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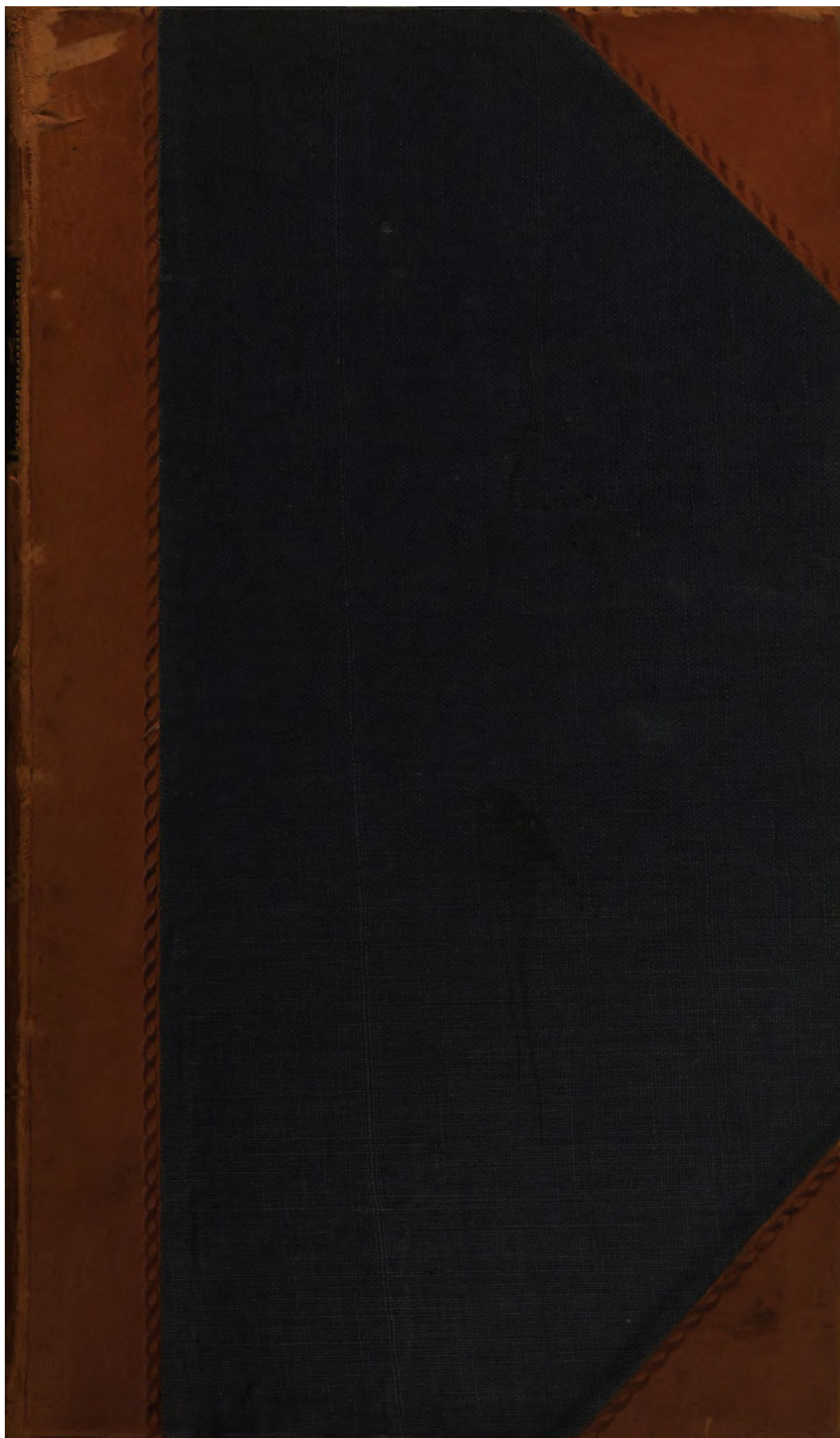
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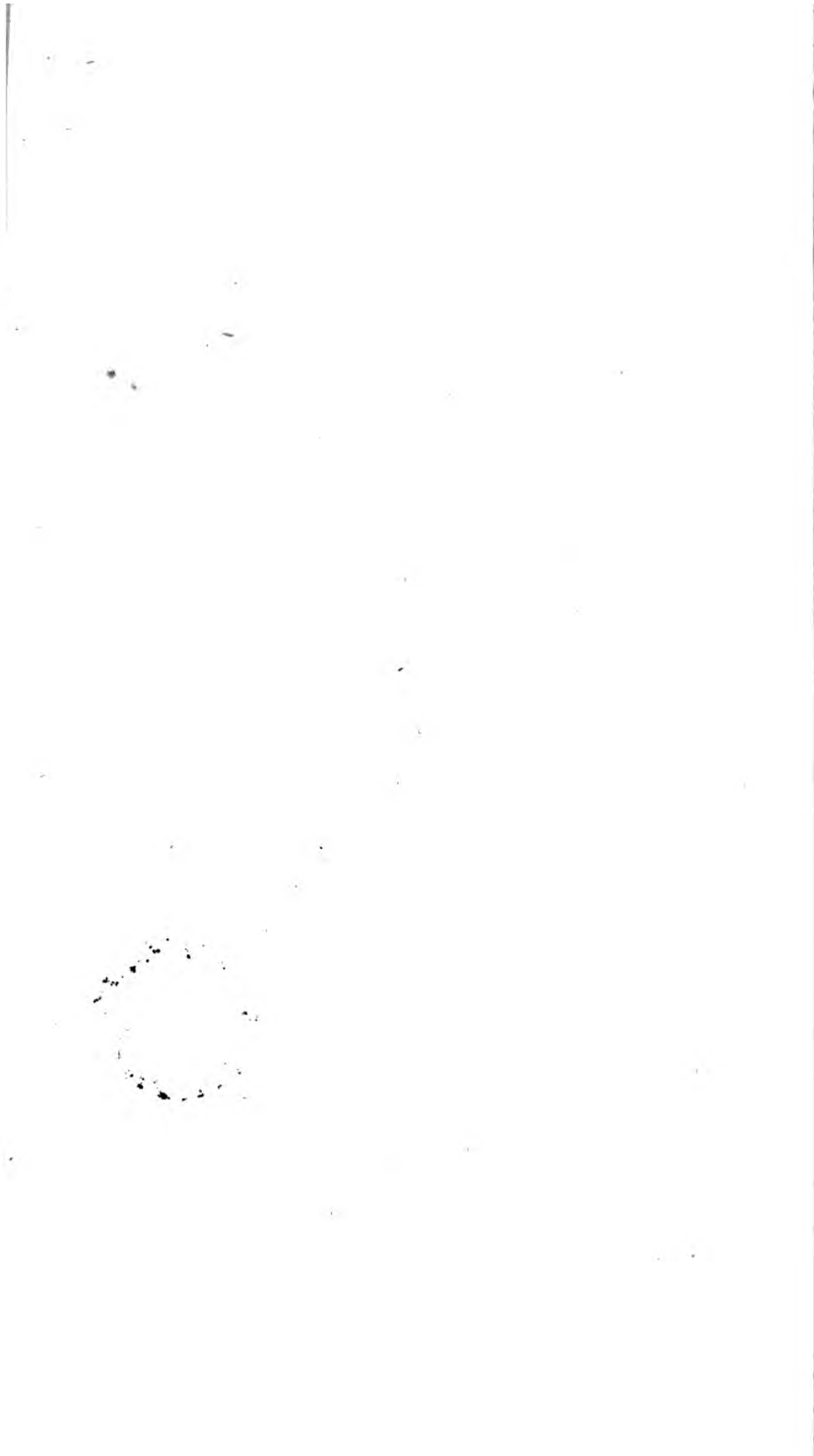


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39.

939.



THE
LADY AND THE SAINTS.

In Three Cantos.



With Ten Vignettes,

DESIGNED BY R. CRUIKSHANK.



LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, 19, HOLLES STREET.

1839.

939.

E. RICHARDS, PRINTER, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

ERRATA.

CANTO I. P. 19, line 317, for 'and then...' read *the here*. and remove parenthesis from 'she' to end of line.

P. 24, line 406, for 'Sot' read *Beau*.

CANTO II. P. 60, line 8, for 'than' read *but*.

— 61, — 36, after 'dark' insert *semicolon*.

— *ib.* — 37, after 'eyes' insert *space*.

— *ib.* — 38, dele comma after 'Rose'

— 68, — 179, for 'Da'lah' read *De'lah*.

— 81, — 443, for 'spirits' read *spirit*.

— 88, — 574, after 'save' add —

— 96, — 735, for 'nob' read *loch*.

— 103, — 884, for 'loose' read *low*.

CANTO III. 182, — 1037, insert *and* before 'where'.

E. RICHARDS, PRINTER, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

ERRATA.

CANTO I. P. 19, line 317, for 'and then,' read *she here*, and supply parenthesis from 'she' to end of 318.

P. 24, line 406, for 'Sot' read *Beau*.

CANTO II. P. 60, line 8, for 'than' read *but*.

— 61, — 36, after 'dark' insert semicolon ;

— *ib.* — 37, after 'eyes' insert colon ;

— *ib.* — 38, dele comma after 'Rose'

— 68, — 179, for 'Dalilah' read *Delilah*.

— 81, — 443, for 'spirits' read *spirit*.

— 88, — 574, after 'save' add —

— 96, — 735, for 'nob' read *knob*.

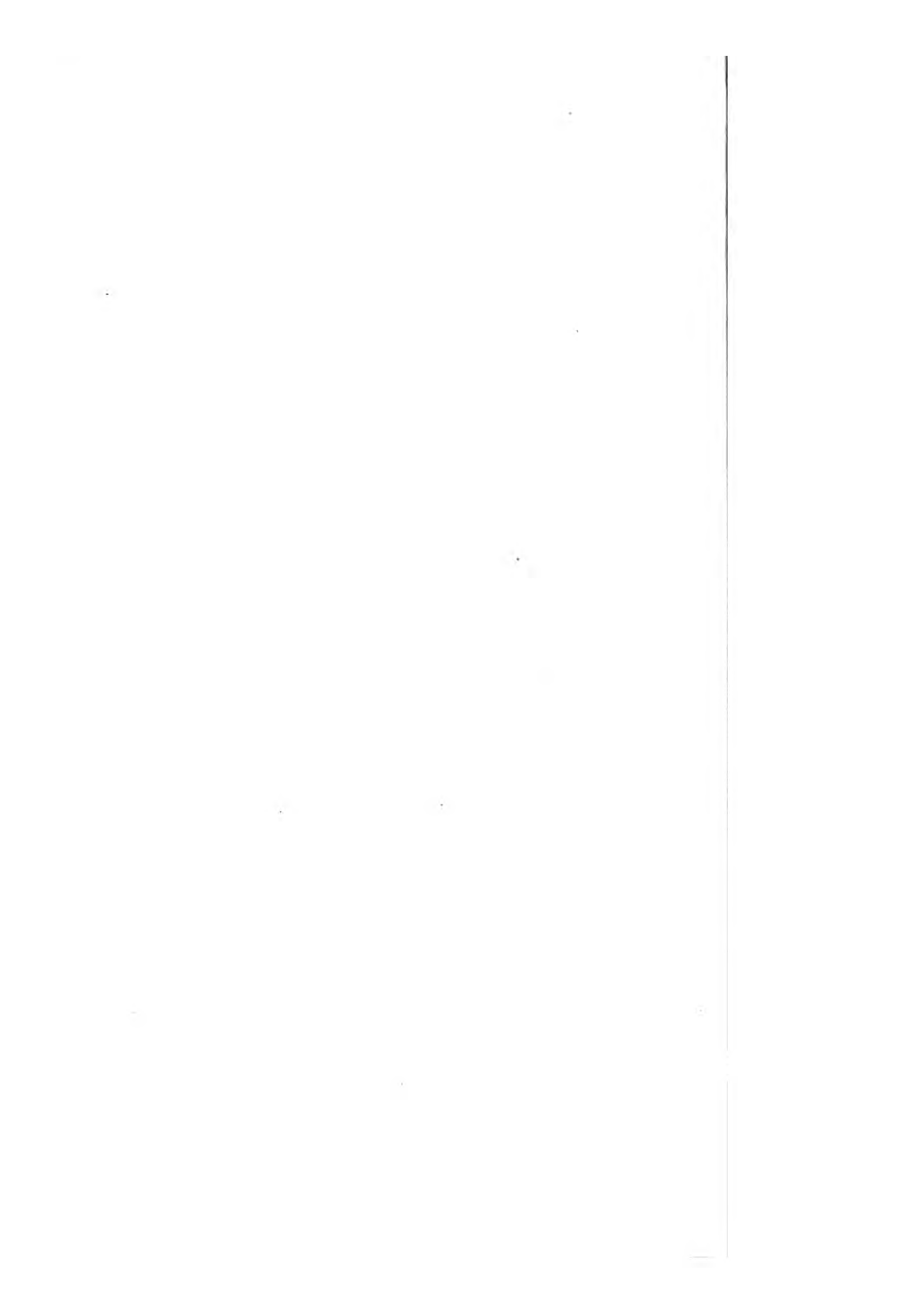
— 103, — 884, for 'loose' read *lose*.

CANTO III. 182, — 1037, insert *and* before 'ushered.'



THE LADY AND THE SAINTS.

Audita, ————— Carmina non priùs
CANT O!
HORACE.



THE LADY AND THE SAINTS.

CANTO I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Lady's Faith ; the Saint's Epistle,
Which makes her wonder, and John whistle.
A spiritual bill of fare ; and divers
Discourses, both in low and high verse.
The Dame begins a match with fate,
While John is running for the plate ;
And leaving Dame and dainties dressing,
The Chapter ends without a blessing.

THE LADY AND THE SAINTS.



CANTO I.

IN times since those of my grandmother,
When men believe this, that, and t'other;
And women too, I fear the fact is,
Are, as appears by this my story,
Not only loose in faith but practice,
Less seldom seen in grace than glory;

A DAME there lived, whose Creed was various,
Precarious,

Or multifarious ;

By turns a Methodist, and Independent, 10

Hovering between a Baptist and a Quaker,

A Jumper now, then Shaker ;

In fine, in every mood to take her

There'd be no end on't ;

So, for the rest, good reader, fetch

Me *Evans's Sketch*.

Full oft in holy meeting would she kneel,

And pious transports feel,

Of inspirations loudly make a pother ;

See Saints departed pass before her eyes, 20

When she was hardly wise

Enough to tell one spirit from another,

And sometimes swear she saw a heavenly vision,

When too far gone to see aught earthly with precision.

Anon, if pussy did her elbow jostle,

She'd think it an Apostle ;

And when by night an owl was heard to flutter,
 She'd vow it was an Angel at the shutter.

Deep in the Scripture was she read,
 Apocrypha and all ;

30

Could say by heart, in spite of head,
 Th' Epistles of St. Paul ;

Would, in her cups, each syllable rehearse,
 Chapter and verse ;

[bawl !

And then for Psalmody, would you had heard her

One morning, she was plying all her tackle
 Of piety at WHITFIELD'S TABERNACLE,
 When strange to see !

A letter dropped upon her knee

Post free.

40

She round her gazed

With anxious eyes the bearer seeking,

As much amazed

[speaking,

As Irvingites, accustomed unknown tongues to

Are, when their preachers leaving language dense,

Talk common sense.

Ready to choke,
 The seal she broke,
 And read the glad contents ;
 Which here are given verbatim
 Et literatim :—

50

THE LETTER,

Addressed with usual compliments.

paul of worship street in heaven and county of the
 same,
 and gabriel the angel having heard of your great
 fame,
 and eagerly desiring your grub and swipes to taste,
 will thank you your best Mutton this very night
 to baste,
 for descending from their spheres to your noble
 mansion straight,
 they will do themselves the honour to sup with you
 at 8.

Blest note, she cried, and from my favourite PAUL,
How kind, how civil, too, withal
To ease my mind, long sorely troubled, 60
And Lord! how neat the letter's doubled,
While in the main, for splendid style and writing,
It beats cock-fighting.

I verily may say

This is, to me, a great, a holy day.

She hastened home, and to her room
Summoned man JOHN,—her butler, groom,
Footman, and all was he;
And, in a tone of exstacy,
The recompense of virtue see! 70

She said;

And, with a throbbing heart, and swelling throat,
Gave him the note,

While her whole man with exultation bristled.

John read,

And whistled.

Why, John! you treat the subject oddly,

Ah! prythee cease that note ungodly;

And rather lowly bend your limbs,
 And join in one of *Watts's* hymns, 80
 Or, which superior is, and sweeter,
 Of *Sternhold's* Psalms in godly metre;
 And then I briefly will expound
 This new EPISTLE all profound,
 As 'tis of Paul's, chuckful of learning,
 By dint of spiritual discerning.

The ditty sung; a dram she took,
 And thus began: We must not look
 Upon this note as human breath,
 But with the spectacles of Faith; 90
 OF WORSHIP STREET,—these words point out
 Th' Apostle's residence devout;
 And that above are mountains, valleys,
 Streets, squares, lanes, crescents, courts, and alleys;
 A holy Swedenborgian truth
 Which I, when cutting my first tooth,
 In with my mother's milk did swig,
 And will hold till I hop the twig.

His street's so christened to denote
That prayer's the favourite of his throat; 100

Here wind from her's gave John a hint
To hand its favourite peppermint,—
IN HEAVEN,—this little comment needs,
It shews us where true worship leads.

AND COUNTY OF THE SAME ;—oh bounty !

Heaven's not a borough, but a county ;

Displaying, which no doubt is meant,

Its vast and infinite extent ;

And though by Scriptural decisions

'Tis proved the county has divisions ; 110

And eke diversity of graces,

Or, if you will, of polling-places,

Like those in our Reform Act, yet

No Boundary Bill can limit it.

AND GABRIEL THE ANGEL ;—mark,

How well he sinks his title ARCH,

In lingo just as short and quaint

As Paul his dignity of Saint ;

As if a thunder-bolt they hurled
 Bang at the follies of this world ; 120
 Which, stuffed with pride, your great ones sport
 In steeple houses and at court,
 With swelling vanities which never end,
 Most noble, right, or very reverend ;
 Tho' we are taught by *Fox* and *Penn*,
 T' address them just like other men.

The following clause, though quite in season,
 I must pass o'er for modest reason,
 Lest vanity too much elate
 My heart. But oh ! the strong word STRAIGHT ! 130
 Their great impatience thus denoting,
 By their velocity of floating
 From realms above : as if to say,
 Nor at the sun or moon we'll stay,
 Nor for refreshment in the Milky Way ;
 Nor yet to feast our wondering eyes,
 On those wild monsters in the skies,
 Which might a mortal heart appal
 Heaven's Gardens Zoological :

No, we will fly, like carrier pigeons, 140
 STRAIGHT to this mistress of religions,
 Anxious to see no other lions ;
 Her holy house surpasseth Zion's.

Next their DESIRE, my words pray mind,
 Is not for food such as we find
 On earth below, but spiritual GRUB,
 AND heavenly SWIPES : now here's the rub.
 Their kind request to BASTE MY MUTTON
 Is not like that of sensual glutton ;
 But ladling much good scriptural unction 150
 On holy souls in spiritual junction.

DESCENDING—note me—FROM THEIR SPHERES,
 Lo what humility appears.

YOUR NOBLE MANSION, truly so,
 Is that where saints and angels go ;
 The veriest hog-sty their sweet presence
 Would act on like imperial essence ;
 And make th' abode of boars and sows
 Become a holy Meeting-house.

The time they name to come to table 160
 Hits hard at hours called fashionable ;
 Saints sup at eight, while many a sinner
 At nine or ten sits down to dinner.

I could for ages, my dear John,
 With these eternal truths run on ;
 But time forbids, so let's prepare
 For our great guests a sumptuous bill of fare.

Quo' John, what think you of the Book of Common
 With sauce of Homilies ? [Prayer,
 Why, madam, how you stare ! 170
 Though carnal dishes you pronounce anomalies ;
 Howe'er to please you I'll essay
 To put my case another way.

For Soup we'll serve JOHN WESLEY'S *Treatise*,
 Which to a saint both drink and meat is ;
 For the next course, I'm thinking that Fish
 Being out of season, except flat fish,
 The LIST will do of (so we'll dish one)
 Subscribers to th' HIBERNIAN MISSION ;

The Roast, next dish by ancient charters, 180
 Shall be old FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS ;
 Of this we'll give 'em quantum stuff,
 And like his heroes done enough ;
 As for a Boil, to save all trouble,
 Any of WHITFIELD'S works will bubble ;
 That solid book, which Papists tarnish
 With their own vain and human varnish,
 Will serve for Pudding, without sauce or garnish ;
 Not as you served the note, which, tho' meant
 To be dished plain, you drowned in comment. 190
 The choicest TRACTS OF THE SOCIETY
 Shall be set out as—trifles : PIETY
 (HUGH BOURNE'S) for pastry ; I can look
 Out scores of copies of that book.
 For syllabubs, some prelate's charges,
 Where substance little, and froth large is.
 Then as for Game, which none like tough,
 WILL BROWN, the POACHER'S high enough.
 And to conclude, my last remove
 Appropriate for dessert will prove 200

Theology in modern German,
And M'GHEE's last No-Popery sermon.

Quo' she, these dishes in their place
Perhaps may well the side-board grace ;
But I must have my own way, and shall
Provide them something more substantial ;
For though the letter which elated
Us both, means only what I stated,
Yet thro' humility I know
They'll eat like mortals here below. 210

So here on Sunday-week, John cries,
Our last new preacher, who to th' eyes
Of others nothing eats but air
Or his own words, made *Shiphrah* stare,
By condescending to devour
Beef-steaks for three, and ducks for four.

—Here, *nota bene*, at the Dame's
The maids had all hard Scriptural names.—
Yet, she continued, ignorant quite
What food best suits their appetite, 220

I'll take due care the present treat
Comprises various kinds of meat,
Fish, flesh, and fowl,—my board embellishing
With every dish that's rare and relishing ;
As that text says, which none dare sneeze on,
From Paul—both in and out of season.

So far so good, quo' John ; but still
My mind starts up another ill :

I may be wrong, but it seems meet
That saints should drink as well as eat ;

230

And in that case, we will pursue
The very self-same course as you
Devised for eating,—that's to say,
We'll place in order on the tray
Madeira, port, and claret fine,
And every other sort of wine.

Malt liquor too, she said ; don't fail
To send up Burton and Scotch ale ;
Draught porter, and the same in bottles,
To suit by turns their craving throattles ;

240

Omit not spirits, but have handy
Rum, whiskey, hollands, gin, and brandy ;
And place beside in the saloon
Warm water, sugar, and a spoon ;
That when they've their potations fixed,
They shortly have it pure or mixed.
Quo' John, another thing arises ;
I know not whether my conjecture wise is.
Their worships know I mean no joke ;
But think you, ma'am, our saints will smoke ? 250
For if they do, I will provide
Them pipes, and other things beside,—
Short-cut, pig-tail, and best canaster ;
And to prevent undue disaster
To your new Brussels from the loons,
A handsome couple of spitoons,
Which swaggering swells and drunken doxies
In their low tongue call spitting-boxes,
Or three or four, for you and I
May join our guests. Quo' she, Oh fie, 260

I smoke ! Saints smoke ! surely they'll rack us
For thinking
That they, when drinking,
Use Bacco's fumes along with Bacchus.

John answered, still we'll have them ready ;
But as your liquor's nation heady,
I've been ransacking my poor brain,
On which it never acts in vain,
To think if Saints who live in clover
Can get by tipping half-seas over ?

270

That's a dry question, she replied,
Which logically to decide,
We must consider, first, is't sinful
Of good strong drink to get a skin-full ?
For, if it be, we need pursue
Th' affair no farther ; for 'tis true
As holy writ, that souls sublime
Are far above the reach of crime,
And its concomitant the gallows,
Encircled with their heavenly halos ;

280

And I conceive can hardly mind
The risk of getting in the wind,
(Divested wholly of the body)
By swigging whiskey-punch, or toddy ;
And it would prove a measure futile,
In terms direct, to answer you till
My first's cleared up. Yet I'll just hint,
By way of side-wind glance or squint,
At th' actual point. I can't admit
Potations injure heavenly wit,
Or contributions on it levy
Enough to make the saints top-heavy.
For what is drunkenness?—Th' emotions
Of brains affected by strong potions,
At times to mirth, at others sadness,
Out-doing often actual madness ;
For whether we be low or pompous,
In cups, we're evermore *non compos* :
And as when natural madmen kick
Up rows, we call them lunatic,

290

300

Ruled by the lesser light the moon;
So when the drunk, struck by the noon-
Day greater orb of tippie, run
Their rigs, we say they 're in the sun.
Now I can prove without much pains,
That angels really have no brains;
For they are pure ethereal souls,
Quite destitute of jabbernoles;
And we may certainly in vain box
Our brains for brains, where there's no brain-box ; ³¹⁰
And as for Saints, I doubt if Paul
Himself has any head at all,
Tho' once he had a human corpus
As big, for ought we know, as porpus,
With, who can doubt the fact, a noddle
Of style epistolary the model,
As his notes prove, and then hold-ing her's
Up high, looked big, and snapped her fingers;
And so well lined, we know, that few men,
In fact, possessed so much acumen ;

But with which block h' has cut connection,
 Until the day of resurrection ;
 And 'twixt his adnoun soul and function
 More substantive, there's no conjunction.
 No matter, then, there being in this state
 Of things, (correct me, if I misstate)
 On which th' archconjuror Drink his grog's tricks
 Can play, or shew in drams his dog's tricks,
 The answer I'm about to give
 You may conjecture negative ; 330
 But no such thing. In our potations
 The learned mark minute gradations,
 In rising and descending scale,
 From rich Tokay to pots of ale ;
 From positively going to bed drunk,
 To its superlative of dead drunk ;
 And mesne comparative degree
 Of reaching th' half-way-house at sea ;
 And their preliminary state,
 And motions intermediate, 340

Some ancient as the days of Noë,
Videlicet, as drunk as Chloe,
 Or as an owl—or as (the which
 I blush to name) a fiddler's bitch,
 Or clip King's English, bosky, glorious,
 And other epithets notorious
 To all, and known so well to you
 In theory and practice too,
 That naming them would be a bore
 As great as should we ship a store
 T' Arabia Felix of sweet pastil,
 Or carry small coal to Newcastle.
 But let that pass—'tis truly stated
 That Saints are always elevated,
 Which is in art, as well as nature,
 The first degree in my equator ;
 And tho' their pseudo noddles hold
 No brains like ours, I may make bold
 T'assert they have a subtle fount
 Of something that is tantamount ;

350

360

In other words, for pericraniums
And their contents, have succedaneums,
By fumes made easily more bright,
(As smoke to flame inspires new light)
But not extinguished : hence 'tis plain
That Saints don't always swig in vain,
But may in some respects (there's scope in
This thesis) profit much by toping,
Yet not to that extent outrageous,
Which renders mortal wits umbrageous.

370

I've studied hard this subject crude
To find the proper latitude,
And on my knowledge in the science
You must place absolute reliance,
When after weighing matters soundly,
I plainly do assert, and roundly,
No liquors heavenly eyes can bung,
But Saints may get a little sprung ;
Provided that the swig 's propitious,
And th' action in itself not vicious.

380

Quo' John, who never did the cup shun,
Forgive, I pray, my interruption.
Can that be vicious which exalts
A man above his cares and faults ?
What principle the power evinces
Of making beggars high as princes,
But potent drink ?—which makes a gipsy
Great as a lord when he 's as tipsy,
Pot-valiant culls of arrant cowards,
And misers generous as Howards ; 390
The hen-pecked spouse to brag and boast,
And boil with rage to rule the roast ;
The bashful suitor to unfurl
His passion on the strength of purl ;
And leave off lounging, in extreme
Despair, beside a purling stream,
Where, had he not perchance got mellow, d'ye see,
The consequences had been felo-de-se,
Successfully his suit to push,
Less by the power of love than lush. 400

Can that accomplishment be hell-born,
 Which makes a prig, when cut, a *Melbourne*?
 A blade, a *Hume*; a rattling jarvey,
 A licenser like *Whittle Harvey*;
 A dwarf, a *Russell*; and a stupid
 Old sot in rags, a second *Cupid*;
 A marksman, in high ceremonial,
 First Secretary of the Colonial;
 A muddled Cold Bath Fields debater,
 Amidst his chains, a LIBERATOR, 410
 Become, by measures bold and sinister,
 The master of a prime PRIME MINISTER;
 And, in his ways and means the pecker
 Of flintstones, CHANCELLOR OF TH' EXCHEQUER;
 Some time ago, would not the woosack
 Have proved a mighty dry and dull sack
 But for libations to the jolly
 God, calling forth the Chancellor's folly?
 Grog rules the grove, the deck, the camp,
 The court, the scholar, and the scamp, 420

In fine, on earth it governs all,
 Then why not Gabriel and Paul?
 'Tis true, quo' she, but then the bane
 Of your remarks is,—they're profane;
 And I, a godly soul, of course
 Must take my themes from higher source;
 The subject therefore stands resolved
 To my first point, and here involved
 Are texts abundant, much that speaks
 Against the joys of drunken freaks;
 But, when the tippie is upon tray,
 I can adduce a hundred *contra*,
 And spite of foes to merry cheer,
 With all their logic one thing's clear
 On which I must their memory jog,
 There's no such thing i' th' decalogue,
 Where every arrant vice is chid.
 Thus then I prove 'tis not forbid.
 If not forbid, how can it hurt you?
 Nay, may it not be ev'n a virtue?

430

440

And virtue, well we know the fact, is
 The Saints' and Angels' daily practice.
 And your's and mine too, lowly bending,
 Quo' John, the dissertation ending
 By practically demonstrating
 All she'd been stating,
 And for their mutual satisfaction, [action ;
 To the Dame's empty words suiting the brimful
 His mouth then wiped the pious John
 With his coat sleeve, and thus went on:— 450
 Now to the point; your port and sherry
 May make our guests a little merry;
 As you have proved to me emphatically,
 Indeed, I may say mathematically,
 Especially if faith to teach,
 The saint should treat us with a speech,
 For he holds forth with wondrous powers,
 Like any hustings man of our's;
 And Gabriel, bird of chirping nest,
 May treat us with his very best; 460

So when by wine I find them thrust hard,
 I'll bring in mocha mixed with mustard,
 And bottled soda-water also,
 For which when cut you often bawl so ;
 In bed their curtains we'll not fold by,
 But draw them close for Saints to hold by ;
 And when at morn their worships wake,—
 I cannot say their heads will ache—
 We know that from their evening drops,
 They'll find themselves parched in the chops, 470
 Cold tea I therefore will provide
 And place it by the saints' bedside.

Most excellent, the Dame cried out,
 You well provide for this grand bout.

Come in. *Delilah* entering, cries,
 The veriest object that your eyes
 Were ever cast on, suppliant kneels,
 With five small infants at her heels,
 Upon your steps ; by all the powers
 Protesting they for threescore hours 480

Of food have not a morsel tasted,
Which I believe by her wan wasted
And meagre frame. Here's opportunity,
Quo' John, of covering with impunity
Cart-loads of sins; shall I step down,
And tip the cruisers half-a-crown?

No, squalled the Dame, with zealous fire,
Not half, but give a crown entire;
Not one by human hands that 's made,
A crown, I mean, that cannot fade.

490

Here take these holy dissertations,
The poor man's certain consolations,
The faithful's seal, the sinner's treasure,
O'erflowing in imperial measure,
Which holy writers ever hold
More precious than the purest gold.

This said, she seized, with pitying looks,
A bundle choice of godly books,
Moth-eaten all, and rather rusty;
And wiping them, being somewhat dusty,

500

Desired her almoner in waiting
 To pop the budget through the grating;
 Lest if admitted, she should find
 A herd of live-stock left behind.
 I've seen, she added, many a noddy,
 Neglect the soul to stuff the body;
 But I who know their great disparity,
 Prefer at all times in my charity,
 To Egypt's flesh-pots, heavenly manna.

This said, she sweetly sang *Hosanna*.

510

Returned, quo' John, I took occasion
 To question her of her persuasion;
 When she, not relishing your feed,
 Profanely swore she could not read,
 And wished your trash the flames might kindle,
 And inside moulds to rushlights dwindle;
 And found her *Latitudinarian*
 In principle, tho' *Unitarian*
 By 'r mother's side, with some small twist,
 Or cross of stern *old Methodist*:

520

So kindly giving her direction
To patronize the new connexion,
Wound up by hoping, tit for tat,
She might on your good cheer grow fat.
Ah! had I known her poor mind scant,
Of rudiments quite ignorant,
She should have had, quo' dame, quite cool,
A ticket for the Sunday School,
Both for herself and little group,
Much preferable to one for soup; 530
Which by this maxim I discourage,
That learning beats a peck of porridge.
It seems, however, that the fruit
Of faith in her 's not destitute,
But modern liberal opinions
Have exercised their due dominions,
In spite of prejudice of youth:
And still I frankly own this truth,
If once persuaded there was need
To fix on any certain creed, 540

Of all the lot upon the line
The Unitarian should be mine :
Especially when I reflect
A learned leader of this sect
Has now the custom of a bishop,
And royal arms right over his shop,
By principles of just equality
And ministerial liberality ;
Besides, the tenets suit my fancy,
Believing only what we can see.

550

Quo' John, the doctrine is absurd,
And contrary to written word
And common sense ;—a paltry fiction,
Involving mighty contradiction.
For Faith on vision who relies,
Must first perceive that he has eyes ;
The which, by his own rule, to find
He must another pair behind
Possess, in order to descry
The first discovered peepers by ;

560

And so on *usqu' ad infinitum*.

She, at his Latin, gave a slight hum,
 And cried, You put a false pretence,
 And speak of eyes in carnal sense,
 Whereas to use th' expression right,
 It only means internal light.

Quo' t'other, my position 's firm,
 However you may change the term ;
 For he, who on his mind depends
 For reaching supernatural ends,
 Must (mark the mess you get your hand in)
 First understand he 'has understanding ;
 Or give the phrase still more extension,
 First comprehend he 'has comprehension :
 Which who 'd effect, his wits must cast,
 Like old *George Fox* upon his last,
 And keep them stretching till they suit
 His conscience, like an easy boot.

570

And conscience is, we know, tho' liable
 At first, to qualms, ere long made pliable.

580

I own, quo' she, that the first *Quaker*
 Was a shoe-maker :
 But why in dark allusions, malice made with,
 Are you his spiritual deeds attacking,
 In the same way you 'd brush his works of trade with
Warren's jet blacking ?
 To check your vile vituperation,
 Read *Evans's Persuasive Exhortation*
To Moderation.
 Wherein, quo' John, he gives such liberal samples, 590
 And bright examples
 In more than one denomination ; ['em,
 Teaching that truths are taught to make folks doubt
 And break each other's heads as well as their own
 brains about 'em.
 Still worse, quo' dame, you 're falling foul
 Upon the author of the *Sketch*,
 And slipping from your surly scowl
 At *Quakers*, by a cunning fetch,
 To blink the question which you can't maintain : 600

Own then at once your balderdash is vain,
 And cease to vilify that sect whose banners
 The motto bear of peaceful manners,
 And whom we call our brother cronies,
 Not only for their tenets pure,
 But their bold efforts to abjure
 The load of idle ceremonies.

Peaceful, indeed ! John answering, spoke,
 That's a good joke :

Their pranks pacific you may see
 In history ;

610

And, as to ceremonies, no such thing
 They practised as abolishing,
 Unless you call that so which smothers
 One set of forms to set up others ;
 Some positive in operation,
 And others merely by negation.

Religious rites with them consist
 In points of buckram, tape, and twist ;
 In straight cut-collars, and the whims
 Of measured inches to broad brims :

620 .

In pronouns singular and sad verbs,
And antiquated tribes of adverbs ;
In covered buttons, smooth-starched faces,
And scouting ribbons, frills, and laces ;
Forbidding you to bow your head, or bare it
By doffing beaver to your betters
In rank or letters,
And ordering you peremptorily to wear it ;
As if the etiquette at which they scoff 630
Were not as visible,
(And still more risible,)
In keeping on, as well as pulling off.
No ; 'twas reserved to generations later
Our point to carry,
To change of discipline the nature,
And send old customs to old Harry.
Our first Reformers well we know by
Experience, gave the Liturgy the go by,
And into English took French leave to make it ; 640
But their more nice disciples scorned to take it,

As still too full of that old leaven
Which keeps it's votaries from heaven ;
And to construct another to their taste
Set out post haste ;
Thus they proceed,
New formulas from time to time arranging,
Chopping and changing,
Till some choice spirits of a purer breed
Upon th' whole boiling furious fall,
And cry, no Liturgy at all !
But prayer their humour aptly destines
To come directly from th' intestines,
And bids us wield the pastoral crook,
Without the mummery of book.
Vain tapers were exchanged for true lights
Of the interior man, and new lights ;
And heathenish incense for the leaking
Of Saints' corporeals in full reeking.
Meantime they fought which quarter's best
For minister, north, east, south, west ;

650

660

With might and main set on the people,
To ring a change on bell and steeple ;
Vestments sacerdotal put down,
Save only cassock, band, and gown,
Which newer sets of starcher wags
The tatters call of Popish rags ;
And leave them off, as fancy floats,
To pray and preach in common coats.
Kneeling was knocked o' th' head, more fitting 670
It being found to worship sitting ;
While others, squatting postures branding,
Taught piety was better standing.
At length, in spite of laws and banter,
Up rose the godly sect of *Ranters* ;
Of whom the most distinguished theme is
To push these matters *in extremis*,
And carry out to utmost span,
What their progenitors began ;
They deal in vulgar tongue so freely, 680
That all may swear they use it really ;

With no fixed point the cushion thump, as
They veer to every point o' th' compass;
Not only do they keep aloof
From steeple, but from walls and roof,
All ornaments, profane they dub,
And change the pulpit for a tub,
Discarding bells as tools of stagers,
And peals of treble and bob-majors;
Use bare shirt-sleeves in summer, while hot, 690
When cold, top-Benjamin or pilot;
Or whilst Paul's texts in lots they cram,
Sham Peter in a Petersham;
Or at all sorts of clothes take huff,
And spout like *Adamites* in buff.
And you their hearers, while they preach,
May for a posture take your breech;
Or kneel at pleasure on the stones
And wear out both your marrow bones;
Or lie full length, as suits your crop most, 700
With paunch or seat of honour topmost;

On both legs stand, or else on either,
 Or on your head, if you choose neither ;
 Or straddling, open all your pores,
 Or, if you like it, try all fours ;
 Or any other way to please ye,
 And make religion free and easy.

While John his subjects thus was tapping,
 (As he would ale) the Dame was napping.
 But, when he ceased, she rubbed her peepers, 710
 And praised his yarn : as soundest sleepers
 In service time, when they arise,
 Extol the sermon to the skies.
 Why John, and as she gaped, she prest
 Her double chin upon her chest,
 I do declare a text you sport,
 As clear as you decanter port,
 You 're in theology as able
 And handy, as to wait at table ;
 I doubt not an adult you'd dip, 720
 As sweetly as you mix egg-flip ;

As cleverly a corpse would bury,
As bottle off a butt of sherry;
Or church as well a new-made matron,
As brush a shoe or clap a gaiter on;
And two fond souls together splice,
As bait a trap for catching mice;
Prayer seems with you as much of course,
As clapping harness on a horse;
In sacred music there's no choice
Betwixt your cleaning knives and voice,
And you'd perform, so strong your nerve is,
Divine as well as menial service.
These gifts are doubtless all productions
Of my example and instructions,
And being thus endowed with grace,
And keeping still each former Place,
I hereby give and grant to you
That of Domestic Chaplain too,
To hold this office *in commendam*,
(Abuse which Saints do now and then damn,)

730

740

Tho' 'tis we know in churches pure,
Like mine, indeed, no sinecure.
By nature you're a rhetorician,
I'll make you too a politician,
And whilst your place is in retention,
To look out some retiring pension,
In sunshine to prepare for raining,
And under me to go in training;
That when I'm laid upon the shelf,
You may do something for yourself,
And being too old for service grown,
Set up a Meeting of your own;
Not that in life you'll e'er forsake me,
But, when the Lord is pleased to take me,
And I beneath the turf shall lie.

750

At these last words, she piped her eye,
While John took out, as he arose,
His handkerchief, and blew his nose,
Looked big, and cried: Cow's heel and tripe,
In one breath called, present a type

760

Of your sweet voice in naming me
Along with th' holy ministry ;
That outward, low, base, prone to bunyons,
This inward, high, and best—with onions.
Believe me, tho' in our persuasion
We've little need of ordination,
I truly do in every sense
Your holy orders reverence,
And will conduct your soul from Satan,
As safely as I drive your phaeton ;
And keep your conscience too in future,
As brightly polished as your pewter,
And guard it closely with one more key
Than hitherto your cellar door-key.—

770

But see, quo' she, tho' sadly pressed
For time, how widely we've digressed,
And culinary points forsaken,
With scarcely room to save our bacon ;
Resuming then our former station,
Proceed we with the preparation

780

For our two visiters : and here
Some great deficiencies I fear
Arising. Fully we've discussed
The eatables that should be trussed
And placed before celestial sages,
As well as potent beverages,
And for the consequence contracted
By remedies being counteracted,
If taken with excessive freedom, 790
Tho' scarce I think that Saints can need 'em ;
Yet we've not ev'n so much as thought on
The services that should be brought on
The table, and rejoice the sight,
As well as sensual appetite.
It may be pride, but still, I say,
We ought to make a grand display ;
So let 's examine well the state
Of all our china, glass, and plate.
Quo' John, Of china daylight shines on 800
That single dish our black cat dines on.

Our glasses, surely you've forgot,
 How all but two have gone to pot ;
 Some at one time, some at another,
 In entertainments of the brother-
 Hood on particular occasions,
 Crack ministers of all persuasions,
 Tho' all seemed perfectly agreed
 In your great Decalogueian creed ;
 And of those left, one has (odd rot 'em) 810
 A split at top, and one no bottom.
 Our plate—I daren't say preachers thieve—
 Has all been borrowed without leave,
 Except one cream jug: just remember,
 As long ago as last December,
 Your ladyship by punch being made ill,
 You used that cream jug for a ladle ;
 And now for months have stirred your grog
 With hafts of forks designed for prog.
 That's true, she answered, therefore trudge 820
 To borrow from that carnal Judge
 My brother GRUMBO ; but, I pray,

Of Saints and Angels nothing say,
 And throw not pearls in swinish trough,
 Lest he at holy things should scoff.

Quo' John, I'm off.

To Court th' industrious John made haste ;
 But he possessed no legal taste,
 And tho' an interesting trial,
 Was on, he pushed without denial
 To th' high judicial seat of state,
 In ermined robes where GRUMBO sate.

830

He was asleep ; when John awoke him,
 Took him aside, and thus bespoke him.

My mistress begs her compliments,
 And trusts you'll lend her the contents
 Of your plate pantry for to-night,
 And glass and china : she is quite
 Well, but with gout a little lame,
 And hopes your worship is the same.

8 40

My services of plate, quoth he,
 Are at her service, certainly ;

But say, good John, what guests of honour,
 What reverend divines wait on her,
 What knights, or men of title, say,
 Do come to sup with her to-day.

Quo' John, No reverend divines
 Will taste her dishes or her wines;
 No noblemen or valiant knights
 My lady to her house invites;
 No squires or men of rank bids she,
 And much less those of low degree;
 To ask such folks she is not prone,
 And still she will not sup alone.

850

The judge replied, your riddle made is,
 To show your party all are ladies.

Not so, quo' John, not only the male
 Sex I exclude, but eke the female.

Now cease this nonsense, Grumbo cries,
 For quibbles are akin to lies,
 Nor treat a judge as if a noddy;
 Who sups with her? Quo' John—no Body.

860

He answered, Think you that I sit
Enrobed to hear your low-bred wit ;
Unless you instantly explain
Your meaning, I'll soon stop your vein :
The constable shall spoil your sport,
And gaol you for contempt of court ;
When, rotting in a darksome dungeon,
You'll learn to terminate your fun, John ;
Quick, give a legal explanation,
Without this curs'd equivocation.

870

Amazed did John behold the man,—
Sneezed once, hemmed twice, coughed thrice, and
thus began.

A human being we divide
In two, to wit, the soul and hide.
By hide I mean the mortal part,
By soul the nobler work of art.
In mother earth that rotting lies,
The other mounts to stars and skies.
Now, with my dame, one being who
Has long been splintered into two,

880

And one who never understood
Th' incumbrances of flesh and blood,
But bred and born in tip-top regions,
Has passed his days amidst the legions
Of lively youths with curly locks,
Who feed and crow like fighting cocks ;
No carcasses, but merely souls,
Partake to-night her flowing bowls ;
Gabriel and Paul, that angel great
And saint divine, will sup with her at eight
O'clock, my Lord, this blessed night,
As per their note in black and white.

890

Bold Grumbo started with surprise
At what John laid before his eyes ;
(In poetry by licensed right,
We see a sound and hear a sight.)
But sense his sponce soon drove a nail in,
And brought to mind his sister's failing,
Which quite relieved him from his wonder,
Suggesting that some rogues for plunder

900

Had put this trick upon his sister.

The judge determined to assist her ;
And reasons thus began to find,
Discoursing with the tongue of 's mind.

I am my sister's heir, no matter
To murder her if rogues get at her ;
Her soul—the blows to heaven that knock it 910
Drive her possessions in my pocket ;
But Saints love spoils as well as battles,
And certes will seize her goods and chattels.

Then turning round, he spoke to John
Words powdered like the wig he had on.
To my dear sister give my ardent love,
To her who draws the angels from above ;
For virtue, such as her's, can't fail to bring
Down ev'n those birds of high celestial wing.
Tell her my plate, myself, my life, my all, 920
Are only mine t' obey her gracious call.
My compliments I beg to Gabriel and Paul.

John's mind misgave him ere he reached,

His saintly home, for he had peached ;
But blithely driving care away,
He, whistling many a pious lay,
Rejoined the dame. Up-stairs he found her,
Stretched forth as flat as any flounder ;
Around, red-herring bones were laid,
The remnants of the spoils sh' had made, 930
And over her a hogshead banging,
Of gin and water cold, was hanging,
From which a lengthy pipe descended,
And close against her muzzle ended,
With stop-cock locked, of which the key
She held, and waved triumphantly.
Her soul was deeply ruminating,
The room thro' heat was suffocating.

Hey day ! Quo' John, why what's the matter ?
What has the devil now done at her ! 940
The reason, I beseech you, tell
You make the house as hot as hell ?
Do you intend yourself to stew,
And let the saints your carcase chew ;

Or are you in this pickle hurled,
 Preparing for another world?
 No, John, she cried, 'tis not Old Nick
 Who 'has served me a confounded trick,
 But I 've been urged to this by sense,
 And holy will of Providence.

950

Scarce were you gone, when in my mind,
 I reasons strange began to find
 Of man's accomplishing salvation
 By Free will, or Predestination.
 I argued thus; although 'tis true
 I thus can kick away my shoe,
 And rose, while thus I spoke, good John,
 With one shoe off, and one shoe on,
 Yet firmly was it not decreed,
 A case of predetermined need,
 That thus my shoe should quit my fair foot,
 And I now march with one leg barefoot?
 Can I pull off, to go to nest,
 That stocking first that I like best,

960

Or can I, without fate's decree,
 My garters tie above the knee,
 Or one above, and one below it?
 Mac-adamize, or turn a Poet,
 A knacker, or a skilful Leech, or
 Quack-medicine Utterer, or Preacher ; 970
 A peaceful subject, or a stormer,
 A nightman, or a rank Reformer ;
 In *haut ton* shine, or keep a shop,
 Expire on feathers, or the Drop ;
 With Wedlock's holy state have bold made,
 Or leave the world alas ! an old Maid ;
 Mix blood with Prigs, or Aristocracy,
 Be ruled, or practise Gynecocracy ;
 Have lawfully a little fry,
 Or on (*par accident*) the sly ? 980
 No, I perceive fate rules o'er all things,
 Not only governs great but small things.
 While thus with erring words I said,
 A lucky thought popped in my head :
 To heavenly views I quickly raised me,

In thickest flannels warm I cased me,
 Burn'd pecks of coal and ate a score
 Of pickled herrings; never more
 Was mortal man with thirst tormented,
 Since drinking, John, was first invented; 990
 But now, you see, altho' there stands
 Drink ready to obey my hands,
 Still, still, do I refrain from tasting,
 Tho' much my roasting hide wants basting;
 My abstinence I clearly see will
 Convince the world that man has free will.

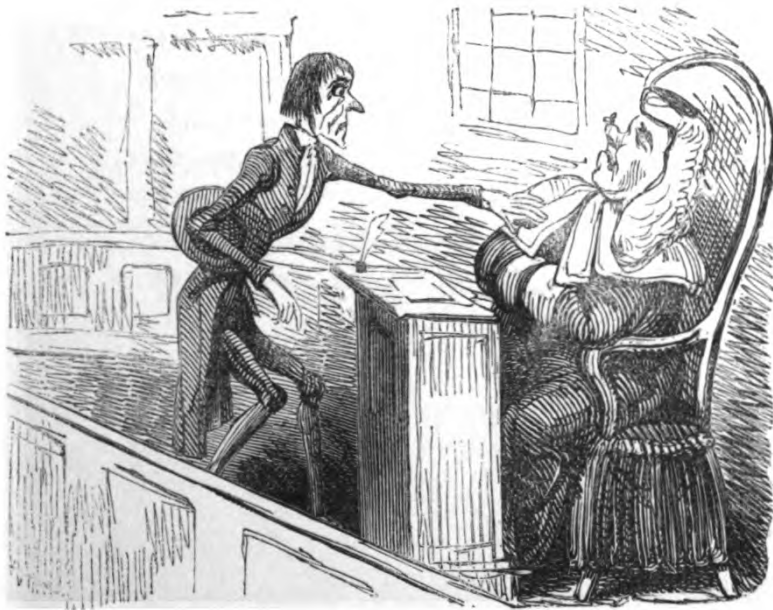
Quo' John, Th' experiment's delightful
 In theory, in practice frightful;
 And I acknowledge your strange antic
 Beats all the wit across th' Atlantic; 1000
 And is a mode of illustration
 Unknown before, even in this nation
 Of Scotland, Ireland, and Great Britain;
 And tho' by you it might be hit on
 (Nor will I here exclude indeed,
 The town of Berwick-upon-Tweed)

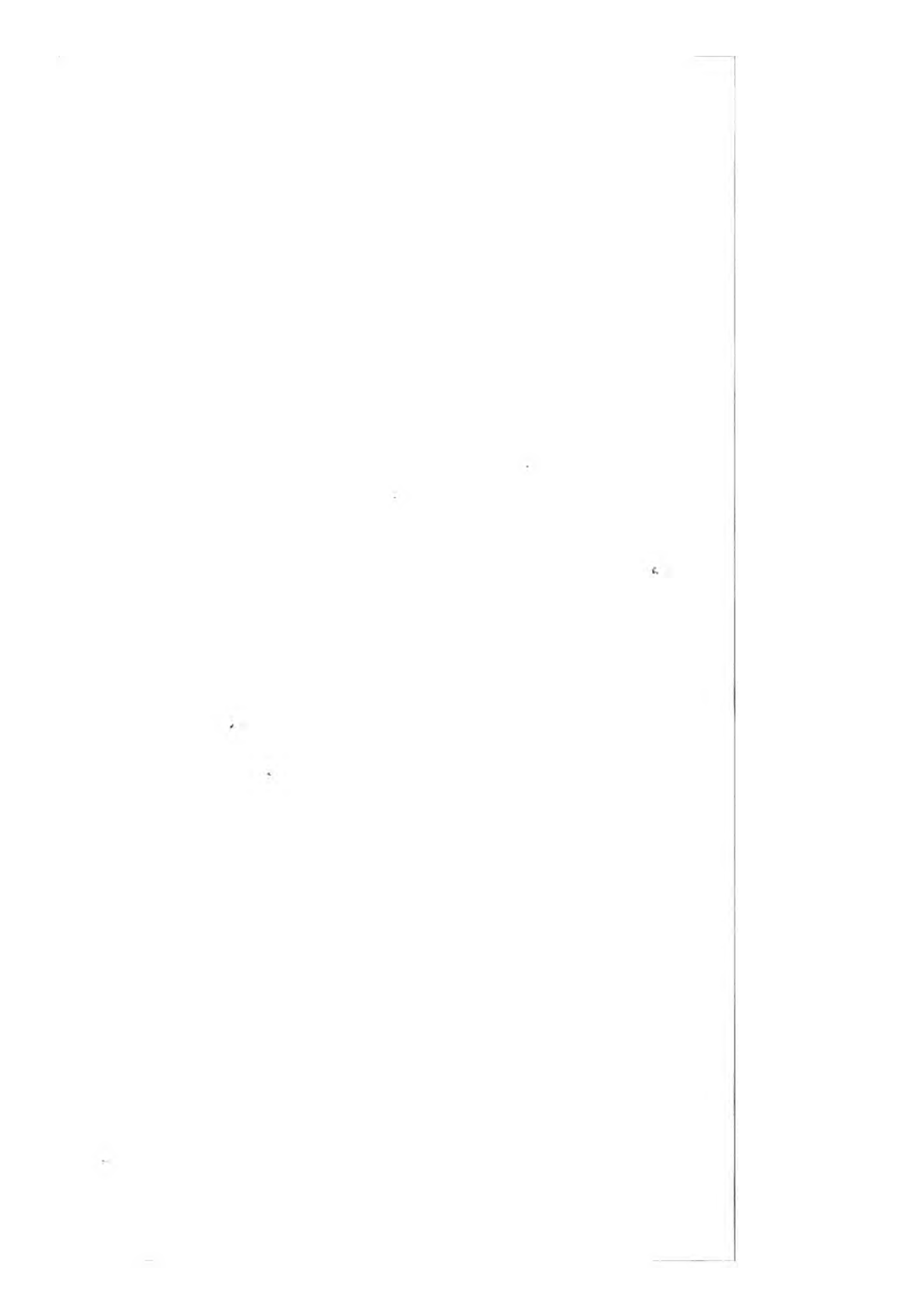
By means of revelation gracious,
In the long run 'twill prove fallacious ;
As if a thirsty soul, and erring,
Should eat salt with his pickled herring. 1010
Why see you not that fate, good madam,
May still rule every son of Adam,
Tho' you should lie with heat-parched liver
And scorch for ever and for ever ;
Or else with burning lungs should stay,
And stew *for ever and for aye*,
Or ev'n for ever and a day ;
For may it not be fixed, d'ye think,
And firm decreed you shall not drink ?
And in that case your so refraining 1020
Is fate, and not free will maintaining ;
And should you drink, why then you know
It might be fixed you should do so.
Experiments we 'll therefore leave,
Prepare their worships to receive,
Their wisdom we have known of old,
They all these mysteries can unfold.

He said:—the Dame lay like a block,
Till he adroitly turned the cock,
His potent arguments to crown.

1030

The welcome stream went hissing down.
She rising then, left off her rig,
Took breath, and tried a parting swig,
Removed the rest lest heat should spoil it,
And hastened to prepare her toilet.



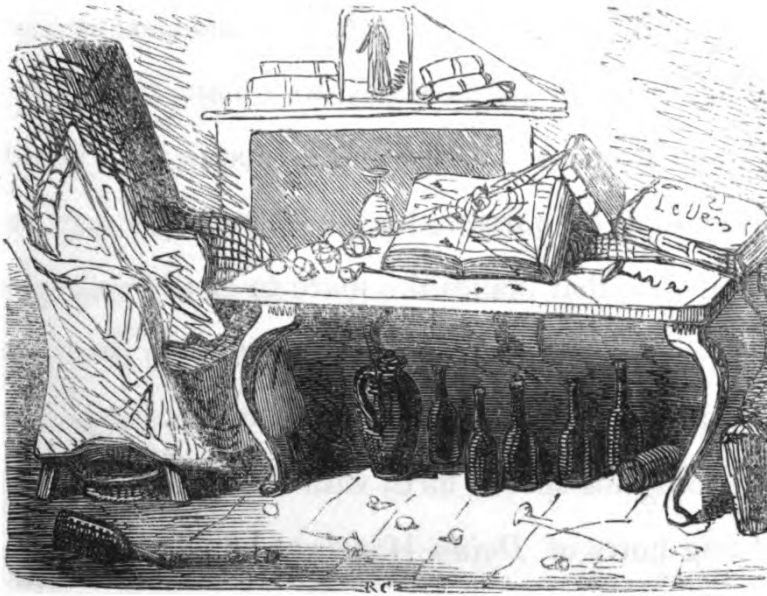


CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Dame and John resume theology,
And break their brains in amphibology.
Her Study; and a hocus pocus
Machine to centre in one focus
All sects; her pockets, and contents
Are sung; and next a reverend gent's
Repulse; with Sabbath à l'Isariot—
But hush, who comes in yonder chariot.

THE LADY AND THE SAINTS.



CANTO II.

Who dares deny this postulatam,
As plain as grease in hot pomatum,
That saints who play a snivelling part,
Have carnal interests at heart;
And that hypocrisy of cant
Is ever the concomitant :

As the hyena, by his whining,
Has nothing else in view than dining;
This art, your saints almost to a man,
Adopt from pseudo-clerk to layman. 10
But, with the former, 'tis we know,
The spur that makes the mare to go;
He, in this point, true as the needle
To arctic pole, must learn to wheedle;
To drag his speech forth with the twanging
Long notes of *Dying Words* at hanging;
And talk, in godly style, they call it,
No matter what tho', if he drawl it.
It is of those the *sine quâ non*,
Who use devotion to make gain on, 20
The master-key of arch deceivers,
To th' hearts and pockets of believers.

He, furthermore, must learn to gabble,
And utter groans inexplicable,
With jaws, like earthquakes, wide portending
The woes of sermons never ending;

To lift his arms high, as if feeling
For joys celestial in the ceiling ;
And raise the eyes up with amazing
Rapidity, as if star-gazing ;
And cast them on all sides, no doubt
To gather knowledge from without ;
And then, on sudden, close them tight,
As if in search of inward light,
And keep himself, as well as clerk,
And drowsy hearers in the dark.
For practised saints play strange vagaries,
Not only with their arms, but their eyes,
In dismal voice to sing Old Rose,
And burn the bellows, thro' the nose,
The true Dissenters' organ classic,
And quaver like an old jackass sick ;
While every saint pulls out his rag, pipes
His eye, and joins his own blest bag pipes.
To palliate egregious vices
With quack texts, soul-preserving spices ;

30

40

And only venial faults impugn ;
 To thump the cushion to some tune ;
 To heave a sigh which has relation
 All round a weary congregation, 50
 As one fool's gape sets others gaping,
 Who for the cause on't care not a pin.
 To weep the tears of alligators,
 On other mighty agitators,
 Who keep stores by them ready made,
 For carrying on a roaring trade.
 To give the Pope and cardinals,
 Perpetual rounds of red hot balls :
 To rail against th' establishment
 For fasts, she never keeps, of Lent, 60
 Or feasts, and other popish offices,
 And of her downfall utter prophecies.
 To damn tithes, rates, and all who made 'em,
 And conscientious men who 've paid 'em.
 Against the parsons raise a storm ; club
 With all his might to the REFORM CLUB ;

Not from his proper private pouch,
 His own peculiar, like his slouch,
 But from the multifarious leathern
 Joint stock purse gathered from the brethren ; 70
 O'er these to domineer and hector,
 This maxim proving true, good Lector,
 To Liberality th' aspirants
 Are evermore the greatest Tyrants.
 To have at hand a string of stories
 Against the House of Lords and Tories ;
 To skim by flights the sacred writings,
 To catch gulls, just as gulls catch whittings ;
 In points of conscience, to decide
 At CONFERENCE for the weaker side ; 80
 And, when the mighty SYNOD meets,
 To screen all souls who pay their seats :
 And secrets which can't here be stated,
 Known only to th' initiated.

THUS qualified for imposition—
 Of hands, and ready for the mission,
 The tyro tumbles, neck and crop,

On some snug corner GOSPEL-SHOP—

To let or sell—the custom good—

And in a pious neighbourhood—

90

Receipts so many pounds per week—

To all who rapid fortunes seek

Great opportunity to win—

Remarkably light coming in—

Stock, fixtures, license, and good-will,

At fair appraisement—Cash or Bill.

The bargain struck, our new divine

Sets up a well selected sign,

Does business to his heart's desire,

And deals in HUNTINGDON'S *entire*,

100

ARMENIAN *compounds*, earthly trouble-proof,

Or WHITFIELD'S *stout*, or WESLEY'S *double-proof*,

Or KNOX'S *Scotch*, or CALVIN'S *cordials*,

Or, passing muster at the ordeals

Of those who take the wider ground,

He trades with all the houses round;

Or finding other taps too crude,

He treats the Brethren with HOME-BREWED.

And, so far suited to the life
He looks about him for a wife, 110
A buxom widow, or a spinster,
As partner in his well-pewed Minster,
With heavenly notions, large ground rents,
And virtues in the three per cents ;
For, save in cases of miscarriage,
This farce, like others, ends in marriage.

The flock who use this *ultra* school,
Where there 's much cry and little wool,
We find religiously to keep
Their pastor's track, like faithful sheep, 120
And practise in their crafts the bleating
They learn so thoroughly at Meeting.
The milkman, as he spoils his creams,
Pumps to the tune of *Jordan's streams* ;
The tradesman pulls, in canting sleight,
Long faces, as he gives short weight ;
And, with false measures vending wares,
Accompanies his works with prayers ;

And quoting Scripture as his pledger, 130
 Devoutly tops and tails the Ledger.

'Tis said **DIOGENES**, when 't was light,
 In his days, long before the gas light,
 With lanthorn sallied out to find
 A certain virtue in mankind :
 But now Philosophers would want
 No lanthorn to discover Cant ;
 Without the aid of gas, or taper,
 We find it in the first newspaper.

Required—a youth of holy manners— 140
 Apprentice at a wholesale tanner's.

Or thus. A Girl of serious turn—
 Accustomed both to brew and churn.

Or else. A godly wench—to cry
 Oysters—no other need apply.

A clerk to serve three special pleaders—
 None treated with but Scripture readers.

A few good moral hands, as puffers.

A Tapstress at the **CAT AND SNUFFERS**—

Of Baptist parents, on probation— 150

Who 'has had a Gospel education.

A thoro' cook—in fish and meat—

Particularly clean and neat—

At Psalmody a good adept—

And used to live where pigs are kept.

A Quaker—in a joint-stock County Bank.

A Jumper—to assist a Mountebank.

A Lady's maid—religious—thin in

Her person, who can crimp fine linen ;

She must of dressing hair have notions— 160

And join in family devotions.

BUT NOW the HEROINE of my rhyme,

Methinks, has had sufficient time

To rub Emollients on her tough

Old hide, and decorate her buff

In all the colours of the rainbow,

Enough to captivate a plain beau,

Or ev'n the connoisseurs in drapery,

That night expected from the vapoury

Abodes above of snow and sleet— 170

Olympus high, or Worship Street :

To have her state apartments cleaned,
And windows from the prying screened,
By decking all the blinds with new gauze ;

To get from Grumbo's all the gew-gaws ;

As also, more essential points,

To fetch the fish, ragouts, and joints ;

At least, to send her maids in quest of 'em,

Dalilah, Shiphrah, and the rest of 'em.

Besides, 'tis time to change my tactics, 180

And deal no longer in didactics,

Unless a word or two should fall,

Perchance, from GABRIEL OR PAUL.

Bedizened, then, behold the DAME

In Sunday-clothes, and JOHN the same,

Encountering on the staircase.

I have received, as I opine,

New inspirations all divine.

Quo' she, nor is 't a rare case,

As you well know, with me to prove 190

Sweet consolations from above.

Once more to turn to this dear letter ;

I now can understand it better,

And clear up its obscurity :

No doubt, then, these blest Saints invite

Themselves not merely for to-night,

But, looking to futurity,

Not just to sup and sleep here is it,

A short and transitory visit ;

But, evidently it appears, 200

They 'll stay with us a THOUSAND YEARS ;

And, from their manner kind and winning,

Pray heaven forgive me if I 'm sinning,

Their REIGN *on earth* is now beginning.

Yes, John, without a joke or any hum-

Bug nonsense, 'TIS the blest MILLENNIUM.

Nay, interrupt me not, but listen,

And let your eyes with wonder glisten,

And your enraptured heart grow bigger,

While of my gun I pull the trigger. 210

One capital, in all this kind
Endearing note, alone, we find;
And think you that the Saints can trip
Unwittingly in penmanship?
No, most assuredly you 'll find
That every character 's designed
For our instruction—'t were absurd
To teach the contrary—the word
Which has this letter 's MUTTON, and
By this we 're given to understand 220
What their first object is, 'tis very
Plain, that 's to banquet and make merry,
And banish sorrow all the while
In orthodox millennial style.
For this I could quote more than one text,
And prove it also by the context;
But, of their note, the mystic gem
Lies hid in their great letter M,
Which heads Millennium and Mutton,
And clenches tight the gloss I put on; 230

For M 's the numeral for a THOUSAND.

Quo' John, they 'll eat us out of house and
Home too, if really their intention
Be but for half the time you mention.

Cried she, Oh covetous opinion,
Devoid of grace's high dominion,
As if the Prog to life we give
Would take from us the means to live.

No, all my consols I will sell,
Canal, and railroad shares as well, 240
That we may aptly entertain
Our guests in their Millennial reign.

The thing, quo' John, that best will suit,
Will be for us to institute
A joint-stock bank; the spec will take,
If only for their worship's sake;
Especially, as I conjecture,
Paul may be managing director;
And, shewing off a greater dash here,
The angel clearing clerk, and cashier; 250

Their bills amongst the truly sociable
 Will, like JOANNA'S, be negociable.
 Ah ! now I fear you 're making game
 Of our Apostle, quo' the Dame,
 And eke the angel, but beware,
 This sport ill-suits a man of prayer,
 Who holds an office such as you do,
 With holy celebrations to do ;
 And how can you expect my favour,
 Of blasphemy with words that savour,
 In questioning the holy mission
 Of one who millions from perdition
 Saves, by free Tickets of Admission,
 Or Policies, which all require,
 T' insure against infernal fire.
 At your profaneness my heart bleeds,
 Sin is as bad in words, as deeds.

260

Quo' John, in your remarks there lurks
 Much heterodoxy on GOOD WORKS ;
 For you have sworn a hundred times,

270

That faith will save in spite of crimes;
 And, if that proposition 's true,
 No matter what we say or do.
 I well might quote great *Martin Luther*,
 In terms corroborating you there,
 Who holds that Faith alone heaven wins,
 And our best actions are but sins:
 And, if our best deserve a curse,
 Our vilest surely can't do worse.

Again, quo' she, you vainly boast, 280
 And run your head against a post;
 'Tis no such thing: but *Luther* teaches
 That sins of Saints are never breaches
 Of strict commandments, in the case
 Of those quite justified in Grace,
 That is, by Faith. As for example,
 To judge the bushel by the sample;
 Suppose you saw a holy man,
 Who his career so well began,
 That clearly RIGHTEOUSNESS IMPUTED 290
 His pious disposition suited; E

Experiencing, with goaded bowels,
An interest sharp; the prickly rowels
Of saintly spurs by christian Knight
In preparation for the fight,
Against the myrmidons of Guilt,
Put on when ready for the tilt:
And inwardly his soul should feel
Of saving Faith the certain seal,
Quite inamissible; and still 300,
That he should tumble into ill:
Should nim a purse, or bait a bear;
Horse race; against his conscience swear;
Bone treacherously his neighbour's rib;
Or at a prize fight show his gib;
Cut throats, play cards, get drunk, throw dice,
Or plunge in any other vice;
D'ye think his frolics, or his larks,
Could doom him to infernal sparks?
Oh no! with such souls 'tis th' inferior 310
Man who offends, not the superior.

'Tis so with me, who well believe
 I did th' infused Faith receive
 In years by-gone, all on a sudden,
 When stirring up my Christmas pudden,
 My heart grew big beyond endurance,
 And supernatural assurance
 Gave out the holy hymn ALL'S RIGHT :
 Can I forget that holy night ?

But you, who have not been so blest,
 Can you expect interior rest,
 Of souls select alone the test,
 If you should turn a thief or robber,
 Or call a Saint a joint-stock jobber ?—

320

Your pardon, madam, John retorted,
 Have you forgot when I escorted
 You home one evening from the Meeting,
 Your ladyship so kindly treating
 My maw with Purl, at BEAR and BACCHUS ;
 When the ungodly rose to whack us,

330

And I defended you manfully,
 Cross buttocked every swell and bully ;
 And like a hero of renowned house,
 Triumphant led you from the round-house,
 When after putting certain queries,
 Whose meaning neither there or here is,
 You swore my conduct circumspect
 Had proved me one of the ELECT ;
 And straight pronounced my soul a fit field
 For all the Righteousness of WHITFIELD. 340

That 's true, she cried, but inspirations
 May well be doubted on occasions ;
 And since that time this very theme,
 Has haunted me in many a dream ;
 And still the more I've thought about it,
 The more I've been inclined to doubt it.
 But now it is high time, I own,
 That you and I should pick a bone,
 Or else to explanation come,
 Nor stand, on point like this, hum drum : 350

So I'll not act like one who pops his
 Head merely in a wide Synopsis,
 But meet the question, like true critic,
 In its Divisions analytic.

THE TIME—was suited for NEW LIGHT,
 Precisely twelve o'clock at night. [house,

THE PLACE—Let's see, we had left the Beer
 Being past the hour for them to clear house:

Not that it matters about Publics,
 Or sign of Bruin, who her cub licks 360
 In proper shape from form chaotic,
 To new birth subjects not exotic,
 But emblematical, in fact,
 Of certain parts you had to act.

A great archbishop, it is stated,
 Was in a tavern consecrated:
 The early Christians, writers teach,
 In caverns used to pray and preach;
 Of taverns, cellars form the most
 Distinguished treasure of mine host: 370

Cellars are caves, and caves are caverns ;
 Then why should Saints abstain from taverns ?
 Of caverns only th' upper story,
 And lawful, therefore, *à priori* ;
 As cellars, from their ancient glory,
Et cet'ra, are *à fortiori*.

But still, good John, I do rejoice,
 As *Hopkins* sings, with heart and voice,
 You did not fall in parturition,
 At 'foresaid sign, which in addition 380
 To Bear has *Bacchus*, heathen god !
 Your *locus in quo* was in QUOD :
 Or, had you led me from the station-
 House, when you felt REGENERATION ?
 Or did it happen in that low street,
 Directly leading out of *Bow Street* ?

Quo' John, the spot was much forlornier,
 'Twas after we had turned the corner.

That 's right, quo' she, I like the quality
 Now ascertained, of its locality ; 390

Not, that the GIFT in place consists,
The Spirit breathes where'er it lists,
In holy and in ground unhallowed.
THE MATTER—was the purl you swallowed.
But after all, these are inferior
Considerations to th' interior ;
So leaving time, and place, and potions,
State you the NATURE of th' Emotions
You then perceived, not ceremoniously,
Lest you should put the case erroneously, 400
But freely picture, without lurkings
Of guile, your mind's internal workings,
That I, a mistress in these arts,
May know the truth in all its parts ;
And sentence pass in form of law,
On your old sinner in the straw.
Of all the signs in Sciences,
None are so delicate as these.
Some folks are puzzled to say, which
They most resemble, cramp or stitch ; 410

And others have declared the frolic,
Bears more resemblance to the cholic;
As if old habits to forsake,
Was sure to give the belly-ache:
While some protest we can't have a go
Right orthodox, without lumbago;
Some hold, that when 'tis brought about,
You feel a twitch like that of gout;
One sect affirms it makes its entry,
More in th' appearance of dysent'ry; 420
Another 's mad enough to think
This gift the offspring of strong drink;
To grace divine, thro' life tho' callous,
Some few receive it at the gallows.

Quo' John, they make a sure beginning,
Without the risk of after sinning—

And many, in the air not dangling,
Have felt sensations much like strangling;
Some say it's like a fit of phthisick,
Or may be brought about by physic; 480

And tho', as means, they may abhor it,
Have puked, bled, purged, and blistered for it.

Quo' he, I well believed my new birth,
When first you told me on't, a true birth;
And am amazed you should disparage,
And try to prove it a miscarriage.
Besides, the symptoms, and event,
Might scrupulosity content :

I felt, for full a month I think,
Unusual longings for good drink; 440

I heard the old boy's funeral Knell,
'Then something like the Marriage bell,
And felt my spirits in me swell
To such a size, in spite of sins,
I verily expected Twins :

Then feeling quick, tho' monstrous low,
My soul began to heave and throw
At such a rate, that its near neighbour
My heart, declared it was in Labour,
And Midwife Conscience, in a humming 450

Low voice, cried out, the cub is coming : E 3

Rejoiced, I answered the old dawdle,
There 's Purl enough downstairs for Caudle ;
And giving both my thumbs a twirl,
Enquired if 'twas a boy, or girl.
My spiritual eyes flowed tears to blindness,
My breast the Milk of human kindness ;
I felt my liver act the ladle,
And my intestines rock the cradle.
Nay, crowning all, next morn my reins 460
Were plaguy sore with after pains,
Nor did I thoroughly recover
The bout, until my month was over.
Such is the fact, I'll freely swear it,
To naught you mention I compare it ;
But, on the whole, altho' a mild birth,
It seemed to me a perfect childbirth,
Save only that it did not fall
To my good lot to save the caul, [470
Which would preserve, (why how you're frowning)
In spiritual storms, poor souls from drowning.

The Dame, assuming all the starchness
Of any antiquated March'ness,
Replied, These births, the learned state,
Are sometimes illegitimate ;
And by the tokens of that last hard
Sharp twinge, I fancied yours a bastard ;
But know, by subsequent distortion
Of facts, 'twas only an abortion ;
And, once for all, you must be told, John, 480
That you are nothing yet but Old John.

Quoth he, not childish tho' childless,
No farther now my suit I'll press ;
But Hope my chin doth sweetly chuck
Another time t' have better luck ;
And if I may the boon ask, may be,
You'll stand Godmother to the baby.
It strikes me too that you should look
Out for a registration book,
Wherein nativities to enter 490
Of each and every Dissenter,

With testimonials from their patrons,
Or verdicts of impanelled matrons,
And thus the faithful guarantee
Their new *post partum* pedigree,
Which I at present am bereft of.
Returning then to where we left off;

My opposition to your juggle
I can't give up without a struggle ;
'Twas you who first began th' attack 500
By throwing dirt upon my back ;
And tho' I stuck for Faith alone,
I took your reasons, not my own.
Faith 's but the face of Christian timepiece,
Which by itself, altho' a prime piece
Of workmanship, with hands and roman
Numerics, is of use to no man :
But when good works are once put in it,
It tells us every hour and minute :
Just so is Faith alone, a toy, 510
Or empty French phrase of, *ma foi*,

But, joined to good works, it will tell
The day and time acceptable.
I know 'tis difficult to find
Both concentrated in one mind;
And own, there 's one thing I admire
In such Sectarians as require
Faith as the only requisition
To fence the whirlpool of perdition ;
For those who hold good works essential, 520
Howe'er they act the penitential,
Are forced to cry, Observe, we pray,
Not what we do but what we say ;
While those who good works abrogate,
Proceed at quite a different rate,
And boldly cry, Do all we do,
Adopt our faith and morals too,
Not only swallow down our Creeds,
But freely imitate our deeds ;
No matter whether good or evil, 530
They'll never send you to the Devil.

Your reasons flounder, she responded,
As much as ever witch in pond did ;
And sinking in the end, like her,
You'll prove yourself no conjuror ;
Besides, your doctrine 's too confined
By half, for any liberal mind ;
And, for my part, I care not whether
A man holds faith and works together ;
Or, if the first he boldly burks, 540
Depending solely on good works,
Or, if the latter he throws over
Board, and on sheer Faith lives in clover ;
Either is difficult enough
For mortals made of carnal stuff ;
And you've experienced that the gaining
Of one, at least, requires much straining.

And yet, John answered, you'll confess
The greater chance exceeds the less,
And must prefer, in case so tottery, 5
To one, two tickets in the lottery.

No doubt, quo' she, but, I fear bolting
 Such dogmas as set th' inside jolting,
 And still corporeals to incumber
 With stone-hard precepts, Ten in number,
 Impossible to flesh and blood.

Quoth he,—not rightly understood ;
 Misfortune ever, or bad taste,
 Induces some to go post haste,
 Their better parts to hide and wallop, 560
 And take Theology in gallop ;
 As if, the Church being in the case,
 They needs must ride a Steeple-chase :
 But I have chanced, by happy lot,
 To take this Gospel ground jog trot,
 And both, or either, I can prove
 As easy as an old kid glove ;
 On which I 'll give an exposition,
 To suit your fancy, if you wish one,
 And in this subject drive one more nail. 570

Faith, without works, is dead as door nail.

That text admit ; but, in the glosses,
 See where the metal, where the dross is :
 Faith is—I mean a Faith to save
 A firm belief in what we crave.
 'Tis not to gorge, in gross, or particles,
 Two score, less one, of High Church Articles ;
 Or lick and slaver o'er and stuff a low-
 Church batch of tenets—as the Buffalo
 Is swallowed by his wily victor 580
 The Boa—what's his name?—Constrictor ;
 And shew both horns of the—a—hem—a
 The devil take the word—dilemma.
 These points of credence some lay stress on,
 But foolishly—for mark my lesson,
 They 're chips in porridge at the most,
 No matter whether won or lost ;
 If placed in front conspicuous station,
 Or treated with tergiversation ;
 And though that interest which you meant, 590
 Should realize full *cent per cent*,

The only Faith required, must still be
Believe you 're saved, and saved you will be.

And now for t' other point—GOOD WORKS.

Think you, that we 're confined, like Turks,

T' abstain from wine; or, like the Jews,

A good fat tithe-pig to refuse?

And so restricted in the *bibitum*,

Be driv'n t' equivocate *ad libitum*;

As Mussulmans, t' whom drink 's forbid, 600

As a *pro quo* adopt the quid.

But leaving doctrines of Mahomet,

Whose false religion makes me vomit,

I ask you candidly, if we,

The sons of Gospel-liberty,

Should bear, like curs, around our neck a log

So heavy as the Jewish Decalogue?

Shall a true Christian soul leave his real lights

For *ignis fatuus* of Israelites,

Be led by th' nose thro' miry passes, 610

And lose his mud-boots in morasses?

Merely to catch, like men asleep,
 That which, when caught, he cannot keep.
 No—conscience, in our days enlightened,
 Must needs be stretched instead of tightened.
 When works are, therefore, recommended,
 'Tis not their practice that 's intended,
 But their perusal;—'tis, indeed,
 Not what we do, but what we read;
 Not using cassocks, gowns, or mitres, 620
 Avoiding badgers, or prize-fighters,
 But studying works of holy writers;
 Such works as these alone are meant.

You 've proved it to my heart's content,
 Exclaimed the Lady; oh! what raptures
 Shall we enjoy for all the Chapters
 Already read. I 'll take the trouble,
 Henceforth, these blest pursuits to double;
 And, for our Reverend guests' inspection,
 Submit the valuable collection 630
 I have now by me; and invite
 Th' assistance of their gracious light,

To Devotees like me ne'er neuter,
To guide my purchases in future.

While thus engaged in holy brawl,
They reached by slow degrees the hall;
And she right in her STUDY bounced,
As this last sentence was pronounced;—

Which to th' astounded eye unfurled

GOOD WORKS enough to save a world

640

From spiritual famine. On the table,

In grand disorder admirable,

Unnumbered numbers heaped were seen

OF METHODISTIC MAGAZINE,

Uncut, and mixed with fragrant remains

Of many a dozen well-squeezed lemons;

A broken corkscrew, HANNAH LEESE'S

Adventures, and the Knight of Greece's;

A monstrous Bible lay beside her,

O'er-spun with curious web of spider:

650

AN OVID'S ART OF LOVE, in calf,

Dog's-eared and thumb'd too much, by half,

For Lady's Library (blue-stocking
 Excepted), and a work so shocking
 That, howsoe'er the reader press it,
 I must not name, but Saints may guess it :
 A massive snuff-box, framed to feast
 The ear with twenty tunes at least,
 All sacred—for you seek in vain
 Here, or for sound or sight profane—
 Embellished with a head of CALVIN,
 And manufactured with a valve in
 The lid, that shewed by secret spring,
 No head, but quite another thing.
 Close by, there stood an easy chair,
 With pillow, much the worse for wear ;
 Beneath the chair, a basin hid,
 Whose vile contents to name 's forbid.
 Above the chimney hung, as fixtures,
 The fancy Portraits, in great mixtures,
 Of PREACHERS, of all sorts and sizes ;
 A toasting-fork, and sundry prizes

660

670

At CONFERENCE won, of unused Prayer-Books.

On mantel-shelf, old rags and rare books.

Whoever trod the floor, soon found

Himself traversing holy ground,

For scarce a step was ta'en, 'tis fact,

But foot went bang on holy tract,

Or hand-bill, notifying collection

In aid of this, or that, connection ;

680

Save where the emptied bottles lay

Around, in slatternly array.

Above, huge volumes, quarto, folio,

Of every canting work an oglio,

The solid cases that contain 'em,

So great the weight, could scarce sustain 'em,

But, pressed by ponderous loads of merit,

Groaned like the Saints in sombre spirit,

When in their Services sonorous,

They drag out AMEN in loud chorus.

690

Quo' John, surrounded as we stand,

With milling works on every hand

Of sturdy theologic Masters,
At *Wormwood Scrubs*, who 've tossed their castors,
Defied the Church, their elder brother,
And then fall'n foul on one another,
(The Dame on —— did glance her eye)
Then put their champion's head in chancery,
Set sires on sons, and these on cousins,
And made the claret fly by dozens, 700
Each firing at the other's follies,
And shooting texts, like grape, in vollies,
To guarantee throughout the nation
The right of self interpretation,
Enforcing it by toil and labour,
And then denying it his neighbour;
Now time permits, whilst we await
Th' arrival of our guests of state,
Lest Paul to some close point should pin us,
For reason of the Faith that 's in us, 710
If such there be; lest he should ask,
And flabbergast us with the task,

If with sledge hammer we have knocked her in,
 To stand against false winds of doctrine,
 Which blow poor weathercocks about,
 And put loose livers to the rout ;
 (For our own lately-made conclusions,
 For aught we know may be delusions)
 Of all the Creeds which grace your shelf,
 What Doctrines do you hold yourself? 720

Why every one, the Dame replied,
 For my belief is really wide
 As is my charity unbounded,
 On universal tenets founded ;
 And, tho' the maxim is expensive,
 I hold those virtues co-extensive ;
 Neither should know the least control,
 But stretch itself from pole to pole ;
 Or, taking up the Irish jaw's way,
 From *Cape Clear*, to the *Giant's Causeway*. 730

Then, John retorted, I'll propound
 A GRAND DEVICE, which will be found

Most worthy of the approbation
Of all this pious generation,
And ne'er could come into my nob
Without a revelation job.
And lest the breath of slander taint
The mighty scheme, to our blest Saint
And eke the Angel I'll impart it,
That they may be the first to start it,
Who doubtless will so far protect us,
As add their names to my PROSPECTUS;
And blazon forth in town and city,
On the PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE,
And notify to every age
We have their holy patronage;
And place your memory in clover
Long after the Millennium 's over.

740

The Dame t' her chair, John bowing, handed,
As gallantly as ever man did,
When down she squatted in this easy pew,
With wide-stretched eyes and jaws expanded;

750

As if the usual avenues
 Auricular were not of any use,
 And faith no longer came by hearing—
 Whilst he, with circumspection due,
 Between the scattered rubbish steering,
 Stept back to give his action latitude,
 And, in full evangelic attitude,
 Did thus his theme perspicuously pursue. 760

MY SCHEME all others leaves i' th' lurch.
 Oh! 'tis divine! let's build a Church,
 Or Meeting, call it which you will,
 The name—no matter—Jack or Gill.
 Shape, circular; I 've chosen that form
 For cogent reasons. A huge platform,
 Internally, there must be raised,
 (And leave a margin) Heaven be praised!
 For all the souls sufficient space
 In this blest land—a godly race! 770
 With their divertive spiritual fancies
 And corporal appurtenances.

This platform is to form the station
Of each assembled congregation :
In front, the fashionable pews,
Where folks may nap or read the news,
Adorned with scarlet broadcloth, such as is
In use with Dowagers and Duchesses,
And lots of golden-headed nails,
And curtains hung on bright brass rails : 780
In centre, humbler pews ; and the seats
Behind, appropriate for free seats.
This nave, of wood, we 'll aptly fit
On a mysterious centre-bit,
And must be moveable : the thick
Round margin made of solid brick
And stationary as ST. PAUL'S,
With niches made around the walls,
And raised above the congregations
For Holders-forth of all Persuasions ; 790
And such alone ;—no others must
Their noses in the niches thrust ;

But Ministers of every breed,
 And sex, no matter for their creed,
 However differing in communion,
 Shall join in this devout NEW UNION;
 Base born, or true, one roof will father 'em,
 And all shall strike up *omnium gatherum*.
 Each niche a Prayer-box and a Pulpit,
 Must have, to edify the full pit; 800
 With sounding desks for cushion-thumpers,
 And lots of spring boards for the Jumpers.
 Beneath the body, where the people
 Are placed, (we 'll have no bell or steeple)
 Shall cunningly be fixed a swinging
 Grand twenty-thousand-power steam-engine;
 Discovery great, revealed no doubt
 To bring my golden scheme about;
 And not for folks to use their fire on
 Mere manufactories of iron. 810
 Machinery, with art profound,
 Will whiz th' huge platform round and round,

Just like (works holy to things vain
 Comparing, sacred to profane;
 With this reserve the thought can't startle me)
 Your turn-about at fair of *Bartlemy*;
 The faithful, so propelled, will wheel
 Around in worship, and all feel
 The pious transports incident
 To such a wonderful event, 820
 As edifying each sage sponce,
 With scores of Services at once.
 No more, dear madam, you'll delay
 Your precious time on Sabbath day;
 Or sweat yourself in carnal pickle,
 Betwixt the CHURCH, and CONVENTICLE;
 Nor wear your shoes out, by the brace,
 In wandering from place to PLACE
 OF WORSHIP, KIRK to TABERNACLE,
 To hear some new hen-preacher cackle; 830
 And run your trotters off your legs,
 In fear to miss her new-laid eggs;

Or scampering for JEHOVA JIRAH,
 To hear a naval parson fire a
 Long shot of prayers, or on the road side
 Display his specimen of broadside.
 Again 'twill never be a teaser,
 To reach your darling EBENEZER :
 In frost you'll snuff up nasal hymns,
 Without the risk of eyes and limbs ; 840
 Or, heated, spoiling your complexion,
 In search of SEPARATIST connexion.
 No chance of you, by liquors heating,
 Being overtaken at the MEETING ;
 Nor can it ever prove your fate,
 For CALVINIST to be too late :
 To meet, at BETHEL, cruel balks,
 Or, from BE-U-LAH, march your chalks,
 And bolt, when you have only heard part 850
 O' th' sermon, *viz.* 4th point of 3rd part,
 That you may be in time for lions
 Exhibiting at NEW MOUNT ZION'S.

Nor need you fail to have access, day
 Or night, to service at BETHESDA.
 Nor fear the July sun should tan you well,
 Half-broiled, in reaching NEW EMMANUEL.
 No pint you'll want, or give your crony one,
 In finding distant MUGGLETONIAN ;
 Nor be thrown out at HUNTINGDONIAN ;
 Nor, when your frame in new silk wrapt is, 860
 Dread sousing, flying from the BAPTIST,
 Or get it rent, amidst low drinkers all
 Of gin, in push to reach FREE THINKERS' HALL.
 Catch cold, in hurrying to the ARIAN,
 Or vainly sigh for UNITARIAN ;
 SANDEMANIAN, NECESSARIAN,
 BAXTERIAN, or MILLENARIAN,
 SECEDER, SUPR', or SUB-LAPSARIAN ;
 Or SWEDENBORGIAN, HUTCHINSONIAN,
 MORAVIAN, QUAKER, ANTIMONIAN ; 870
 (John made against the law a blunder
 In this last word, and where 's the wonder ?)

Dread, by north winds, to have your mouth cut,
 In sallying to JOANNAH SOUTHCOT;
 Or grow, in youth, an old METHUSALEM,
 By fagging for the NEW JERUSALEM.
 You need not run three miles, for cant
 Of SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT:
 Disordered, reach TH' OLD METHODIST,
 Or new, or UNIVERSALIST, 880
 Or BARKER, JERKER, or DESTRUCTIONIST.
 Your poor legs tire at the ARMINIAN,
 Or swear and sin so at SOCINIAN;
 To loose the PRESBYTERIAN weep,
 Or, tired, at CONFERENCE fall asleep,
 Or miss, event by far more galling,
 The *Love feast* and the caterwauling;
 Or *Tyburn Road* try, (here 's an end on't)
 In quest of preacher INDEPENDENT.

Up sprang the Dame, with rapture fired, 890
 And cried, Oh John, we 're both inspired—
 But rising, her broad breech rolled back
 The chair, and down her leg went smack

In th' hidden vessel, which stood under,
 As is before detailed: like thunder,
 She bellowed loud, as the cracked crockery
 Did, flying upwards, almost knock her eye
 Out of her head, and th' obtuse matter
 Her outward man in shoals bespatter;
 And by 'ts rich stains, and richer ogo,
 Make her new silks, and satins, no go.

900

Now, she continued, I'm persuaded—
 And eyed askew her finery faded—
 That we 're indebted for this rub
 To foul device of Beelzebub;
 Who, understanding that, dear John, you meant
 To build by far the highest monument
 To solid piety that ever
 Or art, or nature, raised—I shiver
 Reflecting on his wily stratagem—
 Most devilishly determined that a gem
 Of such fine lustre, ruby bright,
 By his leave, ne'er should see the light.

910

Besides, th' old prig, and all his fellows,
 Must naturally be mighty jealous
 Of th' honours which my faith has won me,
 And mighty favours this day done me ;
 And readily would try to trump any
 Expedient up, to cross the company,
 So made me kick up this vagary, 920
 And placed us both in queer quandary.

Quo' John, 'tis easy, when we snivel,
 To lay the blame upon the Devil.
 While thus he spoke, he brushed with 's knuckle—
 A bit that stuck upon his buckle
 From Jordan's stream—But time is pressing,
 And our redress is in redressing.

Again equipped, their toggery changed,
 The library affairs arranged,
 The foul effluvia which had spavined her, 930
 By sweet libations lulled, of lavender :
 The preparations of the nether
 Department settled, and together

With proper order of the table,
All put in progress admirable ;
The Dame finds out another crotchet,
And once more calls on John to botch it.

Ah ! see, she cries, who 's that with pace
Unlike the tread of human race,
Traversing up and down before 940
The area ? Now, see to the door
He flies, and stands close by the portal !
His mien is surely more than mortal.
I fear, a messenger from high,
To countermand our bliss so nigh ;
Or else, perhaps, it is some fiend
In human apparition screened,
Who either seeks to spoil our cookery,
Or kick us up another rookery.

Quo' John, I do not understand 950
What 'tis you mean by countermand.
Expect you, Madam, to be told
Paul keeps his bed from catching cold,

Or Gabriel, who is no deceiver,
 From chicken-pox, or typhus fever?
 Or that both saints, before your rout
 Is over, are laid up with gout?
 The man you spy 's no saint, or imp,
 Perceive you not his knowing limp?
 'Tis our OLD SMITH, th' attentive Pastor, 960
 At banquetting a special master,
 I know him by his broad-brimmed castor.
 At th' area fumes, behold him sniffing,
 In quest of dainties for his tiffin.

It is, indeed, the Dame replied;
 And tho' to see him were a pride
 At other times, we must dispatch him,
 Tho' scarcely know I how to match him:
 The warmest friend I 'd lay on shelf,
 To have my dear Saints to myself. 970
 Ah, should he knock!—behold him stand
 On steps, the rapper in his hand;
 And, in the other, don't you see
 A thundering thumbful of rappee?

He strikes; go, John, with visage stout,
 And boldly swear that I am out—
 Yes, out of all my wits with rapture
 At this blest Note, this holy Chapter!
 But mum for that—a word to th' wise.

 This said, she kissed the precious prize : 980
 Or rather, drawn whence she did look for 't,
 A nutmeg-grater, that she took for 't,
 Wrapped in a valentine, as spicy,
 From some young Preacher, who the high sea
 Had lately crossed, and left black negroes,
 And olive-coloured youths, where tea grows,
 And White-boys, who in wild bogs roam,
 To pick up yellow-boys at home.
 But, finding her mistake, she tugged out
 A torn-up hymn-book; and then lugged out 990
 Some dried sow's lungs, rolled in a mess
 Of sermons against drunkenness;
 Quoting great authors for their use.
 Her well-stuffed bags did next produce

A rag appropriate for her sneezer ;
 A Testament, and lemon-squeezer :
 Fresh news from missions at Mississipi ;
 And for milk-punch the Baptist's recipe :
 A little scent-box, tipped with gold,
 Contrived with stopper tight, to hold 1000
 Essence of onions, meant for treating
 Th' Elect, with floods of tears, at Meeting ;
 A sort of ocular emetic
 To make the sermon more pathetic.
 Half-wild, at missing still her treasure,
 On John she vented her displeasure ;
 Then turned both pouches t' out from insides,
 Which caused her man to shake his thin sides,
 And utter loud convulsive tones
 At showers of brandied cherry-stones, 1010
 And scraps of 'foresaid hymns in hosts,
 And crumbs of cold anchovy toasts,
 Which fell in shoals ; tho' 't was not easy
 To get all out ; they were so greasy.

Disconsolate, she shook her gown,
But ah ! what think you tumbled down ?—
A half-pint flask of curious wicker-
Work, destitute of cork or liquor.
She next sought th' heavenly billet-doux,
Where *Pipes* hid *Pickle's*—in her shoe ; 1020
Then ranged about the room, like setter
In quest of game, to find the letter ;
And made, at length, as she ransacked her
Buffet, a point ; and staunch John backed her,
For she had found, and like the breed
Of mongrels, sprang (quo' John, take heed !)
To seize a bottle from the shelf,
In which she 'had stuck the note herself
Some hours before, well-chewed, and twisted,
In lieu of cork : (had John assisted 1030
It had not happened) with a push,
In eagerness to taste the lush,
The cork she 'had shoved in ; and her whistle
Being whetted, stopped it with th' Epistle.

The prize she seized, with ardent smile,
 And dragged it forth from durance vile,
 Where, like a tar hawled up the mizen-
 Mast head, it lay aloft in prison ;
 And having smoothed, she put it by
 Beside her heart, to let it dry. 1040

Meantime, OLD SMITH did greatly shock her
 Weak nerves, by furious thumps at knocker.

Give him his mittimus, I pray,
 Quo' she,—he must not, shall not, stay ;
 But still it will not do to jeer,
 Or send him off with flea in 's ear.
 So, swear I 'm out, but pray be civil,
 Half truth at least half shames the Devil.

Quick, John, obeyed. Quo' SMITH, *Increase*
Of grace be unto you and peace, 1050

As—from his fingers' ends he beckoned
 His text—*Philippians 1st and 2nd.*

Thanks, Reverend Sir ; my Dame will roam
 At times you know—she 's not at home.

But old birds are not caught with chaff :
 So *Smith*, with sly internal laugh,
 Not suiting to his grade, or his age
 To show the same upon his visage,
 Drawled drily out—Then, peradventure,
 I 'll tarry here, till she doth enter. 1060

Why, John exclaimed—I 'll taste your snuff :—
 You, then, may tarry long enough,
 For, when she went, she told me, that her day
 Of coming back would be next Saturday.

As they proceeded in the parley,
 John tightly held the latch, and barely
 Had let this dealer in grave glosses
 I' th' passage pop his plump proboscis ;
 Well knowing, if his brain box hollow
 But once got in, the trunk would follow ; 1070
 Who, answering John, did slily sputter
 This posing subtle surrebutter.

At most times, tho' I 'd wager a city,
 If I might bet, on thy veracity,
 Now mine own organs feel the fact,

Thou dost like *Ananias* act :
 For, first, how cometh it to pass,
 If true—thy Lady's gone to grass,
 That savoury odours, such as no king
 Can boast, are from thy kitchen smoking? 1080
 And, secondly, if thou shouldst say,
 That, verily, she 'has gone away,
 And persevere she means to stay ;
 Then, tho' to think it much I grieve,
 I do opine that thou dost thief
 Thy Lady's meats to make a gay time,
 And feast and riot in the day time.

2nd and 2nd Peter, 13—

In troth, or this, or that, is certain.

At first, poor John was sadly plovered 1090
 By this home-thrust, but soon recovered,
 When he 'had his conscience strapped a bit
 Upon the whetstone of his wit ;
 The which being sharpened, he retorted.

I do delight in being exhorted,
 When Preacher, ev'n in foul reproaches,

Unlicensed on my actions poaches,
 With Gospel-gun, and net, and snare, too.
 All I 've asserted I will swear to,
 If need require. Whilst singing Psalms 1100
 One day, our Dame was seized with qualms
 About the 4th command, on which
 Her conscience gave her many' a twitch
 In points the most minute, and therefore
 T' explain of all these fumes the wherefore,
 Our cook, on week-day, now is dressing
 Materials for your Sunday's blessing ;
 When, as you 're wont, you 'll draw a cork
 Or two, and take a knife and fork.

Quo' Smith, thou givest me satiety 1110
 Of godly reasons—at her piety
 My heart rejoiceth—yea, at one,
 The next Lord's Day—all cold meat, John !
 Thy Mistress I do laud and praise,
 Whilom in feeds, and deeds, always,
 From her head's top ev'n to her great toe ;
 Heaven willing—not a warm potatoe !

Have copious store of savoury jelly,
 For her's, and not for mine own belly,
 At which thou hast right skilful knack ; 1120
Therefore let not thine hands be slack,
 But aid fair *Vashli*, who 's as dab a cook
 As aye skimmed pot—*3rd 16th Habakkuk.*
 Exhort thy Mistress, I do beg,
 That she no more frequent *Old Peg*,
 With all her vanities of book,
 And gown, and bell ; and prythee look
 Thee out, a tub of pickled salmon,
 Which, cold, well eateth—worldly mammon
 Her main-stay is, and loaves and fishes. 1130
 If none, bestow thee, divers dishes
 Of lobster-salad, and eke potted.
 By Faith may all our sins be blotted
 From Death's grim book ; and cool the wine
 Conserve thou, John, till we do dine.
 Tell her, Heaven smiles when Saints carouse,
 And aye to shun the *Steeple-House*—

Tell her, besides, to bid no laymen,
But if she doth—*so be it*—AMEN.

This said; with reverence Calvinistic, 1140
The learned Minister cut his stick.

Oh, John, the Lady sobbing, cries,
You 've told, I fear, some monstrous lies;
And tho' with truth we may dispense
In cases of such exigence,
Your far too overflowing measure
Can 't fail t' excite my dire displeasure.
Why tell that long and far-fetched cracker?
I meant a white lie, not a whacker.

And yet I can, John, please the pigs, 1150
From ev'n your thistles gather figs;
And make your very sinful bouncers
Of moral truths the blest announcers,
Which for the future I 'll act up to,
On Sabbath, when I dine and sup too.
You know how cautious I have been
To keep true puritanic mien,

In many points my best have done day
And night besides, to keep the Sunday.
You never saw me pull wry faces, 1160
Or, fancy tickled, make grimaces,
But keep my features down the while,
Lest I should work them in a smile ;
On horse or jarvey-man encroach
By riding in a hackney-coach,
In pouring rains, on heavy fog days,
In times of cat's ice, or on dog days ;
You 've known me, tho' in plight quite shocking,
Forbear to darn a tattered stocking,
And many a vagrant send away 1170
For begging, on that blessed day ;
Kill favourite birds to stop their warbles,
And urchins thrash for playing marbles,
And almost break their little bones
For, most profanely, throwing stones ;
And whack the rascals off, in groups,
For, heathenishly, trundling hoops,

Give such as set my hair up bristling
Small Tracts upon ungodly whistling ;
And call my baker o'er the coals 1180
For cooking pies, and toads in holes ;
Petitions I have signed by th' hundred,
Against Lord's-Day Newspapers thundered,
And circulated tracts, unravelling
Th' iniquities of Sunday travelling ;
And oft, in spite of sneers affronting,
In *Putney Fields* put off duck hunting.
All these good works I 've done, and others,
As like as two fish, or twin-brothers ;
Yet, I 've permitted, like a sinner, 1190
A Christian soul to dress my dinner,
To boil and roast—in spite of boasting—
I quake lest I one day be roasting—
To butter crumpets for our teas,
And ev'n, at supper, toast the cheese ;
As if I really were too old,
Dear John, to masticate it cold :

In vain I 've toiled, in vain I've striven,
 These sins can never be forgiven.

By tried experience I know, 1200
 Quo' John, you 're now a cup too low—
 And giving her the usual dose,
 More potent far than speech verbose,
 He thus continued—Where 's the hurt on 't?
 These failings were but inadvertent;
 The period for despair pray is it,
 When we from Saints expect a visit?

Nay, verily, I will cheer up,
 She answered,—just another sup—
 I now perceive each pious action 1210
 Of mine gives ample satisfaction
 To powers above; t' attest the same,
 Great Paul has heard of my great fame.

(She pulled the letter from her bosom)
 Such works, the man is blest who does 'em—
 Or rather, answered John, peruses.
 No, does, quo' she; our necks in nooses

Patibulary, we entangled
 When on good works we lately wrangled;
 And tho' at last with one accord 1220
 We both united in the Lord,
 My giving way to your effusion
 Was but a momentary delusion,
 At my credulity I'm vexed,
 For ah ! you sported not one text
 In proof of your immortal code.

Quo' John, I'll find a waggon load.

First, in the *1st of Genesis*,—

Stop, quo' the Dame, what an abyss 1230
 Of matter are you running into,
 And ah ! I fear, a load of sin too !
 Profanely bent to suit the word
 To selfish views, howe'er absurd.

If so, quo' he, I only therein,
 Adopt the plan of reverend brethren,
 Who first their theories invent,
 And then pursue the Testament

Both old and new, to catch with skill
 Interpretative, what they will ; 1240
 And use of their hard chase the sweets,
 To stuff their preconceived conceits ;
 As hags hunt cats in darksome passages,
 To make their rabbit-pies and sausages.
 But *Genesis* we'll not discuss.

Then in the *1st of Exodus*—

Again pray hold, I'll give you start
 To th' end of *Job*, with all my heart.

Well then, *1st Psalms*. Let Psalms alone,
 Quo' she ; I've notions of my own ; 1250
 And have found out an easier way
 Than yours, to give the conscience play :
 For since each soul its creed may pick,
 In faith, to *Methodism* I'll stick ;
 Which holds, 'tis useless to enlist 'em
 In any regimental system,
 And leaves our minds free as sharp-shooters,
 Or wandering gipsies, or freebooters ;

And gives a prowling scope capacious,
 To satisfy the most voracious. 1260
 In works, the *Antinomian* hint
 I will adopt, and devil's in't,
 If, with these supple creeds united,
 To either Faith, or Works, I'm plighted
 A whit the more, than by your scheme
 Of reading, an unscriptural dream !
 Whereas the way on which I've hit,
 Has all the proofs of Holy Writ,
 As hosts of theologians great
 Of both Persuasions demonstrate. 1270

Quo' John, we have the world to serve,
 And dare not, for our ears, to swerve
 From certain scruples and punctilios,
 And scandalize the supercilious ;
 And we have heaps of selfish pride
 Within, to gratify beside,
 And ever are prepared to praise
 Good works, when suited to our ways,

And to condemn our neighbour's vices,
 Altho' our own have reached their crisis. 1280

So, well I know, you'll change your vein,
 And patronize good works again,
 As even now you did, when quaking
 So sensibly at Sabbath breaking;
 Equivocating in your errors,
 By openly displaying terrors.

So ROCHESTER, forbid t' exhibit
 His face at court, in dread of gibbet
 If he his King shou'd disobey,
 Approached the Throne the other way. 1290

In such discussions, *tête-à-tête*
 They sat, till warned the day grew late;
 Save, that the Dame up-stairs at twilight
 Went, and wide open threw the skylight;
 While in the cellar at his butlery
 John worked, and cleaned his spoons and cutlery;
 The milkman's pail, and shrill bell, jingled,
 And, milk below, with, muffins, mingled

In cries discordant. With the owl,
The night-sneak sallied forth to prow, 1300
And many a maid lamenting sat
The sudden loss of broom or mat.
Dame Nature, who at morning-light
Had turned, like HUME, from black to white ;
Of lucid principle for lack,
Now changed, like JOE, again to black.
The lamp-lighter his ladder climbs ;
The hurdy gurdy grating chimes ;
Paul's clock struck SEVEN, and then ONE more,
More loudly than it ever did before, 1310
When lo ! a hackney-coach stopped at the door.
Lord ! cried the Lady, here they come,
Stir, stir, your stumps,
All hands to the pumps ;
Serve up your dishes,
Your loaves and fishes,
Prepare the brandy, wine, and rum !
When, all-enraptured at the sound,

Up SHIPHRA sprang, DELILAH gave a bound,
RUTH, HODESH, and blithe BATHSHEBA drew
And understrappers grew to upper : [round,
VASHTI, her greasy chops displayed,
And showed herself a shining blade ;
While pots, and pans, and cans resound
To supper, supper, supper !

1325





CANTO III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The portraits. The carousal clamorous ;
The guests get drunk, the hostess amorous.
John's maiden sermon : Paul on Peter :
The Angel's hymn ; the Dame's own metre :
When Grumbo, with another hearty
Old cock, pops in and spoils the party.
The Lady snatches up her last trophy :
The flight, fight, capture, and catastrophe .



THE LADY AND THE SAINTS.



CANTO III.

THE front door opened—enter PAUL,
A portly-looking man withal,
In stature plus five feet, eleven,
Like one who 'had newly dropped from Heaven,
And set his frontispiece in blaze
By passing thro' the solar rays;

Which, peeping from the upper story,
The DAME pronounced bright beams of glory.
His eyes, tho' squinting, were divine ;
Large mouth, and nose not aquiline 10
But chubby, studded with carbuncles.
His rusty coat, fresh from mine Uncle's,
Had on its collar pinned, of date
Antique, a rustier duplicate :
So 't had been spouted, you 'd have sworn,
Some years at least before 't was born.
His waistcoat, it was seen, in spite
Of wear and washing, once was white.
His trowsers, of ambiguous hue,
Supposed originally blue. 20
His polished shoes a doubt imparting,
If he used *Hunt*, or *Day and Martin* ;
And proved his trip from heavenly bowers,
Had not been over roads like ours.
His hat, of shape that Preachers wear,
Brushed bright with beer, his powdered hair

Concealed in part : but I'd forgotten
 His upper garment ragged and rotten ;
 The same, at least the Lady swore so,
 That he at LYSTRA ripped and tore so. 30

Him GABRIEL followed, who in nature
 Unlike a Saint, was short in stature,
 And thin as herring ; dark complexion,
 Large whited eyes of strong reflexion.
 Thick lips and red, blanched ivory pegs,
 Long arms, short thighs, and bandy legs ;
 High shoulders, and between them, which hard
 Ran race with 's pole (like bold KING RICHARD)
 Arose majestically a hump
 More large than that which formed his rump, 40
 The seat of honour's rein-forcement,
 And looking like the first endorsement ;
 And t' other, by that taking lead,
 But to be kicked in case of need.
 His features savoured of the risible :
 His hands were large, at least that visible :

For Gabriel but one glove did wear,

Because he could not sport a pair.

No castor, but his block unfurls

A set of red ambrosial curls, 50

Well soaked with bear's-grease—odds I 'd wager,

Caught in the sign of *URSA MAJOR*.

A jacket shaped like tavern waiter's,

Short fustian breeches, ditto gaiters,

Which hid the tops but not the roots

Of two ill-matched and well-worn boots,

Thro' one of which, for lack of hose

And cobbling, peeped three sable toes,

Like those of Adam's son or daughter,

Except the want of soap and water. 60

His wings, by well-waxed whipcord strung,

Genteely from his blade-bones hung,

And tho' more large, and far more loose,

Resembling pens of stubble-goose,

Accustomed much to botheration,

In sweeping chimnies, Irish fashion,

But which, tho' savouring of the slattern,
The Dame declared of native pattern,
Yet somewhat tarnished, by the blacks
That fly below from chimney stacks. 70
His total scarcely bore, in truth,
The semblance of an earthly youth.

John paid the jarvey, shut the door,
And ushered to the upper floor
The welcome guests. The Dame low bent,
Paid each a handsome compliment,
Which they returned not; down they sat
Sans cérémonie. Curtseying at
Their condescension, she kept standing;
While John, a silver flagon handing, 80
Begged them to wash, as being, no doubt,
Fatigued with their long journeying bout;
But both declined; Paul swearing roundly,
They just had washed, and shaved too, soundly.
Which caused the Dame much perturbation
In making mental calculation,

The rate of miles per hour they travelled ;
 Mystery too deep to be unravelled.
 All mute remained, in dumb array,
 John, thro' respect ; the Dame, to pray, 90
 The Saints, for want of anything to say :
 When lo ! that loud sepulchral knell,
 The dinner and the SUPPER bell,
 That tolls of eatables the doom,
 Now called them to the feeding room.

Napkin in hand, first John advances
 To shew the way, while Gabriel prances
 (His dangling pinions meanwhile flapping
 Against his sides, like heavy lapwing)
 Behind his keel, with circling toes ; 100
 While Paul, polite, his arm bestows
 T' escort the Dame, who careful, traces
 Her footsteps in the self-same places
 Which just before th' angelic Hessians
 Had trod in ; making her own fleshy ones
 His spiritual follow ; somewhat posing
 Her well-taught legs, to turn their toes in.

In this array the party hobbling,
At length, approached the scene for gobbling.

I wish you had but present been 110
And viewed the Saint's mouth watering mien
On entering the saloon ;
Which grand sinumbral lamps displays,
And splendid oriental blaze
Of fork, epergne, and spoon.
When, suddenly, th' effulgence bright
Burst, dazzling on th' astonished sight,
Amidst the meats' perfume ;
Outshone th' apostle's visage hale,
Danced o'er the angel's pinions frail, 120
And kissed each dingy plume.

'T was hard to say which did the most
Delight their hearts, the gorgeous roast,
The pigeon pie, or plover ;
The rich ragouts, the smoking boils,
The high-spiced puddings, savoury broils,
Or well anticipated spoils,

Of dish, tureen, and cover.

No ceremony they observe,

Nor wait until the host should serve, 130

But all sat quickly down,

Save John, who humbly stood behind

The Angel's chair, with crimson lined,

Surmounted by a Crown,

And th' anxious Dame, who with grave face,

Devoutly waited Paul's best grace ;

But deuce a grace, says he :

But pitching on a hot calf's pate,

And tongue, and brains, he filled his plate,

And gorged them furiously : 140

And, not to be for Jew mistaken,

A thickish cut of streaky bacon :

While the Archangel tried his luck

On a roast duck :

And, showing for all human rules disdain,

Athwart he cut the well trussed bird in twain.

The Lady looked at John meanwhile,

To note of carving ducks the heavenly style :
And lowly to herself did say,
I'll never cut them any other way. 150

But, still, a scruple nice arose,
As she sat down betwixt her beaux,
About the grace aforesaid,
Which vanished, whilst her stomach lacking
Of food, was greedily attacking
A slice of collared boar's-head.
Paul having reverently gone thro'
This first head of his choice discourse,
Espied a mess of Irish stew,
On which, for 's second point, he tried his force ; 160
And Gabriel chose for his voracious cheek,
Bubble and squeak.

The Lady, taking steak with *shalot*,
Asked Paul's opinion of the ballot ;
Who answered—I hate all what's flash,
Your ballot-box, and all such trash.
And yet t'would be, upon reflection,

Like you, a vessel of election ;
 Altho,' no doubt, great Saint, that you shun all
 Such measures, as unconstitutional. 170

I go—Quo Saint—on higher grounds ;
 A vote in *Westminster* is worth five pounds,
 To men like me, as gift or loan.

Pho ! Gabriel cries, five pound you say,
 The price is twenty any day,
 For one in *Mary-bone* ;
 Besides, you know, upon occasion,
 A jolly tuck-out at the Registration.

The holy ones, as if reflecting
 The cat had slipped the bag, began to wink 180
 At one another, and, all's up, expecting,
 Looked black as ink :
 Or rather Gabriel—without a strainer
 I can't say both—for as to t'other varlet,
 His face had given a general retainer
 To SCARLET.

But the good Dame relieved their embarrass-
ment,

Much better knowing than themselves what was
And, turning up her mathematic eyes, [meant :
As if to solve the problem from the skies, 190

Exclaimed: well may we minor ills endure,
And cause a general interruption
To laws of bribery and corruption,
In mercy to the poor ;
And favour of that precept, which heav'n wins,
And covereth a multitude of sins,
In giver and receiver :
A kind of hustings yellow-fever.

But, *à propos*, a point arises,
On which, with fear, I oft reflect; [sizes, 200
Since sins are so soon covered, of all sorts and
Whence the small number of th' ELECT?

Because, quo' Saint, give de'il his due,
Th' high-bailiff can return but two.

Right, she rejoined, I see, with sorrow,
Men struggling hard to gain a borough ;

Tho' finite in its members, and duration,
 Like other things of man's creation;
 An earthly vapour, a mere bubble;
 (John thrust his taster in his cheek
 And lowly muttered without squeak)
 And yet, alas ! how little trouble
 The same deluded mortals take
 To gain a high celestial stake.

210

I'll trouble you, quo' Gabriel, for a slice,—
 No doubt, on earth, it's very nice.

Quo' Paul, aside, our's, Bob, are deep stakes,
 And now you have 'em, those are sweep-stakes.

His plate well crammed, she challenged him
 To honours of the Vine,
 And poured herelf a bumper to the brim,
 While he, unused in company to dine,
 Did not so much as sink his knob let,
 But tippled off, erect, a goblet.
 Again she most profoundly bent
 And paid to Paul an equal compliment,

220

Who, nodding, took the usual glass.
 Too great were these events to pass
 Unnoticed ; and the same she treasured
 In Memory, and thus their merits measured : 230
 The Saints and angels in their state
 Of bliss are not co-ordinate ;
 The Angel 's greatest,—Saints are humbler ;
 These use a wine-glass, those a tumbler ; [up,
 This bends his head to earth from which he sprang
 That holds his high, to shew he's prime and bang
 The Proverb's true that says, no doubt, [up.
 When wine is in the wit is out,
 Of which hereafter : but we're treating,
 At present, rather more of eating ; 240
 And have but given an introduction
 To the great Science of Saints' suction,
 Where, tho' th' above-said saw holds good,
 'Tis not the case with solid food.
 For when their maws were empty-ish ones
 They 'had quite forgot the holy Missions

That brought them down (and not for bubble
And squeak) to this low world of trouble :

And, in their zeal for beef and mutton,

For etiquette cared not a button ; 250

But, now their maws, no longer limber,

Were partly lined with belly-timber,

And they had well nigh filled each cavity,

They act with more becoming gravity,

For some short time at least, till liquor

Destroyed their character of Vicar,

Or rather, Evangelic Lecturer.

As for the Dame, you may conjecture her

Delight intense, when Paul began.

You know friend SMITH, he is a pious man 260

As e'er held forth in any human rostrum ;

For every sin he has a certain nostrum :

Well pleased am I, dear Ma'am, that you frequent

His holy place of worship, and, intent

On his good doctrine, feast your hungry soul,

With your fat volume, sitting cheek by jowl.

Remember, 'tis a feather in your cap

To patronize so reverend a chap, [lap.

And at that house OUR LETTER pitched into your

The Lady, almost in hysterics 270

Fell, when she heard these panegyrics.

Commenced then Gabriel—I agree with Paul
here,

For such a mouth, that none should have a small
ear—

But Paul his preaching quickly ended,
By whisp'ring him, least said is soonest mended;
As he his mouth to th' angel's ear did stoop :
For Paul was really no nincompoop,
And Gabriel none of your great holders-
Forth, and altho' in some respects a trump,
Had not so much of head as hump 280

Upon his shoulders :

And it seemed dangerous to try it on

With too much versatility,

In spite of their fair hostess and good John,

The gullibility.

Few are so famous for a text as he,
 The Dame, recovering from her extacy,
 Cried out, and, with a bow profound,
 His health proposed in glasses round.
 Affectionately Paul his part 290
 Played, crying, your's with all my heart,
 And squeezed her hand, which made her start.

His heart, quo' she, I understand,
 (Internally) he gives his hand
 As well; the blest expression fires me
 With holy love; that he admires me,
 I'll swear. When Gabriel, his gable
 End turned, he led me to the table
 With ardour; ever since I sat me
 Down, he has cast a sheep's eye at me; 300
 Ah! that dear eye, I plainly see
 Has WHITFIELD'S ogle to a T;
 And on my beauty peeps and twinkles,
 Like monkies' picking periwinkles;
 While t'other wandering, or else neuter,
 Displays the warm tho' bashful suitor;

If Gabriel gets an indigestion,
 And sleeps, I'm sure he'll pop the question;
 Altho' his writings may disparage,
 In certain points, the state of marriage; 310
 Yet some there are, whose charms can jostle
 The doctrine ev'n of an apostle;
 The parson of his fee we'll chouse,
 At Babylonish STEEPLE HOUSE;
 For both of us prefer, by far,
 The bran new UNION REGISTRAR.
 How proud, I shall be, when folks call me
 The Saint's fair spouse, and Mrs. Paul me:
 And I am asked by aunt and coz,
 How my good man th' apostle does. 320
 If we've a son, and no doubt of it,
 He'll prove, at least, a lesser prophet.—

At this thought, languishing she bended
 Sweet looks of love on her intended,
 Whose view the speculation hurled
 To dust. He was not of this world

'Twas plain, but purely spiritual. Sighing,
 Her fertile genius fell to prying
 In curious questions, nice and subtle,
 How souls like these could stuff and guttle 330
 Without real organs, on th' occasion,
 For swallowing, or mastication,
 Devoid of chyle and gastric juices,
 Liver or lights, and how the deuce is
 The food retained and kept from tumbling?
 While on these fancies she was stumbling,
 John interrupted her, by noting
 The Saints were now a bumper voting,
 To drink her health, in three times three.
 She rising, made a low curtsy, 340
 Direct to Paul, and sighed, Ah! wou'd
 To heaven, my Saint were flesh and blood.
 As with sweet smiles their faces rippled,
 Each jollily his joram tipped.
 This whetter set their stomachs gaping
 Once more; and each his trencher scraping,

Upon the self-same dish agreed,
 As Saints do, sometimes, in their creed ;
 For these two blest ones did not choose a piece
 Of breast, or side-bone, but a goose apiece ; 350
 And tho' the ven'omous tongue of slander
 Declares that Gabriel's was a gander ;
 And tries to shew us, with impunity,
 They, ev'en in poultry, had no unity :
 Substantial reasons I can render,
 That both were of the female gender ;
 Producing thus, strong proof convincing
 There, in essentials, was no wincing ;
 However much the pair might fall
 Out about points collateral,— 360
 Or, if you will, interpretation
 Not necessary for Salvation :
 For whilst to's goose this clammed his jaws
 With caper—that took lobster sauce :
 And our much-edified Dame,
 In both respects had done the same,

Had she before believed their supple
 And pliant maws could eat a couple;
 Economy, thought she, is useless,
 I 'm glad there's not a single goose less. 370

Now iced champagne to each was set;
 But Gabriel called for heavy wet,
 Of which a tankard being brought out—
 'Twas *Guinness's* best double stout—
 In haste, he blew the curling froth
 Right o'er the damask table cloth,
 Except the half which chanced to fall
 Upon th' apostle's glowing chawl,
 And with an evanescent whiz
 Soon vanished on his flaming phiz. 380
 The Lady stared at their contriving
 To shew, thus, miracles reviving,
 Believing, firmly, that the shower
 Had dried by supernatural power.

Quo' *Paul*, we always take for grease
 A go of brandy after geese.

The dram dispatched, his face blazed high'er,
As when fresh fuel's thrown on fire ;
And Gabriel, with look demoniac,
Stretched a long arm to reach the Cognac. 390

To tell you all, I am unable,
Th' adventures of this festive table ;
The loftiest muse, would here be puzzled, —
And how Paul punned, and Gabriel guzzled,
And how the Lady to a tittle,
Devoured their jokes, and they, her vittle ;
For we may rest assured their rank wit
Was full as splendid as the banquet ;
How each wise tongue with logic jigged,
And how this stuffed, and t'other swigged ; 400
John having his, the Lady her say,
And these points in the *vice versa*.
'Tis inconsistent with good-breeding
To shew the Saints up when they're feeding,
When they shake off their graver habits
For Macaroni and Welch rabbits,

And how the curteysing chambermaid,
 With rev'rence, information prayed
 Of each great guest, which would his crupper most
 Delight, the matrass or bed uppermost,— 410
 How, barring ceremonious pother,
 This chose the one, and that the other,—
 And how the Lady in low voice
 Drew two great lessons from this choice :
 Nor shall I keep you to narrate
 The grand dessert served up in state,
 Grace after meat by Saints abolished,
 And dates and pine-apples demolished,—
 How John by turns threw many a glass over,
 He loved all feasts save that of Passover, 420
 Such themes he never treated drily,
 But helped himself at side-board sily.
 So pass we on from scenes destructive
 To those of morals more productive.

For having done his menial offices ;
 As master-general of the prophecies,

Arrayed in black, with white-starched band,
John, seated on the Saint's right hand,
Displayed such ardour in his new
Capacity, that very few 430
Could now pronounce him unconverted.
Then, at a signal preconcerted,
He rose, and from behind a column,
Produced to Gabriel one huge Volume
From th' heap tremendous, there prepared.—
Would you had seen how Gabriel stared,
And Paul still more—*paululum plus*,
Of learning just to make a fuss—
At Gabriel darting his eyes curvy,
When th' angel read it topsy turvy 440
With open jaws—but their fair host
Was quite in admiration lost ;
By reading backwards, well she knew
He was accustomed to He-brew.
Paul ne'ertheless, the tome did seize on,
As though it had contained high-treason,

And pulling it himself towards,
Out pitched a smutty pack of CARDS,
Dispersing all around—good heavens !
Kings, queens, jacks, deuces, six and sevens, 450
Hearts, diamonds, spades, and clammy clubs,
O'erspread the sweets and syllabubs.

The Lady gave a vacant stare,
And screaming, fainted in her chair.
Good John was terrified, and took
By way of fan, the open book,
And used it freely, whilst he rapt her
Old block, anon, with holy chapter :
This work fanatic, no impression
Made on her mind, tho' t might her flesh on ; 460
He next tried aromatic salt,
But found that equally at fault ;
He then, in haste, considered whether
To pluck and singe one angel's feather,
Beneath her nose, might not be lawful,
But thought th' experiment too awful.

When Paul, arising from his seat,
His hand raised high to keep his feet,
On her locked senses trying his key,
Pour'd down her throat a dram of whiskey, 470
Which soon revived her : coming round,
She cast her eyes upon the ground,
Gave first a small sigh, then a great one,
And bawled,—Remove that spawn of Satan ;
Those monuments of youthful follies,
When sins I dressed, like steaks at *Dolly's* ;
When day and night I used to kill,
In playing ombre and quadrille ;
Neglecting practices devout,
Which my new-birth has brought about, 480
Before my eyes were opened, look ye,
And I delighted in blind hookey ;
Before I left off worldly mammon,
And set my face against back-gammon ;
When Put I loved, nor even qua-ked,
To play a hand at strip Jack na-ked,

Nor heeded call, but of companion
 When he at long whist sang out, can ye one ?
 Rejecting honours from above,
 With Lucifer linked, hand and glove ; 490
 My mad head turning, like a swivel,
 I cut the king, and played the devil.
 O sad event ! O pride now humble !
 Pray hold me, John, or I shall tumble ;
 Oh ! what a spectacle, undue
 To set before such Saints as you ;
 Remembrance bringing to your minds,
 Of my past sins of other kinds.

While thus she spoke, the Saint was holding
 The book, and thence, by chance unfolding 500
 A slip, which served as marker, a bill
 At chapter six, displayed a *PLAY-BILL*.
 A flood of tears her peepers broach.

Ah, Paul ! I feel your keen reproach ;
 Time was, when I was used to cram
 My brains with farce, and melo-dram ;

In going, can I hope for pardon ?
 To DRURY LANE, and COVENT GARDEN ;
 My poor soul setting, how I tremble !
 On player men, like *Cooke* and *Kemble*. 510
 Nay, I have mixed among the swells,
 Full many' a night at *Sadler's Wells* ;
 Forgive these briny tears and scaldy,
 While I remember JOE GRIMALDI ;
 I own I've sat, of laughter full,
 At *Irish* JOHNSTONE in *John Bull* ;
 And left the JUMPING SECT divine,
 For HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE ;
 I would, for exhortations, choose
 The pantomime of *Mother Goose* ; 520
 Prefer loose op'ra singers, whether in
 Right tune or out, to Psalms of brethren ;
 And *Dibdin's* songs, my eyes and limbs !
 By *Inclendon*, to WATTS'S hymns ;
 And *Catalani*, strange assertion,
 To primest twangers in New Version

And then in tragedy, the pith
Of *Young*, to our good friend old *Smith*,
To whose great aptitude and fitness,
So great a Saint as Paul bears witness. 530

Othello was my life: *Macbeth* !

His dagger proved my spiritual death.

While thus she spoke, in sighs and sobs,
Disconsolate ; our two great nob
Were well employed in drinking sack up,
And helping John to pick the pack up ;
Which done, Paul takes the play bill, fractures it,
And into spilletts manufactures it,
To John's great joy ; who had bespoke
Materials to make 'em smoke. 540

But, viewing still the tears and distress
Of his half-sprung and drowsy mistress,
Aware that it was useless trying
That source again, that set her crying ;
And, if not checked, her tragic weeping
Would terminate in soundly sleeping,

A most unmannerly position,
 At such a holy exhibition ;
 He handed her a seidlitz powder,
 And seeing how the cards had cowed her, 550
 And *dramatis personæ* hipt her,
 This learned dissertation tipt her.

Remember, ma'am, you've known the Scripture
 From ev'n your long frocks : your good mother
 Has often sworn that such another,
 For chapter, verse, or apt concordance,
 Was never seen on this side Jordan's
 Fair streams, or, be they salt, or fresh ones ;
 Pray mark her venerable expressions !
 The cries which did your cradle fill, 560
 Were all to notes of *Zion's Hill* ;
 Your screams in teething great and small,
 Accompanied, *Good People all* ;
 Your earliest accents, were connected
 Discourses, had they been collected.
 The books you chose were never funny ones,

But holy works, like good JOHN BUNYAN'S ;

You've often left beefsteaks and onions

For hours untouched upon the table,

To banquet on the DEATH OF ABEL ; 570

Hot gingerbread and toffy nice, lost,

To suck old MILTON'S PARA-DISE LOST.

Your scanty store of pocket money

Was never spent in cakes and honey,

But in rich treats for spiritual belly,

NEW-BIRTH, OLD JAMES, OR LITTLE NELLY.

The Dame here called to mind John's ill-birth,
Pronounced by her before a still-birth.

Your mouth you could not ope, but next

Moment out flew some holy text, 580

And when you kept it closed, texts, too,

Wou'd oft escape ye, *malgré vous*.

No MEETING-HOUSE there was in town,

But by your zeal had been done brown ;

No verse from pulpit was announced,

But straight your little fingers pounced

Upon the word, and turned it tightly
O'er leaf, to see if quoted rightly,
With equal watering of gums,
As other brats in picking plums. 590
Awake, you were, a tome select
Of every whim of every sect,
And when t' your eyes sleep gave its balm,
You sweetly snored the *Hundredth Psalm*.

Such virtue in your youth appears.
But turn we now to riper years,
Whose fame will never be forgotten
For ages after you are rotten.
The early tenets you imbibed
Shone brilliantly, when you subscribed 600
To lots of MISSIO'NARY SOCIETIES,
In all their wonderful varieties,
Who pastors send to foreign land,
And make the heathens understand,
By their own edifying contentions,
That Gospel nouns have more declensions

And cases, too, than masters hammer

Out, by the sciences of grammar ;

Whereas, divine truth is definable

Only as being indeclinable.

610

Diversity of choice religions,

More numerous far than fancy pigeons !

All from the self-same volume teaching,

Yet different creeds, by hundreds, preaching ;

Like PAGANINI, who could bring

All notes from his one fiddle-string ;

Or publicans, who draw your ale

From one grand engine, mild, or stale ;

Or sweet, or bitter, flat, or frothy,

Or half and half, or by turns both the

620

One and the other, and still bent all

Upon this maxim fundamental,

Which their own practice proves mere fudge :

Here, take this text-book, read, and judge.

By which, 'tis plain, we need no preachers,

Or lecturers, or Gospel teachers,

Who now, like locusts, swarm around,
 And all the Bible may expound,
 Both you in yours, and I in my sense,
 By pay'ng a shilling for the license. 630
 Then you bestowed on that fine baby,
 The mighty CACHEE-CUON-CABEE,
 The alias REVEREND PETER JONES,
 Rich gifts, to hear his CHIPP'EWA tones;
 When, like a white bear, or prize-badger, he
 Went round in Methodist menagerie,
 Shown up and down by reverend leaders,
 For benefit of scriptu'ral readers,
 Who now of savages turn heeders,
 And of his inspirations bawl; 640
 As showmen, tigers of Bengal
 Cry up; or else, as if he 'had been a-
 N orang-outang, or tame hyena.
 Good folks, walk in, this wond'rous man see !
 A sort of spiritual chimpanzee ;
 Relating how in woods they caught him,
 And in a cage to Britain brought him.

You, contributions, ne'er refuse
 To aid Conversions of the Jews ;
 But Levis you will freely tip, 650
 To shave alone their upper lip ;
 And may a vote of thanks command
 From all the barbers in the land.

Th' Apostle here pricked both his ears up,
 And bade the Lady dry her tears up,
 Which flowed more bitterly by half
 At this affecting Paragraph.

You give far more than any Laic
 To this society Mosaic,
 And always make donations treble 660
 On hearing that they have a nibble ;
 For never have we heard, downright,
 Except one WOLFF, they had a bite.

Reflect, with pride, upon the curses
 You've vented against running horses,
 Colours, and riders, and the hosts
 Who lose their Souls at winning Posts ;

The Devil taking as his due,
The hindmost, and the foremost too.
At these exploits you shewed your teeth, 670
Once valiantly, at ASCOT HEATH ;
Not for the sake of fleeting Vanities,
To mix yourself up in th' Insanities
Of sweepstakes, cups, and such like sport,
But to admonish and exhort,
And pamphlets circulate, disgracing
The whole fraternity of racing ;
Who, in return for gibe and scoff,
In their own base coin paid you off,—
And th' handicap of Martyrdom, 680
You won there, like a second THOM.
At this relation my blood curdles ;
Long chased, and hunted over hurdles,
Then caught, and clothed in Jockey-dresses,
Scarlet and blue cap, with your tresses,
About your burning ears, dishevelled,
Like one besotted or bedevilled,

Proclaimed a filly thorough-bred,
Or prime brood-mare, in triumph led,
By lots of sneering sons of Comus, 690
And mounted cross-legged on grey Momus,
Around the course by E. O. table-men,
Keepers of puppet-shows and stable-men,
Blacklegs, and conjurors, and swiggers,
Buttocks, and twangs, and thimble-riggers,
And Lappy-Culls who there and then,
Came, in a Push, from Boozing Ken;
All swearing loudly in defence
Of Liberty of Conscience,
As they profanely said; when pelted, 700
And by the summer's dead heats melted,
You bolted, sadly losing weight,
Reduced to full sixteen stone-eight,
And kept your pad on Doctor's stuff
And gruel; till 'twas plain enough,
This testy Business had, in fact,
Repealed your Corporation Act.

Then, turn your eyes to that society,

Which leads to beautiful variety,
Hogarth's true line—without addition 710
 Of Liturgy, or exposition,
 The Word, and that alone, profusely
 Distributing, tho' somewhat loosely,
 In point of practical utility,
 And low recipients' ability,
 (As if you set a man to ride post,
 Where ways conflict without a guide post)
 Thro' every quarter of the globe
 To which the art of man can probe,
 By steam-boat, railway, land or ocean : 720
 How you've encouraged its promotion !
 Which gives it, thus, to souls unstable,
 In all the languages of Babel,
 Save one—I mean the tongue of Trulls,
 Of Millkens, Buzzes, and flash Culls,
 And others of the slumming beat,
 Who, by the bye, wou'd think the treat
 As mighty a desideratum,
 As hedge-hogs would *Delcroix's* Pomatum :

But whose dear souls you do so cherish, 730
That lest for spiritual want they perish,
You, tooth and nail, are now employed
In filling this lamented void,
With some choice spirits of the gang
Translating freely into slang
The Volume—thus to cut a dash
As its first rende’rer into FLASH.
'Twill be at once a pride, and pleasure,
When kindly you have lodged your treasure
In every new collegiate fist,— 740
To mark how knowingly they twist,
By cunning artifice rhetorical,
Plain words to meanings allegorical,
With figurative expressions fence,
To keep them in the literal sense :
On supposititious figures fall,
Where there’s no metaphor at all,
And every Text, however dense it is,
Unclench to favour old propensities,

And prove, in controversy hot, 750

THOU SHALT, means clearly, THOU SHALT NOT ;

And that, SHALT NOT, by forced deduction,

Should have a POSITIVE construction ;

Particularly when to stealing

Direct applied, or double dealing ;

While private whim the reading varies,

To suit a thousand odd vagaries ;

As other sectaries of the Quorum,

In every age, have done before 'em.

Then, just a moment, view your acts 760

And monuments, in godly Tracts ;

Nor waste your strength, in useless blubbers,

About a few odd tricks and rubbers.

Your veins you've driving chilled in Dennet,

Alone, to circulate JOE BENNET

Both far and wide, altho' much wider,

You've circulated THE BACKSLIDER ;

I've known you your sweet sleep forsake,

To warn poor folks against THE WAKE,

Present to stumblers, full of tipple, 770
 The lame adventures of YOUNG CRIPPLE;
 And get the stitch (a martyred hobbler
 With gout) to spread the LEARNED COBBLER;
 On all the mongrels your means fritter,
 Which both DEPOSITORIES litter,
 As well the smooth-tongued whelps each breeds,
 As curs which snarl at other creeds.

Did you not join in celebration
 Of that great festive jubilation
 Of him, who gave the first bold glimpse 780
 Of light, to beat down Satan's imps?
 That mighty will-with-th'-whisp, or fog-star,
 The Reformation's day, or dog star.
 For, though your fancy 'twould not tickle, if
 You truly knew the creed of WYCKLYFFE,
 With zeal praiseworthy, tho' short-sighted,
 You, in the general cry, united
 Against the bloody popish curse,
 Stretched wide your mouth, and eke your purse,

Abroad, to light the torch and bonfire, 790
At home, to give him more than one fire :
Whose tenets wild at once make flinch law,
And gospel too, and set up Lynch law
Dethroning monarchs, and all such,
If they but take a cup too much,
Stopping their course, like sun in GIDEON,
For only getting past meridian.
He, th' old deposing power cried down,
To make another of his own,
In lieu of pontiffs and great nobs, 800
Bestowed on rustics and swell mobs,
Thus setting subjects up as judges,
Of th' handiest way to pay old grudges
By bills at sight upon the nearest
Lamp-post, the shortest way and clearest
To terminate all controversy
And subsequent appeals to mercy.
The early crow of this game cock,
It was, that to the snubbing block

In after times brought CHARLES's head, 810
 And put up CROMWELL in his stead ;—
 A great event, which often enters
 Th' occult discourses of Dissenters,
 And meets with echoing meeds of praise
 From all Reformers of our days,
 With whom we 're linked, reviled too, and cuffed,
 Like Lift and File together handcuffed :
 And you 'll come down, I 'm not afraid,
 And next commemorate JACK CADE.

Then think how nobly you promoted— 820
 Nor fret about the farces noted
 In some old play-bill so—that best act—
 The CORPORATION, Ma'am, and TEST ACT,
 That ever passed the Legislature,
 In principle as well as nature ;
 Involving that ulterior end
 For which sectarians all contend,
 To wit, the total abolition
 Of tithes, that barb'rous imposition

On corn and conscience, souls and pigs, 830
 Of church-rates, and such other rigs,
 Kept up to keep up bloated paunches
 On smoking sirloins and fat haunches,
 While our poor preachers, by their fees,
 Can hardly earn plain bread and cheese.
 'Tis time to make this Church trade free,
 And pull down all monopoly ;
 For which we march with strides gigantic,
 Like our good friends across th' Atlantic ;
 In one great pasture to agist 'em 840
 All, by the voluntary system ;
 And let persuasions find their level,
 Tho' they may send us to the Devil ;
 And banish scrupulous misgivings
 About the lawfulness of livings,
 Which, for the godly, never were meant,
 As some say, who've no church preferment.
 I surely need not my narration
 Cram with your love of EDUCATION.

Of infant schools you 've played the matron, 850
Of adult ditto, Pres. and patron,
Which teach young kids, instead of earning
Their bread, to stuff their brains with learning ;
And ancient women, in their dotage,
To make pot-hooks instead of potage.
This rage in every grade presents
Extraordinary accomplishments ;
Sets chandlers' wives to cut their candles,
And try a *requiem* of HANDEL'S ;
Instead of wax, to take a part 860
In compositions of MOZART ;
Or, in a rhapsody divine,
To leave long-eights and court the NINE :
The scouring dealer in ablution,
To study BLAIR ON ELOCUTION ;
In extacies lay down her iron,
For heated rhapsodies of BYRON ;
Yet still to her profession true,
Enrol herself among the BLUE ;

Low manufact'urers at their looms, 870
To sigh o'er HARVEY ON THE TOMBS;
And poulterers' wenchies, while they skewer a
Fat capon, strike up a bravura;
And many a hostler's well-trained jade,
To hop the last new gallopade;
Or, in the shades wherein she malts,
Rehearse a fashionable waltz:
Red-riding-hoods, to please their fancies
With errant heroes of romances;
And criticise, in sheds or hovels, 880
The WAVERLEY and MARRYATT novels;
And turn admirers of the style
Of ROUSSEAU, TAYLOR, and CARLISLE;
And fill their gaping minds with vanity,
And anything but Christianity;
For, set on horseback—with their pride, too,
The proverb tells us where they 'll ride to.
So great 's your kindness to the poor,
You 'd make a scholar of each boor;

Teach brats, at sixpence by the week, 890
 To frighten birds away in Greek ;
 Make carters vulgar lingo banish,
 And talk to horses in high Spanish ;
 Or vermin charmers, when they 're ratting,
 Call reptiles from their holes in Latin ;
 Make cat's-meat girls sublime as Pindars ;
 And emptiers of holes for cinders,
 With airs, affect the royal gusto,
 And in Italian squall their Dust O !
 You 'd have old crones in French their tea brew,
 And make the kettle boil in Hebrew ; [900
 Muck-lads, for ETON, leave the barrow,
 And send the ploughboys all to HARROW.

Your bounty to the Temperance
 Society, words can 't enhance ;
 Tee-totalling, we well may deem,
 Not your example, but your theme ;
 Its members' welfare, 'tis well known,
 You cherish far beyond your own ;

Yourself you make with liquors free, 910
And recommend your friends Bohea ;
In loyal toasts to pitch it strong,
And drink the Queen—in best Souchong ;
And amidst muffins' direful slaughter,
Her ministers—in milk and water ;
With cheers than great guns firing louder,
To give the navy—in gunpowder ;
And till all lungs are like to crack,
Th' immortal memory—in black ;
Or else, to suit their philo-sophy, 920
The people's sovereignty—in coffee ;
And have at sentiments a long go,
In bumpers to the brim of Congo.
No more the jolly poet shining
Will sing of BACCHUS, but of TWINING ;
He must his lofty diction turn
From flowing bowl, to smoking urn,
From luscious grape, to blooming Hyson,
(The finest ever man clapped eyes on)

And leave his soaring flights to settle, 930
 In smoke, the glory round a kettle;
 Or make it, sighing over Pekoe,
 In empty mock'ery answer, echo.
 The Muse no more invoked will be,
 But the EAST INDIA COMPANY;
 What Muse could issue from betwixt her
 Sweet lips, one verse for HOWQUA'S MIXTURE !

In the MECHANIC'S INSTITUTE,
 From your donations what rich fruit !
 To teach political economy, 940
 Pneumatics, logic, and astronomy;
 And other sciences at random,
 And arts adapted *ad captandum*.
 The poor old labourer, hence, whose bones
 Are wearied out with breaking stones,
 May on his hod revolving sit,
 And with their entrails feast his wit:
 (Great treat, on lapidary tripe,
 Like epicures on trails of snipe)

Tell both their origin and data, 950
 And th' actual nature of their strata.
 Rough tinkers putting on their mettles,
 To mend the state, instead of kettles ;
 And tailors, at their wills and pleasures,
 To question ministerial measures ;
 Or butchers, when they get a hand in
 The Art of Human Understanding,
 To knock down PALEY's probs or LOCKE's,
 With the same ease they would an ox ;
 Staymakers to reform their bussels, 960
 By PALMERSTON's or LORD JOHN RUSSELL's ;
 Or pedlars', pack on back who trudge it,
 To criticise th' Exchequer budget ;
 Or carpenters, the solar axis,
 And the unlawfulness of Taxes :
 Youths to debate on which way Dad polls,
 And how young frogs are made from tadpoles,
 And study, when in ages riper,
 The generation of a viper ;

When comets are at their aphelion, 970
And what will justify rebellion.
'Tis this society which raises
Learn'd pleaders' minds above their cases ;
To geologically crack stones,
And Commentaries write on Black stones,
Assaults to leave, and smiling flatter ye
With lectures on voltaic battery ;
And put their clients in a panic
By shrewd experiments galvanic ;
And of blind fiddlers turn instructors, 980
Upon the nature of conductors.
'Tis this informs fish fags who prate
In syllogisms at Billingsgate,
Whether the figures they have dipt on
Are *Cesare* or *Baralipton*,
To miners gives a dissertation
On principles of Aerostation,
And chimney-sweepers' fancies suits
By treatises on parachutes.

At these words, Gabriel looked flushed, 990
And, like STERNE'S angel, some say, blushed.

Here colliers soar above low granites,
And take the altitude of planets;
To dairy-maids, the learned display
The wonders of the Milky Way;
Teach her to kick about her pails,
And leave her cows' for comets' tails;
The thorough cook t' abandon her currie,
And watch the satellites of Mercury;
And night-policemen how to track, 1000
Instead of prigs, the Zodiac.

I've done; but feel a little vexed
To preach so long without a text,
Tho' I have fired a long and good shot.
So, madam, wipe, I pray, those blood-shot
Swoll'n eyes of yours, which shew your paints,
And smile upon this brace of Saints.

While John pursued this long harangue,
The Saints had almost cried Go hang

To his oration; but that over, 1010
 Tho' Paul might wish him at Hanover,
 He at the termination chuckling,
 Upon the table fell to knuckling
 At such a rate, as made the glasses
 Dance right and left, like lads and lasses
 At hops and malt; and Gabriel following
 His butty's motion, set to, holloaing;
 As when in *Commons' House*, to cheer him
 Who speaks, or well, or ill, or jeer him, [him.
 The members bark, bray, crow, or call out, Hear
 The Lady, this reformed noise taking 1021
 As compliments, and grief forsaking,
 With courteous smiles began beseeching
 The Saint to try his hand at preaching
 A small discourse, or pious parable,
 Adapted for a court or a rabble,
 Declaring he could aptly bawl
 To either, and be all to all:

Who said, in manners not to fail,
By 'her leave he 'd tell a rummish tale. 103
And tho' apology it needed,
Without preamble thus proceeded.

PAUL'S PARABLE.



Once on a time, it so befel
A GAMESTER died, and went to hell.
Which is the very devil of a spot;
Satan received the black-legs with a grin,

Ushered him genteelly in,
His pardon begging that the house felt hot ;
But out of favour to this wight,
Forbore to put his spirit the bare fire on, 1040
Clapping the soul, with courtesy polite,
On a gridiron.

Sir Knave, not minding much the rack,
Began his comic jokes to crack,
And so delighted *Monsieur Black*,
Who swore he was a downright merry man,
That the next morning, with a grace,
Nick moved him from his sultry place
Into a frying pan.

In short, so friendly they became, 1050
That liberated from the flame,
He let the Gamester wander where he list,
And often would invite him to a game
At whist ;
Where happy as he could be in this life,
Dummy and he played against *Nick* and wife.

One morn, the Devil took this soul aside,
 And said, To-day I'm going to take a ride,
 On special business, to Great Britain :
 (To meet some friends on agitation 1060
 At the REFORM ASSOCIATION)
 If you have any word to send,
 With pleasure to your message I'll attend,
 Or take a letter, if you'll get it written ;
 (On the address *super* or *sub*
 Just say obliged by *Beelzebub*)
 And as my partner, free and fair,
 Will be my chum, for change of air, [care ;
 I leave my keys and all things else in your especial
 Pray freely in my absence quaff your bowls ; 1070
 But guard the souls
 From fraud and force, foes politic and random.
 He said ; and turning all the bolts,
 Called out his colts,
 Resolved to travel *à la tandem* ;
 Then cracking 's whip to make his ponies frisky,

Off drove the whiskey.

Scarce was he gone, when at the gates of hell,

St. Peter rang the bell,

Disguised in likeness of a Jew. 1080

Who's there? the Gamester loudly cried.

'Tis only I, the Saint replied.

And who the devil are you?

I'm *Moses Interest*, quoth the blest one,

Who lends you monies, but now dead;

Pray let poor Jew come in to rest one.

Then you'll not sue me, t'other said.

Upon my soul I won't, so never fear,

Tho' there are many lawyers here.

Admitted now, *St. Pierre* sat down, 1090

And pulling out a crown,

Proposed to toss the blacklegs for a pot;

The bet accepted by the latter,

Up sprung the metal with a clatter;

He won: they drank it hot.

Now for revenge, *Old Moses* thundered,

Here goes again for a cool hundred.

Done, cried the Gamester, and yet stop, dear
I've got no money. [honey,
That is no matter, quo' *St. Pierre*; 1100
You've store of goodly souls down here,
Enough to make one's eyes start from the socket,
And I, to carry on the game,
Have luckily great plenty of the same—
Pulling a sample from his breeches pocket;
And to the ears of his dear brother wag,
Shaking his bag—
So then by goles,
We'll toss for souls.
Heads, quo' *Sir Knave*; again the silver flew. 1110
'Tis tails! exclaimed the lucky Jew. [hits,
The winnings paid:—You 'll have no more such
The loser cried;
And his antagonist defied
Double or quits:
But skilful *Peter* had no trouble
To win the double.

Thus they proceed; till, strange to tell,
 The Saint won every soul in hell,
 Except the Gamester's; who on sport still bent,
 Cried, Whilst I have a soul, I will not cry content
 To be thus jockeyed; I believe 1122
 I still my ruined fortunes may retrieve; [and sins.
 I'll stake my own against a soul of equal weight
 Again they toss for pile and cross, again *St. Peter*
 Thus did th' adventurous knave [wins:
 Contrive his soul to save.
 Th' infernal gates wide open flew,
 Up to the skies mounts all the half-fried crew,
 ST. PETER and the GAMESTER TOO. 1130

Then, without blessing or doxology,
 Or *Amen* to his choice theology,
 Down sat the ruddy-visaged Paul.
 Quo' John, that 's all.
 OH miracle of heavenly grace,
 Great prodigy! loud cried the Dame;

What doctrines here sublime I trace,
What rich preserves of moral game.
The heart that 's zealous, bold, and true,
Refuses not the garb of Jew, 1140
When winning souls is the great toss in view ;
Nor the degrading province loathes
Of crying about the streets, old clothes,
In this disguise, to throw down various
Rich tracts in kitchens and in areas,
Instead of cast off garments human,
Bart'ering old habits for the new-man.
But out of order I am rambling ;
The tale sets out, to shew of gambling
The hazardous effects ; displayed 1150
In proper colours is the trade
Whose votaries with Hells must meet,
Much hotter than in *Jermyn Street*,
For ever doomed with impious choir
Of fiends to play at *rouge and noir* ;
Let all of dice, then, shun the vain chance,

And, like old *Moses*, mind the main chance.
 By this soul's mitigated sentence,
 Is shewn the virtue of repentance,
 And by its ultimate delivery, 1160
 We 'are taught that to be over shivery
 At human faults, is really folly: [choly.
 Your health and story, Paul,—away with melan-
 Besides, it favours my opinion,
 More UNIVERSAL than ARMINIAN;
 Whether we do or do not hemp shun,
 All will have general redemption.
 She gave a knowing look at John,
 Her glass drained out, and then went on.
 Nay, I go farther, and hold fast 1170
 With those, who kindly save at last,
 Not only all old *Adam's* brats,
 But favourite lap-dogs and pet cats,
 And ladies' monkees, straight and ring tail,
 And even *Dan's* agita-ting tail.
 Yes, myst'ries past my power to number,

In fact, lie hid, like rats in lumber,
 Beneath this tale. Some other time
 I' ll pick 'em out, and put in rhyme ;
 No doubt, by gracious inspiration, 1180
 They'll prove to many souls salvation.

But where 's the claret, John?—But he
 Had tumbled in a reverie,

And said, aside, I 'll try to push,
 When they have had a drop more lush,
 My Lady's points a little further ;
 And for an answer gently stir their
 High Reve'rences, on the pretences
 Of LOLLARDS and of ALBIGENSES,
 And sub-divisions of WALDENSES, 1190
 Who stand conspicuous in the tree
 Of 'foresaid *Wyckliffe's* Pedigree.
 (And all the party may sing Pœans
 To their grandsires the MANICHÆANS ;)
 For by the parable's conclusion,
 Confoundedly they 're in confusion,

Who stretch this doctrine salutary
 So far as to include *Old Harry*,
 Contending, he again will rise
 To his arm-chair in Paradise, 1200
 And t' other angels in disgrace
 Be sent down-stairs to take his place ;
 A tenet I consider hellish,
 And one that Gabriel here won't relish.

Why, cried the Dame, why don't you jig ?
 You stare just like a dying pig ;
 I say the claret, John—the which her
 High pride had served in lusted pitcher,
 With silver stand ; on this, Paul pounces,
 And whispers Gabriel, Twelve good ounces ; 1210
 These th' anxious Hostess overhearing,
 Imagines words most kindly cheering.
 They mean, thought she, there 's no more fearing,
 That when for weight my faith appeals,
 The scale will upwards kick its heels,
 Nor that my works, which they 're descanting,
 Will, in the balance, be found wanting

With currie powder and rich juices,
 A savoury devil John produces—
 A proper relish at this crisis— 1220
 And, mixed with capillaire and spices,
 A treat you 'd scarce expect at this shop
 Of cold dissent—a prime *Archbishop!*
 If possible, than Paul's chops rosier,
 With floating mitre and grand crozier;
 Which vanities the Dame admitted
 In some things lawful, though unfitted
 For others—proper in potations,
 But not in ritual celebrations.
 Altho' th' Apostle winced much when 1230
 His tongue was bit by sharp cayenne,
 And condiments of cloves and mace.
 Not such with Gabriel was the case;
 He moved no muscle of his face,
 But, like a fire-eater, devouring
Belial in biscuits, and while pouring
 Out torrents of hot lush episcopal,
 He cried to 's chum, your 're not half-brisk, O Paul,

(Tho' strangely at the glass a fumbler
Used as you are to *shove the tumbler*) 1240
In passing round the flowing bowl.
This charmed the Lady's inmost soul,
Which fell into a high flown rapture,
Too learned for a human chapter,
Upon the difference existing
Between a spirit in its pristine
Condition, never to a dusty
Old bag of bones, however trusty,
United, and one, tho' now ris'n,
Pent up for years in earthly pris'n ; 1250
Thoughts which the Angel well might flatter.
But roused, she found the subject matter
That had to' her reverie giv'n rise,
Quite vanished from her wondering eyes ;
And glorified the power of drinking
Possessed by angels, little thinking
Th' apostle had with good digestion,
Divided on this great church question ;

And liberal John, too, played a pretty
 Good part in this select committee, 1260
 And proved himself to demonstration
 A dab-hand at appropriation.

But be this as it may, the Dame,
 Now bursting with celestial flame,
 To Gabriel thus addressed her speech.

Oh angel bright! I do beseech,
 To my request you'll grant one boon,
 And farther still relieve my swoon:
 Discourses such as PAUL has doled forth,
 I ask not, he's the boy to hold forth; 1270

For well we know that SAINTS and SERMONS
 Together go, like cousin-germans,
 Whereas to your high flights belong
 The raptures of *Seraphic Song*.

Permit me humbly then to crave,
 You'll tip us just one little stave;
 HEAVEN'S GLORY, first or second part,
 Or any that you have by heart;

For my Selection has much torn out,
And by hard singing 's almost worn out. 1280

The Angel cleared his little throat,
By humming an incipient note,
As with great singers is the fashion,
And then a slight expectoration,
And last, not least, a lengthened eructation.

To settle all, a swig of punch
He took, Paul patting him on th' hunch
To set his powers cantiferous hatching,
As coves do terriers at rat-catching,
And shewing his white teeth like them, 1290
Began his chant, but first cried Hem.

GABRIEL'S HYMN.



I.

SAINTS are jolly souls,
Enjoying flip and sack, O,
Rum punch in crown bowls,
And plenty of tobacco.
Heaven 's a noble berth
For epicure and glutton,

There 's no such swipes on earth,
Nor fine fat South-down mutton.

Cadgetty fi fum, 1300
Sneakery, cheekery, swipe O,
Ponticky ri rum,
Ri whack fol de rol de rido.

II.

In truth a wondrous spot,
No creditors to dun ye,
We drink and ne'er pay shot,
And eat tho' we've no money ;
The cause that with impunity,
All there may get in debt with,
Is want of opportunity 1310
For lawyers to be met with.

Cadgetty fi fum,
Sneakery, cheekery, scribe O,
Ponticky di dum,
Ri whack fol de rol de rido.

III.

Of sickness there 's no more,
 And even should you wish an
 M.D., at ne'er a door
 You'll find stuck up Physician.
 And should we crack a limb, 1320
 Yourself, or I, or her, John,
 My eyes I might stare dim,
 In seeking for a surgeon.

Cadgetty fi fum,
 Sneakery, cheekery, died, oh,
 Ponticky mi mum,
 Ri whack fol de rol de rido.

IV.

No wives to fetch you home
 From BACCHUS, BEAR, or BRITAIN,
 While the full pot doth foam; 1330
 No wedlock—it is written;

The reason in my mind,
 To carry well this farce on,
 Is that in heaven we find
 The Devil of a parson.

Cadgetty fi fum,
 Sneakery, cheekery, bride oh,
 Ponticky chi chum,
 Ri whack fol de rol de rido.

Thus closed the merry moral rhyme. 1340
 Quo' Dame, What holy truths sublime
 In every stanza do we see arising,
 To such as have the gift of spiritualizing.
 The chorus, above all, your dutiful
 Disciple finds divinely beautiful,
 And tho' occult, its doctrines pure
 A rich treat for an amateur ;
 And most especially deserving
 Th' attention of the fold of IRVING.
 The tune was chosen, not carelessly, 1350
 But crying up my favourite *Wesley*,

To teach us that an angel backs him,
 As much as I do, in his maxim,
 That Saints a hair may safely pick,
 From ev'n the Devil's fiddlestick.
 To minds like mine, such brilliant lustres,
 From this hymn hang, like grapes in clusters;
 While to the wordly and profane,
 All proves a scandal and a bane.

Besides—Quo' John, It's going to rain; 1360
 And stepping to the sideboard, fetched more swipes,
 Tobacco, sealing-wax, and pipes.

Paul tittered, Gabriel laughed aloud,
 And full of sky, they blew a cloud.

One volunteer, exclaim your best men,
 Is worth at least a dozen prest men;
 But whether this old saw is fudge
 Or not, in what now follows, judge
 Good reader. You must own the frisky
 Romance of Paul was worth his whiskey, 1370
 And Gabriel's canticle acknowledge
 A specimen of our NEW COLLEGE;

These in the Lady's favour basking,
 At the first time, said yes, of asking ;
 But she, rejoicing in the Lord
 Knows what, did of her own accord,
 Without the least solicitation,
 Besides an inward inspiration,
 Propose to treat them with a strain,
 The offspring of her proper brain. 1380

She told them that this prime and bang-
 Up psalm, THE SINNER'S END was christened ;
 And when 'twas sung in solemn twang,
 The hearts it moved of all who listened.
 She 'had sent it round to all the beer shops,
 Gin palaces, and other queer shops,
 To covies of all sorts and trades,
 Apprentices, and servant maids,
 And congregations
 Of all persuasions ; 1390
 And when at Meeting out they roared it,
 The brethren all vocife'rously encored it.

Then drinking her guests' health in brimful cup,
Thus she struck up ;
As John, her chaplain, in devout
Costume, the psalmody gave out.

THE LADY'S CANTICLE.



I.

THERE was a sad unrighteous man,
Who passed his time in swig and strife ;
But when his days drew near their span, 1399
Death stood before him, large as life, K 3

II.

And beckoned him : quo' sinner, No !
I've oft been told, good *Mister Tall Bones*,
The way of all flesh I must go,
But not with thee, for thou art all bones.

III.

The tyrant, whetting first his scythe,
Right in the sinner's vitals stuck it;
When the poor wretch, with many a writhe,
'Turned very pale, and kicked the bucket.

IV.

So crowned with streams of future light,
In partnership Saints form a merry Co., 1410
Uz, Canaan, Israel, Migdol, bright
Hashmonah, Moab, Shunammite,
Jordan, Jerusalem, and Jericho.

V.

Abandon therefore husks of swine,
 These sober lessons coolly con over,
 Regard thy destinies divine,
 Beware of women and of wine,
 Reflect, a stitch in time saves nine,
 Nine tailors make a man, and none over.

Quite overcome, she sat down crying. 1420

Quo' John, How truly edifying;
 While thus enquired th' astonished visitors,
 No,—really—is it hers?
 Yet both declared one thing was wanting
 To crown the feast—John's powers of chanting,
 Of which his face was their informant,
 Must not, at such a time, lie dormant:
 To which he graciously assented,
 And would have sung, but was prevented
 As shortly will appear. However, 1430
 He actually began a quaver,

Quite long and loud enough t' assure
 The Holies, by the overture,
 That his, as well as Gabriel's pœan,
 Was truly set to notes Wesleyan.

Just then, some fellow at the gate
 Knocked at the devil of a rate,
 Enough to break the brazen rapper,
 And crack the bell-wire and the clapper ;

Not calculated was the din 1440
 To let the knocker quietly in,
 But much more likely, beyond doubt,
 To make th' inhabitants run out,
 By filling their weak minds with fears,
 The house would fall about their ears.

All started up. John, in amazement,
 Shoved up the central window casement,
 But nothing saw, the night being dark.
 Who 's knocking there, quo' he ; when hark !

A voice responded, whose gruff accent 1450
 Almost poor John upon his back sent,

Cry'ng, Where 's your Lady, let me greet her,
For I, good John, am good ST. PETER.
The Dame once more was fit to faint,
For joy to think another Saint
Was come to see her, from the ranks
Celestial, and giving thanks,
In haste to kneel, slid on her breech.
The voice went on: The Scriptures teach
That he who enters not the gate, 1460
But climbs the wall, deserves his fate,
Tho' he should tumble neck and crop,
And break his noddle in the drop;
Now Paul and Gabriel, sallying out
T' attend your sanctimonious rout;
Instead of saying, if you please,
Dear Peter, exercise your keys;
And going forth at th' entrance door,
As they were always wont before,
Scaled, like two scamps, the high wall which in- 1470
Closes the yard of heaven's back kitchen.

So, sticking up for etiquette,
 Altho' the night is cold and wet,
 I'm come down special, with my train,
 To fetch the wanderers back again.
 But first, I must, John, even in this stress,
 Say, how d'ye do, to your good Mistress.

Not relishing this rival joker,
 With savage looks, Paul seized the poker,
 Which brandishing above his head, 1480
 He dowsed the glims, and down stairs fled.

But Gabriel more timid far,
 Unlike a valiant man of war,
 To th' chimney flew, as in alarms
 The babe clings round its nurse's arms ;
 And had escaped by that wide orifice,
 But for the fire ; and then with sorry phiz
 At its great heat, with all his power
 To quench the flame commenced a shower,
 As *Gulliver* did erst in *Lilliput* ; 1490
 For decency his pinion still he put,

'Tis due to say, a little down,
 To spare the Lady's blush or frown,
 (Who thought his high and mighty Humpship,
 Had chose'n a curious place to pump ship)
 But vainly trying to extinguish
 The blaze, this project did relinquish,
 And sprang, tho' much against his will,
 And perched upon the window-sill,
 Determined thus to take his flight, 1500
 Nor stopped to wish his friends good night;
 But stretching out each heavenly wing,
 Practised a bit by fluttering;
 Then to the skies, oh grand to view!
 Away with speed the Angel flew.

Quo' John, adieu.

The Dame, however, had for luck,
 Contrived adroitly first to pluck
 One downy plume as a memento
 Of that blest country which he went to, 1510
 And in her head dress placed the prize
 Triumphantly. Quo' John, my eyes!

Scarce had he gone a hundred yards,
When—enter GRUMBO and three guards,
Who dragged along the staggering Paul,
Whom they had captured in the hall.
Then followed nine policemen, leading
The Angel, blubbering and bleeding,
Who pitching backward on the stones,
Had split his hump, which saved his bones. 1520

Of both the Saints the deep potations
Began to shew their operations,
As this now lay on his own chair,
Disgorging what he 'had swallowed there,
And t' other straining all his muscles,
With hideous faces, on the Brussels.

Quo' Grumbo—ye low sons of scullions,
How dare ye, vile slubberdegullions,
My sister's house display your face in ;
What want you here? Quo' Paul—a basin. 1530
Indeed you are a hell-born pair,
(Enough to make a parson swear)

Yourselves for heavenly souls to stick up ;
 What 's your defence? Quo' Gabriel—hiccup.
 I 'll teach you both the mode to dish a
 Saint with hemp sauce. Quo' Paul—a tish a !
 Or lingering away by driblets,
 You 'll rot in gaol. Quo' Paul—my giblets.
 You vagabond with hideous hunch,
 Quick, give your name? Quo' he—cold punch. 1540
 A pretty lesson you 'd have taught her,
 Pray would you not? Quo' Paul—hot water.
 You meant to take what you could scrape, hence,
 Ah! did you not? Quo' Saint—three ha'pence.
 As you have sown, so shall you reap, oh !
 Ye sorry knaves! Quo' Gabriel—sweep oh !

 Their stomachs easier now, they reach less.

The Lady all this time was speechless,
 In part, from those same reasons that
 Had made our worthies shoot the cat, 1550
 And partly from the consternations
 Of supernatural visitations,

So that, between one cause and t' other,
 She did not recognize her brother,
 Believing still, *per fas et nefas*,
 The Saints were Saints, and Grumbo, CEPHAS,
 The Guards, high powers, and the Police,
 A flight of messengers of peace.
 As for the parley catechistical,
 She thought it quite divine, though mystical; 1560
 To Peter tripped, that she might hear his
 Sweet exclamations and bright queries,
 Then jigged with step like opera dancer's,
 To catch the learning of their answers,
 Which, tho' low minds might treat as bestial,
 To her high soul appeared celestial;
 Their words, too, specimens of attic,
 And shooting-cat, plain truths dogmatic.

The Angel had contrived, by labour
 Intense, to crawl beside his neighbour, 1570
 And setting up a dismal howl,
 They lay together cheek by jowl;

When Grumbo loud proclaimed, Go, part 'em,
And let 's proceed *secundum artem*,
Secure the two rapscallions arrant,
And fisk 'em both without a warrant,
To which my word, judicial fount,
In law supreme, is paramount.
On searching GABRIEL, first came out
A pistol loaded to the snout ; 1580
John, swearing he had got its brother,
Tugged from th' angelic pouch another ;
A carving-knife of monstrous size,
Concealed beneath his waistcoat lies,
As if not only 't was his cue,
To kill his foes, but eat 'em too ;
A hammer and a chisel next,
Proved he believed not th' holy text,
Knock, and it shall be opened straight ;
Tho' John observed, in merry state, 1590
Ill-suited to a chaplain's mind,
It proves that, seek and thou shalt find.

In t' other pocket, toasted cheese,
 Crushed tarts, ducks' legs, and marrow peas ;
 A dirty card—" Reformers rally,
 And give your votes to *Hall* and *Whalley*."

Upon PAUL'S person they discovered
 A picklock, and a key that ploved
 The nine policemen who conducted
 The search, so deeply 't was constructed : 1600
 A bran new razor, and two pair
 Of handcuffs, somewhat worse for wear :
 An iron jemmy, and a bludgeon,
 Excite the wonderment of good John ;
 Some yards of rope, which made him smile,
 Two gags, a lancet, and a file :
 A bit of chalk, and then in copper
 Four-pence, a comb, and 'bacco stopper :
 A phial full of prussic acid ;
 John grinned with rage, till then tho' placid. 1610

At this, the judge and all his traps
 Pronounced the Saints the veriest chaps

That ever did disgrace a halter.

But she, whose faith could never falter,
Thought different, and from each article
Produced, she drew forth many a particle,
By her accustomed mode of gleaning,
Of hidden and right holy meaning.

The brace of pops and their contents
She fancied Gospel instruments,

1620

And 'twixt her teeth a text did sport,
About their name and good report,
High moral maxims illustrating :
The spoiled provisions, indicating
How Saints ought luxuries to treat,
By crushing them beneath their feet.

The murd'rous blade was full of merit,
And taught th' acuteness of the Spirit.

The ticket from sweet MARYBONE,
With lustre on DISSENTERS shone ;

1630

And did Heaven's seal unerring fix
On their low line of POLITICS.

Paul's tool, which puzzled all the beaks,
 To her enlightened mind bespeaks
 A key of manufacture sly,
 T' unlock his own EPISTLES by,
 Which often made her pull wry faces,
 As difficult in certain places.

The four-pence her idea twists,
 To mean the four Evangelists; 1640
 The poisonous fluid and the ropery,
 The usual antidotes to Popery :
 Indeed, no weapon out they drew,
 But cheered her faith and morals too.
 The rogues, cried Grumbo, we 'll soon wind 'em
 Up; lose no time, but chain and bind 'em.

The Lady at this juncture stands
 Astounded, with uplifted hands,
 And screams, forbear, I pray, those impious bands !
 And yet 'tis useless to take pains 1650
 To stop your sacrilegious chains,
 And spoil my face and brow by wrinkling ;
 They 'll fall themselves off in a twinkling.

But Grumbo, who had pinioned Paul,
To knock his Darbies on, and all,
Was hammering at em like a bold smith;
 When opportunely—enter OLD SMITH,
With first his front part, then his nethe'r, in,
And cried—I do salute the Brethren;
Whom Grumbo collar'd straight, believing 1660
Him an accomplice in the thieving
Intended by the Saints, and his cue
T' attempt by force of arms their rescue,
With more behind him, or who laid
And lurked about in ambuscade,
All cronies of the self-same gang:
He, therefore, gave the door a bang,
To keep those out—and then a bolter
He gave said door—and Smith a poulter
Right on his knob. The preacher stagger'd 1670
And stared about with visage haggard;
But soon recovering from the rude
Attack, began an attitude,

Without demanding an apology :
And, tho' he was in sound theology
Quite orthodox, still orthodoxer
He proved his prowess as a boxer ;
At such times, grace !—he scorned to ask it,
So pitched his poll in Grumbo's basket,
(I've left out bread) a desperate lunge 1680
He also made at Big-wig's munge,
Who guarding, stopped it ; then a fibber,
And right and left a smashing ribber,
And grand cross-buttocker as well :
Then falling on the traps, pell mell,
He spilt, in no time, every Mac
And mother's son upon his back ;
Then drawing Grumbo's claret plug,
Beat the tattoo upon his mug,
Held tight, as if in claws of lobster, 1690
So he could neither neck or knob stir ;
Then closed his man right in before him,
And with his pins tried hard to floor him,

And proved past doubt his tenets good,
 In wrestling against flesh and blood.
 While Smith was kicking thus, and pawing him,
 The Lady, furious, fell to clawing him;
 And tho' in Pleas a low-rate decker,
 He seemed Chief Baron of th' Exchequer,
 To judge his sign-board by her scratches, 1700
 Inflicted, crossways, in square patches;
 For, when he first gave Smith a rap
 Her mind awakened from the nap
 'T had been of his be'ng Peter taking,
 And all her former views forsaking
 In that respect, persuaded her
 He was the arch-fiend Lucifer,
 (Whom she expected long ago,
 Concealed in likeness of Grum-bo;
 For none but such an imp of sin, 1710
 She thought, dare split Smith's holy skin,
 Or rashly interrupt their concords
 Devout, and bind the Saints in strong cords.

Besides, altho' disguised as judge,
She owed th' old tempter many a grudge
For all the cunning traps he 'd laid her
Soul for, and devilish tricks he 'had played her ;
All destined, too, as she remembers,
To doom it to infernal embers ;
And so resolved, in courage stout, 1720
Her hand being in, to serve him out.
While they old Grumbo thus were flooring,
The Saints were fast asleep and snoring ;
But Gabriel, waking from the noise
Terrific, bellowed—Go'it, my boys !
And with a spill (Paul's manufact'ry
Before the scene got so refract'ry)
Limped to the Judge—passing a swig
Of grog he took—and fired his wig,
Who, whilst still struggling with the Parson, 1730
Vociferated, arson ! arson !
The Angel's bindings I' had forgotten
So splice, by saying the ropes were rotten :

And lest shrewd critics should make handles
 Of Paul's extinguishing the candles,
 And ask, in their accustomed vapouring
 Way, what the Angel lit his taper in,
 This answer 's all they need require,
 That he had failed to quench the fire ;
 Altho' th' attentive reader knows
 It might be kindled on Paul's nose.

1740

Of Grumbo's wig, the police-men
 And guards put out the light, and then
 Seized Smith and Gabriel, both got jady—
 I should have mentioned first the Lady.
 Had you seen Grumbo, his wig shorn,
 His tattered robes, and visage torn,
 Aghast upon an arm-chair lying,
 You would have split your sides with crying ;
 And more so, had you heard the yellings
 Of Smith, and viewed his bumps and swellings ;
 The Lady's horror and surprise,
 There was no thunder from the skies,

1750

In such a sacrilegious hour,
 To crush the foul demoniac power ;
 The Angel's writhings at the grand-cuffs
 Bestowed, as they put on his handcuffs ;
 A contrast strong to Paul's sweet slumbers.

Quo' Smith, I 'm overpowered by NUMBERS
 (13 to 3)—here, be it noted, 1760

No chapter, tho' the verse, he quoted—
 'Tis aye with such unrighteous odds,
 That Saints are scourged by sinners' rods.

Quo' Judge to Paul, whose eyes were peeping
 Across, as he now ceased from sleeping :
 Know you this man?—Know him, by Jove, he 's
 The primest of our rum old coveys.
 Know him, indeed !—Aye, marry did he,
 Who did not know that rolling kiddy ?
 His strong suspicions when Paul stated 1770
 This news, were well corroborated ;
 So up he rose, and, like a madman,
 Began to storm and rave—Egad, man,

He cried, in voice loud as the Thunderer's,
 Thou captain general of the plunderers,
 Ambassador from hellish regions,
 Chief devil of th' infernal legions !
 I 'll teach you what it is to trip up
 A Judge, and his robes royal rip up ;
 And to your cur-ship make appear, 1780
 You 've got the wrong sow by the ear,
 When I shall nick you, *sus. per coll.*
 With nightcap o'er your jabber-nol.
 Behold, you spawn of lowest vermin !
 My own blood crimsoning my ermine ;
 My coif you have presumed to tear up,
 And of my catsing made a flare-up ;
 See this, you scum o' th' earth rascalion,
 You Tyburn doomed tatter-demallion ! 1789
 Quo' Smith—hard words, friend, break no
 Albeit they harder be than stones; [bones,
Proverbs 6th and—thy fists of lead
 Have driv'n the verse out of mine head :

Thy garments, I do own, are tattery,
 But thou forgettest the foul battery
 Upon my person first committed,
 To Gospel minister unfitted.
 Thou seiz'dst me by mine œsopha-gus,
 As an old fox wou'd pounce on a goose:
 Thou knock'dst my grinders almost down 1800
 My windpipe, as if idle grown
 For lack of work inside my knob,
 Thou 'dst send them down-stairs for a job,
 Tho' there I feel intestine war,
 As if I 'had cut my jugular,
 Not having, as I am alive,
 Broke bread since last the clock struck five;
 While I did nothing but reprise,
 And *what was right in mine own eyes.*
 Judge, therefore, (*last and last of Judges*) 1810
 Which oweth t' other greater grudges,
 Thou or myself? Thus mildly, he,
 In hopes to get his liberty

By fair persuasion: but the Bencher,
 By way of giving him a clencher,
 Reiterated all his quondam
 Abuse, and gave him more than one damn,
 Besides of epithets a batch;
 But found, to 's cost, in Smith a match,
 Who, knocking in 's text-tub a bung,
 Attacked him in the vulgar tongue,
 Save when thro' customary rant,
 He interspersed a little cant.

1820

Thou old curmugdeon, thou devourer
 Of widows and young orphans, scourer
 Of veriest sinks of putrid laws,
 Thou hunter after cankered flaws!
 Of all vain blockheads thou the vainest,
 Of all profane ones the profanest;
 Thou never sett'st thy wig and fine face
 In any temple of divine grace,
 'T was therefore meet this should be rent,
 And that to flames prophetic sent.

1830

Thou petty larceny low bang-man,
 Lord of the cart's tail and the hangman,
 Thou chief of stubborn herds of mules,
 Begot by quibbles, on new rules, [ape's,
 Thou ! thou ! a judge !—why I would back an
 Against thy wit, thou prince of jackanapes !
 On thine attack I 'll bring mine action 1840
 For damages and satisfaction ;
 And eke, thou empty cackling gander,
 Thy prodigal ungodly slander,
 And false imprisonment as well :
 Thy sister—implement of hell !
 Full rightly knoweth, so doth John,
 My scriptural vo-ca-ti-on,
 Thou prototype of Babylon !
 Dost think, thou empty braying ass
 In lion's skin, *my flesh is brass ?* 1850
 Clad in thy pompous tawdry robe
 Of office—*6th and 12th of JOB.*—
 Here, looking fierce as *Bishop Bonner*,
 He clapped his hand on 's seat of honour,

And that request his foe defied with,
 So often made, but not complied with—
 Take that, thou dolt, who didst pretend,
 To shew me mine untimely end.

This altered tone made Grumbo start,
 An arrant coward at the heart, 1860
 His blusterations notwithstanding;
 Who fearing he had got his hand in
 A hornet's nest, assault demesne
 Being clear against him, changed his vein;
 And still that he might fangs of law shun,
 He spoke with legislative caution.

It may be true, quo' he, I might
 In certain sense begin the fight;
 Yet I had really fair pretence
 Of circumstantial evidence 1870
 For my attack and rash construction
 Of your unseemly introduction.

But ere I state the preacher's answer,
 I must go back a bit, like Cancer,

And put upon poetic file,
What John was doing all this while,
Who, tho' 'twas on hair-trigger hung,
Had held some minutes past his tongue.
Truth is—and may truth ne'er be sunk —
That, in plain English, he was drunk 1880
As David's sow : when first the battle
Began, he heard the dreadful rattle
Of Grumbo's knuckles on Smith's pate,
And viewed the foes in milling state ;
And as they did their mawleys wield,
He saw two Grumbos in the field,
And eke two Smiths ; and then he found
The room all wheeling round and round,
Which by 'ts resemblance apt, made him crow
Of his own holy scheme of JIM CROW ; 1890
And tho' in searching he took part,
He felt himself so sick at heart,
That soon he was compelled to pull a wry
Mouth, and go sneaking in the scullery

A little while; and then partaking
 Of th' antidotes against head-aching,
 The coffee, mustard, and cold tea,
 And soda-water, for this spree
 Prepared, he then refreshed, to th' upper
 Apartment came, with tray for supper, 1900
 Or midnight lunch, and entered singing
 A psalm, as Smith was just beginning.

Mine evening service I was late in,
 And left faith's good seeds germinating
 In my dear hearers' hearts, their roots;
 Oh may they bring forth worthy fruits!
 —Good John, I do perceive thou hast
 Brought something up to break our fast—

Forth did I wend to take the air,
 And study mine extempore prayer 1910
 For Sabbath next, when a great prize sermon,
 Thou 'dst like it more than an assize sermon
 —And neatly served, as thou art wont,
 And relishing, depend upon 't—

At which, my new-made learned friend,
 I hope thou 'lt graciously attend,
 For thy good presence will delight us ;
 From, let 's see—*3rd and 10th to Titus*,
 Will preach-ed be, by 'a buxom virgin,
 From steeple house, thank Heaven ! emerging, 1920
 Who never yet in pulpit spoke,
 Well fitted to the Gospel yoke ;
 And a collection be essayed,
 In person, by this holy maid :
 Thus occupied, I came eft soon,
 Unwittingly, to where past noon
 Some hours before, mine organs smelling
 Sweet fumes, were charmed at this good dwelling
 —And I perceive of what I craved,
 Full many a remnant hath been saved— 1930

When lo ! I heard a noise confounded,
 As i the Trumpet last had sounded ;
 And I beheld anon a spectre,
 The same that stands there, I conjecture,

And who with action, *infra dig.*
I think thou call'st it, fired thy wig,
At window-stand, with stretch-ed pinions,
As outward bound for high dominions :
I heard these portals smote and battered :
Recovering soon my senses scattered, 1940
And aye desirous to protect
Thy sister, with step circumspect
I entered, still with my mind's eyes on
Th' aforesaid next Lord's Day's orison,
Designing nor to rob nor thief,
And nay expecting to receive,
Tho' wrapt in Scriptural lucubrations,
From the CORINTHIANS such quotations.
Him Grumbo answered ;—as I live,
I love your simple narrative, 1950
Which fully exculpates the mission
You came on, from undue suspicion
That naturally was excited,
Not only when you first alighted,

But by your scientific sparring,
 In giving blows as well as barring;
 For how could I expect one filling
 The ministry, to shine in milling;
 Or fancy that a holy giver out
 Of hymns, would almost knock my liver out. 1960

Quo' Smith, I own, that by surprise
 I placed a veil before thine eyes.
 Tho' now I am a Saint, yet know,
 In sooth, I was not always so;
 Before I took to true believing,
 The art I followed of coal-heaving,
 Like one, perhaps as great, before me,
 Of which stout craft no soul could floor me,
 Tho' all right skilful were in works,
 Profanely call-ed, drawing corks 1970
 —Gently, good John! or else I quake,
 If that be port, the crust thou 'lt break—
 And wrapt in vanity, I listened
 To man's vain lauds when champion christened;

Thus grew I handy in the fistic
 Lore, which the learned call pugilistic,
 And heedless went on heaping red-
 Hot coals of fire on mine own head ;
 When I a call received from High
 Unto the Gospel Ministry, 1980
 And left eft-soon my wordly calling,
 My gifts of boxing, and of hawling,
 Persuaded if I fairly wou'd fight,
 It must be only in the good fight :
 My heart to ZION I did lift,
 Imbibing first of prayer the gift
 —I pray thee clap a bottle-rug,
 Or plate upon that smoking jug,
 And that meat covering keep fresh,
 For *my soul longeth to eat flesh*— 1990
 In order of divine economy :
 Hem ! *12th and 20th Deuteronomy.*
 And now I take the preaching road,
 And consciences, not coals, unload ;

And find it easier and more fit
 To drag poor souls from Satan's pit,
 And give th' old rebel heavy thumps,
 Than tire mine arms in breaking lumps :
 To hurl my texts upon his back,
 Than make mine ache by pitching slack : 2000
 To teach in pulpits or on tubs,
 Far preferable to shooting nubs ;
 And warning men to shun his smoke,
 More meet than carrying sacks of coke.

Quo' Grumbo, My trade 's law, your's peace is,
 Let 's mutually exchange releases.

Unbind him, guards! respect your betters,
 Such holy limbs ill suit those fetters.
 But for that couple of infernals,
 Pay no regard to their internals, 2010
 But drag them straightways to the Rumbo,
 And thence to trial.—So far, Grumbo.

SMITH, free from bondage, made his way

Direct to John's well-loaded tray.

THE LADY, like a bull well baited,

Was literally conglomerated;

But still, a glimpse of faith remains

That both the Saints would burst their chains,

Break gaol, and by celestial power

Be back again in half an hour; 2020

As by the tools which came to light,

At their late searching, well she might.

Between two guards, TH' APOSTLE went hence,

The pace that thieves go after sentence,

While both at once he cast his glims on,

With visage that outshone their crimson.

THE JUDGE, with eyes like meteors flashing,

And teeth at both the Holies gnashing,

Walked to and fro, in great excitement,

Devising forms for their indictment. 2030

JOHN joined old Smith in short grace, and which is

Much better far, hot wine and sandwiches.

THE ANGEL struggled with the minions,
And hand-cuffed, flapped them with his pinions ;
Till, soaring like a lark at *Dunstable*,
They bore him off on back of constable. 2036



Conclusion.

The rogue this Dame, as Paul, did harbour,
Was nicknamed Suds, by trade a barber ;
And Gabriel was a Chimney Sweeper.
The Lady grew a little deeper
In all the mysteries of glory.
Ropes end the Saints : so ends my story.

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