned for the murder of her husband, she casts about her electrical fire with the terrific energy of a sibyl. Bold, from the consciousness of her surpassing beauty and ready wit, she stands self-relying and intrepid in the presence of her accusers, and when hunted down by evidence the most conclusive, she assumes the robe of innocence, and aspires to the crown of martyrdom ! Her death is the triumphant extinction of a haughty, fierce, and ardent spirit.

The muse that dictated *Vittoria Corombona* comes forth in *The Duchess of Malfi* inspired with a sterner woe, and breathing a deeper horror. On the very threshold of the story we stand spell-bound ! The first thing that we admire in this wonderful tragedy is the judicious construction and completeness of the plot. Though incident follows incident with startling rapidity, nothing is precipitated. The mysterious march of events pursues its undeviating course. It halts not to hold idle parley with hope, or hollow truce with despair. Innocence has no power over



Summer, flowers of every hue ;  
Autumn, fruits ; and winter, holly—

---

fate to avert its inevitable doom. Endurance reaches its limit. Not one pang more can it bear. Death, whose solemn tread and sable shadow have long been heard and seen in the distance, comes to the relief of too-severely tried humanity, and the tortured spirit finds its rest at last.

Well does Mr. Gifford (speaking of these times) say, "In poetry, painting, architecture, they have not since been equalled ; in theology and moral philosophy, they are not even now surpassed : and it ill becomes us, who live in an age which can scarcely produce a Bartholomew-fair farce, to arraign the taste of a period which produced a cluster of writers, of whom the meanest would now be esteemed a prodigy."—*Uncle Timothy*.

<sup>6</sup> The Romans decorated the monuments of their friends with garlands of flowers. The Persians adopted this custom from the Medes, and the Greeks from the Persians ; and Pythagoras introduced it into Italy. The tomb of Achilles was decorated with amaranth, the urn of Philopœmen with chaplets, the grave of Sophocles with roses and ivy, and ivy and flowerets were planted near that of Anacreon. Virgil adorns the body of Pallas with leaves of arbutus and other funeral evergreens. In modern Greece the Turks plant over graves the myrtle, and the amarillis lutea. In Persia the basil is used ; and in Tripoli the tombs are garlanded with roses and festoons of Arabian jessamine, and flowers of orange and myrtle. In England this delicate and beautiful rite has prevailed from very early times. Shirley has an allusion to it in his tragedy of the Traytor ; Milton, in *Samson Agonistes* and *Lycidas* ; Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Maid's Tragedy* ; and Shakespeare in *Hamlet*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *Cymbeline*. . . . .

Smollett, in his imitation of Tibullus ; Chatterton, in

Honest mirth, sweet melancholy,  
Pilgrims at his shrine appear,  
And pity drops her holiest tear!

There no mortal steps intrude,  
Sacred is the solitude!  
Naught impure can entrance find,  
All reflects his heavenly mind!  
Oft on summer nights serene  
Is his gentle Spirit seen  
Hovering round the fairy dell  
Where his fancy loved to dwell!

Haste, and on his altar now  
Cast thy wreath, then pay thy vow.

Breezy mountains, crystal fountains,  
And of paradise the flowers,  
Frolic fancies, songs and dances,  
In this fairy land are ours!

Spirits brighter, footsteps lighter,  
Tresses of more sparkling gold,  
Livelier graces, lovelier faces,  
Never yet did eyes behold!

---

his dirge of "O sing unto my roundelay;" Gray, in the omitted stanza of his *Elegy*, and Collins, in the dirge sung over the grave of Fidele, also allude to this heavenly practice. . . . .



Not thy own celestial sphere  
 Breathes sweeter music—Hark ! I hear  
 My tuneful Summons to appear !  
 While beneath the moon's expanse  
 Nature sinks in solemn trance,  
 And the chantress of the night  
 Fills the groves with sad delight !  
 While blest spirits from above <sup>7</sup>  
 Guard from peril those they love,  
 Whether on the land or deep  
 They in darkness watch or sleep,  
 We, upon the wings of wind,  
 Leave *this* weary world <sup>8</sup> behind.

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>7</sup> Plutarch (in enthusiasm a Platonist and in benevolence a Pythagorean!) believed that the genius of Socrates still warned him of approaching danger, and taught him to avoid it.

<sup>8</sup> “ ’Tis an excellent world that we live in,  
 To lend, and to spend, or to give in;  
 But to borrow or beg, or get a man's own,  
 ’Tis the very worst world that ever was known.”







**THE STRANGER-GUEST.**







## THE STRANGER-GUEST.<sup>1</sup>

**I**T was a sunny Sabbath morn, the  
spring-time of the year,  
The earth look'd green and beautiful,  
the sky look'd bright and clear,  
And softly blew the freshening breeze and sweetly  
rose the lay  
Of feather'd woodland choristers blithe as the new-  
born day!

---

1 To \* \* \*

Ere upon thy pillow thou  
Shalt to-night compose thy brow  
And to guardian saints commend  
Parent, brother, sister, friend,  
Let, once more, a lyre be heard  
That of old thy bosom stirr'd.

Greet the Minstrel while thou may'st,  
For he passeth on in haste,  
Soon a higher, happier sphere  
Will his solemn harpings hear!

The village bells for matins rang, their soothing,  
solemn sound  
In every heart a glad response, a joyful echo found,  
Their music in the olden time had summon'd sire  
and son  
While here they ran their earthly race—and when  
that race was run!

It was a pleasant sight to see how met, with one  
accord,  
The old and young, the rich and poor, in peace, to  
praise the Lord,  
And how content and cheerfulness and serious  
thought did seem  
In every grateful heart to glow, in every eye to beam!

Among the Christian Worshippers who pray'd to  
be forgiven,  
To do their Father's will on earth and see his face  
in heaven,  
Was one, a lonely wayfarer from some far-distant  
land,  
Whom time, stern monitor! had touch'd, but with  
a tender hand.

Deep thought in mournful majesty sat on his lofty  
brow,  
His cheek, if it had once been fair, was dark and  
sunburnt now,  
His stately form with tremor shook, his eyes were  
dim with tears,



Yet flash'd the intellectual fire of past and happier  
years !

But as he humbly bow'd his head and bent his knees  
in prayer,  
How vanish'd from his sight the world with all its  
withering care !  
And when on wings of harmony hosannas rose  
sublime,  
He seem'd into eternity to have escaped from time !

The blessing by their Pastor given, the villagers  
retire,  
Age leans upon the arm of youth, the son supports  
the sire,  
Pensive along the churchyard-way their homeward  
path they keep,  
The path that once their fathers trod—where now  
their fathers sleep !

The knell of death toll'd heavily upon the startled  
ear,  
Another sheep has left the fold to sweetly slumber  
here !  
The god of day a parting ray upon the coffin threw,  
And loud the lark a carol sang as up to heaven he  
flew !

But who is he with calm clear eye, and placid brow,  
and cheek

Just putting forth its tender bloom? In him does  
sorrow speak  
With mute, expressive eloquence! His gaze is on  
the ground  
While they with turf so fresh and green build up  
the rising mound.

“For whom flow fast those holy tears? for father  
weeps a son?  
The God of Truth shall guide thy youth, and let  
His will be done!”  
The Stranger said, and as he spake, and strove to  
speak again,  
A sudden, momentary pang shot through his heart  
and brain!

“For one whose grief,” the youth replied, “a secret,  
silent woe,  
Nor respite gave him nor relief until it laid him  
low—  
Thou lookest like a comforter!”—the way he slowly  
led,  
And left to its dark loneliness and deep repose the  
dead!



A MOURNER sat in solitude.—The battle and  
the storm  
Of life, alas! had all but wreck'd that once fair face  
and form,  
Yet shone there what time could not touch, what  
grief could not efface,  
A mind serenely beautiful, a meek and lowly grace.  
When in the darken'd chamber's gloom the vision  
met her view  
Of one who many, many years had been a mourner  
too!  
The youth to her inquiring look his sweet reply  
address'd,  
And soon their melancholy hearth received the  
STRANGER-GUEST.

With faltering tongue she, trembling, spake, with  
broken voice and low,  
And lifted up her hands in prayer and bow'd her  
head in woe!  
“The bitter cup, like Marah's fount, my Father gave  
may I,  
With patience and humility, devoutly drink—and  
die!

The grave my early, only love has hidden from my  
sight,  
O, could I but as soundly sleep as he now sleeps,  
to-night!

THE silent day of parting came—we none could  
bid farewell !  
For sad forebodings, like a cloud, upon our spirits  
fell—  
My son went forth, and with him went to Afric's  
burning shore  
This prayer, that once in secret breathed, was ne'er  
forgotten more.

' The solitary Bark that rolls along the pathless deep  
With her freight of human souls may guardian  
angels keep !  
And speed the heavenly messenger, ye spirits blest !  
benign !  
Who, by the light of Bethlehem's Star, pursues his  
course divine.'

Long, moonless nights of grim repose succeeded  
storms by day,  
And lightnings, for the stars were not ! illumed the  
watery way,  
But mountain-wave and hurricane that head shall  
never harm  
On whom the Lord Omnipotent has spread his  
heavenly charm !

On one fair morn the land appear'd ; the orient orb  
of day  
Made lustrous with his sheeny light the mountains  
and the bay,

Parch'd nature panted for the breeze, man scarcely  
could respire,  
The sparkling waters roll'd along in floods of liquid  
fire !

The arid hills and yellow sands their swarthy tribes  
display'd,  
Whose savage shouts and glittering spears distrust,  
alarm betray'd,  
But soon they met, in fellowship, the mission o'er  
the wave  
That never came to conquer worlds on *this* dark  
side the grave !

The listening heathen heard with awe the gracious  
message sent,  
And on its young expositor his eye, in wonder,  
bent,  
He saw, by faith, to fallen man his paradise restored,  
He bound the Gospel to his heart, and trembled  
and adored !

Dethroned and trodden in the dust were all his idols  
grim,  
And for the cry of war arose the morn and evening  
hymn !  
He drank of the Redeemer's Cup and brake His  
bread divine,  
And shared in the immortal hope that warms your  
hearts and mine.

And if thou, after years of care, anxiety and toil,  
To mingle with thy kindred dust, should'st seek  
thy native soil,  
Tho' this loved roof, yon village spire may sad re-  
membrance wake,  
No sigh will heave for blighted hearts once left  
behind to break !”

She paused—a deep convulsive sob was all the  
youth's reply—  
And then upon the Stranger fix'd her dark and  
searching eye ;  
Their glances met—o'er memory pass'd a dim  
mysterious light—  
A shadowy dream—again it pass'd across her ach-  
ing sight—

“ Speak ! speak !” she cried, but ere he spake, be-  
hold the brightening beam  
Flash'd into full reality ! no longer 'twas a dream !  
“ Rejoice ! rejoice ! our prayer is heard ! my lost !  
my only one !  
Sing to the Lord Omnipotent !—Great God ! My  
Son ! My Son !







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