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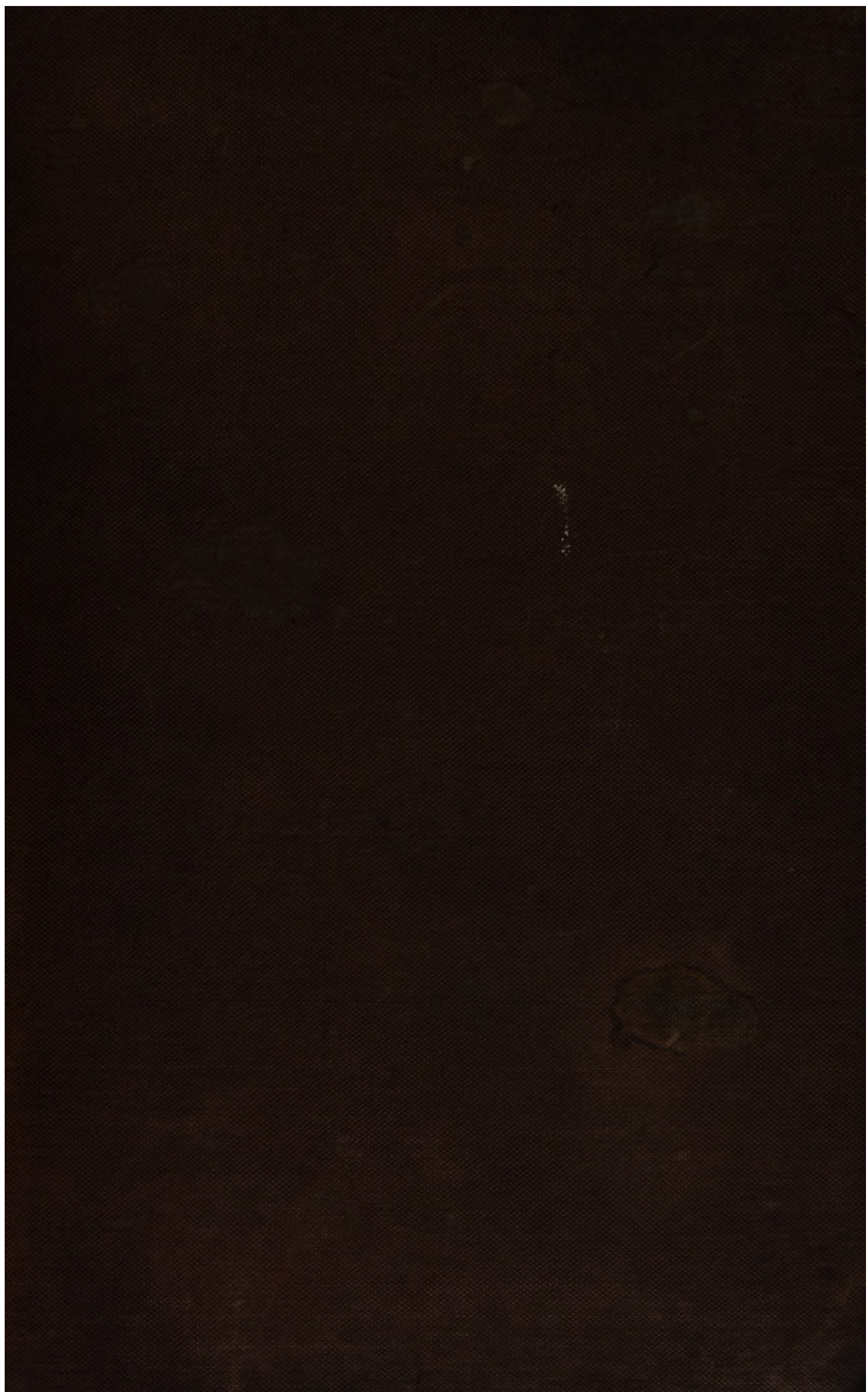
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Dickensian

SAM WELLER'S
BUDGET OF RECITATIONS,

A Superior Collection of all the most New and Popular

TALES, DRAMATIC SCENES, BURLESQUE
PARODIES, &c.

WITH

MANY EXCELLENT ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

Embellished with Thirty Humourous Wood Cuts.

London :

PUBLISHED BY J. CLEMENTS,

21, & 22, LITTLE PULTENEY STREET, GOLDEN SQUARE; AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1838.

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Budget of Recitations.



THE THREE HUNCHBACKED MINSTRELS.

(A very celebrated Recitation, given at all Public places of Amusement.)

Not far from Thessaly there liv'd a knight,
Uglier than knight was ever seen before;
Indeed, he seem'd more like some elfin
sprite,

For scarce a human form the urchin bore:
His growth had been so miserably stunted,
That three-foot-five was all our knight
could claim;
Humpback'd to boot, besides all this, he
squinted,
And walk'd, or rather limp'd, most grievous
lame.

But when you hear this man possess'd a
wife,
The prettiest too, of all the country
round;
Perchance you'll wonder, but observe, thro'
life,
Matches like this, will frequently be
found
The secret was, the knight had lands and
wealth,
No. 1.

And this is often reckon'd a great merit;
At least in those not bless'd with too much
health,
For then the widow never would inherit.

But to our tale—before his gate one morn,
Three humpback'd minstrels all appear'd
in view;

And being weary, hungry, and forlorn,
Offer'd for meat and drink, their skill to
shew.

The knight agreed—but when their song was
o'er,

(Mayhap you'll say it wa'n't very civil;)
He swore if e'er they came before him more,
He'd kick both harps and minstrels to the
devil!

Then clos'd his gates; the harpers hied
away,

E'en glad to find their bones were left
them whole;

The knight then went as usual every day,
Along the river side to take a stroll.

But spouse within, who'd watch'd all this
proceeding,
Resolv'd herself to hear the minstrels play;
So call'd them back, and with another feeding,
Engag'd them all again in roundelay.

But short, alas! the joys allow'd to mortal,
At most indeed a miserable pittance;
For soon was heard a knocking at the portal,
The husband back, and bawling for admittance.

What's to be done? a thought—(which
seem'd the best)—
Was carried in effect most expeditiously;
This was to shut each minstrel in a chest,
And there to hide him under lock and key!

There they remained until the coast was clear,
Which happen'd when the knight was
gone to bed;
But on the morrow—guess the lady's fear,
When she discoverd that they all were
dead!
Again the knight went out, and then a clown,
At last some consolation seem'd to give her;
He promis'd, for a ducat, that he'd drown,
The devil himself, within th' adjoining
river!

The clown (who had no great desire to thwart
her),
Threw the poor hunchback o'er his shoulders
broad;
And plung'd him headlong in the rapid water,
Returning thence to handle his reward;
When straight before his wondering eyes
she shew'd—
Another hunchback! the image of his
brother;
"What, here again!" he cried. This time
his load—
He stuff'd with stones:—"Now then,"
said he, "you'll smother!"

Return'd again, once more the trick they
play,
He flings the other in the foaming stream;
Just then the humpback'd lord appear'd that
way,
"The devil!" the clown now roar'd, "or
else I dream."
Catching him up,—“Come here,” he cried,
“old sin!”
His indignation greater than before;
Cudgell'd him well—then hurl'd him head-
long in!—
And sure enough, he ne'er was heard of
more.

The Witches Race

(A favorite Recitation, as recited by Mr. C.
Rich, with great applause.)

'Twas sabbath eve, and I linger'd late,
Toll-worn and tir'd, at the churchyard gate;

Till, as I slept, wild fancies swept
Before me, of revels by witches kept:
Unchang'd was the hour, unchanged the place,
As I saw them meet for their Saturday's race;
And cloudy gleam, and wind and stream,
Gave motion, and light, and sound, to my
dream.

"To horse! to horse! 'tis Saturday night—
Our sabbath we'll keep by the new moon's
light;

The sport is begun, nor shall it be done,
Till the stars go out, and the bell strikes
one!

Mount ye, mount ye, 'tis far to ride,
And the race must be gallop'd side by side;
The master is here in his cloudy chair,
And look what a prize ye may win and wear;
Only this silent slumberer hath
Since evening cross'd the churchyard path,
For the labourers fear to rest them here,
On the night that holds our sabbath cheer.
To horse! horse! yon moon will show,
Hillock and mound, as on we go,
Not a village cur will bark or stir,
As on we drive with thorny spur.
Mount ye! mount ye! the thin white steed,
Your brooms shall serve for a whip at need.
Each alone—each on her own,
And old Mother Maud, on her grey tomb-
stone;

Up, and away, through the churchyard green,
Thick are the graves that lie between;
And dark is the air—pass, and beware
Of the new vault that is opened there."
The word is given and off they speed,
Whip and spur on the thin white steed;
The loosen'd stone from the grave hath flown,
And the long grass shakes to mandrake's
groan.

Shoulder and heel, hurra! hurra!
Over the graves blue, white, and grey,
The gleam of the sky in their rushing by,
Is a sight to unglare a dead man's eye;
Their ragged cloaks fly back in the wind,
Their grizzl'd hair streams out behind,
Eleven have pass'd,—they ride on the blast,
Look at the beldame who comes the last:
Pinch her, pinch her, the lazy old crone,
Who rides so slow on the grey tombstone;
And the beard shall grace from a dead man's
face,

Her who wins our Saturday's race.
Off from your marble coursers leap,
In the master's hall the feast to keep:
For the table is spread and the vintage red,
Foams in his cup from the heart of the dead.
The matin bird will rouse anon,
The stars will go out and the bell strike one!
And ere the mounting of christian men,
Ye must stable your steeds at the graves
again.

The wakening cock crow'd shrill and clear,
His voice was the farewell shriek in mine
ear,
And the gravestones shook to my dazzl'd
look,
Ere sleep my spirit quite forsook;

Unchang'd was the hour unchang'd the place,
While lost and won was the Saturday's race;
But cloudy gleam and wind and stream,
Were the motion, and light, and sound of my dream.

Tom Long Smith, the Doctor!

(An excellent Comic Recitation.)

Hodge, a poor honest country lout,
Not overstock'd with learning;
Chanc'd on a summer's eve to meet,
The vicar home returning.

"Ah! master Hodge," the vicar said,
"What, still as wise as ever?
The people in the village say,
That you are wond'rous clever."

"Why, measter parson, as to that,
I beg you'll right conceive me;
I donna brag, but still I know
A thing or two, believe me."

"I'll try your skill," the vicar said,
"For learning what digestion;
Which soon you'll prove, if right or wrong,
By solving me a question."

"Noah of old, three babies had,
Or, grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,
Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"Adzooks!" cried Hodge, and scratch'd
his head,
"That does my wits belabour;
But homeward howsome'er I'll run,
And ax old Giles, my neighbour!"

To Giles he went, and put the case,
With circumspect intention;
"Thou fool!" cried Giles, "I'll make it
clear,
To thy dull comprehension."

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or, cattle-doctor, rather;
Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are call'd,
Now, who is Harry's father?"

"Ad rat it!" honest Hodge replies,
"Right well I know your lingo;
Who's Harry's father—stop! here goes!
Why Tom Long Smith, by jingo!"

Away he ran to meet the priest,
With all his might and main;
Who with good humour instant put
The question once again.

"Noah of old three babies had,
Or, grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet, they were call'd,
Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cries,
"I'll answer like a proctor;
Who's Japhet's father?—now I know,
Why, Tom Long Smith, the Doctor!"

The Warrior's Dream.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Dark was the night, and Heaven's host of
stars
Were lurk'd behind the misty wav'ring clouds,
Loud roar'd the thunder and the whistling
wind,
Beat the fierce torrents 'gainst my trembling
tent:
When I depress'd and weary with the march,
Most gladly sought my pallet once again.
I slept, and soon a visionary sight
Arose, and bore me to my distant home:
Methought the battle's strife was o'er,
There lay unnumber'd heroes on the ground,
Cover'd with wounds, bathed in their clotted
gore,
And yielding up their last and silent breath.
Unknown I left the camp and cross'd the
field,
Towards the cottage which I left in tears;
Pass'd the huge mountain's steep and craggy
form,
Where in my youthful days I lov'd to chase,
The wild chamois that bounded on the spot.
I pass'd the abbey, heard the dreary bell
Chiming the midnight hour: all still remain'd.
Saving the wind's shrill whistle through the
trees.
Onward I went, while each new step gave
birth
To sad reflections, mix'd with murmur'ing sighs;
A tear escap'd, I startled, but 'twas vain
To try to check the tear, which larger grew.
I whisper'd "shame!" but down my cheek
it roll'd.
My cot, once happy, I with joy beheld,
A glimmering taper through its casement
gleam'd;
I heard my children—saw my mournful wife,
"My Edward, safe!" she cried, and flying
to my arms,
Spotted my breast-plate with her pearly tears;
Two infant boys soon hung about my knees,
And cried out—"Father, welcome home
again!"
I then embrac'd, and was about to speak,
When sleep forsaking my o'er-anxious frame,
The pleasing vision died.
My scatter'd thoughts I called to my aid,
The wind whistled round my canvass'd tent,
I heard the sentry's steady march without:
I call'd, he answer'd, bade me to prepare
For battle on the morrow; there to meet
With rest eternal—or return again
With trumpets, drums, and timbrils, loudly
playing,
The warrior's welcome home!

The Idiot Boy !

(A pathetic Recitation.)

Who's is the grave with the osiers entwining,
Where clustering flowers in beauty arise?
Where the hallow'd cross bright in the moon-
beam is shining,
And seems to reflect the blest smile of the
skies!
There lie the white bones of poor Gertrude,
once dear,
Her virtues in mem'ry are dwelt on with
joy;
Her spirit is fled to a happier sphere,
And she dwells with the blest, and her
idiot boy.

How oft would she spin, while the gold fly
he'd chase,
And mark his wild eye as with passion it
shone;
Then weep as she kiss'd his pale beauteous
face,
For, though reason had fled, still the boy
was her own;
And oft when the tear had bedimm'd her
sad eye,
He wept, for he thought there's no tear-
drop for joy;
And he paid back her tears, return'd sigh
for sigh,
As he lean'd on her bosom, the idiot boy!

When she press'd her rude pillow, the pil-
low of death,
And thought when the vale of the grave
was unfurl'd;
How sad was her soul for the form she'd
gave birth,
When he'd linger alone in the gloom of
the world!
She held up her arm—it was fleshless and
bare:
And that moment she felt a soft transient
joy;
For Heaven had chas'd from her soul her
despair,
And she died as she gaz'd on her idiot
boy!

"Ah! wake dearest mother, I'm hungry and
cold:"
Cried the youth, as in glancing her fix'd
features o'er;
"Ah! why don't you wake, in my arms
tender fold?
For you never have slept such a long while
before.
I love only you, and I feel such delight,
When, although weeping, you call me your
joy;
From the boys of the village I oft urge my
flight,
For they tell me with jeers, I'm an idiot
boy!"

"She's cold, very cold! and her breast
heaves no more,
She's just like my bird when it hung its
soft head;
When it hopp'd not, nor chirp'd not, nor
sung as before,
And they told me the poor little Robin
was dead."
At that instant conviction flash'd over hi
brain,
He knew she was dead, and that dead was
each joy;
The heart burst its bounds, and broke life's
feeble chain,
And he died on his mother—the idiot boy!

**A CELEBRATED BURLESQUE PARODY ON A
Scene in "The Rivals."**(Written by Mr. T. Prest, and Recited with
great applause.)

Characters.—OLD CAFIPPS, Keeper of a
"Mountain-pecker" shop.—SAM CAFIPPS,
a travelling scizzor-grinder.—MILES, his
pal.

Miles. Sam, your old man has just walked
his chalks down here.

Sam. My old man! vot the blazes brings
the old bloke down here? I vish the traps
had held him fast in the stone Pitcher, I does
by gole!

Enter OLD CAFIPPS.

Ah! my tulip, I'm verry glad to twig you
here, and looking so chuff too. Your sudden
arrival in this here place, made me afeard
that summat vos fly at home, that the traps
had diskivered your crib vos a fencing ken,
and you vos forced to mizzle.

Old Ca. Wery much afeard, I dare say my
kid; but vot are you arter here?

Sam. Vy, at my old vork, grinding, and
occasionally doing a little in the burking
line.

Old Ca. Vell, my buttercup! I'm precious
glad to see you, though I didn't expect it, for
I vos going to send a yarn to you, on a little
matter of business. I have been considering
Sam, as how I gets old and roopy, and shall
probably turn up my toes afore long!

Sam. I must take a chalk there, my old
cock o' vax, I never seed you look betterer,
and I hopes you may not croak a long while
yet.

Old Ca. I hopes your patter may prove
true, so help me tater I does! Vell then,
Sam, I have been thinking, that as I'm so
chuff and hearty, and so strong in the back,
I may continue to bother you a long while
yet. Now my kid, I'm awake that the grind-
ing trade is flummix'd now, and the few mo-
pusses I has hitherto purwided you vith, is
a verry keveer allowance for a cove on your
pluck.

Sam. You're wery good, my out and outer!

Old Ca. And it is my vish while I'm alive and kicking, to have a kid of mine come it slap-up in the world. I have detarmined therefore, to fix you at vonce in a tidy consarn.

Sam. Oh, my old cock o' vax, your goodness kevite flurries my milk! Sich out and out jonuck makes gratitude much more strongerer than *filiwul infection*!

Old Ca. I'm wery glad to see you are so vide awake to my attention. You'll find me nothing but a good 'un, and you shall be master on a slashing crib in a few veeks.

Sam. Let my future life, my old trump, show how much I feels you does me proud. I cannot patter vot I feels, yet I fancies, my old cock, you doesn't vant me to leave off grinding, and give up burking and collaring stiff'uns altogether?

Old Ca. Oh, that here shall be as your old voman chooses.

Sam. My old voman!

Old Ca. To be sure, mix that up together, mix that up together!

Sam. Did you mean a wife?

Old Ca. Yes, a wife, didn't I mention her afore?

Sam. Not a single sillibub!

Old Ca. Oh, I mustn't forget her, though. Yes, my tulip, the consarn I vos pattering about vos by being spliced: the mopusses is saddled with a voman; but I suppose that here makes no matter of consevevence vot-somdever?

Sam. You flummix me!

Old Ca. Vy, vot the blazes is the matter with the spooney? Jist now you vos all soft soap and *infection*!

Sam. I vos; you jawed about setting me up in a slashing consarn, and putting the ochre in my clies, but not a vord about a voman.

Old Ca. Vy, vot difference does that here make? Vy, if you buys a lousy coat you must take it with the stock on it as it stands.

Sam. If my wirginity is to be the price, my old bloke, I must beg leave to cut the bargain. Who is the voman?

Old Ca. Vot's that here to you, gulpin? Come guv us your davy, so help your tea, toast, and butter, cheese and crust, to be nuts on her, and get tied up directly.

Sam. Valker! don't you vish you may get it, my rum'un? Vot, nibble my infections, for some old gal, I knows not nothing about?

Old Ca. I'm sure my kid, it's wery cheeky on you to object to a voman vot you never seed.

Sam. Then I must tell you flat, my old boy, that my infections is fixed on another voman; my heart is dead nuts on Sal Blubberboozle.

Old Ca. Then it must send an excuse, it's gallus sorry, but business purwents its waiting on her.

Sam. Excuse me, my old pudding-head,

if I tells you vonce for all, that in that pint I'll see you jolly vell larrup'd first!

Old Ca. Now, may I be tuck'd up at hot roll time, if ever I calls you my kid again!

Sam. O, crikey's! But hear me.

Old Ca. I'll not hear a vord, so give me your promise by blowing your conk; and I'll tell you vot, Sam, I mean you humbug, if you don't, by—

Sam. Vot, promise to get svished to some heap of ugliness? to—

Old Ca. So help me Bob! the voman shall be as ugly as old Nick if I likes! She shall have a thundering great hump on each shoulder like a sack o' coals! She shall be bible backed, bumble hoof'd, baker shinn'd, and bandy! She shall have the Scotch fiddle! Her von ogle shall roll about like a quid o' backer in a pint o' gatter! She shall have a skin as rough as a badger, and a beard like a Billy goat! She shall be all this here, and yet I'll make you valk her out all day, and keep awake all night to hunt the bugs on her!

Sam. This is coming it strong, my old buffer, I thinks.

Old Ca. None o' your cheek spooney!

Sam. So help me tater, I never vos more down on my luck in all my life. I'm as cool as a *covcumber*!

Old Ca. It's false! I knows you'll vish I may break my precious old neck ven I'm gone.

Sam. I should think I knows vot's properer betterer than that here.

Old Ca. None o' your bounce, you son of a hag! Can't you come it cool as I does?

Sam. I'm kevite cool!

Old Ca. It's a lie! I know you could burk me, in your heart, and sell my precious carcass to the surgeons, you six pen'orth o' bad luck tied up ugly! But gammon, my tulip, I'm fly! and mark me, I'll give you six hours and a half to settle your hash in this business, if you then agrees to do every thing vot I tells you, vy, blow you, I may own you for my kid agin; if not, so help me tater, don't sneak into the same bug valk with me! don't venture to svig the same gatter with me, or chaw the same quid with me! get another old man and voman on your own; I'll spoil you in your dirty tricks; I'll nose on you and lodge you in the "Steel," vere you shall live on dry panum and skilly! I'll spoil your grinding! I'll disinherit you! I'll unget you! and may I be tuck'd up, if ever I calls you my kid again!

Confession.

(A favorite Comic Recitation.)

As ancient Alice on her death-bed lay,
And life was yielding unto death a prey;
The solemn mourners in her chamber hop'd—
She would confess her sins, ere breath elop'd.
Then dying Alice, rising in her bed,
In fainting accents, near her last, she said,—

SAM WELLER'S

"If father Andrew has not left this place,
Let him be brought, he only knew my case."
Quick at her word a willing servant flew,
With heels of expedition, till he drew
Nigh to the convent, and with thundering
knock,
Rous'd the old drowsy porter, to unlock;
And, hastening to the prior, soon explain'd,
The errand that his speed had entertain'd.
The prior stared—"What, wants him?" said
my son?"
"Is father Andrew from this convent gone?
Who understands, and none it seems more
nicely,
The case of dying Alice, so precisely!"
"Want father Andrew?—ah!" the prior
said,
"Ha, Heaven bless him! he's these ten years
dead;
So father Andrew, and God help the elf,
Has gone to Heaven to confess himself!"

Billy Jones.

(An Original Comic Recitation, written by
Mr. G. W. Bell.)

Dame Jones an only son had got,
A widow lone was she;
Her cot stood by the ocean wide,
As any one might see.

Bill Jones, when but a little boy,
Would cry for ships and boats;
Jackets and trowsers wanted he,
Instead of petticoats.

His mother saw his naval bent,
To change it tried in vain;
And strove to keep him from the sea,
With all her might and main.

She in the garden shut him close,
But he made boats with sails;
And three new rivers he made run,
Inside the garden pales.

Dame Jones call'd all the gossips round,
His freaks put her in pain;
"So fond of water sure cried one,
He's got it on his brain!"

"Lord, dy'e think so," cried the dame,
"He mustn't go to sea;
For on the deck, or up aloft,
His head would swimming be!"

"The very thought puts me in pain,
He shall not be a sailor;"
"Well, send," cries one, "to neighbour
Brown,
And make the wight a tailor."

To Brown he's sent, but Lord! the pranks,
He plays the tailor daily;
'Mid batties, ships, with calms and storms,
His time flies *haily gaily*.

The cloth he cuts in shape of sails,
For sail cloth though not proper,
His master's shears he raises up,
Like any Plymouth Docker.

At length upon the village green,
He scamper'd off from Brown;
Who looks quite black, and thumps him
blue
And yellow, with a frown.

A tailor he'd no longer be,
But he'll be off a sailing;
His mother she bewails his taste,
Yet sends him out a whaling.

"What matter," cries old Brown, aloud,
"Why let him sink or swim;
We know if he's bred to the sea,
The sea 'll be bread to him.

"Come cease your crying, Mrs. Jones,
Down with these doubts and fears;
If you cry on so in the Pool,
The ships will be in tiers.

The captain calls aloud, "You boy,
Here come hold on this jigger;"
Bill reels about, and dancing round,
Cries "jigger such a jigger."

In time he gets acquainted with,
The whales and blubber fat;
The cat-heads he is partial to,
But cannot bear the cat.

A royal too he's taught to hand,
Though not by Royal-ty,
A sky-sail also can make fast,
While fluttering in the sky.

Back-stays and braces, both he'd use,
Though not upon his back;
Mast-heads and booms he'd also scan,
When straight they'd bend and crack.

When storm came on the stay-sail set,
Although no sail would stay;
Or keep the vessel on her legs,
Yet still she ran away.

A long fore-foot Bill said she'd got,
Though no hind-legs she had;
She the water ran in very fast,
And ran in very bad!

And then they tried to use the pumps,
To leak no one would thought her;
Said Bill "these pumps wont draw a drop,
While mine are full of water!"

"Greenland, I think, you call this place,
Snow-water would be better;
For frozen fingers, joints, and toes,
I knows I am your debtor."

So now to England we'll return,
With oil and fish in store;
All safely stow'd in barrels round,
But were not so before.

Now just as they got close to *Port*,
Some leagues from fam'd *Madeira* ;
A man of war press'd half their *hands*,
Their *arms* to serve severer.

" *Odds-fish*," cries Will, " I thinks it foul,
To make her decks so clear ;
And take out all her *fishing hands*,
That can *hand*, reef, and steer."

But men of war take whom they list,
Yet list not whom they take ;
Bakers, or butchers, *carpenters*,
All hearts of oak to make.

Bill sail'd with brave Sir Isaac *Coffin*,
The sailors stood in crowds ;
To see him with a marlin-spike,
Turn *dead-eyes* into *shrouds* !

He *box'd* the compass very well,
And *box'd* his *messmate* too ;
Trunkated sounds drew from his *trunk*,
Till he *hallo'd*, " that will do."

The captain sent for both the men,
To quell the *noise* and *riot* ;
Said he, " its *even odd* that you,
Will not keep *peace* and *quiet*."

Said Jones, " Sam Toast is ever bad,
With grog and stuff half sunk ;"
Toast hiccoughs out, " What's that to you ?
Toasts always should be drunk !"

The captain said to each of them,—
" Of this I've heard enough ;
And *Toast's inside* is quite *burnt up*,
By lining with *such stuff*."

" And now ye both may go *below*,
'Tis thus I turn ye *up* ;
Your *dinners* get, but mind me, *Toast*,
You do not drink a *sup*."

And now farewell to all Bill's woes,
His troubles are just o'er ;
Upon the *main* he can't remain,
So *lands* upon the *shore*.

Bill Jones he sought his mother *out*,
And found her close shut *in* ;
He walk'd for many weary *miles*,
No task, for *leagues* he'd been.

The moon it rose with pallid *rays*,
To welcome home her *son* ;
Two *lips* his mother fondly press'd,
Some *time* her thoughts thus run.

" Bill Jones, ah, once thy father's hope,
And mother's only joy ;
Her thoughts have daily been *buoy'd up*,
By thinking on her *boy*."

" Encircl'd by thy mother's *arms*,
No harm can come to thee ;
Ah ! me, the navy pray *forsake*,
Forsake for me the *sea*."

Bill said he'd with his mother *stay*,
And *prop* her 'midst her friends ;
Now *probably* my story's done,
Say *properly* it ends.

My first attempt at comic *tales*,
Harsh critics pray *excuse* ;
My *tale* in wit may be *behind*,
Before some comic muse.

The Suicide's Grave.

(A much admired Recitation.)

To a lone grave at midnight his frail *corse*
was borne,
The jest of the rabble—their scoff and their
scorn ;
His visage unshrouded—expos'd to the gaze,
Shone ghastly and grim, 'neath the torch's
red blaze !
No friend clos'd his eyelids—no kindred was
near,
No relative hallow'd his dust with a tear :
And none of the heartless, the brutaliz'd
throng,
E'er griev'd for the outrage, or pitied the
wrong.
Yet one kindly bosom denied not a sigh,
One step sought his grave when none other
was nigh ;
A small lily hand pluck'd the weed from his
bed,
And fain would have cherish'd a flow'ret
instead ;
Ah ! vain was the hope—*there* no flow'ret
will bloom,
Accurs'd is the soil, more accurs'd is the
tomb :
Apostacy, shame, and dishonour, are there,
At the foot grins fell Scorn—at the head
frowns Despair !
And thither in triumph the arch-fiend hath
past,
And high rose his yell o'er the growl of the
blast :
Exulting he laugh'd 'midst his merciless host,
O'er the spirit's dark doom—o'er the soul
that was lost !
For in that evil hour—when the suicide fell,
There was sorrow in Heaven—but laughter
in hell !

* * * * *

There's a small barren spot, near yon dark
waving pines,
Where the dew never falls—where the sun
never shines ;
Where the night-shade and wolf's-bane
creep thickly beneath,
Where the gloom is intense as the shadow of
death ;
Where the raven by day, with his ill-omen'd
croak,
Breaks the silence around, from the storm-
stricken oak ;

Where the meteor flashes her wild fire at
 e'en—
 And strange voices are heard, and strange
 beings are seen;
 Where worlds would not tempt the fair
 maiden to stray,
 Where the shepherd or hunter will not bend
 their way—
 There the larch and the cypresses mournfully
 wave,—
 Avoid that dread place—'tis THE SUICIDE'S
 GRAVE!

The Plum Duff.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr. G.
 Forman.)

At a much fam'd resort for bak'd, roast, and
 boil'd,
 Where the steam at meridian so wantonly
 coil'd;
 And at evening again, so inviting to sup,
 Roll'd volumes of vapour from rich studded
 duff.*
 A Cork† of the press—passing by at the
 time,
 When the duff from the kitchen came reek-
 ing at nine—
 Was tempted to taste, by his appetite keen,
 Tho' alarm'd at the chance of by friends
 being seen;
 Perseverance at length gain'd the conquest
 o'er pride,
 And soon at the counter with one mighty
 stride,
 He arriv'd, and forgetting his qualms he
 now stands;
 And with trembling temerity gives his com-
 mands;
 "Come, cut me a pen'orth," he feebly
 cries,
 "Of the pudding that yonder so temptingly
 lies."
 When the hostess, who sat in a large chair
 recumbent,
 Thus express'd her surprise at his want of
 discernment,—

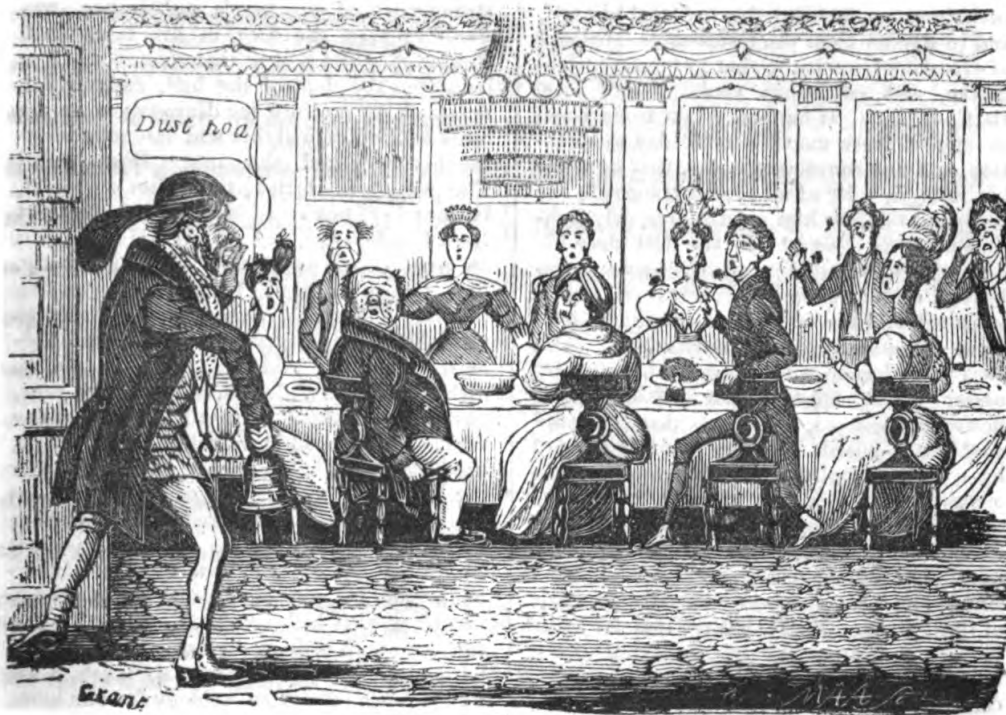
* *Studded duff*, Plum pudding.

† *Cork of the press*, a technical term sig-
 nifying a master.

Although your appearance proclaims you pro-
 ficient,
 " 'Tis plain that in judgment you're very
 deficient:
 Those ingredients are good, sir, and ston'd
 is each plum,
 But we never cut less than for double that
 sum."
 From each table the guests on him now their
 eyes turning,
 While the crimson blush in his cheek was
 fierce burning;
 When, at length, understood, that the quan-
 tum he'd pay,
 He was instantly serv'd and with haste
 tripp'd away.
 He trudg'd along smiling, enjoying the treat,
 But, alas! how unfortunate, who should he
 meet,
 But an intimate friend, who came on him
 plump,
 When just in his mouth he'd detach'd a large
 lump;
 The duff very soon was held under his coat,
 While in bolting the mouthful, he scalded
 his throat;
 But all this he could bear if it might not be
 known,
 That with handful of pudding he walk'd
 about town;
 They talk'd of the weather, which each pro-
 nounced ruff,
 When his friend in politeness presented his
 snuff;
 What was now to be done, reputation to
 save?
 But instantly dropping the duff on the pave,
 As they friendly convers'd, a ragged young
 muff,
 Of the Hibernian school, by chance spied
 the duff:
 Which with care wiping clean on his breeches
 much torn,
 He presents to the Cork, crying, "Sir, this
 is your'n!"
 The Cork, now enrag'd, quickly knock'd
 down the lad,
 Then parts with his friend, who declares he
 is mad;
 Then hied himself home, were he rav'd and
 he swore,
 He'd never buy bak'd studded duff any more!

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May our Queen and her subjects reign in each other's hearts by love.
 All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy.
 Perdition to all men who owe their greatness to the ruin of our country.
 May Friendship, Truth, and Love ever be united.
 May Pleasure's barque always be steered by Reason.
 Sincerity before Marriage, and fidelity afterwards.
 May our good men be great, and our great men good.



THE DUSTMAN IN HIGH-LIFE.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr. T. Prest, and Recited with great applause.)

Did any of you know Bob Dusty, or, as he afterwards appeared, the Honourable Robert Dusty? In case you should not, I will introduce him to your acquaintance. Bob shone for a considerable time with peculiar resplendancy among the dusty fraternity of Bell Isle, Battle-bridge, by whom he was considered a "regular out and out chap!" Of his origin, Bob knew but little, in fact, he never knew his parents, though he considered that it was very probable *he might have had some*. His first public appearance was at the door of St. Pancras Workhouse, where he was found one severe winter's morning, neatly packed up in a hamper, with his face towards the air, and the following laconic billet attached to his breast—"To be left till called for!"—However, Bob was never called for, and he continued in this homely mansion till he was about seven years of age; when, becoming suddenly disgusted with brown bread, queer meat, and paltry skillee, and imbibing ideas that soared above the workhouse, he one morning early, made his escape, and exciting the attention of a master chummy, he very soon became a member of that highly respectable body, technically called "*Flue-fakers*."

At this very interesting avocation, our hero continued for some time, till at length, finding that the *sweepings* of his office were not quite a sinecure; he quitted that profession and became a dustman. In this business it very soon appeared that Bob, was calculated to cut a figure, and he became extremely

popular among his dusty companions. Good fortune was now about to shake hands most cordially with Robert—for suddenly—he came into possession of considerable property by the death of a gentleman who claimed relationship to him. Bob, who had for some time raised the dust in the streets, having now raised the dust in his pockets, began to entertain no mean notions of himself. His dust cart was discarded for a carriage, he called himself "*The Honourable Robert Dusty*," and having for some time *borne the bell* in his profession, he was resolved that he would henceforward *bear the belle* in high life. Accordingly he started a splendid establishment; gave numerous fetes, and the most fashionable dinner parties! This method soon made him as popular with the fashionables as he had previously been with the dustmen. He received numerous invitations, and among the rest one from a nobleman I shall take the liberty of denominating Lord Camfoozlem. This was the first time our hero had ventured into fashionable society from home, and an incident occurred that made it his last. The important day at length arrived, and the *valet de chambre* made his *congee* to our hero, and prepared to attire him for the occasion. Now you must know, the "*Honourable Robert Dusty*," had not yet been able entirely to divest himself of his old *habits*, and accordingly he kept several of his old dustman's *suits* by him, which he frequently used to "*ponder o'er*," with some delightful reminiscences of the past. At

such times too, he was liable to forget himself, and to wander from the fashionable purlieus of Grosvenor-square to that never-to-be-forgotten, and salubrious spot—"Bell Isle, Battle-bridge. It happened that Robert was in one of these moods on the day in question, and the consequence was, that he made his valet, in spite of all remonstrances to the contrary, to array him most ludicrously fashionable, *a la Dusty*! In the first place his hair was curled and formed in the most tasteful and elegant manner, his whiskers neatly trimmed, and his upper lip surmounted by a most formidable pair of mustachios. His back was adorned with a fashionable surtout, under which appeared an old dustman's flowered waistcoat, and across that a splendid gold watch-guard. His neck was encircled by a yellow fogle, and ornamented with a metal fawney, which in size would not have disgraced the wheel of a truck. A pair of fashionable trowsers covered his legs, at the base of which appeared a pair of nankeen gaiters, and his feet were encased in a pair of flash crabs. These, with a pair of white gloves, and an enormous quizzing glass, with a dustman's slouch upon his napper, completed the personal appearance of our hero, and being equipped, he thus addressed his valet:—"Now my flower, since you've toggled me out, valk your chalks down to Joe, tell him to put the orses in the cart, and I'll be vith him in a jiffy!" "The cart, sir," exclaimed the astonished valet, "I presume you mean the carriage," "Wery vell, spooney, the carriage or the dust-cart, they're all the same, aint they? they're only a we-heckel arter all!" The valet now understanding his master's meaning, flew to obey his orders, and quickly returned with, "Sir, your carriage is ready." "Vot is the cart come?" said our hero, again forgetting himself; "then I must off to business." And snatching up a dustman's bell, which he always kept in his chamber, he rush'd down stairs, past his astonished servant, out at the street door, and forgetting his carriage, rushed up the street, bawling out with stentorian lungs "*Dust oyee!*" The strangeness of his appearance, his outrageous dress, and all combined, soon collected a lot of boys, and men together, who followed our hero in crowds, hooting and laughing, while he still continued his progress towards the mansion of Lord Camfoozlem, ringing his bell and bawling out "*Dust oyee!*" He soon arrived at the place of his destination, where a most splendid party of the nobility had already arrived, and a thick cluster of carriages and livery servants thronged the passage, through which Robert forced his way, and arriving at the door, gave a tremendous knock and cried out "*Dust oyee!*" The porter opened the door in a great passion, and insolently demanded his business. "Do you vant your dust cleared away?" The porter hardly knowing whether to laugh or to swear, at the

strangeness of our hero's appearance, was about to shut the door in his face, when Robert gave him a blow that stretched him at length on the floor of the hall, and rushing up stairs, he ran into the dining room among lords and ladies, knights and baronets, ringing his bell, and shouting "*Dust oyee!*" The gentlemen started, the ladies screamed, but our hero not at all abashed, singled out Lord Camfoozlem, and seizing his hand with an iron grasp, exclaimed "Ah! my tulip, how am ye! ? hope I tvigs you chuffish like? is the scan ready?" and running to the table, in his hurry, he pitched head foremost upon it, and immediately, plates, dishes, decanters, glasses, soups, jellies, pies, custards, frickasees, and all the rest of the viands were spread in an heterogeneous mass upon the rich Turkey carpet, or consigned to the laps of the alarmed guests. Our hero was not at all disconcerted, but scrambling up the remnants of pies, puddings, jellies, &c. in his hands, he dabbed them in a heap upon the table, and took a seat, quite unconcerned at what had happened. It was some time you may believe, before any thing like harmony was restored, but at length, Lord Camfoozlem offered an apology for our hero, which was accepted by the company, and dinner was at last served up; at which our hero behaved himself in the most extravagant manner. He shoved whole potatoes into his mouth at once, took up the meat and gnawed it in his hands, while the fat and gravy ran out at each corner of his mouth;—drank the water out of the finger glasses, swallowed the wine by the decanter, blew his nose on the table-cloth, wiped his mouth on a lady's beautiful silk dress, and licked his plate when he had done. The company were not a little disgusted, and you may rest assured that this was the Honorable Robert Dusty's first and last appearance in High life, from home.

Genevra.

(A pathetic Tale adapted for Recitation.
Written by S. Rogers, Esq., and Recited by
Mr. J. Bruce.)

If ever you should go to Modena,
(Where among other relics you may see
Tassoni's bucket—but 'tis not the true one),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Donati.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious family;
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it—ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" her vest of
gold
Brodered with flowers and clasp'd from head
to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls.

But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has
fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent,
With scripture-stories from the Life of
Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robe of some old Ancestor—
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and you will
not,
When you have heard the tale they told me
there.

She was an only child—her name Genevra;
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first
love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was, all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every
tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the
hour:
Now, frowning, smiling for the hundredth
time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preach'd de-
corum;
And, in the lustre of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial
feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was
wanting.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic
spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be
guess'd,
But that she was not!

Weary of this life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Donati lived—and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of some-
thing,
Something he could not find—he knew not
what.
When he was gone, the house remain'd
awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and
'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Genevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-
place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-
stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold;
All else had perish'd—save a wedding-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Genevra."

There then, had she found a grave,
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the
happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush
there,
Fastened her down for ever!

* On this tale the Opera of the "The
Spring Lock," and the Song of "The Mi-
seltoe Bough," are founded.

Will's Wife and the Sexton.

(An Original Comic Recitation, written by
B. E. J.)

In England liv'd a man who had a wife,
Who was the daily torment of his life;
For she would drink of gin enough for four,
I might, with confidence, say more.
Money she would have, or else his clothes,
And what she did with them, 'tis easy to
suppose.
One day he told the Sexton of his fate,
How he was troubl'd with a drunken mate;
"Ha!" says the Sexton, "I could cure her
in one hour,
If dead drunk you put her in my power."
"What!" says Will, and plucking up his
ears,
"You cure her? no, not in a dozen years!"
"I tell you I can, and ten shillings I'll
wager thee,
If to my proposals you'll at once agree!"

'Agree!' says Will, "to be sure I do,
and for your trouble,
If you do cure her, that sum I'll double."
"Mark well," says the Sexton, "that you
send for me,
The very next time that drunk is she."
Will agreed, and things went well they say,
As though by a charm, for many a day.
Until, one day, the "Old Duke's Head,"
she had to pass,
She thought she would just go and take one
glass!
Yet she consulting with her y^{as} and no—
No said, "if you take my advice, don't in
there go!"
Y^{es}, quite the reverse, says—"go, old dame,
and have a drop,
Just one dram, you have no occasion there
to stop!"
This last advice, suited her by far the best,
So in she goes, into this *spiritual* nest;
And drunk until she was not able,
To tell the ground, from chair or table.
At last she starts, to reach her abode,
And has many a reel and stumble on the road;
Her home she reaches, and with a loud huzzà,
Calls to her husband to give her more.
Her orders quickly, poor Will obey'd,
And soon his lady on the floor was laid;
Next off to the Sexton, he goes his tale to
tell,
"Well done," says the Sexton, "now all
will go well."
Then taking up a parish shell he had pro-
vided,
"To night," says he, "this wager shall be
decided."
Then home they go and lay her in,
And for her size 'twas just the thing.
But soon she set them all a laughing,
To hear her call for gin when in her coffin;
Next to the churchyard they went and did
not halt,
Until they had placed her snugly in a vault;
The Sexton in another, laid himself by her
side,
While Will outside their tricks espied.
The Sexton quick begins to sigh and moan,
And quick the old dame answers with a groan;
But finding her birth rather cold did get,
Half upright in her box, she did sit;
And he, to carry on the game,
Did raise himself in his, now, just the same.
"Hollo!" says she, "where am I? what
not in bed?"
Quoth the Sexton, "know you not, you're
dead?"
"Dead, said you? that's strange, sir, if it's
true;"
"It is—but, madam, I am dead, as well as
you!"
"Poor man! when did you die? when came
you here?"
"O! me, I have been here, three years or
near!"
"Sure, sir, and how long have I been dead?"
"You? only three weeks:" the Sexton said.

Some money from her pocket she did bring,
"Come, come," said she "*go fetch a drop of
gin!*"
And as you have been dead three years you
say,
So better than me you know the way!"
The Sexton his attempt gave o'er,
Nor tried to cure a drunken woman more;
"For they make true the Irish saying," he
said,
"*They'll e'en drink seven years after they are
dead!*"

Albert and Emma.

(An Original Pathetic Recitation.)

Parents and guardians whose tyrannic sway,
Makes children oft bend, 'neath your harsh
commands;
List to my tale, and pity's call obey,
Mildness will soothe, but sternness e'er
offends.

Albert, a youth of manners soft and mild—
His mother's fav'rite and his father's care;
Was, till a hapless moment, ne'er revil'd—
Ne'er, till he lov'd, misfortune had to bear.

The lovely Emma oft had caught his eye,
But poverty, alas! was Emma's lot;
Yet still, unseen, would Albert steal to sigh,
And wander near her father's lonely cot.

The humble cottage girl his passion knew,
And oft beneath the spreading oak they
met;
Then would the youth his tender tale renew,
And swear his Emma never to forget.

Albert, at length, his passion dar'd disclose;
His father spurn'd the tale—his thirst was
gold;
The youth experienc'd then unnumber'd woes,
Woes that had griev'd a stranger to behold.

In a damp dungeon he is soon confin'd,
Lost to the world, the light, the air of
heav'n;
Depriv'd of food, oh! cruelty refin'd—
The hardest heart such misery had riven.

Some fathers for their children feel no love,
Their cruelty they think is merely right;
Nor would it some men's flinty bosoms move,
To see their sons immur'd in endless night.

With tears and prayers the sufferer essay'd,
To move his father, but 'twas all in vain;
And when he spake, e'en then the tyrant said,
"Obey my will, and you're my son again.

"Till then, ne'er hope to leave this dread
abode,
Till then, my pardon shall you ne'er receive;
If you persist with such a wretch to wed,
I'd rather see you die than have you live."

When Emma heard the pangs her Albert bore,
To his proud father she applied in grief;
Consented ne'er to see her Albert more,
To gain from sad confinement his relief.

But this great effort broke the maiden's heart,
And as around her bed her parents sigh'd;

She cried—"dear Albert, on this earth we part,
To meet again in heaven above,"—and died!

The death-song sadly smote on Albert's ear,
As borne along the hollow sounding blast;
What meets his sight?—'tis lovely Emma's bier,
As to her long home they bear her past.

"Ah, see!" he cried, "they bear her to the grave!
Hark! hark! I hear the slow funeral knell;"

No burning tear-drop fell—a sigh he gave;
He groan'd, and to the ground he senseless fell.

He rose again, but awful was the change!
Reason had fled her seat—his eye-balls glare;

Around the room from side to side they range,
Now on his father fix with vacant stare!

"Give, give me back my love!" the maniac cries;
"You murdered her! you—wretch! I know you now;

Look not upon me with those tearful eyes,
For you can murder, while with tears they flow."

A dagger now gleams in his trembling hand,
His breast is cover'd with the crimson gore;
He staggers—groans—faintly on Emma calls,
And falls, again, alas! to rise no more.

Despair and horror seize the father's heart,
Remorse, too late, now fills his cruel breast;
From home and friends he tears himself apart,
An outcast wanders, and can find no rest.

Oh! to this unadorn'd and simple tale,
May those who influence possess, attend;
And let them for the woes of others feel,
Or surely dreadful too, will be their end.

The Sick Woman and the Almanack.

(A celebrated Recitation.)

A poor old woman with a diarrhoea,
Brought on by slip-slop tea, and rot-gut beer,
Went to Sangrado, with a woful face,
And hawking twice or thrice to clear her throat,
She told him in a plaintive note,
Her case!

Disease had brought her to a doleful state,
Her legs seem'd tottering with a lifeless weight;

Her bosom panted for a lack of breath,
Her voice seem'd echoing from the vale of death;

Her sunken orbs of light but dimly shone,
A gaping spectre, hardly skin and bone!

The doctor, being in a wond'rous hurry,
To still a lady in a hysteric flurry;
Could hardly stop to hear pale misery's moan,
So jumping in his coach, he bawl'd "Go on!"

Howe'er, to keep the dame from kingdom come,
From the sharp gripe of *grinning* death so cruel:

He told her that she need but hurry home,
And boil some Bole armoniac in her gruel:

Then call upon him in a day or two,
And let him know,

If things went on in *statu quo*.
The dame obedient to the doctor's order,

Came when the time prefix'd was ended;
Health seem'd to triumph o'er the dire disorder,

But still she seem'd a little broken winded.
Sangrado felt her pulse, and tongue inspected,

Then ask'd her, if she'd done as he directed?
"Zooks, sir! for tho' I sent my godson

Jack,
From house to house—amongst my neighbours;

To beg a *Moore's old Almanack*,
He could not get 'un for all his labours:

And so I took and boil'd 'Th' Babes i' th' Wood;

And, praise the Lord! it's done a mort o' good!"

The Black Huntsman.

(An original Legendary Recitation, written by Mr. T. Prest.)

Beware the black huntsman, who prowls through the wood,
His prey is the maiden, the vulture his food,

He comes not of earth, and he comes not of sky,
His soul is a fiend's, and fell death's in his eye!

The flame of the doom'd blazes fierce on his brow,
He carries no buckler, no dart, or bow;

But the dark spells he uses can ne'er be withstood,
So, beware, the black huntsman who lurks through the wood!

He comes in the storm, when the daylight is past,
He stalks 'mid the lightning, he rides on the blast:

He lurks in the glen, and he wends through the moor,
And the eyes which once view him, will sparkle no more.

His mind knows no pity, his soul knows no fear,
His pastime is murder—his pleasure despair;
His delight is in guilt, and his hatred is good,
So, beware the black huntsman that lurks thro' the wood!

This was the fell warning, this was the wild lay,
(As o'er hillock and copse, Emmeline wends her way),
That caught her attention and rang in her ear,
But still was she warn'd not, nor yet did she fear:
For, but yesterday night, in the glen near the wood,
Had a youth sav'd her life when no other youth could:
And oh, such a youth! none more fair could be seen,
So soft was his language, so graceful his mien;
He entrapp'd, as by magic, poor Emmeline's heart,
Who again vow'd to meet him, before they did part,
In "the parricide's glen," where a gibbet long stood,
The haunt but of demons—'long side the black wood!
There's no bright twinkling stars, there's no moon in the sky,
The owl screeches wildly, the wind murmurs by;
But still all alone Emmeline bends her way,
Where the boldest of men would be fearful to stray;
Where scarce human being had ventur'd before,
And those who had ventured, were heard of no more!

• • • • •
She has reach'd the wild glen, she has reach'd the black wood,
Where the parricide's gibbet so awfully stood;
The tempest had gather'd, the thunder roll'd high,
And the blue forked lightning flash'd fierce in the sky;
But still did poor Emmeline banish all fear,
She rais'd her bright eye—and the stranger was there!

• • • • •
Oh, sweet were his words, she too well took the bait,
Alas! hapless maiden, she dream'd not her fate;
Ah! little she thought the deceiver was there,
That he wrought for her ruin, destruction, despair!
She's accepted a ring,—it is done! it is done!
The demon hath triumph'd—the maid is his own!

There's a wild fiendish laugh—the sky is o'ercast,
More fierce darts the lightning—more fierce howls the blast!
The black huntsman is there—she discovers him now,
Hellish joy clads his features, hell's flame lights his brow;
He clasps her slight waist, they ascend in the air,
There's a deep fiendish laugh, there's a cry of despair!
'Tis the shriek of the victim—as far, far away,
The Black Huntsman hurries along with his prey!

Good Friday.

(A Popular Comic Recitation.)

Sir Harry, a high priest, and deep divine,
Ambitious much mid modern saints to shine;
On a Good Friday evening took an airing;
Not far had he proceeded ere a sound,
Did the two ears of this good priest astound;
Such as loud laughs, mix'd with some small swearing.
Now in an orchard peep'd the knight so sly,
With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye:
Where, lo! a band of rural swains were blest:
Too proud to join the crew he wav'd his hand,
Beck'ning to this unholy playful band.
Forth came a boy, obedient to the priest;
"What wicked things are ye all doing here?"
On this most solemn day of all the year."
"Playing at skittles!" said the simple lad:
"Playing at skittles? devils! ye are mad!
For what?"—"A Jack-ass, sir:" the lad replies.
"A Jack-ass!" roars the priest, with wolf like eyes:
"Run, run and tell them heaven will not be shamm'd,
Tell them this instant that they'll all be d—d!"
"I will, Sir Harry—iss, I will, Sir Harry,"
Then off he set the important news to carry;
To warn them that dread torments would ensue:
But suddenly the scampering lad turn'd round,
And thus, with much simplicity of sound,
"Sir Harry, must the Jack-ass be d—d too?"

Skin and Bone!

(On Original Comic Recitation, written by T. Prest.)

One Tommy Tapps, a most notorious sot,
Who long and deep had drank from out the pot;

Till, all through dissipation, it is said,
 Upon a bed of sickness he was laid,—
 Feeling some qualms of conscience touch his
 mind,
 To have a holy man felt much inclined;
 For he was wasted nearly all away,
 And thought he scarce could live another
 day.
 The clergyman obedient to his will,
 Unto him went, the gospel to instil,
 And long harrangued with precepts most di-
 vine,
 To which the recreant soul of Tommy did
 incline.
 The pious man gave him a lengthy lecture,
 Garnish'd with wise quotations from the
 scripture,
 And among the rest, this worthy mentor—
 Be't understood,
 Said, "*flesh and blood—*
 Could in the kingdom of heaven never
 enter!"
 At this the patient open'd wide his eyes,
 And thus in tone of extacy he cries;
 "Huzza, huzza! I'm safe enough you'll own,
 If flesh and blood can't enter there, it's
 clear;
 To be refused I'm sure I needn't fear;
 Because, d'ye see, I'm only skin and bone!"

The Wrecker.

(Original, written by H. S. Russell.)

"Hold, pilot, hold!" the captain cried,
 "What midnight spectre haunts yon sandy
 shore?"
 As through the shelving rocks he steered the
 ship,
 While foaming billows toss'd him to and fro,
 And howling winds with fierce contentious
 strife,
 Had hid the moon, in cloudy darkness.
 "Sure 'tis no mortal form that mocks the
 winds?"
 "It is!" replied the pilot, "cast down the
 jib,
 The anchor heave ~~up~~peak, no further will I
 steer,
 Until the moon shall light us to our port,
 Then yon spectre's fate shall fill thy greedy
 ears,
 And make thy blood run cold." Thus he
 spoke,
 And around him throng the anxious crew,
 While on the sandy beach, with wild de-
 spair,
 The wretched maniac darted to and fro;
 And as the pilot told his woeful tale,
 Gazed wildly on—motionless and dumb.

'Twas on a Summer's eve, the wind was
 hush'd,
 And scarce a billow on the ocean rose,
 While in the west the sun's departing rays,
 The mirror'd deep reflects, tipping the
 spreading sails

With golden forms. Forth from his cot,
 Which stood alone, the wrecker came,
 With rolling eyes, and discontented mien,
 He trac'd the ocean's verge; ever and anon,
 Casting an anxious glance toward the west;
 Calm was the scene, but troubled *his* mind;
 He once lived happy, and with his little bark
 Would plough the deep to catch the finny
 race.

But stern misfortune turn'd the ebb of fate,
 He lost a son—his only child—he lost his
 boat,
 And then lost all,—his heart!

The shatter'd bark, toss'd in the briny
 wave,
 Now form'd his plunder; gold, glittering
 gold!
 Would lure his soul to thirst for human
 blood,
 And break the laws of nature. "No luck!"
 he cries,
 "Fortune frowns on me when nature feels
 her smiles.
 Yon setting sun damps all my hopes and joys,
 And I'm left to chance, chance! did I say?
 I did,
 Yon little cloud may turn the balance yet."
 Then smiling, look'd toward the south,
 where,
 Gently borne by zephyrous gales, a cloud
 appears,

The mirror'd sea is rippled with the wind,
 Sol's fiery rays in mistiness is clad.
 Still firmer are his steps, his looks more
 calm,
 Cloud upon cloud enshroud th' ethereal sky,
 The winds arise—the billows gently heave,
 And bids the penguin quit her rocky nest.
 "Ah! ah! joys, harbinger," he cries, "thy
 presence
 Tells of hope! let but the one ox-eye speck
 The varying clouds, and then—then. It is!
 Now fortune is indeed my friend."

The sea-gull quits aloft her rocky home,
 Cloud form'd curtains o'erhang the troubl'd
 wave.
 And echoing winds pour forth their woeful
 moan,
 Setting the ocean in one convulsive foam.
 Anxiously the wrecker views the ocean's
 verge;
 He smiles—he laughs—a distant speck ap-
 pears,
 It is a ship; nearer it approaches, and soon
 Its scudding sails appear in view—'tis lost,
 it re-appears,
 The lightning's vivid flash displays her beau-
 teous frame;
 And points the Wrecker to his wish'd for
 prey.

"Steer here!" he cries "my way-worn
 mariners, and I,
 I will send you to your last long home."

The thunder's peal re-echoes through the
 air,
 And forked lightnings dart across the main;

The sea-gull screams, the foaming ocean roars,
 Heaving the shattered bark upon each wave,
 Now high as Snowdon—now buried in despair.
 'Twas such a night, that, hardened as he was,
 He moaned his fears, and tremblingly with hope,
 Prepared his lantern. The ship the signal spies,
 And struggles hard to reach the shadowy buoy.
 Whilst bent in prayer, the crew their sup-
 pliants raise,
 And sigh for mercy ere they leave the world.
 Nearer she approaches, but not in safety;
 Nearer yet, but to a watery grave.
 Facing a rock the wily wretch displays his light,
 Which now the bounding surf obscures from sight,
 And demon-like, exclaims, "This way, this way!"
 She comes—her signals mock the thunder;
 The piercing shriek of death is heard—but all in vain.
 A dreadful peal now echoes through the air,
 It shuns the wrecker, aghast in fear he startles:
 The vessel is no more—she strikes, she founders,
 All, all is lost.

Still of the hapless crew,
 One soul escaped; around the splinter'd mast,
 He keeps his hold, anxious his life to save,
 The bounding billows heave him to the shore.
 And lands his weary body on the beach.
 Swift to the spot the Wrecker flies—he stops!
 Then wildly cries "Is this the only treasure,
 A naked helpless mariner? curse on my stars!
 Ah! what, a glittering ring shines on his finger!
 Perchance a diamond!—'tis mine—but—but—
 He lives!—no! the wretch must die!"
 With cautious steps the murderer approaches,
 he fires.
 The leaden ball wings through his victim's brain,
 And lifeless lays him on the beach. Bent on his prey,
 The Wrecker takes his knife, and from the yet warm hand,
 Severs the finger, hurling the body to the briny deep.

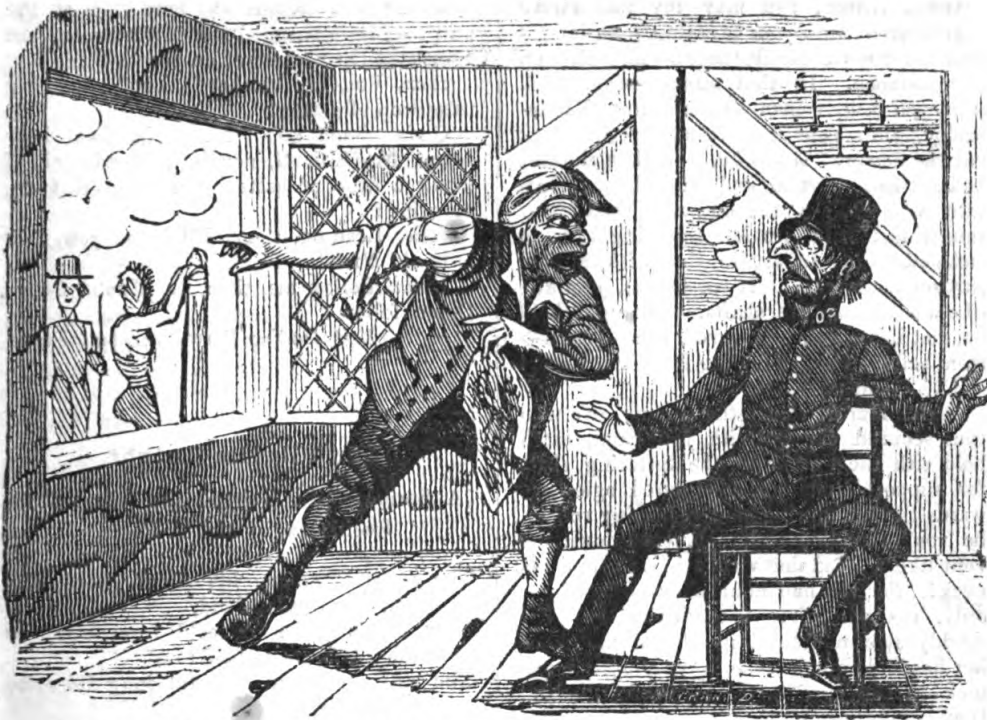
Unconscious of guilt, his honest wife trims her fire,
 And anxious waits to cheer her wretched mate.

She knew he plundered; that he was a murderer
 Ne'er dwelt upon her mind. The door flies open,
 With hasty strides the Wrecker enters, and
 On the clean-laid cloth flings the bloody member,
 "There! there's a ring—'twill fit thy old bones well!
 Yet 'tis dearly bought. Where is the brandy?
 Why startle ye? Did'st ne'er before see a bloody finger?
 I tell ye, I *must* have brandy?" Struck with horror,
 The wretched woman gazes on the ring, and then
 On him; and with a wild and heartfelt shriek
 Exclaims, "My son! my son! and lifeless sank
 Upon the floor. Ne'er till then had horror,
 Like a spell, enwrapt the murderer;—ne'er till then,
 He felt the fearful drops roll down his cheeks,
 And ne'er till then he found he had raised
 His hand to rob his child of life.
 The ring upon that hand he placed himself,
 And bade him keep it 'till his death,
 He did so—yes, too faithfully. Oh! 'twas a night,
 Too dreadful to describe. The wretched mother
 Broke her heart, and died that night,
 But he still lives, but lives, a spectacle of woe;
 And guilt, forth from that hour his senses fled,
 And oft he wanders on the sandy beach,
 Gazing with fixed eye upon the fatal spot;
 Then wildly rushes among the rocks.
 No mortal voice befriends him. The sea-gull is his mate
 The roaring wind's his music; and oft at night
 He's seen with his lamp, as if his soul
 Clung to his wretched trade.

A hollow shriek is heard upon the shore:
 They startle—they look—it is the Wrecker.
 Among the rocks his haggard form appears,
 He laughs—he cries, then with a desperate effort
 Leaps headlong in the deep. The sea-gull screams,
 A splash is heard, and all is silent.

The moon breaks from her vapouring veil,
 And it beams upon the wondering crew,
 Who scarce can from their dream-like sleep awake,
 To steer the vessel to her wished-for port.
 The pilot's tale is told:—the wretch himself
 Has seal'd it. The ship at anchor rides,
 Impressed on their minds, with dread array
 The Wrecker's fate.

SAM WELLER'S



AN ORIGINAL COMIC PARODY ON A FAVORITE

Scene in "The Pilot."

(Recited with unbounded applause, by Mr. Dowson, at the London Concerts.)

Characters. — ROWHARD, a Policeman;
OMINOUS, his brother.

Row. I don't know how it am, but the cocksuredness of that ere cove, am left a veight like a porter's load atop of my heart. Then his bounceableness, his cowcumberness, and his sang fried, all conspire to make me ashamed of myself!—Hollo! vhat the devil is afloat now? Where is my mother and sister?

Omin. All toddled off to have a squint at the snatcher, yonder prisoner there, call him vot you likes.

Row. And you, vot am you comed to do vith that here treackle plaster in your fist; am you comed to lay violent hands on me? I'll call my mother and sister, I vill.

Omin. (*Bonneting him into a chair.*) Sit down, and hold your gab; I've got a great deal to say to you, and wery little time to say it in.

Row. Speak!

Omin. You am a lobster in the new police?

Row. I is!

Omin. Would you like to throw yourself out of a crust of panum?

Row. No!

Omin. And yet sich a thing you could vish Bill Staples to do, who am now undergoing a larruping at the Old Bailey, through your falsewoods!

Row. My falsewoods, old cock, that's impossible!

Omin. I'm neither flummixed in that ere, No. 3.

nor in the cocksuredness that your own ideas are about to undergo a reform.

Row. That is not likely to take place, through your cheekiness!

Omin. I aint a going to call your bounceableness into kevestun; but listen. You had a brother; he vos born in Saint Giles', and you vos dragged up in Vestminster. You had a turn-up von morning, and then you cut your lucky and gave von another turn-ups!

Row. Alas! poor Jack, he vos vonce too much for me at the fistie business, but he is no more now!

Omin. There you have got the bull by the horns, for he's all alive and kicking!

Row. Vot, not defunct? Vy they told me that he died in the pudding-house, and I vent all round the hospitals to look arter his body.

Omin. That vos wery good on you to go to look arter him vhen he vos not dead. But to cut it short; you had a voman, and you had a kid by her too!

Row. True, true, I had; but vot's the use on talking of that here; they vos both smothered von night, coming to me, vhen I vos sent all the precious long vay from Battle-bridge to Battersea!

Omin. Yes, arter you told her to cut her lucky from her ready-furnished lodgings, and pawn the sheets; her death vos von 'pon your tibby for not paying your rent. True, your voman vos smothered, but your kid still survives.

Row. My kid! Vot on him?

Omin. Listen, and may my tale strike deeper *nor* into your breast, nor it did into his vot witnessed the shocking slap up circumstance. In that same go-cart which conveyed your voman and kid from Battle-bridge, your poor unfortunate brother Jack vos the driver. It vos he, who when the cart had got half way and spilt the whole of 'em into a ditch, vot turned and seed your squinting Dinah, vith her squalling kinchin cuddled to her breast, in the thick, muddy part on the stream! It vos he vot, jumping like a cock from the shafts, vot caught hold on that here kid, and saved him—yourn—from being a supper for the frogs and fishes!

Row. And my voman?

Omin. Hardly could the lummy cove who thus secured the kid vith von hand, catch hold vith the t'other to the tottering shaft for support, turn his bewildered ogle towards the floundering and splashing voman, he vos compelled to let go, when down she vent like a dead dog vith a brick round his neck! For von half hour, and von half hour only, vos von dirty fist—dirtier nor the muddy stream around us—lifted up above her head, as much as to say, "Jolly good luck to the cove vot saved my kid,"—and then, strike me lucky, if she didn't cut her stick and mizzle!

Row. And my brother?

Omin. Your brother, vith the kid a pick-a-back, managed to reach the bank; it vos there as he gazed upon the mug of the ragged, scurvy-looking young velp, he swore to be von upon your tibby for the way you had sarved him out!

Row. You couldn't! wouldn't! shouldn't! daresn't say he burked him!

Omin. Burked him! no, more t'other!—"Fortune," said he, "has sent this kid to me, to be taken in, to be put out to yearn an honest livelihood; and I'll do it; I'll put him under some snatcher." "For," thought he, "Vot shall I do vith the kid? He shall never know his father till he's a man, and a lummy von, too." Seven years am your brother been sent to Botomy Bay; he am now come back to his old practice of supplying dentists vith teeth, otherwise body-snatching. His dreams am come true; the kid he saved is a man, nor can Surgeon's Hall boast of a betterer or a biggerer snatcher nor him vot vos saved from out of the ditch!

Row. Where—where shall I find him?

Omin. Where? ax me where? Vy you'll find him at the vipping-post in the courtyard of the Old Bailey, to vere his own father has just sent him!

Row. Oh, Bill Staples, my kid! Carry me out, and bury me decently; vot am to be done?

Omin. There am but von way; you must follow me to Muster Cope!

Row. Where? Vy you wouldn't go to turn nose on me!

Omin. No; hunger and hard vork at the mill may have changed the outvard man, but I am still the preserwer on your kid!

Row. Vot, my brother! Landlord, bring us a drop of gatter!

Omin. Stand off! Never in them here toggs, No. 116, G, nor in this crib, vill I drink a drop of gatter vith you; if I do, blow me!

Row. Lead on, then; I'll follow you, if it is to old Nick!

Omin. Follow me, then, to Muster Cope! Come, follow!

[Exit, leading ROWHARD by the nose.]

The Pilgrim Knight.

(A Serious Tale, written and adapted for Recitation, by Mr. T. Prest.)

The minstrel strung his silver chord, and sung the deeds of old,
How ladies were releas'd from woe, by noble knights so bold;
The witty jest and cheerful song did ev'ry where abound,
And boisterous mirth made proud Sir Osmond's ancient halls resound.

The honest vassals in their best, with cheerful looks were seen,
And blooming village maids and lads danced on the fertile green;
The castle gates were open'd wide to all who came that way,
For that was fix'd to be the fair Matilda's bridal day.

The heart of ev'ry lad and lass around the spot seem'd glad,
But poor Matilda's heart, alas! was aching, sunk, and sad;
For since her Edwin left her arms, six months had only fled,
Six months had only just elaps'd, since in the wars he'd bled.

An aged pilgrim now approach'd Sir Osmond's noble hall,
His trembling form bent o'er his staff, his beard low did fall;
Thrice did he crave a glass of wine to cheer his weary breast,
And thrice he craved of its lord, one night of balmy rest.

A hearty welcome from its lord the pilgrim's ears did greet,
A servant quick the tidings bears, and led him to a seat;
'Twas close to where Matilda sat, and oft she heard him sigh,
Though once a gleam of rapture seem'd to glisten in his eye.

"Daughter," said he, and took her hand,
 "you seem absorb'd in grief,
 Unfold your mind, and from my good advice
 receive relief;"

"Alas! six months ago, the wars my Edwin
 from me tore,
 And now I'm doom'd to be the bride of hated
 Rudamore!"

"Then cheer thine heart," the pilgrim said,
 "and dissipate thy fear,
 For Edwin lives, and loves thee still! and
 soon will he be here!"

"Lives! mighty God!—oh! tell me where!
 I'll to his bosom fly!"

"Rash girl, forbear to see him yet, you'll see
 him by-and-bye."

This said, the pilgrim left his seat and hur-
 ried from her side,
 And with surprise, his ancient form Matilda
 closely ey'd;
 Her breast was lighten'd of its woes, firm
 courage nerv'd her heart,
 For Edwin liv'd, and they might meet again,
 no more to part.

And now Sir Rudamore arrives, and hastes
 his bride to greet,
 A rosy wreath, the pledge of love, he places
 at her feet;
 With cheerful haste she seiz'd his arm, and
 to the church they hie,
 For now she knew that Edwin liv'd, and
 happiness was nigh.

Before St. Egbert's holy shrine the couple
 quickly stand,
 Matilda's heart once more despair'd, when
 Rudolph seiz'd her hand;
 And now the priest to join their hands in
 wedlock did prepare,
 When, close to where they stood, a voice
 was heard to cry, "Forbear!"

The ancient monk, with childish fear, let
 fall the holy book,
 Sir Osmond and Sir Rudamore both round
 the chapel look;
 When, from beneath a broken arch, the
 pilgrim hurried near,
 And when he reach'd St. Egbert's shrine,
 again he cried, "Forbear!"

"Audacious wretch!" with furious look,
 exclaim'd Sir Rudamore,
 "Speak quick the meaning of your words,
 or much may you deplore;
 What canst thou say that this fair girl should
 not become my bride?
 Speak, wretch, and tell me who thou art, or
 much may thee betide!"

"Appease thy wrath, most mighty sir!" the
 pilgrim soon replies,
 While scorn and anger fiercely flash from his
 indignant eyes;

"Much shall this holy priest have cause to
 rue, if he persists
 To join your hands—for know, proud knight,
 that Edwin still exists."

"Exists?—'tis false!" the knight exclaim'd,
 "for I was by his side,
 When he receiv'd a mortal wound, of which
 he quickly died;
 As soon would I believe, the stars should
 tumble from the skies,
 As I'd believe Sir Edwin liv'd, unless he
 met mine eyes!"

"Look up, then, disbelieving knight, and of
 thine hopes despair,
 For now I'll prove Sir Edwin lives—look up!
 behold him here!
 The perils met in bondage, for six months
 he hath defied,
 And now to Osmond Tower he's come to
 claim his lawful bride."

The pilgrim then remov'd his cloak, Matilda
 he caress'd,
 "My Edwin lives!" with joy she cried,
 then clasp'd him to her breast;
 Sorrow and chagrin fill'd the mind of proud
 Sir Rudamore,
 He left the castle in that hour, and ne'er was
 heard of more.

Hog and Bacon,

(An Original Comic Recitation, written by
 Mr. T. G. Parker.)

About some eighty or ninety years ago,
 (It may be more for what I know;)
 A man to Newgate safe was sent,
 A place where folks too late repent.
 His crime was theft, so 'tis reported,
 For which he might be hung—

Or, perhaps, transported.
 In great suspense he did his trial await,
 Anxious to know what might be his fate.
 The dreaded hour at length drew near,
 His case to all appeared quite clear;
 He's guilty found without delay,
 And to the laws his life must pay.

"Hold! hold my lord!" the pris'ner then
 did cry,

"Must your relation on a scaffold die?"
 "Mine;" replied the judge, "fellow you
 lie!"

"No, no, my lord, I cannot be mistaken,
 My name is *Hogg*, yours is *Bacon*!"

"Right," replies the judge, and then his
 head he swung,

"But *Hogg* is not *Bacon* until it's hung;
 So, until you hang the usual time,
 You can no relation be of mine!"

The Vow of Vengeance.

(An Original Dramatic Sketch, written by
Mr. A. F. Staples.)

ALPHONSO AND VINCENZA.

Alph. Still, Vincenza, dost thou wear,
The sable look of sadness o'er thy countenance?

Vin. Aye, by Heaven I do, nor can all
which brings delight to man,
E'er cause a smile to beam,
Or lighten up on mine,
Except 'twas one of vengeance—
Bear with me friend, for sad of heart I am.

Alph. Confide to me, whom you call your
only friend,
The occasion of thy sorrow.

Vin. Confide to thee—yes, yes, I will,
For I have ever found in thee a trusty friend.
Oh! would of all mankind, I could say the
like;

But such is man, that crafty wiles
And sordid avarice destroy his better nature,
And damning lust, as a fiend, fans the fires
of iniquity,
Which reigns within his breast, the last too
well I know.

Oh, would that lightnings fires had riven this
frame,
E'er that a parent I had become!

Alph. What fiend in human form could
blight your bliss?

Or mar the happiness of your offspring?

Vin. One subtle as a serpent,
As deaden'd to the cry of pity as the hungry
wolf,

When he gloats his eye upon the bleeding
lamb,

Coveting the purple gore which stains the
earth,

On which its victim lays.

Alphonso, I had a daughter, fair as the
summer's morn,

And form'd so like a goddess, that the fabled
ones of old,

In beauty, grace, and all that's lovely in
woman kind,

Methinks, compared to her, would nought have
been.

This beauteous flower I watch'd from in-
fancy,

Until it bloom'd, dazzling e'en the parent,
From whom it owed its birth. Such was my
child;

When seventeen summers o'er her head had
pass'd guileless as a dove,

Chaste as the Diana of Ephesus, can you
wonder that I lov'd her?

Or, that her only protector she idolized?
A mother's love she knew not, for bereft of
one

From the hour of birth, was my daughter.

And now my tale of misery begins.

From noble ancestry am I sprung,
'Twas in the tented field, and in the cause of
glory,

They won a matchless name!
And minstrels sung from Palestine to Spain,
Their prowess and mighty fame!

In warlike Castile I first drew breath,
And though a younger son, of inheritance
but small;

With martial glory was I fir'd, and long'd to
wield,

My maiden sword in the defence of my
country's rights!

My wish and prayer at length was granted,
And, let me not braggart seem to be if I boast
That more than once, the tide of victory
which seem'd

Against my country setting, by me was
chang'd,

And the glad trumpet bespoke the day was
ours!

Fair Peace, at length she came,
And Vincenza courted her embrace, for love
around my heart

Had play'd a part subduing the warriors fire.
And, blame me not, if blushing I confess,

To a woman bright, I knelt, and sued;
Tasting the sweets of love, when the willing
fair

My bride became, short was my bliss,
The mother died in giving birth to our pledge
of mutual love.

Years pass'd o'er, sweet affluence fled,
And poverty upon my footsteps trod;
Each day its withering influence, subdued
My former fire of life. Indigence securely
seem'd

To triumph in expectation of the sacrifice,
No power (but Heaven) could stay—at length,
It came;—a bit!—a mite—a crumb—was not
mine!

Assail'd by gaunt hunger within,
And more merciless creditors without—I
loath'd

The passing day, and curs'd the coming night.

My soul with agony was wrung, as I gazed
On the wasted tho' beautiful form of my
child;

So placid and resign'd was she, and ever and
anon,

Tried to whisper comfort to my madden'd
ear,

That for a time delusive hope reign'd within
my breast;

But the envious reality too soon presented
itself.

One creditor, surnamed Sebastian Mi-
chelanos,

(Who alone by hell could have fashioned
been),

More importunate than his fellows,

Arm'd by the powers of the law,

Threaten'd to drag me to a dungeon's gloom.
I had not wherewith to satisfy his demand.

My daughter wept; and, kneeling at the feet
of the fiend,

With agonizing and breaking heart,

Implored for mercy; e'en the father sued
for it,

Abject, and lowly as a slave. It was denied

The adamant soul of Michelanos, more flinty
 than the harden'd rocks
 'Gainst which the foaming billows beat;
 Contemn'd the prayer of the lowly supplicants.
 When this I heard, the dormant fires within
 my breast
 Were kindled, and rising, I hurl'd the fiend
 (Who worshipp'd Mammon as his God) from
 my dwelling,
 Triumphant even in my agony as I spurn'd
 him,
 Who, scarce a moment before, with savage
 exultation laugh'd,
 To behold a noble crouching like a dog at
 his feet.
 The remembrance of that night, Alphonso,
 Never from this breast will be effaced; de-
 spair unchecked,
 For a time subdued the reasoning powers of
 Vincenza;
 All mankind he thought were become his
 enemies.
 The pomp of palaces—the luxury of ban-
 quets—and
 The obsequiousness of menials, who, cap in
 hand,
 Led the way when wealth was his;
 Frantically did I laugh, when I thought
 upon—
 And the power of gold, a shining ore, growing
 As dross beneath the earth, from the hands
 of man
 Could purchase; bartering life, honour, hap-
 piness,
 Yet fascinated by its mighty but corrupting
 sway.
 Reason at length returned; with aching
 heart I bent my steps
 Towards my poor abode, lingering for a
 moment
 When I reached the threshold, for language
 which I thought
 Would most conduce and comfort bring
 To my daughter's sadden'd breast;
 A wailing struck my ear; with lightning's
 speed
 I rush'd within, and clasp'd my child to my
 throbbing heart,
 Invoking her to reveal what grief anew
 Had caus'd her tears so fast to flow.
 Murmuring, she whisper'd, "Gold—gold—
 father! gold is ours!
 And sunk within a second after, lifeless at
 my feet.
 The rest too soon is told! Ye powers of
 hell,
 If any curse, or torment unknown as yet to
 man—
 Or heaven's Almighty enemy is thine—
 grant that tenfold it may rack
 The blacken'd soul of Michelanos, who
 blighted
 The fairest flower that ever bloom'd,
 Or trod the surface of the earth.
 Within these arms my daughter died,
 Dishonour'd by the fiend, she confess'd, who
 threaten'd her parent

With a dungeon's gloom, yielding to a de-
 mon's lust
 And threats, to purchase liberty for the being
 To whom she owed her birth.
 One last, one lingering look, I cast upon
 the sacrifice
 Offered up to lust's unhallow'd shrine.
 Every fibre anew was braced,
 When kneeling beside the beauteous but
 contaminated form
 Of her I loved most dear, I pledged to
 heaven an oath
 That vengeance should be mine—
 Vengeance would I have on the fell destroyer.
 But years pass'd o'er before that oath could
 be fulfill'd.
 At length the moment came. Self-banish'd
 from the busy haunts of men,
 I herded, by choice, with those who defied
 their country's laws;
 The rock, and dale, and mountain's pass, to
 free-born spirits,
 Afford a happiness as great as a noble's
 palace, bedeck'd
 With eastern voluptuousness—at least, 'twas
 so with me:
 Let others speak as best they can, if what I
 say is false.
 War, desolating war, had shewn his hideous
 front throughout the land
 Which gave me birth; but ne'er, from the
 hour of my daughter's dishonour,
 Was my sword unsheath'd in its defence,
 though each movement,
 By spies employ'd, well I knew; and amongst
 the number,
 Whom well we watch'd, was Michelanos;
 and oft,
 In the agony of disappointed hope, I wept
 when I thought
 Within my power he was, and chance
 marr'd
 The hope on which my soul was bent.
 Alphonso, 'twas in evening's darken'd
 gloom, amid the tow'ring rocks
 Which surround the Pyrenees, when word
 was brought
 By scouts of our chosen band, that strangers
 were approaching,
 And amongst them was Michelanos. The
 sound of his hated name
 Thrill'd my frame; my blood, before so tem-
 perate, ran quivering
 And heated throughout my veins; I gave the
 word for attack!
 Plunder animated the breasts of my com-
 rades; the life of him
 Who had rendered life to me hateful, alone
 animated mine.
 Revenge nerved this arm—and if encom-
 passed by armour,
 Forged impenetrable to a hundred swords,
 before mine, withering and subdued,
 Should he have fallen, for more than mortal
 power nerved it,
 When 'twas rais'd against the fell destroying
 villain's life,

Who shriek'd, and abject begg'd for mercy,
 when at my feet he laid.
 My eyes glared as they fell on his!
 A basilisk's power was in them: his cry for
 mercy
 I answer'd by avowing, of earth, of heaven,
 of hell, or of all mankind,
 He might sue, but mercy from Vincenza
 should ne'er be shewn;
 And kneeling, I grasp'd the despairing
 wretch, who writh'd in agony,
 As he bedew'd my feet with his repentant
 tears, offering a monarch's wealth
 To obtain my pity. 'Twas shewn; a moment
 after my dagger pierc'd his heart!
 The cry of anguish which came from him, yet
 sounds in my ears,
 The tuneful choir of angels, more sweet to
 my soul could not have been;—
 And as I watch'd the crimson blood which
 flow'd from his scarce animated frame,
 I breath'd a prayer to Heaven, that I had
 aveng'd my daughter's dishonour.—
 And fulfill'd my VOW OF VENGEANCE!

The Auld Raven.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Under the arms of a goodly oak tree,
 There was of swine a large company;
 They were making a rude repast,
 Grunting as they munch'd the mast:
 Then they trotted away; for the wind blew
 high,
 One acorn was left; no more could you spy;
 Next came a raven who lik'd not such folly,
 He belong'd, I believe, to the witch melan-
 choly.
 Blacker was he than the blackest jet,
 Flew low in the rain, his feathers were wet;
 He pick'd up the acorn, and buried it straight,
 By the side of a river both deep and great.
 Where then did the black raven go?
 He flew high, he flew low—
 Over hill, over dale, did the black raven go.
 Many autumns, many springs,
 Went he with wandering wings;
 Many summers, many winters;—
 Indeed I can't tell half his adventures.
 At length he return'd, and with him a she,
 And the acorn was grown to a large oak tree;
 They built them a nest on the topmost bough,
 And young ones they had, and were jolly enow.
 At length came a woodman in leathern guise,
 His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his
 eyes,
 He'd an axe in his hand, and he nothing spoke,
 But with many a hew, and many a stroke;
 At length he brought down the poor raven's
 own oak.
 His young ones were kill'd, for they could
 not depart:
 And his wife did die of a broken heart.
 They chopp'd off its limbs its bough they
 did sever,
 And they floated it down on the course of
 the river;

They saw'd it to planks, it's rind they did
 strip,
 And with that and others they built them a
 ship.
 The ship it was launch'd, but in sight of the
 land,
 A tempest arose that no ship could withstand;
 It bulg'd on a rock, the waves rush'd in fast,
 The wild raven flew round and caw'd to the
 blast:
 He heard the sad shriek of their perishing
 souls,
 They are sunk—o'er the topmast the mad
 water rolls;
 The raven was glad, that such fates they did
 meet,
 They had taken his all, *and revenge! re-
 venge is sweet!*

A Tale of a Tankard.

No plate had John and Joan to board,
 Plain folk in humble plight;
 One only tankard crown'd their board,
 And that was fill'd each night!
 Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
 In pride of chubby grace;
 Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd,
 A baby angel's face.
 John swallow'd first a moderate sup,
 But Joan was not like John;
 For, when her lips once touch'd the cup,
 She swill'd till all was gone!
 John often urg'd her to drink fair,
 But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
 She lov'd to see the angel there,
 And therefore drain'd the pot!
 When John found all remonstrance vain,
 Another card he play'd;
 And where the angel stood so plain,
 A devil got pourtray'd!
 Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
 Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
 And ever, when she seiz'd the ale,
 She clear'd it at a draught!
 Joan star'd, with wonder petrified,
 His hair rose on his pate;
 And—"Why dost guzzle, now?" he cried,
 "At this enormous rate!"
 "O! John," says she, "am I to blame?
 I can't in conscience stop;
 For sure, 'twould be a burning shame,
 To leave the devil a drop!"

The Parricide; or, Blazing Ruins.

(A Serious Recitation, written by Mr. W. H. Freeman.)

'Twas night! the sky was dark—the tem-
 pest lower'd—
 Shrill scream'd the bat, ill-omen'd bird of
 night;
 The lightnings glared, the rain in torrents
 poured—
 Nature seem'd wild with grandeur and
 affright.

On returning homeward, fraught with
thoughts of bliss,
I deem'd it nought the tempest's rage to
bear;
My boy would climb my knees to steal a
kiss—
His mother, too, the envied gift would
share.

But, God! conceive the scene that met my
sight—
My house wrapt in one universal flame;
I heard my wife—my child—in dread af-
fright,
Shrieking a husband's and a father's name.
Swift as the lightning, which played round
my head,
I rush'd on unattended, and alone;
The flames in rapid conflagration spread,
And veil'd by smoke, in dreadful dimness
shone—

I reach'd my room, but found my treasure
gone—
Yet still o'er burning rafters crept my way:
Through fire and smoke I madly hurried on,
Urged by despair, and wing'd by dire
dismay.

Shortly I saw—oh! what a sight was there!
My wife and child upon the burning brink;
But saw them only to increase despair,
Beheld them only to behold them sink.
With dreadful crash the flaring ruins fell,
My wife, my child! I shriek'd—but call'd
in vain;
No wife—no child: 'twas past: oh! tale to
tell—
I'd seen them sink, never to rise again.
Now burst the tempest—loud the thunders
roll;
With louder fury howl'd the raging blast;
But I'd a fiercer tempest in my soul,
One that will rage till life itself be past.

Alone I left this dreary scene of woe—
My wife, my child, still present to my
mind;
I heard a step approaching soft and slow,
And heard my name repeated from behind.
A man wrapt in a cloak of sable dye,
Approach'd, and kneel'd, and begg'd me to
forgive;
He said the cause of yonder wreck was he,
He came to attempt my sorrows to relieve.
Frantic with rage, I cried—"Wretch! thou
shalt feel
The tortures thou'st inflicted, ere we part;"
And in my hand now gleam'd the fatal steel,
I stabb'd, oh God! my father to the heart!
"My pardon take, we meet again above,
Farewell!" pressing my murd'rous hand,
he cried;
"I fly to join with those who shared your
love;"
And praying for his murderer—he died.

Stricken with fear, and tortured by remorse,
I bent my way to a tremendous steep;
To hide the deed, I there conveyed the corse,
And hurl'd my father's body in the deep.
Far from my native land I took my way,
But still could find no peace, obtain no
rest;
Still would my looks, my words, my acts
betray
The horrid secret that pervades my breast.
Yet still the bloody dagger haunts my mind;
Again I 'whelm him in the splashing deep;
Still are his groans borne on the howling
wind,
Again the furious billows o'er him sweep.
Still do the shrieks of torture rend my soul;
Still do the blazing ruins meet my sight;
In awful peals still do the thunders roll—
The lightnings still increase the gloom of
night.

Oh, God! the thought on't sure will drive
me wild!
Rescue was vain—no mortal arm could
save;
But yet, again, I'll meet my wife, my child—
Meet in the cold, the silent, peaceful
grave!

The Tinker and Miller's Daughter. (A Tale.)

The meanest creature somewhat may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing in vain.

Upon a day, a poor and travelling tinker,
On fortune's various tricks a constant thinker
Pass'd, in some village, near a miller's
door;
Where, lo! his eye did most astonish'd,
catch
The miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the tinker
started;
Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer
carted,
Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope.
Turning his brain about, in a brown study,
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy)
"Shud!" quoth the tinker, "I have now
some hope:

"Fortune, the jade, is not far off, per-
chance;"—
And then begun to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss Grist, and thus
began:—
"My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss
Grist,

Now may I never mend a kettle more,
If ever I saw one like you before!"
Then, "nothing loth," like Eve, the
nymph he kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd.

Knowing that prudery oft lets slip a joy;
Thus was Miss Grist too prudent to be coy;
For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a swain, when offers are but scarce.

She did not scream, and cry, "I'll not be
woo'd;
Keep off, you saucy fellow, don't be rude;
I'm made for your superiors, tinker." No,
Indeed, she treated not the tinker so

But lo! the damsel with her usual squint,
Suffer'd her tinker lover to imprint
Sweet kisses on her lip, and squeeze her
hand;
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her;
And in Love's plain and pretty language
woo her,
Without a frown, or e'en a reprimand.

Soon won, the nymph agreed to share his
bed,
And, when the tinker chose, to church be
led.

Now to the father the brisk lover hied,
Who at his noisy mill so busy ply'd,
Grinding and taking handsome toll of corn—
Sometimes, indeed, too handsome to be borne.

"Ho! Master Miller!" did the tinker say;
Forth from his cloud of smoke the miller
came.

"Nice weather, Master Miller—charming
day—
God's very kind;" the miller said the same.

"Now miller, possibly you may not guess
At this same business I am come about:
'Tis this, then; know I love your daughter
Bess:
There, Master Miller! now the riddle's
out.

"I'm not for mincing matters, lord! d'ye
see—
I likes your daughter Bess, and she likes
me."

"Poh!" quoth the miller, grinning at the
tinker,

"Thou dost not mean to marriage to per-
suade her;
Ugly as is the devil I needs must think her,
Though, to be sure, 'tis said 'twas me that
made her.

"No, no; though she's my daughter, I'm
not blind:

But, tinker, what hath now possess'd thy
mind?

Thou'rt the first offer she has met, by Gad;
But tell me, tinker, art thou drunk or mad?"

"No, I'm not drunk nor mad," the tinker
cried,

"But Bet's the maid I wish to make my
bride;

No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel."

"Why, fool," the miller said, "Bet hath a
hump!

And then her nose—the nose of my old
pump!"

"I know it," quoth the tinker—"know
it well.

"Her face," quoth Grist, "is freckled,
wrinkled, flat;

Her mouth as wide as that of my Tom cat;
And then she squints a thousand ways at
once:

Her waist a corkscrew; and her hair, how
red!

Why, what the devil is got into thy
sconce?"

"No devil is in my sconce," rejoind'd the
tinker;

"But, Lord! what's that to you, if fine I
think her?"

"Why, man," quoth Grist, "she's fit to
make a show,

And therefore sure I am that thou must
banter!"

"Miller," replied the tinker, "right! for
know,

'Tis for that very thing, a show, I want
her!"

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May increasing success crown the inland traders.
May every honest man turn out a rogue.
Every man his right, and every rogue a halter.
Spirit to enjoy and contentment after it.
The hand that gives, and the heart that forgives.
Lenity to the faults of others, and sense to discover our own.
May generosity never be overtaken by poverty.

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BUDGET OF RECITATIONS.



JASPER THE MURDERER.

(A celebrated Recitation)

Jasper was poor, and want and vice,
Had made his heart like stone ;
And Jasper look'd with envious eyes,
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent, abroad he went,
Towards the close of day ;
And loiter'd on the lonely road,
Impatient for his prey.

No trav'ller came ; he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around ;
And paus'd and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sat him down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way ;
So fair a scene might well have charm'd,
All evil thoughts away.

He sat beneath a willow-tree,
That cast a trembling shade ;
The gentle river, full in front,
A little island made.

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below,
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd, and he heard the wind
That wav'd the willow-tree ;
He heard the waters flow along,
And murmur quietly.
No. 4.

He listened for the trav'ller's tread,
(The nightingale sung sweet ;)
He started up, for now he heard
The sound of coming feet.

He started up, and grasp'd a stake,
And waited for his prey ;
There came a lonely traveller,
And Jasper cross'd his way.

But Jasper's threats and curses fail'd,
The trav'ller to appal ;
He would not lightly yield his purse,
That held his little all.

Awhile he struggled—but he strove
With Jasper's strength in vain ;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
And never spoke again.

He lifted up the murder'd man,
And plunged him in the flood ;
And in the running waters then,
He cleans'd his hands from blood.

The waters clos'd around the corpse,
And clean'd his hands from gore ;
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murd'rer spilt ;
And Jasper's conscience never knew,
Th' avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consum'd,
The gold he gain'd so ill;
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
And he was needy still.

One eve, beside the alehouse fire
He sat, as it befel;
When in there came a lab'ring man,
Whom Jasper knew full well.

He sat him down by Jasper's side,
A melancholy man;
For, spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he
With a little was content;
But sickness on his wife had fall'n,
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones,
He shared the scanty meal;
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

That very morn the landlord's pow'r,
Had seized the little left;
And now the sufferer found himself,
Of ev'ry thing bereft.

He lean'd his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee;
And so by Jasper's side he sat,
And not a word said he.

"Nay, why so downcast?" Jasper cried,
"Come, cheer up, Jonathan;
Drink, neighbour, drink, 'twill warm thy
heart;
Come, come, take courage, man."

He took the cup that Jasper gave,
And down he drain'd it quick;
"I have a wife," said Jonathan;
"And she is deadly sick."

"She has no bed to lie upon—
I saw them take her bed;
I have three children—would to God
That they and I were dead!

"Our landlord, he goes home to-night,
And he will sleep in peace;
I would that I were in the grave,
For there all sorrows cease.

"In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he;
God be to him as merciless,
As he has been to me."

When Jasper saw the poor man's soul,
On all its wrongs intent;
He plied him with the heart'ning cup,
And with him forth he went.

"This landlord on his homeward road,
'Twere easy now to meet,
The road is lonesome, Jonathan,
And vengeance, man, is sweet."

He listen'd to the tempter's voice—
The thought it made him start;
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went,
And waited for their prey;
They sat them down beside the stream,
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sat them down beside the stream,
And ne'er a word they said;
They sat, and listen'd silently
To hear the trav'ler's tread.

The night was dark, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky;
The wind it wav'd the willow boughs,
The streams flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale;
The soul of Jonathan was sooth'd—
His heart began to fail.

"'Tis weary waiting here," he cried,
"And now the hour is late;
Methinks he will not come to-night,
'Tis useless more to wait."

"Have patience, man," the ruffian said,
"A little we may wait;
But longer shall his wife expect,
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
"My conscience yet is clear;
Jasper—it is not yet too late,
I will not linger here."

"How now?" cried Jasper, "why I thought
Thy conscience was at sleep;
No more such qualms, the night is dark,
The river here is deep."

"What matters that?" said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze;
"When there is one above, whose eye,
The deeds of darkness sees."

"We're safe enough," said Jasper, "then,
If that be all thy fear;
Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here."

That instant, as the murd'rer spake,
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night.

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood;
It gave to view the Poplar isle,
And all that scene of blood!

The traveller who journies there,
He surely has espied,
A madman, who has made his home,
Upon the river side.

His cheek is pale, his eyes are wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jasper, since that hour, has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray!

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll;
For heavy is the weight of blood,
Upon the maniac's soul!

Yankee Speculation;

OR, HOW TO GROW RICH.

(An Original Comic Recitation, Written by
Mr. Bates.

Two Yankee pedlars jogging on the road,
Began to think;
That of their wares they had a load,
But had no *chink*!

"What can we do?" asked one,
"For verily I find,—
That something must be done,
To raise the wind."

Now, gentle reader, you must know,
That one of these swains,
Was sorely afflicted with the itch,
To add to his pains.

"Brother," cried he, with great delight,
"If you'll agree;
My itch I'll turn to some account,
As you shall see.

"You," he continued, "must off to the
town,
And there buy a lot
Of ointment, famous for curing soon
The itch that I've got.

"I'll travel onwards, d'ye see?
And whoever I meet,
I'll shake them heartily by the hand,
They'll not suspect the treat!

"You must follow me," said the cunning fox,
"As of course they'll catch the itch;
You can sell the ointment a guinea a box,
And we shall soon grow rich!"

The Gamester.

(A favorite Recitation, Written by Mr.
T. Prest.)

The heavy bell the hour of one did sound,
And awful silence held his court around;
Save the loud thunder, which anon on high
Roll'd in loud peals, and light'ning lit the
sky:

'Twas such a night, when nature's mighty
Lord,

To devastation seems to give the word,
To rule o'er all with overpow'ring sway,
And his own mighty works in ruins lay.
Yet there was one, whose mind was sore op-
press'd,

Within the house, unknown, alas! to rest;
'Twas poor Ophelia, who in mournful mood,
With eager look, pale at the casement stood.
The vivid light'ning fiercely blaz'd on
high,

Flash after flash, unheeded pass'd her by;
Loud thunder shook in peals the troubled
air,

Their sounds were noiseless to her list'ning
ear;

For other sounds her deep attention sought,
But them, alas! no gen'rous fortune
brought.

Still does she listen, and oft thinks she
hears,

Her husband's welcome tread upon the
stairs;

Now joy dilates her heart, she pants, she
smiles,

Now disappointment all her bliss reviles.

"Alas! he comes not now, where can he
be?"

'Twas morning since Ophelia did him see.—
And now the dismal truth shot o'er her
brain,

Gaming had lured him to his haunts again;
The haunts of folly where too oft he'd been,
And many a victim unto guilt had seen.

There on the rock of wild destruction toss'd,
A glittering heap of wealth long since he'd
lost!

Still roll'd the thunder, still the light'ning
blaz'd,

And the wild wind the forest's subjects
rais'd!

Still did Ophelia mark the abbey's chime,

That told the quick elapse of airy time!

Now two o'clock responded from the bell,

Now three—now four—their waning mo-
ments tell!

"Where can he be?" when a loud voice
she hears,

"Ophelia!" bursts on her attentive ears;

"'Tis he! 'tis he?" she utters then in joy,
Which the next moment serves but to de-
stroy.

A pistol's loud report then shook the air,
Ophelia fled, with fright, she knew not
where:

And now she's reach'd the spot from whence
it came,

Now hope, now fear, her bosom doth inflame!

She trembled to advance—a flash reveal'd

A well known form—the sight her blood
congeal'd;

'Twas Edwin—stiff and mangled, 'whelm'd
in blood,

O'er whom Ophelia in distraction stood!

Too soon the truth appear'd, that night
he'd lost,

At the curs'd gaming table all his boast;
 Beggar'd and ruin'd, in despair he fled,
 And, conscience struck, he rush'd to join
 the dead!
 What more remains to tell? from that sad
 night,
 Ophelia's mind ne'er felt soft reason's light;
 My friends beware! to gain a noble name,
 Shun the base gamester's haunts, which lead
 to shame!

The Cats!

(A Scene from an unpublished *Tragedy*,
 Written by Mr. F. Haviland.)

Scene 2nd. Back Parlour.—Time, 9 o'Clock.

TABITHINIA and GREGORINA sipping wine
 and water.—A faint cry is heard.

Tab. What sound is that with dolorous
 import big,
 Thus breaking through the stillness of the
 evening?

Greg. It is the cat.

Tab. The cat?

Greg. The cat.

Tab. Why wanders she abroad when all is
 hush'd,

And cook has clos'd the doors?

Greg. To meet her lover on the garden
 wall.

Tab. Poor, silly puss! confiding thing—
 alas!

Her lover will not come,
 All male creation's false!

Greg. Except our neighbour's Tom; (*a
 gentle caterwauling.*) for there he is.

Tab. Ah! happy creature: happy crea-
 tures both,

What tender joys are thine!

Whisker to whisker join'd, ye rove with
 hearts

Which beat responsive to each tender sound
 That feline passion breathes.

Greg. Aye gentle Tabithinia; as full oft
 of yore

With Mr. Thomas Wilkinson you stray'd,
 Lit by the silv'ry moon, thro' Highbury
 Grove.

Tab. I tell ye! Thomas was his name; but
 yet methinks,

'Twere right he had been Joseph call'd,
 Since, Joseph like, he fled. (*Weeps.*)

Greg. Weep not, my Tabithinia; tears but
 give

A false importance to the worthless wretch!

Tab. Nay, call him not a wretch, I do con-
 jure thee,

He lov'd, and would have cherish'd;
 But, alas! a wicked temptress came,
 And from his faith and fond allegiance won
 My Thomas Wilkinson.

Greg. Perchance thy fate is happier thus
 than wed;

Cares follow marriage, as dust doth a wheel,
 Upon a summer's day.

Tab. Oh smile felicitous! where there's a
 knave in both;

Then hasty words, like rapid spokes,
 "Kick up a dust" indeed.

(*Tremendous squalling.*)

Greg. Tom is a knave, I fear;
 A wicked knave of hearts.

Tab. Can there be love in this?

(*Squalling again heard.*)

Greg. Heaven knows! I do not;
 Perhaps it is a lover's quarrel; let us listen,
 'Tis likely so, for all is hushed again.

Tab. Ah, yes! and now perchance that
 little giant, love,

Bound in his adamantine fetters, holds
 Their trembling hearts!

While all above in lovely beauty smiles,
 And silence hallows the sequester'd spot
 Where bashfulness retreats.

(*Squalling renewed; a window is flung
 up, followed by the loud report of a gun.*)

A voice in the distance.) "Take that, you
 varmints!"

Tab. Oh heavens, they're slain!

Greg. Haste! let us see what foul mur-
 der has been done!

(*Each seize a candle, and rush fran-
 tically into the garden.*)

Greg. Too true! alas, in death's embrace
 they lie,

Love's magic voice is still!

Tab. Oh, hapless fate, ye lately happy
 pair!

Cut off together, as your cup was full

Of sympathetic joys;

What savage mind conceiv'd, what hand per-
 formed

This bloody deed?

Greg. The wretch who lives next door.

Tab. He hath no heart; no—

(*A voice over the wall.*) "I have no sleep,
 ye snivelling tabbies none!"

Tab. Away, away! the monster is at hand!
 We may not linger here.

(*They rush into the house and double
 bolt the door.*)

Greg. Whatever is, is right,—the cats are
 gone;

What might have been their fate, ah, who
 shall tell?

Some eight weeks hence they might per-
 chance have seen

Their offspring struggling in a kitchen pail.

Tab. They might, they might! yet my
 heart bleeds for them.

Mysterious fate! alas! more piteous theirs
 Than mine and Wilkinson's!

(*Each takes a bed candle.*)

Greg. Sister, good night,

Tab. Sister, good night.

(*Exeunt to their several chambers.*)

The Wreck.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr.
A. Isaacs.)

As we mounted the billows o'er-crested with foam,
We thought on our happy, tho' far distant home;
The wind whistl'd loud, as our vessel sail'd on,
And the waters resound with the mer-
maiden's song.
Sudden darkness came over the face of the deep,
Each sound, for the time, seem'd hush'd into sleep;
Our vessel was still, e'en the men held their breath,
And silence there reign'd, like the silence of death.
The rays of the moon were obscur'd by a cloud,
The red lightning flash'd, and the thunder roar'd loud;
In a moment we heard a tremendous crash,
By the board goes the masts, on the hard rocks we dash!
The pumps were sounded, and we by the rod told,
That the water had risen five feet in the hold:
The wind came in cold fitful gusts from the North;
And Heaven upon us seem'd pouring its wrath:
Our captain we heard, as he stood on the deck,
And order'd his crew to escape from the wreck:—
"For myself," he exclaim'd, "in my vessel I'll die,
And yonder wave tells me my hour is nigh!"
Scarcely the words had pass'd o'er his lip,
Ere we saw them fulfill'd, he was borne from the ship—
"Save, save me!" he cried, as the waves bore him past,
And his death cry was borne on the wings of the blast;
He lifted his hands from amid a dark wave,
Then sank like a stone to his watery grave.
Soon after his death the storm had abated,
As if with their victim the waters were sated.

Now Aurora appear'd in her chariot of light,
And chas'd from the Heavens, the vapours of night;
Where lash'd to the wreck, stood the terrified crew,
All the horrors of shipwreck expos'd to their view.
All around them was water, excepting the rock,
On which, in the darkness, their good ship had struck.

Far away o'er the waves, a dim speck seem'd in motion,
Like three spars that were standing upright in the ocean;
'Tis a ship! see, she spreads her white sails to the breeze,
And cuts like a swan through the quick rolling seas:
The signals we hoisted, were seen by her crew,
They lower a boat to effect our rescue.
Now the danger is past, all our troubles are over,
For Albion we sail in the "*Sea Horse, of Dover.*"

The Drunkard's Soliloquy.

Well, here I am just come out of the public—public (*hiccup*) house; I've only drank nine glasses of brandy and water, and I am as drunk as a p-p-parson, damn me! Talking of a parson, reminds me of the devil, and talking of the devil, reminds me of my wife, (*hiccup*) for she'll kick up a devil of a row; well, if she blows me up, why I must blow her up; no I won't, for talking of blowing up, reminds me of raising the wind; so I'll tell her that I have been half price to the play; yes, to the play, (*hiccup*) then she'll say to what part, and if I say to the boxes, she'll swear I had an intrigue or I would not have gone there; then I won't say to the boxes, I'll say to the pit, no, egad if I say to the pit, she'll wish me in the bottomless pit, and as I don't like such wit, I'll tell her I was in the gallery;—aye, the gallery,—the gallery,—there's the rub; (*hiccup*) no, it is not the rub, for she'll give me a rub there, and say, I should not have gone into the gallery if I respected the pride of her family. Ha! ha! ha! and damn me, if her father wasn't a tripe man, he sold cat's-meat; (*calling*) cat's-meat! cat's-meat, no! no! I'll go home and tell her I'm sober, (*hiccup*) there's nothing like the truth and shaming the devil! I'll tell her the truth, and nothing but the truth, and shame the devil, I'll tell her the truth and nothing but the truth. Oh Lord! oh Lord! oh, here's a post; what a delicate constitution I have, I really can't touch spirits: why nine glasses of brandy and water, that is nine shillings, and ten pipes, that's ten shillings and nine-pence, and two-pence the waiter is twelve shillings and a penny, that's right; well this small quantity of liquor has made me sick, but I defy the devil to make me drunk; I'm a complete philosopher, for when I've had enough, I always know it; and no one can beat me at calculation if I sit up till midnight, for I have always cool reason on my side, and I can (*hiccup*) and hollo, what the devil are you? speak! or damn me I'll knock you down; (*strikes*) who are you? speak, or damme I'll, (*hiccup*) I'll, I'll,

(*goes up to a pump*) why zounds, it's a pump, if it isn't may I be pumpt upon, I've been frightened by a pump; ha! ha! well, if a sober man was more deceived may I be hang'd; but I'll go home and go to bed, and I'll say to my wife, (*hiccup*) I wish I could get a drop of something for the hiccups, and she'll say, "what's o'clock you brute?" And I'll look at my watch and I'll say, (*hiccup*) I can't see, and if she blows me up I'll sing—(*hiccup*.)

Here am I a jolly dog,
As sober as can be;
And there's my wife, a surly hound,
She won't be kind to me.
So I will sing, and dance, and drink,
Nor care a pin for sorrow;
Altho' upon my soul, I think,
My head will ache to-morrow.

The Noble Captive.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr. C. Rich, and recited by him and Mr. G. Friend.)

Characters—MAXIMIN, King of the Huns.—VIGILIUS, his brother, but kept in captivity by Maximin.

Max. Blood must still be shed
As incense to the mighty god of war;
He ne'er shall sheath his sanguinary sword,
Whilst from their Scythian haunts, the gallant Hun,
Can, like a torrent swell'd by mountain floods,
Pour forth her sons to battle. May the earth
Smoke with the life's blood of her multitudes,
Till their survivors staggering, in the gore,
Rush on to deadlier carnage! May the walls
Of busy cities crumble into ruins,
And havoc so distort the face of nature,
That the Creator scarce shall know his work,
For Maximin is lord of all but Heaven;
Lead him to death.

Vig. To life and liberty!

Max. Who talks to me of life?

Vig. One who defies thee, king;

Still one who drain'd his infant nutriment
From the same fount as thou. Here, turn
thine eyes

Upon this form, whose blood, as pure as
thine,

Bears impress of its kingly origin.

Nay, purse not up thy nether lip in scorn,
Thou hast misus'd thine own superior flesh,
Out on thee tyrant!

Do not these sunken cheeks, these filmy
eyes,

Cry out from their dumb mouths with pregnant
tongue?

Shame! shame upon thy cruelties.

Max. What, am I thus brav'd to the teeth?
Rebellious spirit down,
Nor let the current of mine anger

To waste upon a bondman. Marry fool,
Thou art wanton, there is rebellion in thy
heart,

Lurks a foul demon there, guard well thy
tongue,

Look to't, show cunning if thou'rt something
wise,

For craftiness is wisdom's helpmate: tune
Thy voice to whispers which may ne'er be
heard

Beyond the dungeon's walls; and be thy
speech

That which the soul frames but never utters.
For silence were discretion, where the tongue

Runs spite of prudence. Heed me well!
Remember there are racks, and human flesh

Is apt to quiver where the pincers tear!
Vig. Shall I forget that the Huns noble
blood

Swells these capacious veins, and warms a
soul,

As fearless and as proud as Maximin's.
I am no slave to crouch beneath thy heel,

And hail thee mightiest upon earth.
Max. Enough. Conduct him to his doom,

And promptly pile the faggots.—Pour his
warm

And smoking gore upon the altar.
Then cast on the pyre, a banquet to the gods,

His headless trunk!—I, on earth, am omni-
potent!

Who lives that dare oppose his will to mine?
Vig. Here lives the daring rebel, you may
style him:

Who dare defy the despot, dares to scorn
The surreptitious power whereby he reigns.

Obeys thy lord, thou tool, for vilest purposes,
And lead to martyrdom thy lawful king.—

(*MAX. Starts.*
Aye, king! dost hear it tyrant, doth it sound
Untuneful to thy ears, thou royal scourge?

Hear it again—I am thy vassal's king!

Max. Still thy bold tongue, or by the light
Of Heaven, I'll tear it piecemeal from thy

sland'rous throat,
And cast it to the winds; shall the Huns
bend

To such a thing as thou? a withered branch,
From a now sapless root; and see thee grasp

Our mighty sceptre in thy puny palm.
Ill would the sceptre fit thy dwarfish gripe,

Our seat of royalty would take a stain,
Did thy unhallowed body press upon it;

Thy brow is all too shallow for a crown.
Now be the rites of sacrifice concluded,

Let the skulls of all yon slaughter'd cap-
tives be preserv'd,

They are the native war cups of the Huns,
And when the warlike Scythian quaffs his

wine,
The rosy nectar singing to his lip,

Foams in those mazy channels, where the
brain

Of mortal man once stor'd its mighty thoughts,
And struggl'd for supremacy with Heaven.

When Vigilus's polish'd bones shall

Thy bowl, may ev'ry drop that mantles
O'er its brim, roll through thy veins
A scorching pestilence, and blight thee in
Thy manhood!

Max. Stand ye thus to hear yon rebel's
mockery?

Advance and strike the waspish babbler;
Tear out the taunting devil from his
Naked heart, and lay it open to
My just revenge!—(*Pauses.*)
No—'twere mean to crush the worm.
Still let the reptile crawl and glare
The earth with its congenial slime, to mark
Where it hath coil'd. The wary foot
Treads down the viper, while it spares the
toad;

Thou hast no power to bite or sting, be free!
The eagle never stoops to crush the wren.
Unbind the prisoner. Strike off his fetters!

Fig. Vigilius thanks thee not,
But braves thy fury at its topmost swell,
And bids thee fierce defiance, do thy worst.

Max. The world is now before thee.
Get thee hence, and thank the clemency,
That spares your life.—(*Exit.*)

The Howletburn Miners.

(A favorite Scene from Mr. T. PREST'S Drama
of that name, performed at *The Royal Pa-
vilion Theatre.*)

Characters—JOSH CUMMINGS, a retired Pit-
man.—PETER HARDING, commonly called
"Gruff Peter."—RALPH, his son.—MARK
SWINTON, the lover of Sarah.—SARAH
CUMMINGS, attached to Mark.

SCENE.—A Parlour in the House of Josh
Cummings.

(A knocking at the door is heard.)

Josh. Open the door, doubtless this be the
vara gentleman himsel'.

(*They open the door and PETER and
RALPH enter.*)

Josh. Ralph Harding!

Ralph. Ay, it be Ralph Harding an' his
feyther, Gruff Peter; ye see they be still sic
guide friends o' th' Cummings', that they
could not fail to mak' a couple in yer merry
meetings: I ken they be vara welcome though!

Peter. Ah! vara welcome, na doubt; o'd
friends I ha' heard, be always the more
agreeable, when they do come but seldom.

Josh. Peter Harding, sincere friends be
always welcome to Josh Cummings, come
whenever they may; but when he do see
deceit and villany assuming the mask, he be
always ready to show 'em th' door o' his
house (as every honest man should), and to
let 'em know that th' sooner they get 't
outside o't th' better.

Peter. Ah! be it so? Josh Cummings,
ken thy meaning well, an' mark me;—
but no matter, there be a time for all
things!

Ralph. Ye'es, there be, indeed, a time for
all things; an' there may yet be a time
when Ralph Harding an' his feyther, may not
be look'd upon wi' scorn by th' family o' th'
Cummings'. There shall be a time, when
Ralph Harding will repay all the debts o'
gratitude he owes his friends!—But—hush
—hush!—I will not be passionate; no, no,
I cam' here to be happy—an' I will be so
too; ye'es vara happy.—Sarah, thou'lt gi'e
us thine hand, won't thee?

(*He attempts to take SARAH'S hand
but MARK prevents him.*)

Mark. Ralph Harding, th' hand thou
would'st grasp, is that of innocence and
purity: and by Heaven, if thou darest pollute
it with thine hateful touch, thou shalt mea-
sure thy length on th' earth!

Ralph. Ha! ha! ha! Thou dost well to
threaten, but Ralph can bear it all, his time
o' triumph be not comed yet—no, no, it be
not comed yet.

Josh. Hear me Ralph and Peter Harding;
ye be'st my kindred, an' once were welcome
to my homely hearth as my own feyther an'
child. I loved ye both, an' my heart an'
hand were ever at your service. I trusted
to thee, Ralph, and would ha' made thee my
son, but thou didst become a villain!—and
thou—Peter, that should'st ha' led him fra'
th' iniquitous path he had chosen—like a
fiend o' darkness but allured him still fur-
ther into crime, an' (monster like, to gratify
thine own petty jealousy o' my better fortune),
would ha' made him th' vile instrument o'
ruining a good an' innocent girl, an' loading
her parent (thine own cousin) wi' disgrace
an' misery for ever: shame on thee! shame
on thee!

Peter. Josh Cummings—

Ralph. Nay, nay, feyther, let me spak',
for th' truth be labouring at my heart, where
it ha' long struggled for liberty, an' no oitsall
burst its bonds—ay, tho' it may not be vara
pleasant, mayhap, for some folks present to
hear it. Josh Cummings, there were a time
when Ralph Harding were a shadow of thy-
sel', an' thou wert unhappy when he wander-
ed fra' thy fire-side, unless it were to prattle
an' mak' love to thy daughter (Miss Sarah),
in th' Primrose Dell. There were a time
when thy tongue could respond na' word o'
praise for ony but Ralph Harding, when thy
home were his home—thy heart, his heart—
thy purse, his purse—an' thou didst say,
none other should call thy daughter wife,
but Ralph Harding!—Oh, what a good,
honest, industrious lad, was this same Ralph
Harding then; a willing hand was ever ex-
tended to greet his, when he entered thine
house, and the cheerful smiles o' thy hinny
bairn, yonder, ever brightened when he ap-
peared. Now mark the damn'd deceit that
had hitherto guided thine actions, an' which
ha' made Ralph Harding a wretch, despised
by every one, an' hateful to himsel'.—All at
once, Mark Swinton (tired o' sogering, at

which he had been for five years,) returned to his o'd work at th' Howletburn.

Mark. Ralph, beware how thou tamperest wi' one who is both able an' willing to cope wi' thee, an' thou feelest thysel' aggrieved; or—

Ralph. Nay, thou may'st pout thy lip, Mark, an' think to daunt me wi' thy black looks and threatenings; but I ha' a weight o' wrongs—heavy wrongs, laying at my breast, an' I will spak' my mind, though it should cost me a life I now value little. Mark Swinton, thou did'st return to th' Howletburn, an' that were th' commencement o' my misery. Thy smooth tongue an' soger swagger, gat th' better o' th' weak minds o' Sarah an' her feyther; thou did'st supplant him in th' gude opinion o' Josh Cummings. Ralph were scorned by Sarah, frowned upon by her feyther, an' because despair an' madness drove him to drink an' dissipation, he were reviled—called a scoundrel—forbidden th' house—and mocked at by his comrades! This be th' truth, an' it ha' created a vulture in th' heart o' Ralph Harding, that nothing but revenge—a deadly deep revenge can satisfy th' gnawings of!

Josh. Ralph, why add falsehood to thine other sins? Thou knowest it were not till thou did'st become an abandoned scoundrel, that thou did'st lose the favor of me an' my child; an' then to complete thy villany, did'st thou not attempt to trample on th' virtue o' her thine own guilt had made thee unworthy o' ever claiming as a wife?

Ralph. Ye'es I did; but it were not till deceit an' treachery had turned the vara current o' my blood; till scorn had made my heart a hell, an' I felt a devil wi'in me, that cried—"Vengeance! Ralph, vengeance!"—I listen'd to th' voice, it were music to me, an' I swore I would be avenged! I planned the destruction o' thy child, but I were foiled, an' cursed be th' power that did it, for it ha' left a summat gnawing here, that must be satiated or bring me to th' scaffold!

Peter. Cursed! doubly cursed be that power, for I incited thee to th' deed, an' had'st thou but triumph'd it would ha' made Peter Harding a happy mon.

Josh. Monster! it would ha' made thee a happy mon!—what, to gaze upon the wreck o' innocence an' chastity, thine own diabolical machinations had been th' means o' razing to th' dust!—To behold th' misery,

th' tears, th' distraction o' her poor feyther! To see th' finger o' scorn and opprobrium pointed at his once unsullied name, and—

Peter. Ah! an' more—even more; for it would ha' sated th' mortal hate I feel for thee and thine, an' ha' brought th' proud Josh Cummings an' his haughty child, to th' same contemptuous level to which they ha' reduced Peter Harding an' his son!

Josh. No more! no more!—I'll not endure it!—Peter Harding, quit my house, or by that power which judgeth all our actions, I'll cleave thee to th' earth—though th' gallows follow th' deed to-morrow.

(He seizes a cudgel and advances towards PETER and RALPH in a threatening attitude. The Guests jump up and seem inclined to take his part. PETER and RALPH retreat towards the door, and drawing two pistols from beneath their frocks, present them.)

Peter. Stand off, all o' ye, for desperation nerves my arm, an' if ye lay but a finger on me or mine, I'll fire th' contents o' these into some o' ye!

Ralph. Right, right feyther!—Stand firm, an' I'll be wi' ye; we can die but once, an' by hell, if we are attacked we will not fall wi'out good company!

The Everlasting Breeches.

(A favorite Comic Recitation.)

It chanc'd on a time that an Irish dear honey,
Who had just receiv'd a small trifle of money;
Took it into his head to dispose of his riches,
In what he much wanted, a good pair of
breeches!

In these modish days they've acquir'd a new
name,

But breeches, or *small clothes*, why sure,
they're the same!

His purse stuff'd with chink, and his hear:
full of glee,

Pat soon found a shop to his mind, d'ye see?
On a prime piece of stuff now his eyes quickly
casting,

And asking the name, he was told "*ever-*
lasting!"

"If it be everlasting," quoth Pat with a leer,
"By the holy St. Patrick! I'll purchase two
pair!"

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

A merry heart and a sound constitution.

A heart to feel, and a hand to give.

May the noble Nelson's memory inspire every British heart.

Our absent friends.

Published by J. CLEMENTS, Little Pulteney Street, Golden Square.

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MR. AND MRS. WRIGHT, OR, THE FIRE IRONS.

(A much admired Recitation by Mr. E. Norris.)

From trifling causes, trifles light as air,
Oft quarrels swell, which bring on heavy
care;

A slight rebuke, a simple contradiction,
Will troubles raise, aye, fit for works of fiction;
With married folks, rallies, separations,
Might oft be traced to simple depredations;
And many a case that's brought before the
mayor,

Raises a laugh against the foolish pair;
Which might be saved, and thus spare pub-
lication,

By one soft answer, or, one mild oration.
Thus much for preface, they've got to such
a rage,

That nought's seen now without a puffing
page;

Well, here's twelve lines:—quite enough of
it,

And of my tale you have not heard a bit.

I will not fail,
To give my tale,
Exactly as it happen'd.

One Billy Wright, who kept a noted shop,
Near the West-end, where often times did
stop

The dashing loungers for the play preparing,
A visit, or perhaps, to take an airing,
To undergo the pleasing operation
Of dressing, frizzing, and such like cultiva-
tion

No. 5.

Which belongs,
Solely to the tongs,
By which he kept a decent looking arbour,
He was at once,
What many a dunce
Would plumply call a barber!
With tongs and scissors, cut and crop away,
He'd had a most fatiguing day;
And though of course, the payment made it
sweet,

A little rest would have been thought a treat;
And I'll assure you that Mr. William Wright,
For once rejoiced at the approach of night.

But at once to tell
What afterwards befel,

I must not comment, but proceed to facts.

But 'tis a shame,
And ladies are to blame,

They ought to humour *all* their husbands
acts.

His shop he'd closed, the ev'ning growing
late,

And round the fire was reading 'bout the
state,

Police reports, and accidents most shocking,
While Mrs. Wright sat darning a silk stock-
ing.

Now, when a man's fatigued, you will allow,
He's rather fidgetty, feels he don't know
how;

And in this case,
'Tis a wife's place,

To try to humour and to please his station;
 Now Mr. Wright,
 Fatigued quite,
 Was in this most deserving situation.
 The tongs and shovel, as sometimes 'twill
 happen,
 Were on one side, which made them look
 misshapen;
 "My dear," said Mr. Wright, "pray move
 this shovel,
 "It makes the room look like a wretched
 hovel."
 "A wretched fiddlestick!—while the child
 I'm rocking,
 I can't; besides, I want to mend my stock-
 ing;"
 Cried Mrs. Wright,
 In a peevish plight,
 Nor did she stir or care to move the shovel;
 Although a minute,
 Did she but begin it,
 Would have made a parlor of "this wretched
 hovel."
 "The devil take the stocking and you too,
 What I've bid you Madam, can't you do?"
 "And why can't you, pray, sir, as well as
 me?"
 "I'll not give way, 'cause you're so fidgetty."
 Fidgetty! madam? 'tis false! out of my
 sight,"
 "I sha'n't you lout! I sha'n't" cried Mrs.
 Wright.
 Now Mr. Wright,
 With passion and fright,
 Sent the old shovel quick across the room;
 Cried Mrs. Wright, "you wretch!"
 "Away, infernal——!"
 Cried Wright, and broke a bottle of per-
 fume.
 "The money that I brought when married,
 rais'd your fame,
 You snivelling wretch!" cried Mrs. Wright
 again:
 "And glad to get me, but a parting deed
 Shall soon end this;—" quoth Mrs. Wright
 "agreed."
 Then in a passion in this furious round,
 With cups and saucers soon she strew'd the
 ground;
 The neighbours in a fright,
 Seeing their dismal plight,
 Tried to appease this foolish rash oration,
 And, with great trouble,
 They calm'd the hubble-bubble,
 And all they wanted was an explanation.
 But how to make it was no easy matter,
 They'd both forgotten what began the clatter;
 "She would not move the shovel," echoed
 Wright,
 Scratching his thoughts together, "that
 caus'd the fight."
 They both shook hands, acknowledg'd it was
 wrong,
 For such a trifle to make such a ding-dong:
 The neighbours all
 Then made a call,
 And songs went round all night;

And wine in plenty,
 Glasses fill'd as soon as empty,
 Quite restor'd to peace, Mr. and Mrs.
 Wright.
 Since that quarrel, on that lucky night,
 She a kind indulgent wife remains,
 And he to serve her does his utmost pains,
 And like Darby and Joan, live Mr. and Mrs.
 Wright.

The Poisoned Goblet.

(An Original Recitation written by Mr.
 T. Prest.)

Oh, see you yon willow that droops in the
 vale?
 And mournfully waves to the murmuring
 gale;
 Beneath its long boughs, a plain tomb-stone
 is seen,
 Where slumber Sir Egbert and fair Rosa-
 line.

Sacred's the spot where the couple repose,
 Half hid by the vi'let, the lily, and rose;
 Sad, sad is the story which to them belongs,
 By pity related in minstrelsy's songs.

Sir Egbert was brave, ah! none braver
 could be,
 And Albion boasted none fairer than she;
 Undaunted he'd oft met the Infidel line,
 And great was his prowess in famed Pales-
 tine.

And there, when the proud Palestinian's
 sword,
 Was yielded submissive to Richard his lord,
 How gladly he view'd England's vales so
 green,
 And press'd to his bosom the fair Rosaline.

Soft were the beauties combined in her face,
 An angel in virtue, a Seraph in grace;
 She dwelt on his person with infinite joy,
 And view'd with mild transport her warrior
 boy.

There was joy in the castle of Baron Saint
 Clair,
 And mirth, jocund mirth, held its empire
 there;
 Each lad and each lass in the castle seem'd
 gay,
 For Sir Egbert had married their lady that
 day.

There was one who contemptuous their mirth
 did defy,
 And malice, foul malice lurk'd in his dark
 eye;
 He scowl'd on Sir Egbert and fair Rosaline,
 'Twas Sir Raymond the knight of the gaunt-
 let of green!

For once at her feet he had sigh'd forth his
love,
And sued for that form, like an angel's
above;
But the damsel rejected his passion with
scorn,
And in secret, a cruel revenge he had
sworn.

Now swift flew the jest, and the glass man-
tled high,
And mirth and contentment beam'd bright
in each eye;
But Sir Raymond's with fury and vengeance
did roll,
And base were the thoughts which reign'd
deep in his soul.

But now 'neath hypocrisy hiding his guile,
Sir Raymond address'd Rosaline with a
smile;
"Fair lady, though once I in vain sued for
thee,
In friendship thou must pledge a health unto
me!"

"In friendship, Sir Raymond, then, give me
the cup,"
She said,—in a moment the wine she quaff'd
up;
Sir Raymond's dark eyes gaz'd with cruel
delight,
"Revenge!" he exclaim'd, and was soon out
of sight.

A hue, pale as death, now envelop'd her
charms,
With horror, Sir Egbert clasp'd her in his
arms;
"Fly! follow the knight! nor till death give
it o'er,
And the man who shall take him, no longer
is poor."

"'Tis useless, 'tis useless!" poor Rosaline
cried,
"I'm dying, my Egbert, oh! bless thee!"
she sigh'd;
"Nay, Rosaline, cheer thee!" Sir Egbert
then said,
But alas! unto Heaven her spirit had fled.

Now sorrow reigns loud in St. Clair's stately
halls,
Sincere is the grief that each vassal enthrals;
The banquet and song now for ever are o'er,
For, Sir Egbert and fair Rosaline are no
more.

The knight liv'd for her, and for her would
he die,
For his hand struck the blow that recall'd
him on high;
And deep and unshaken's the horror and
gloom,
Which reign round Sir Egbert, and Rosa-
line's tomb!

The Yorkshire Clown and the Jew.

(An Original Comic Recitation written by
Mr. I. Bass.)

A Yorkshire clown, to London came one day,
To see its sights, and pass his time away;
For he had heard much talk, and long'd to
meet,

The London folks, in London town, and
street.

A clothes shop soon he spied with wonder
gaz'd,

"Dang it," he cried, and look'd still more
amaz'd;

Coats, bonnets, hats, and trousers, expos'd to
view,

"Dang it," he cried "why, this be summat
new;

So many things, by gom, an' ready made,
This be indeed a place of fame and trade."

His ears were now soon greeted by the Jew,
"Vat vill you puy? I've cot poth old and
new!"

At this, the simple clown did not mean to
stop,

But, Moses, by the collar, pull'd him in the
shop.

And soon these simple words assail'd his
ear,

"I'll use you vell py cot! py coming here,
Coats, hats, and shoes, vaistcoats, shirts and
hose,

I'll shoot you vell, with any kind o' closhe!"

"Shoot me with clothes!" the Yorkshire-
man replied,

"Dang it! I'll be off!—I be terrified—"

"Terrified at vat?" the Jew began to stare,

"I'll shoot you vith von coat, I mean to vear,

Vithout you try it on you cannot tell,

The coat I'm sure vill shoot you very vell!"

"Shoot me very well?" the clown did mutter,
Who turn'd quite pale, and then begun to
stutter;

"I never was before near this cursed spot,
What cause have you to wish me very well
shot?"

"You do not understand, py cot!" replied
the Jew,

"I mean the coat vill very vell shoot you;

"To vear, my friend. I'll sell it for von
pound,

You'll find no better in the fair around;
You thought I meant to you some deadly
strife,

And meant, perhaps, to take away your life.

No, no, my friend, you mistook the word,

To take away your life, is quite absurd;"

"Dang it!" the clown replied, "for this
mistake,

I ax your pardon, and the coat I'll take!"

The Idiot.

(A Beautiful Pathetic Recitation, by
Southey.)

It had pleas'd God to form poor Ned.
A thing of idiot mind

Yet to the poor unreasoning man,
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah lov'd her helpless child,
Whom helplessness made dear;
And life was happiness to him,
Who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
Each half artic'late call;
And he was every thing to her,
And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they dwelt,
Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
And she fell sick and died.

He tried, in vain, to 'waken her,
And call'd her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead;—the sound
To him no import bore.

They clos'd her eyes and shrouded her,
And he stood wondering by;
And when they bore her to the grave,
He follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow hearse,
They sung the fun'ral stave;
But when the fun'ral train dispers'd,
He loiter'd by the grave.

The rabble boys, who used to jeer,
Whene'er they saw poor Ned;
Now stood and watch'd him at the grave,
And not a word they said.

They came and went, and came again,
Till night at last came on;
And still he loiter'd by the grave,
Till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,
He swift remov'd the clay;
And rais'd the coffin up in haste,
And bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut, he laid
The coffin on the floor;
And with the eagerness of joy,
He barr'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse,
And plac'd it in a chair;
And then he heap'd the hearth, and blew,
The kindling fire with care.

He plac'd his mother in her chair,
And in her wonted place;
And blew the kindling fire, that shone
Reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feel,
And now her face behold;
Why, mother, do you look so pale?
And why are you so cold?

It had pleas'd God, from the poor wretch
His only friend to call;
But God was kind to him, and soon
In death restor'd them all.

How to Kill Two Birds with one Stone.

(A popular Comic Recitation, written by
Mr. T. Prest.)

Young 'squire Thomas led a merry life,
Unpester'd with that greatest pest—a wife!
Not that I mean by this to infer,
Friend Thomas was a woman hater;—
He lov'd them all, but dreaded to incur
A woman's tongue,—so liv'd a single
crater!

But Thomas dearly lov'd to kiss the lasses,
Was fond of jovial friends, and brimming
glasses;
Drank all the day, and laugh'd away the
nights,
Along with pretty maids, and merry wights;
Swore like a lord, could like a statesman
parley,
Dance, sing, or for a rumpus floor a charley.
Nature at length quite tired of all his
raking,

Enraged grew;
And gave his frame such a confounded shak-
ing,
With pains in his head,
His spirits fled,
And very ill at last, confin'd to bed,
Our merry wight

Look'd very blue!
With pompous air, and would-be learned
face,
The doctor came to view our hero's case;
First blister'd and then bled him o'er and
o'er,
Physick'd and bolus'd.—gave him pills a
score;
Till, what at first was but "indisposition,"
Was soon augmented into "bad condition!"
All of ye know it is the doctor's will,
Before a man gets better to make him
worse;
Or else, most cursed short would run their
bill,
And a quick cure would never fill their
purse.
So with his patient did our doctor deal,
Who grew impatient of old Doctor Teazell,
Of drugs and bleeding he'd had such a meal,
That he was grown much thinner than a
weazel.

At length he thought it meet to commence
the cure,
And made such progress with our hero
He grew as strong as lion Nero;
So told the doctor he need come no more!
"No more!" cried Teazell, "surely man
you rave?"

Why, would you plunge into the grave?"
 But Thomas, who wish'd to shove the doctor
 off,
 That he again might roam;
 Said—"you know, dear sir, you live a
 great way off,
 And to see but me, it's much too far to
 come,"
 Teazell was not so easy to be done,
 Says he "the distance is to me a trifle;
 Because I have a patient in next street,
 Whom, perhaps, you know—I mean old Mr.
 Rifle.
 And as I daily have to him to go,
 To call on you is in my road, you know;
 And by that plan, I think you'll own,
 I shall kill two birds with one stone!"

**A Favorite Scene from "The
 Honey-Moon."**

(As Recited at Public Concerts, by Master
 and Miss Charles.)

Characters.—DUKE ARANZA AND JULIANA.

Duke. You are welcome home.
Jul. Home! you are merry; this retired
 spot
 Would be a palace for an owl.
Duke. 'Tis ours.
Jul. Aye, for the time we stay in it.
Duke. By heaven,
 This is the noble mansion that I spoke of.
Jul. This! You are not in earnest, though
 thou bear it
 With such a sober brow. Come, come, you
 jest.
Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in
 jest,
 We should have none, wife.
Jul. Are you serious, sir?
Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband; and
 no duke.
Jul. No duke!
Duke. But of my own creation, lady.
Jul. Am I betrayed? Nay, do not play the
 fool!
 It is too keen a joke.
Duke. You'll find it true.
Jul. You are no duke, then?
Duke. None.
Jul. Have I been cozened? [aside.
 And have you no estate, sir?
 No palaces, nor houses?
Duke. None but this:
 A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.
Jul. No money, nor effects?
Duke. None, that I know of.
Jul. And the attendants that have waited
 on us?
Duke. They were my friends, who having
 done my business,
 Are gone about their own.
Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear. [aside.
 That I was ever born! What are you, sir?

Duke. I am an honest man, that may con-
 tent you,
 Young, nor ill-favoured; should not that
 content you.
I am your husband, and that must content you.
Jul. I will go home! (going)
Duke. You are at home, already.
 (stopping her.)
Jul. I'll not endure it; but remember
 this—
Duke. or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir!
Duke. A duchess! you shall be a queen,
 to all
 Who, of their courtesy, will call you so.
Jul. And I will have attendance.
Duke. So you shall,
 When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.
Jul. To wait upon myself! must I bear
 this?
 I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo
 me,
 And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!
Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow
 again.
 I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife—
 (For such, my would-be duchess, you will
 find me,)
 You were cut out by nature.
Jul. You will find then,
 That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.
 Why, do you think I'll work?
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife,
Jul. What rub and scrub
 Your noble palace clean?
Duke. Those taper fingers
 Will do it daintily.
Jul. And dress your victuals,
 If there be any? Oh! I could go mad.
Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my
 nightcaps neatly;
 Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—
Jul. Or like a clock, talk only once an
 hour?
Duke. Or like a dial; for that quietly
 Performs its work, and never speaks at all.
Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs;
 oh, monstrous!
 And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,
 Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;
 Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,
 To sell your eggs and butter.
Duke. Excellent!
 How well you sum the duties of a wife;
 Why, what a blessing I shall have in you.
Jul. A blessing!
Duke. When they talk of you and me,
 Darby and Joan shall be no more remem-
 bered;
 We shall be so happy.
Jul. Shall we?
Duke. Wonderous happy.
 Oh, you will make an admirable wife!
Jul. I'll make a devil.
Duke. What?
Jul. A very devil.
Duke. Oh, no! we'll have no devils.

Jul. I'll not bear it.

I'll to my father's

Duke. Gently: you forget
You are a perfect stranger to the road.

Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

Duke. Softly!

You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.

Jul. What, confine me?

Duke. 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

Jul. Am I a truant school boy?

Duke. Nay, not so;

But you must keep your bounds.

Jul. And if I break them,
Perhaps you'll beat me.

Duke. Beat you! No!

The man, that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
No, madam, I'll talk to you, I'll not beat you.

Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father,
I may write to him, surely! and I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom,
Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.

Duke. You will find them

In the next room. A word, before you go.
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred;
The partner of my fortune and my bed—

Jul. Your fortune!

Duke. Peace! no fooling, idle woman!
Beneath the attesting eye of heaven I've sworn

To love, to honour, cherish, and protect
you,—

No human power can part us. What remains then?

To fret, and worry, and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate,
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?
Or, like a loving and a patient pair,
Wak'd from a dream of grandeur, to depend
(Upon their daily labour for support.)

To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness
With sweet content and mutual endearment?
Now to your chamber; write whate'er you please;

But pause before you stain the spotless
paper—

With words that may inflame, but cannot
heal.

Jul. Why, what a patient worm you take
me for.

Duke. I took you for a wife; and ere I've
done,

I'll know you for a good one.

Jul. You shall know me

For a right woman, full of her own sex;

Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak
her anger;

Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,

By the proud reason of superior man,

To be taught patience, when her swelling
heart

Cries out revenge!

[Exit.

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on,

There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb. I've broke the ice, how-
ever.

Write to her father! she may write a folio—
But if she send it! 'twill divert her spleen;
The flow of ink may save her blood letting;
Perchance she may have fits, they're seldom

mortal,

Save when the doctor's sent for.

Though I have heard some husbands say,
and wisely,

A woman's honour is her safest guard,

Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key.

So, thus begins our honey-moon. 'Tis well,
For the first fortnight, ruder than March
winds,

She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April, she may wear a changeful face
Of storm and sunshine; and, when that is
past,

She will break glorious as unclouded May:

And where the thorns grew bare, the
spreading blossoms

Meet with no lagging frost to kill their
sweetness,

Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy,

Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,

Taste first the wholesome bitter of their cup,

That, after, to the very lees shall relish;

And to the close of this frail life prolong

The pure delights of a well-govern'd mar-
riage.

The Cat Eater.

(A Comic Tale, recited by Mr. H. Prince.)

John Trott, a homespun country putt,

Jack Sly, one morning, met full butt:

Who starting, star'd, and stammering said—
"Lord, Joh—Joh—Joh—John, what, aint

you dead?"

"Dead! whoy?" says John; "Dear heart,"
quoth Sly,

"Don't rave, I'll tell thee the reason why;

Dick Bam declares, who saw the sight,

You eat up THREE live cats last night!"

"Eat three live cats!" quoth John, "odd
rot it,

Prime news; I wonder where he got it—

But soon I'll know;"—so speeds to Bam,

Who flatly swore 'twas all a flam.

"I could not say," quoth Dick, "that you

Had eat three cats, 'twas only two!"

"Two, and in devil's name, and who

Has told," says Trott, "this tale to you?"

"Bob Banter."—"O, he did," quoth John,

"I'll make him change his note anon."

So flies to Banter, all agog,

Whom thus he greets—"You slandering dog,

Who makes up lies to gull the flats,

Did I last night eat two live cats?"

"Two," replied Banter, "that's rare fun,

Eat me, if I said more than ONE!"

"Than one—and damn it whoy say that;

Whoy say that I eat one live cat?"

"Your brother told me so," says Bob;
 "If so," says John, "I'll jolt his nob."
 So off went Cain in search of Abel,
 With mind whose index lack'd no label:
 As frowning brow and flashing eye,
 To John's intents ne'er gave the lie;
 And had he then met Tom his brother,
 Death might have levell'd one or t'other;
 But fortunately, John thus fool'd,
 No brother found until his passion cool'd:
 When lighting then on tattling Tom,
 He cried, "where got'st thee that tale from?
 Poison on thy tongue, thou foul mouth'd brat,
 That I last night did eat one cat?"
 "A cat!" says Tom, "your sputtering spare,
 A puss I said, a fine fat hare!
 Mother herself, here, told me that;"
 "You lie! you rogue, not hare nor cat!"
 Quoth old dame Trott, "so donna blab it,
 I only said, John eat a rabbit!
 And that's a truth, I'll pledge my life,
 For here's my author, John's own wife."
 When John's meek spouse demurely rose,
 And cried, "good friends this contest close,
 For though three cats of English breed,
 'Tis said poor John dispatch'd with speed.
 John supp'd as oft he's supp'd before,
 On one **WELCH RABBIT**—nothing more."

Silence gives Consent.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

(Original by Mr. Thos. Weatherall.)

A shabby man knock'd loud at number four,
 Intending to enquire for Captain Krout;
 That is, if any one should ope' the door,
 For he had watch'd some half a dozen out.

To knock the first, as no one did appear,
 A second time he knock'd with knowing grin;

Then to the key-hole quickly plac'd his ear;
 But heard no sound of any one within.

When thus he'd ascertain'd that all was right,

His operations quickly did commence;
 And having entrance gain'd—it being night,
 He shut the door—upon his first offence.

So first he open'd wide the parlour door,
 Little expecting any one was there;
 When lo—to his surprise he heard a snore,
 Which, being human, made our hero stare.

But hearing not the dreaded sound again,
 And knowing well he had no time to lose,
 He went to work at once with might and main,
 While the old gentleman enjoy'd his snooze.

And having pack'd up trinkets cash and plate,
 He thus address'd the still unconscious gent.;

"These trifles I would borrow—but can't wait,
 I know you'll lend them, "silence gives consent."

Parish Tithes.

(By Robert Lloyd.)

The parson of a pleasant village,
 Who had other tithes besides of tillage,
 Being in a merry mood one day,
 Thus to his clerk did gaily say:
 "Uriah, I am told, thou art
 A fornicating clerk at heart:
 Now, if thou'lt own the dames thou'st
 kiss'd,

I'll tell thee honestly my list."

"With all my soul," the clerk replies,
 "Old Nick take him the first that lies;"

To prove their work, they early go,
 Each takes his desk—and as each do
 Come into church, he who has known
 The lady gay, or fair, or brown,
 Must stroke his chin and call out *Hem!*

And t'other must reply, *Amen!*
 The clerk, thus leaning on his psalms,
 The parson, without any qualms,
 Lolls on his Bible, waiting keen,
 To *hem* at the first lady seen.

The 'squire's wife demure and sly,
 Enters the first; the parson's eye
 Fixes on her—he *hems*. Another,
 Supporting her aged mother,
 Attracts the parson's quick attention;
 Twice he *hemm'd*—I shall not mention
 The qualities and generous faces
 Of all the parson's village graces:
 Suffice it then to say, eleven
 Came in; he *hemm'd*, the clerk said,
 "Heaven!"

Twelve more appear'd; he did afford
 Twelve *hems*—Uriah cry'd, "O Lord!"
 Next was the lawyer's wife—a fair one—
 He *hemm'd*—the clerk cry'd, "Thou'rt a
 rare one!"

At length, quite sober, sleek, and thin,
 The parson's pretty wife came in;
 The parson *hemm'd*—the clerk *hemm'd* too;
 "Zounds!" cries the priest, "that can't be
 true!"

"Not true! why not? you may condemn,
 But Old Nick have me, but 'tis—*hem!*"

The Dropsical Man.

A jolly, brave toper, who could not forbear,
 Though his life was in danger, old Port and
 stale beer,
 Gave the doctor the hearing—but still would
 drink on,
 Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a
 tun;

The more he took physic the worse still he grew,

And tapping was now the last thing he could do.

Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down, He began to consider—so sent for his son.

"Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my life;

I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five; More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four hours,

This manor, this house, and estate will be yours;

My early excesses may teach you this truth, That 'tis working for death to drink hard in one's youth."

Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit, And not like young rakes, who're in haste to inherit),

"Sir, don't be dishearten'd; although it be true,

Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too, 'Tis no more than what many a man has gone through;

And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd young;

Your life after this may be happy and long."

"Don't flatter me, Tom," was the fathers' reply,

With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye;

"Too well, by experience, my vessels, thou know'st,

No sooner are tapp'd, but they give up the ghost."

The Yorkshireman and his Family

(A Comic Recitation.)

Seated one day inside the Leeds' Mail, a Yorkshireman came up and saluted the guard of the coach, with "I say, Mr. Guard, have you a gentleman for Lunnun in coach?" "How should I know?" said the guard. "Well," said he, "I am ganging about four miles whoam, and I'll gang inside if you please, and then I can find him out mysen." On being admitted into the coach, when seated, he addressed himself to the gentleman opposite, and said, "Pray, Sir, arn't you for Lunnun?" "Yes," said the gentleman. "Pray Sir, arn't you summut at singing line?" "What makes you ask?" said

the gentleman. "I hope no *defence*," said he, "only, Sir, you mun know I'm building a mill, and in about three weeks I wants to have a sort of a house-warming; and, as we are very musical in our parts—I plays on the fiddle at church mysen, and my brother plays on a great long thing like a horse's leg painted, with a bit of brass crook stuck in the end, and puffs away like a pig in a fit; and as we have a vast of music meetings in our parts, I should like to open my mill with a *rovy tory*, and wanted to ax you to eome and sing at it.

He then related a family anecdote:—"You mun know, Sir, that my feyther died all on a sudden like, and never give any body notice he wur going to die, but he left his family in complete *profusion*; and when I found he wur dead, as I wur the eldest son, I thought I'd a right to all the money. I told neighbour so, but he said, that tho' I wur the eldest son, I had no right to all the brass; but I said, I wur not only the eldest, but that I wur the handsomest into the bargain, for you never seed five such ugly, carrotty-headed devils among any litter of pigs, as my five brothers and sisters. So when I found they wanted to diddle me out of my *intarnel* estate, I determined to take the law at the top of the regicides." "And you applied to council, no doubt," said the gentleman. "Na I didn't" said he, "for I don't know him, I went to one Lawyer Lattitat, and paid him six and eight-pence, all in good half-pence, and he wrote me down my *destructions*." The gentleman read his *destructions*, as he called them, which were as follows:—"You must go to the Temple, and apply to a Civilian, and tell him that your father has died intestate, or without a will, that he has left five children, all infantine, besides yourself; and that you wish to know if you can't be his executor."—"Well what did you do?" said the gentleman. "Why sir," said he "I went to the Temple, and I knock'd at the door, and the gentleman cum'd out himsen; and I said "Pray, sir, arn't you a *silly villain*? and he ax'd me if I cum'd to insult him; and I said, why yes, I partly cum'd on purpose; I cum'd to *insult* you to know what I am to do, for my feyther has died *detested* and against his will, and left five young *infidels* besides mysen, and I am cum'd to know if I can't be his *executioner*."

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the British flag never float over a slave.

May the friendly soul never want a faithful bosom.

May French principles never corrupt English manners.

The Queen and her Ministers.

The Wooden walls of Old England.

The Ladies of England.

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THE FRENCHMAN AND THE SHEEPS TROTTERS :

(A Celebrated Comic Recitation, Written by M^r. T. Prest.)

Blunders are frequent in this sinful vale,
But mankind often blunder for their good ;
An assertion I will prove in this—my tale :
(Bulls breathe in England, be it understood,
As much as in Hibernia,) although
Paddies alone are noted for it ;
The reason is, because, I trow—
But stay,—I'll leave philosopher's to
pore it,
Therefore without more reasoning or delay,
I'll tell the story in my simple way.

A Monsieur from the Gallic shore,
Who though not over rich, wish'd to
appear so ;
Came over in a ship with friends a
score,—
Poor emigrants, whose wealth good
lack !
Dwelt only on their ragged backs,
Who thought him rich, they'd heard him
oft declare so,
For he was proud as Satan's self,
And often bragg'd about his pelf,
And as a proof,—the least
That he could give,—he promised
when on land,
At the first Inn, in style so grand,
To give a feast !
The Frenchmen jump'd at such an offer,
Monsieur did not forget his proffer ;
But at the first hotel on shore,
No. 6.

They stopp'd to lodge and board ;
The Frenchman order'd in his way,
A dinner to be done that day,
But here occur'd a greivous bore :—
Monsieur of English knew but little,
Tapps of French knew not a tittle ;
In ordering dinner, therefore, 'tis no wonder,
That they should make a blunder.
Whether the landlord knew, or no,
The sequel of my tale will shew :
He blunder'd, and it cannot be denied,
To some small disadvantage on his side.
The order seem'd immense to Boniface,
But more the expense, to him the greater
fun ;
For all that from the order he could trace,
Was,—“ Monsieur Bull, you lette me
have, I say,
Vich for vid cash, I sal you pay ;
Fifteen of those vid vich de sheep do
run ! ”
From which old Tapps could only un-
derstand,
(But whether right or wrong, cared
not a button ;)
That what Monsieur desired with air so
grand,
Was fifteen legs of mutton !
“ A dinner most enormous ! ” cried the elf,
“ Zounds ! each must eat a leg near to him-
self ! ”
However, they seem'd a set of hungry curs,
And so without more bother or demurs,

Tapps to his cook his orders soon express'd,
And fifteen legs of mutton quick were
dress'd.

And now around the table all elate,
The Frenchman's friends the dinner doth
await;

Joy sparkled in each hungry urchin's eyes,
When they beheld with glad surprise,—
Tapps quick appear with leg of mutton hot,
Smoking, and just ejected from the pot!
Laugh'd, stared, and chuckled more and
more,

When *two* they saw, then *three*, then *four*!
And then a *fifth*! their eager glances bless'd,
And then a *sixth*! larger than all the rest!

But soon the Frenchman's countenance did
change,

To see the legs of mutton on the table;
Surprise and rage by turns,
In his face burns,

While Tapps the table did arrange
As nice as he was able;

And while the Frenchmen for the feast
prepar'd,

Thus, in a voice that quite the landlord
scar'd,

Our hero said,—

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur, vy for you make
Dis vera great blundare and mistake?
Vy for you bring to me dese mouton legs?"
Tapps with a bow his pardon begs;—

"I've done as you have order'd, sir," said
he,

"Did you not order *fifteen legs* of me?
Six of which before your eyes appears,
And *nine besides* are nearly done down stairs!
Here John!" "Got tam you Jean! you
fool! you ass!

You one great clown to bring me to dis pass;
Take vay dis meat for vich I sall no pay,
I did no order dat:"—"What's that you
say?"

Tapps answer'd with a frown and with a
stare,

"You order'd fifteen legs of me I'll swear,
Or *fifteen things with which the sheep do run*,
Which means the same;—I'm not so easy
done!"

"Par bleu! Monsieur! vy you no com-
prehend?

You may take back de legs unto de pot;
I telle you sare 'tis not de legs I vant—

But dese here leetel tings vid vich de
sheep do trot!"

Why, d—n it!" cried the landlord in a
rage,

Which Monsieur vainly tried to assuage,
"D—n it!" said he, as to the door he
totters:

"Now after all the trouble that I took,
These legs of mutton both to buy and
cook,

It seems, instead of *fifteen legs*,

"You merely wanted *fifteen poor sheep's
trotters*!"

The Slave's First Hour of Free- dom and his Last.

(An Entire New Recitation.)

In a far isle, girt by the Indian wave,
Stretch'd in his hut, lay an expiring slave;
Born to his fate—the whip and galling
chain,

Long years of toil, indignity, and pain;
Want and exposure to a burning sun,
Had worn his frame—the sands of life were
run:

A hundred years his aged eyes had seen
Brown Autumn's pride, succeed the Sum-
mer's green;

No joy to him the varied seasons gave—
Change as they would, they found him still
a slave;

Toiling for gold to feed some master's pride,
Who squander'd wealth, his negro's blood
supplied.

Bow'd down by time, unfit for toil at last,
As some tall plantain crush'd beneath the
blast,

The old man lay—each giant sinew shrunk,
Like withered ivy round his ruin'd trunk;
Though helpless, wretched, he yet wish'd to
live,—

Old as he was, life had one boon to give.
Tidings had reach'd him o'er the distant
wave.

Britain had granted freedom to each slave:
He pray'd for strength to wait the time
whose knell,
Slavery's doom—and freedom's birth should
tell.

The dial's hand pointed the promised hour,
When faintly struggling with death's iron
power,

"Father," he cried "before whose throne
on high

Is heard the negro's prayer, the negro's sigh.
Let me but live to draw one freeman's
breath,

To own no master, ere I sink in death:
And every wrong, each stripe and galling
chain,

Man has inflicted on our race for gain,
For that blest boon, by every hope of heaven,
Shall from my secret soul be here forgiven!"
His prayer was heard—was it his faith ne'er
fail'd?

Or charity, or mercy that prevail'd?
Rude and unletter'd, the poor dying slave,
Practised the Christian's virtue—he forgave.
Sooth'd were his pains, calmly he sunk to
rest,

Like a lull'd infant on its mother's breast;
But ere his spirit fled its earthly clay,
The night of slavery had passed away—
The dial struck. "I AM FREE!" the old
man cried:

"GOD'S WILL BE DONE!" then faintly
smiled and died,

Each Toil and care for him for ever past,
The first sweet breath of freedom was his last!

Durandarte and Balerma.

(Recited by Mr. Edwd. Powell.)

Sad and fearful is the story,
Of the Ronsesvalle's fight;
On those fatal plains of glory,
Perish'd many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte: never
Was a nobler cheiftain nam'd;
He, before his lips for ever
Clos'd in silence, thus exclaim'd.

"Oh, Balerma, oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I serv'd thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

And when now thy heart replying,
To my wishes, burns like mine;
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

Ah! though young, I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh;
'Tis to lose, 'tis to leave thee;
Makes me think it hard to die.

Oh, my cousin, Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has liv'd between us,
New my last petition hear.

When my soul these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air;
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Balerma's care.

Say I of my lands possessor,
Nam'd her with my dying breath;
Say my lips I hope to bless her,
Ere they close in silent death.

Twice a week too, how sincerely,
I adored her, cousin say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Lov'd her, cousin, bid her pray.

Montesinos, now the hour
Mark'd by fate, is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power,
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

Eyes which forth beheld me going,
Homeward ne'er shall see me hie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die!

Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore;
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

So shall Jesu! still attending
Gracious to a Christian's vow;
Pleas'd, accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in Heaven allow!"

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte,
Soon his brave heart broke in twain
Greatly joy'd the Moorish party,
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping Montesinos,
Took from him his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping Montesinos,
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise mad! he
Cut the heart from out the breast;
That Balerma, wretched lady,
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesino's heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend;
"Oh, my cousin, oh, Durandarte!
Woe is me to view thy end!

Sweet in manners, and in favor,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight;
Warrior nobler! gentler, braver,
Never shall behold the light!

Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee,
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?"

The Lost One!

(A Burlesque Pathetic Recitation, by R. C.)

Loud howl'd the blast o'er the barren moor,
The Bittern scream'd, the night owl screech'd
Her dismal note. All nature seem'd arous'd,
E'en from the craggy cliffs the sea bird rose,
And with desponding shrieks, foretold the approach

Of the impending storm. One solitary being
Bent his way, regardless of the elements,
Whose warrings seem'd to jar the earth
To its centre. "O, heavens!" in agony he
cried,

"Restore to me my lost one!"—Onward he
pursues

His path; innumerable craigs present them-
selves

To his aching eyes. His very soul sickens
at the sight;

His brain reels,—his tottering limbs fail
him!—

A branch extends o'er the wide abyss!
He grasps at it!—"I have it! I have it!"
Rapturously he cries, and—caught his—
Donkey by the tail!

The Unexpected Journey.

(A Comic Recitation.)

'Coach! Coachee! put me in, and see
You take all proper care of me.'
'Gee up!' 'Damn your gee-ups, and stop,
For I am feeble, and shall surely drop.'—

'I think you've *dropp'd* too much to-day
Already, so take care—this way.'
'Why how your coach turns round and
round!

It's topsy-turvy on the ground,
And all the wheels are spinning so,
Like cockchaffers on wings they go.'
'Your head is like a whirligig,
Take care, you'll lose your hat and wig;
The step is down, now sir, get in,
Mind you don't slip and break your shin;
You're cursedly top-heavy.' 'What!
I'm sober as a judge, you sot!
You talk to me of drinking,
There's virtue in't—it aids the thinking.

And it improves the sight,
For all to me looks *double* by this light.
There, I am safe, so shut the door,
And mind you pother me no more;
I'll take a nap, for sleep, they say,
Relieves us from the toil of day.'
The Coachman mounts, and off he goes,
And leaves his inmate to repose.

Sleep, placid monarch! I'll to thee
Now pay a brief apostrophe.
Thou salve to heal the wounds of care,
To soothe the workings of despair;
Thou opiate to the woe-worn mind,
Thou strengthening aid to human kind;
Thou—but I must from praising keep,
Or I shall send you all to sleep.

He slept and snor'd, and snor'd and slept,
The coachman on his journey kept:
I should have told you, that the day
Had clos'd and evening's sober grey
Turn'd black as undertaker's pall,
With which he decks a funeral,
When coach he call'd, and coach replied,
And plac'd him snugly withinside;
No questions or replies took place,
Further than hath been just recounted;
Each merely look'd to his own case,
And by the one 'twas taken for granted,
He understood what t'other wanted.
But, right or wrong, our leeper reck'd not,
he

Possessed much more philosophy;
And his must be profoundly deep,
If there's philosophy in sleep;
For he slept on the whole night round,
O'er hill and dale, and level ground,
Town, village, milestone—all they past,
Fast as you please—he slept as *fast*;
Thus to the journey's end he goes,
Lull'd by the softness of repose.
Our *sleeping partner*, for such he
Must be deem'd undoubtedly;
When "Coach" he call'd, was going on
Towards his home at Newington;
But in the Borough, being tir'd
Thinking he saw a coach unhir'd,
He hail'd it, and away
He rode, nor thought to say,
At such a number put me down,
Close by the Church at Newington.

Such sober thoughts from him had fled,
Or rather, drown'd in grog, were dead.
To Newington he went, 'tis true,
And several other places too;

For the Coachman call'd, was bound
To Portsmouth, there
To deliver up his fare
Both safe and sound:
So the next morning, about eight,
He pull'd up at the Crown Inn gate;
Where, if you please, a trip we'll take,
To see our *sleeping partner* wake.

A waiter opens the coach door,
'Sir, you'll alight!'—He answers—*snore*!
The Coachman cries,—'Come, sir, your fare,
'Tip, if you please, our journey's ended,
A guinea and a half you'll spare.'
This rous'd him.—'Eh? what's that you
say?'

'Why, sir, you've got your fare to pay.'
'Aye, eighteen pence, I know—
Here, take it, and I'll go.'
'You'll go! none of your rigs;
All through the night,
Till broad daylight,
While I drove *horses*, you drove *pigs*;
And now you say,
You've eighteen-pence to pay:

Damme! old master, tho' you're queer,
Such *hogs* won't do for market here?'
'Here! where am I?' while with surprise,
He now unbutton'd both his eyes,
'Why this is not my house!' 'Yours! no,
You're *come* to Portsmouth, where I go
'Each other day, say, to and fro.'
'Portsmouth! Portsmouth! why then I've
gone
From Newington,
Just *seventy* miles beyond what I intended!
So take me back,
And, next time, when I want a hack,
I'll look before,
And take care *Portsmouth* is not on the door!'

The Pre-Doomed.

(A Popular Recitation, Written by A. I.
W. Martin.)

"For every other sinner he thought there
might be hope, but for him there could be
none."—LEWIS'S MONK.

In youth my life's path lay before me,
The heavens above me look'd blue;
Brightness was all that hung o'er me,
And the world seem'd all smiling and new.
Then was my brow gay, unclouded,
My bosom it ne'er knew a sigh;
Nor grief for a moment had shrouded,
With tears my bright sparkling eye.

My heart it is warm in its duty,
 I would lull the sad sufferer to rest;
 And tears from the mild eye of beauty,
 Would steal to my sensitive breast.
 I rose, but to revel in gladness,
 My slumbers were visions of light;
 I had heard, but I knew not of sadness,
 Nor of aught but was bliss and delight.

As I grew, I plung'd deeply in pleasure,
 I worshipp'd at beauty's fair shrine;
 I drank deep of the cup, and my measure
 Of life seem'd bright as my wine.
 Friends were then clust'ring around me,
 Beauty and wealth graced my board;
 Smiles were the passports that found me,
 And grief—why I banish'd the word.

On I revell'd, but now I was changing,
 My heart grew more cold, and I prest
 On the weak and the fallen, estranging,
 All pity and care from my breast.
 I grew fonder of wealth, I lov'd power,
 Grew oppressive, and trampled on age;
 Darkness did round my brow lower,
 And I foam'd like the sea in my rage.

More callous I grew, and stood gazing
 On the perishing orphan, while tears
 Glazed its eye, and 'twas raising
 Its little hands trembling with fears;
 And I spurn'd it, although death was weaving
 A film o'er its once sparkling eye;
 And its breast was with agony heaving,
 And convulsive and short grew each sigh.

I heard its death shriek wildly wringing,
 Saw each limb in wild agony thro'e;
 And I stood unmoved, for 'twas winging
 Its course to where I may ne'er know.
 I saw the youth plunge in his madness,
 Beneath the wild green flowing wave;
 And my heart bounded then in its gladness,
 For I knew he would there meet his grave.

I saw his death struggle resisting
 With might and with main 'gainst the
 tide;
 But no friendly hand I stretch'd assisting,
 And he sunk in my sight, groan'd and
 died!

I saw the lone widow while weeping,
 O'er the last of her race, her dear son;
 Her only heart's hope, who was sleeping
 The last sleep of death—cold and gone!

How the tears were from her aged eyes
 falling,
 As she stole forth, beneath the night's
 gloom;
 To his grave—and while his fond name
 calling,
 Sank lifeless and cold on the tomb.
 Yes, dead! for her heart strings were riven
 Asunder, with sorrow and grief;
 But I would I were her, for in heaven
 Her sorrows will find relief.

I know not how 'tis, but the curses
 Of heaven, seem'd stamp'd on my brow;
 My brain burns, and every fiend nurses
 The fire that burns in it now.
 It maddens! what sound is that hisses
 So wildly, and rings in mine ear?
 Ha? 'tis the fiend's serpent that kisses
 My lips, and its venom leaves there.

My eyes in their sockets seem gleaming,
 My brain reels—my heart burns—I feel
 Demons grasping my throat—and seem in
 Dark hell—and its fires to me steal.
 My reason! my reason! 'tis flying,—
 Pour water upon my parch'd tongue;
 It cleaves to my mouth—fiends, I'm dying!
 I choke! my last death knell has rung.

Ope, open my arms to receive me,
 Plunge me deep in the red liquid flame;
 I come, *the Pre-doomed*, but oh! leave me
 To perish in being and name!

The Chesnut Horse.

(A Favorite Comic Recitation.)

An Eton stripling, training to the law,
 A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,
 One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
 His cap and gown and store of learned pelf.
 By invitation, thought he'd take a roam,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Arriv'd, and pass'd the usual how d'ye do's,
 Enquiries for old friends and college news:
 'Well Tom, the road, what saw you worth
 discerning?

How goes study—what is it you're learn-
 ing?

'Oh! Logic, sir! but not the shallow rules
 Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools!
 'Tis wit and wrangler's logic; thus dy'e see,
 I'll prove to you as plain as A B C,
 That an eel pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
 Were to say black is not black; 'come,
 try it.

'An eel pie is a pie of fish.'—'Agreed.'—
 'Fish-pie may be a jack-pie.'—'Well, pro-
 ceed.'

'A jack-pie is a John-pie; and 'tis done,
 For every John-pie must be a Pie-John.'
 (Pi-geon.)

'Bravo! Sir Peter cries, 'logic for ever!
 That beats my grandmother, and she was
 clever.

But hold, my boy, since now it would be
 hard,

That wit and learning should have no re-
 ward,

To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross.
 And then I'll give thee—'What?'—A
chesnut-horse.

'A horse!' quoth Tom, 'blood, pedigree,
 and paces!

Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!'

To bed he went; and slept for downright
sorrow,
That night must go before he'd see the mor-
row:
Dream't of his boots and spurs, and leather
breeches;
Hunting of hares, and leaping rails and
ditches.
He left his rest an hour before the lark,
And dragg'd his uncle, fasting to the park.
Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd, at loss
To spy out something like a chesnut horse.
But no such animal the meadows cropt.
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopt;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and down
fell,
A fine horse chesnut, in its prickly shell:
'There, Tom, take that.'—'Well, sir, and
what beside?'
'Why, since you're booted, saddle it and
ride.'—
'Ride what? a chesnut?'—'Aye, come, get
across;—
I tell you Tom, that *chesnut* is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get; for I can shew
As clear as sun-shine, that 'tis really so:
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon, addle-headed fools;
Or old Malebranche, blind pilot unto know-
ledge.
But by the laws of wit and Eton college.
All axioms but the wranglers' I'll disown;
And stick to one sound argument, *your own*:
Thus now, you've prov'd it, as I don't deny,
That a *Pie-John's* the same as a *John-Pie*;
What follows then?—why as a thing of
course,
That a horse chesnut is a chesnut horse!"

An Original Scene from an Un- published Tragedy,

(By Thomas Dartlett.)

Characters—VASA THE PRINCE, AND
CLAUDIUS.

Claudius. My prince! why hangs that
cloudy sorrow upon your brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow those swelling
eyes?
Those eyes which used to flow with joy to
view thy Claudius:
Will you not tell? O cruel, wretched prince,
By all the love and faith, and zeal I have
shewn you,
Tell me your grief, unfold your hidden
sorrows,
And teach thy Claudius how to bring you
comfort.
Vasa. What shall I say, malicious cruel
powers?
Long has the secret struggl'd in my breast;
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd
bosom:
Canst thou not read it in my furious
passions;

In all the wild disorders of my soul. Alas!
I groan beneath the pain, the guilt, the shame
of love!

Clau. Heaven forbid it!

Vasa. Upbraid me not Claudius

I love, alas! I shudder at the name,
My blood runs cold, and my faltering tongue
Sticks at the sound—I love! O, righteous
heaven!

I love the beauteous Ellia.

Clau. Ellia, the slave? the Ionian slave?
O, unhappy Vasa! labor, strive, subdue thy
love.

Vasa. Did I not labor, strive; allseeing
powers

Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
I call'd heaven and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And with a giant's strength I struggl'd,—
But still the new-born passion rag'd
Almighty in its birth.

Clau. Did you e'er try to gain her love?

Vasa. I told her of my love in accents
sweet and gentle,
Her kindling cheeks with purple beauties
glow'd,
Her lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fire,
She trembl'd, blush'd, and with a look of
scorn

Cried "Am I not your slave?" Then said,
"I have heard the tale of thy unworthy love,
Now do thou hear mine. Of a poor old
warrior,

Who dwelt among the Ionian hills;
I was his only child. He was a kind, a good
old man,

Who had no joy but in the chase, small joy
E'en in the chase without me. So I grew
The hardest nymph that ever brav'd
The summer sun, the winter wind. Alas!
I had no mother—none to lead the craft
Of female mysteries; the lute, the loom,
The needle; them I knew not. All my lore
Was of the beauty of the earth and sky,
The green hills and the bosky vales, the clear
Aud gushing waters, and the shifting forms
Of clouds. All my companions were the
dear

Mute partners of my sports, how speaking
they

Amidst their speechlessness &c. My Barbary
steed

With his bright arching neck, curved up to
meet

My fondling hand; my greyhound, playfulest
Of happy creatures, of a richer white,
Like marble touch'd by the sun, leaping and
bounding,

If he but heard my voice. My falcon, proud
To sit upon my wrist, I lov'd them all."

She sudden stopt and cried,
"I am thy slave! so urge no more,
For I will preserve my honour with my life!
And better had'st thou trust the fierce Ionian
waves,

Than woman's fiercer vengeance."

Clau. Hark ! why sounds that dreadful din
of instant war ?
Perhaps e'en now the faction's up in arms ;
See waving crowds roll onwards towards the
palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours.
My prince, think not of love, but of thy
empire ;
Go tread the rugged path of honour,
And earn the name of patriot !
Vasa. Ye gods ! do ye not blush at my
degenerate weakness ?
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly
Hence from my soul ! 'Tis gone, 'tis fled
for ever ;
And heaven inspires my thoughts with
righteous vengeance
Against the oppressors of my country !

Parody on Othello's Speech.

(Original by I. B. D.)

Most potent, grave, and worthy snobs,
My wery noble and approved good masters,
That I have run away vith old Billy's darter ;
is most true,
True—but I intend to marry her when I gets
in vork.
Rude am I in speech, and little blest vith
larning ;
For since these little bony arms of mine had
seven years strength,
They have used their best exertions in mak-
ing me vhat I am—a snob !
And little of this great vorld can I speak
more
Than belongs to rows vith Charleys, larks
vith gals,
And these ere sort of things ; therefore little
shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself ; but by your gracious
patience,
I will a round unwarnished story tell
Of my whole course of love. Vot larks, vot
sprees,
And vot cunning tricks I von his darter vith.
Her father loved me, oft invited me, still
vould ask me the story of my life,
From year to year, the vondrous change that
I had pass'd.
I run it thro' even from my boyish days to
the werry moment
That he bid me tell him vherein I spoke
of being lagged,
Of terrible accidents that I had met by land
and sea.
These things to hear vould my poor Sally
seriously incline ;
But still the gin shops vould draw her hence,
Vhich when a quavartern she'd dispatch'd,
She'd come agin and vith a greedy ear
Dewour up my discourse, vvhich I twigging,
took vonce a lummy hour,
And found good means to draw from her
A prayer of right down earnest love,

That I vould tell her all my travels, vherooof
by bits
She'd something heard, but not distinctly.
I did consent, and oft made tears
Steal down her lilly cheeks, when I did
speak of seven years travel
Vhich my youth did suffer. My story being
done
She giv'd me for my pains a vorld of kisses
She swore by jingo 'twas strange, 'twas pas-
sing strange, 'twas pitiful,
'Twas werry pitiful. She vish'd she hadn't
hear'd it ;
Yet she vish'd that natur had made her sich
a man.
She thank'd me, and bade me if I had a cove
vot lov'd her,
I should but get him to tell the story of my
life
And that vould vin her. Upon this hint,
I spoke. She lov'd me for the dangers I
had pass'd,
And I lov'd her acause she pitied them.

Not at Home.

(An Original Comic Recitation; Written by
Mr. T. Prest.)

Harry was one of those poor seedy swells,
Meagre in person, but in pocket thinner ;
'Who, being beggar'd at our 'modern hells,'
Was forced at length to *cadge* it for a
dinner.
He was a wit, and therefore was a *sharp*—
Sharp too he was in smelling out the hour
When lusty nobles o'er their tables gape,
And yield their stomachs unto Gourmand's
power.
When people's hungry, it is very hard ;
To have no food by eating to allay it ;
The case with many a poetic bard—
It is the case with me, altho' I say it.
'Twas often so with Harry, who, quite
hearty,
(In appetite I mean) for I'm not dreaming ;
He found out every tea and dinner party,
And gain'd an invitation by his scheming ;
Or when some rich acquaintance had grown
ill,
He heard the news with rapture in his
face ;
And oft went there,
With pity in his air ;
'Thought, as he pass'd the door, it might
seem strange
Not to call in, to see if any change
The doctor's skill had work'd.
And thus by scheming till his friend was
well,
At breakfast, tea, and dinner, gain'd a
place.
A rich old Frenchman, tho' not over keen,
The power of Harry's stomach oft had seen ;
Day after day he'd been his constant guest,

To bed he went; and slept for downright
sorrow,
That night must go before he'd see the mor-
row:
Dream't of his boots and spurs, and leather
breeches;
Hunting of hares, and leaping rails and
ditches.
He left his rest an hour before the lark,
And dragg'd his uncle, fasting to the park.
Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd, at loss
To spy out something like a chesnut horse.
But no such animal the meadows cropt.
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopt;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and down
fell,
A fine horse chesnut, in its prickly shell:
'There, Tom, take that.'—'Well, sir, and
what beside?'
'Why, since you're booted, saddle it and
ride.'—
'Ride what? a chesnut?'—'Aye, come, get
across;—
I tell you Tom, that *chesnut* is a horse,
And all the horse you'll get; for I can shew
As clear as sun-shine, that 'tis really so:
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon, addle-headed fools;
Or old Malebranche, blind pilot unto know-
ledge.
But by the laws of wit and Eton college.
All axioms but the wranglers' I'll disown;
And stick to one sound argument, *your own*:
Thus now, you've prov'd it, as I don't deny,
That a *Pie-John's* the same as a *John-Pie*;
What follows then?—why as a thing of
course,
That a horse chesnut is a chesnut horse!"

**An Original Scene from an Un-
published Tragedy,**
(By Thomas Dartlett.)

Characters—VASA THE PRINCE, AND
CLAUDIUS.

Claudius. My prince! why hangs that
cloudy sorrow upon your brow?
Why do you sigh? Why flow those swelling
eyes?
Those eyes which used to flow with joy to
view thy Claudius!
Will you not tell? O cruel, wretched prince,
By all the love and faith, and zeal I have
shewn you,
Tell me your grief, unfold your hidden
sorrows,
And teach thy Claudius how to bring you
comfort.
Vasa. What shall I say to thee, O cruel
powers?
Long has the secret strug-
Long has it rack'd my
bosom:
Canst thou not read
passions;

In all the wild disorders of my soul. *Alas!*
I groan beneath the pain, the guilt, the shame
of love!

Clau. Heaven forbid it!

Vasa. Upbraid me not Claudius

I love, alas! I shudder at the name,
My blood runs cold, and my faltering tongue
Sticks at the sound—I love! O, righteous
heaven!

I love the beauteous Ellia.

Clau. Ellia, the slave? the Ionian slave?
O, unhappy Vasa! labor, strive, subdue thy
love.

Vasa. Did I not labor, strive; allseeing
powers

Did I not weep and pray, implore your aid?
I call'd heaven and earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And with a giant's strength I struggl'd,—
But still the new-born passion rag'd
Almighty in its birth.

Clau. Did you e'er try to gain her love?

Vasa. I told her of my love in accents
sweet and gentle,

Her kindling cheeks with purple beauties
glow'd,

Her lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fire,
She trembl'd, blush'd, and with a look of
scorn

Cried "Am I not your slave?" Then said,
"I have heard the tale of thy unworthy love,
Now do thou hear mine. Of a poor old
warrior,

Who dwelt among the Ionian hills;
I was his only child. He was a kind, a good
old man,

Who had no joy but in the chase, small joy
E'en in the chase without me. So I grew
The hardest nymph that ever brav'd
The summer sun, the winter wind. *Alas!*
I had no mother—none to lead the craft
Of female mysteries; the lute, the loom,
The needle; them I knew not. All my lore
Was of the beauty of the earth and sky,
The green hills and the bosky vales, the clear
Aud gushing waters, and the shifting forms
Of clouds. All my companions were the
dear

Mute partners of my sports, how speaking
they

Amidst their speechlessness &c. My Barbary
steed

With his bright arching neck, curved up to
meet

My fondling hand; my greyhound, playfulest
Of happy creatures, of a richer white,
Like marble touch'd by the sun, leaping and
bounding,

If he but heard my voice. My falcon, proud
To sit upon my wrist, I lov'd them all."

She sudden stopt and cried,

"I am thy slave! so urge no more,

For I will preserve my honour with my life!
And better had'st thou trust the fierce Ionian

waves,
Than woman's fiercer vengeance."

Clau. Hark! why sounds that dreadful din
of instant war?
Perhaps e'en now the faction's up in arms;
See waving crowds roll onwards towards the
palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours.
My prince, think not of love, but of thy
empire;
Go tread the rugged path of honour,
And earn the name of patriot!
Vasa. Ye gods! do ye not blush at my
degenerate weakness?
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion, fly
Hence from my soul! 'Tis gone, 'tis fled
for ever;
And heaven inspires my thoughts with
righteous vengeance
Against the oppressors of my country!

Parody on Othello's Speech.

(Original by I. B. D.)

Most potent, grave, and worthy snobs,
My wery noble and approved good masters,
That I have run away vith old Billy's darter;
is most true,
True—but I intend to marry her when I gets
in vork.
Rude am I in speech, and little blest vith
larning;
For since these little bony arms of mine had
seven years strength,
They have used their best exertions in mak-
ing me vhat I am—a snob!
And little of this great vorld can I speak
more
Than belongs to rows vith Charleys, larks
vith gals,
And these ere sort of things; therefore little
shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself; but by your gracious
patience,
I will a round unvarnished story tell
Of my whole course of love. Vot larks, vot
sprees,
And vot cunning tricks I von his darter vith.
Her father loved me, oft invited me, still
would ask me the story of my life,
From year to year, the vondrous change that
I had pass'd.
I run it thro' even from my boyish days to
the werry moment
That he bid me tell him vherein I spoke
of being lagged,
Of terrible accidents that I had met by land
and sea.
These things to hear would my poor Billy
seriously incline;
But still the gin shops would draw her home,
Which when a quartern she'd disposed of,
She'd come agin and vith a greedy air
Dewour up my discourse, vith I wotting
took vonce a lunny hour,
And found good means to draw from her
A prayer of right down earnest love.

That I would tell her all my travels, vheresof
by bits
She'd something heard, but not distinctly.
I did consent, and oft made tears
Steal down her lilly cheeks, when I did
speak of seven years travel
Which my youth did suffer. My story being
done
She giv'd me for my pains a vorld of kisses
She swore by jingo 'twas strange, 'twas pas-
sing strange, 'twas pitiful,
'Twas werry pitiful. She vish'd she hadn't
hear'd it;
Yet she vish'd that natur had made her sikh
a man.
She thank'd me, and bade me if I had a cove
vot lov'd her,
I should but get him to tell the story of my
life
And that vould vin her. Upon this hint,
I spoke. She lov'd me for the dangers I
had pass'd,
And I lov'd her accause she pitied them.

Not at Home.

(An Original Comic Recitation, Written by
Mr. T. Frost.)

Harry was one of those poor seedy swells,
Meagre in person, but in pocket thinner;
Who, being beggar'd at our "modern hells,"
Was forced at length to cater it for a
dinner.
He was a wit, and therefore was a sharp—
Sharp too he was in smelling out the hour
When lusty nobles o'er their tables gape,
And yield their stomachs unto Gourmand's
power.
When people's hungry, it is very hard,
To have no food by eating to allay it;
The case with many a poetic bard—
It is the case with me, altho' I say it.
'Twas often so with Harry, who, quite
heartly,
(In appetite I mean) for I'm not dressing—
He found out every tea and dinner party,
And gain'd an invitation by his scheming
Or when some rich acquaintance had given
him
He heard the news with rapture in his
face:
And off went there,
With pig in his ear;
'Twas, as he pass'd the door, it might be
seen strange
How all in, to see if any change
The doctor's skill had work'd.
And thus by scheming till his friend
was
At home, and dinner, gain'd
him
A rich
The
Day after
not over known
which oft had
constant

Untill monsieur, (altho' he liked a jest.)
Began to think his friend confounded free,
To call so oft to dinner and to tea;
He really thought it was a serious thing,
Thus to be pester'd with an half-starv'd
beau;
And so at last resolv'd to cut the string!
(N.B.—the flash for *finis*, you must
know:)

Therefore, the next time Harry chanc'd to
come,

He bade his servant Tom to tell a lie;
Who said—'My master, sir, is not at home.'
News that from Harry drew a heavy sigh.
'Not at home?'—'No, sir,' cried the clown.
'When will he be?' He's out of town.
'That's d—'d unlucky!' cried our spark
with sorrow;

'How long will he be gone?'—'Until to-
morrow.'

To-morrow dawn'd, again did Harry roam,
Again receiv'd for answer—'Not at home!'
The next day, and the next day, he went
there,

But still—'He's not at home salutes his ear.
At length, however, Harry smelt the truth!
And when next day the Frenchman's servant
youth

Said 'Not at home!' with fury in his eye,
He told the fellow plump—it was a lie!
'He bade me call on him!'—'It's false I
say.'

'Curs'd fool! he bade me call this very day;
We've business to adjust—say I am here;
Come, fly this instant—or, by Jove I swear,
I'll kick your hide, if you dare longer sham,
Till it's as soft as raspberry jam.'

Alarm'd at such a threat poor Tom obey'd,
And to his master terrified he said,
'Here's Mr. Harry Wildgrove come again,
And he is drunk, or mad, sir, it is plain!
In vain I told him, what you told I,
He swears point blank, mounseer, it is a lie.'
'Got tam de Jean Bull tief!' monsieur re-
plied,

'Come starving here, and vill not be denied;
If von great ass he tink to make of me,
By gar! his great mistake I'll let him see.'
And venting curses on the saucy elf,
Quickly the stairs he bolted down himself;
And standing fiercely before Harry's face,

Thus utter'd, with a wild and strange gr-
mace;

'You Jean Bull tief! what do you mean?'—
said he,

Dat dus day aftere day you bother me;
Why from my servant you take no deny?
Got tam! monsieur, why you give him de
lie?

He telle you I "No 't home!" but you say
"No!"

Got tam! monsieur, why for you serve me
so?

But to convince you, I myself have come,
To tell you, sare, by Gar! I'm not at home!

A Comic Address to Miss Pickle.

(Introduced by various Comedians, and read
to her in the Character of Tag, in the
"Spoiled Child.")

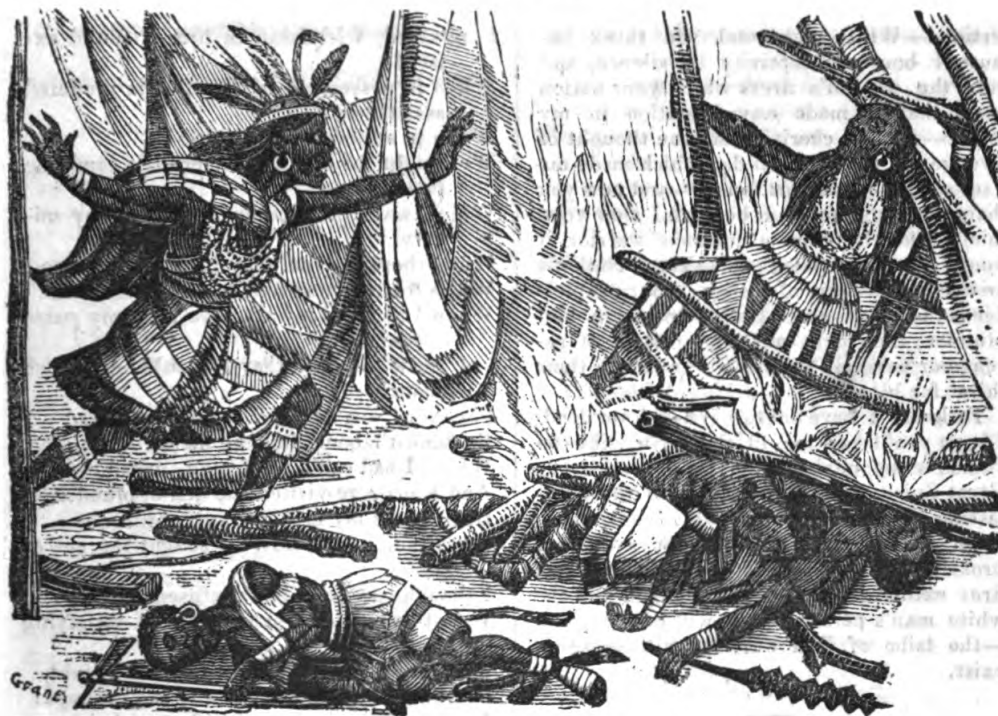
Oh! Billy Cupid, hear my prayer,
And aid a wretched love-sick player,
Whose heart to rags with love is torn,
And scratch'd with doubts scarce to be borne;
Whose soul is harrow'd up with grief,
Till nought but Pickle gives relief!
Not pickled onions, 'tis I mean;
Nor pickled cabbage, red nor green?
Nor pickled girkins, small nor big;
Nor pickled pork, nor pickled pig;
Nor pickled tarragan, nor samphire!
'Tis purer far than pickled camphire!
Not pickle brought from foreign shore,
Nor any pickle known before!
A pickle 'tis, in all complete,
And when at table, served up neat;
Its beauties, I perforce must own,
Surpasses beef, when roasted brown;
Or turkies, pigeons, snipes, wild-geese,
Wood-cocks, or widgeons, ducks and peas.
But pickle, ad infinitum bright,
A constellation,—blaze of light,—
'Tis brightest day 'midst darkest night!—
A pickle 'tis of virgin fame,
And Bridget Pickle is its name.
Then, Billy Cupid, be not fickle,
Inspire the heart of sweet Miss Pickle,
To reap love's harvest with thy sickle,
Oh! Pickle! Pickle! Pickle! Pickle!

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Success to youthful genius
May he wot prigs another's mutton,
His back with whips have many a cut on.
The pleasures of contentment.
May the true-hearted girl never be deceived.

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S. ROBINS, Printer, 17, Barbican, London.;



THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S DEFENCE.

(Original, Composed by Jas. Oulet, and Recited with great applause by T. Wilmoth.)

Fathers!—you call on me to defend the accusations, which have been made against me;—you have charged me with murder, rebellion, and desertion: all of which charges, I can prove false.

Fathers!—when the Great Spirit gave me life, so that I might breathe the air of America; he also gave me the soul of an Indian Warrior; and I hope that he will see I have not debased the gifts he endowed me with;—the snow came on the woods near thirty times before our chiefs took up the tomahawk; and in that time, I grew from infancy to manhood, and called Montena, 'wife';—three noble boys and one fair girl, were those who called me father:—till now, we'd smoked the pipe of peace; when once, as every thing was locked in sleep, and the fair light of Heaven had left our woods, I was returning from the chase, when, O! Spirit of my fathers witness, what I say—I found my wigwam sunk in a heap of smoking ruins, my three brave sons stretched dead upon the earth, and what was worse, the "light of the woods," my lovely Zalag was stolen from me, to meet a fate, perhaps worse than that, my sons had met.—My wife was still remaining to tell the dismal tale, and to raise the fire of vengeance in my heart, by saying 'twas your pale-faced warriors, that had worked the ruin of an un-offending savage.—The morning came, the

No. 7.

sun lit the scene of desolation, which your warriors had made, when I took the rifle of my father, and shouldered his tomahawk, determined to avenge my just wrongs. Was that rebellion? if it was, I never knew your language.—I ask you, Fathers of the White Nation, if I rebelled against what was right;—I think not; I never deserved your vengeance in my life.—When did the white man come to Massanieto's hut, and a hungry, the Savage did not feed him? When did the pale-face come to my wig-wam, and if half naked, I clothed him not? When did your warriors, if benighted in the woods, come to Massanieto's for a shelter, and were refused?—Never! and our people have acted like their Sachem; they saw me act with peace towards your land, they did the same;—from that time when you slaughtered those who were dearest to me, I became your deadly foe, and have been ever since.

You took me prisoner, you tried to corrupt my mind by your accursed rum-fire-water; but 'twas in vain, I would not taste it;—you then tried to win my friendship by kind treatment; but I recollected my private wrongs and the wrong you had done my tribe:—you gave me liberty to range about at large, and having heard that a portion of my nation were advancing upon the settlement where I was confined, I contrived to escape and join them;—this, you called de-

sertion!—White men! did you think because I bore my captivity in silence, and wore the warrior's dress which your nation wear, that it made any alteration in my heart?—No! I cherished up the thought of revenge till the eventful day which made me a second time your prisoner:—and now you charge me with murder, because I slew your chief;—had he been a common warrior it would not have been so.—Your Nation's justice is a mockery of justice; your people's deeds of war are acts of massacre and plunder; they fight with no motive of revenge or passion, but merely to satisfy their thirst for blood!

Fathers! I have done. When I am dead, I hope you'll lay me in the earth, like an Indian chief ought to be; and I trust the Great Spirit will receive me into the everlasting hunting grounds.—Our nation have been hunted like beasts, our bows are broken, our tomahawks are bent and our fires extinguished;—a little longer and the white man's persecution's will be at an end—the tribe of Red warriors will cease to exist.

The Gamblers.

(A Scene from a Popular Play by Mr. Isaac Bass.)

Characters.—WOODBURN AND BLACK WILL,
Ruined Gamblers.

Woodburn. Who art thou?

Will. A friend! a wandering beggar like thyself.

Woodburn. A friend! I never knew one, Though once I professed friendship, At least such name I gave it, until the scene of trial came, 'Twas then I found by proof, that he whom I had call'd a friend,

Cherished as such, was my foe.

Will. Speak on, and let me hear thy tale.

Woodburn. 'Twould be of no avail were I to do so.

Why should I recall to memory the deed, That has plac'd my name in the book of infamy?

Made me what I am! a wandering beggar! Spurned by honest men, as if some hellish words

Were written on my brow, to caution whom I met, to avoid me, why dost thou wish To hear my tale?

Will. Because I've drank of such misery myself.

Woodburn. Know then, that he whom I had destined friend, Sought my acquaintance, I his; And pure friendship I imagined was the result.

Days, months, and years roll'd on, and I Knew nought but prosperity, and while such

I retained, friendship in him I found existed;

When in possession of wealth, he proffered assistance,

When in affliction he rejected it.

We sought for our amusement the gambling table,

Which was the commencement of my misery.

'Twas there in cruel play I lost my fortune, While fortune appeared to smile on him.

When I had lost my all, save what my purse contain'd,

I made a vow that I would quit such haunts

For ever; was resolved to earn my bread By honest labour, but the fiend

Whom I had call'd my friend, urged me on, And I again re-visited the den of plunder,

Until I lost my last, my only shilling.

I was then penny-less. I sought the aid of him,

I thought my friend, he refused! and I Was then without the means of satisfying nature.

For three successive days, I tasted naught.

Driven by hunger I made a second attempt:

I solicited the means—a trifle to subsist on, He again refused. I swore revenge!

I call'd him coward, villain, wretch,

Which urg'd him to the act of blood.

Two weapons were produced, the choice of which

I gave to him—the fatal word was given, And I, with steady aim, shot him through the breast!—

While gasping in death, I wrench'd from his person,

A filthy purse, for the contents of which,

I became the wretch thou see'st me!

Will. Thou hast told a tale, the which I might

Have told thee; such a life have I led!

A portion of my career with thy, thy name is—

Woodburn. "Charles Woodburn"—and yours—

Will. "Black Will the gambler" such name they gave me,

For the rage I had for "*rouge et noir*."

I well remember when thou once possess'd a fortune;

The same had I, until I chanc'd it,

At the gambling table; 'twas there amidst splendour

And gaiety, I became the victim of ruin;

The same as thy—thyself, blended with misery,

I became a *freebooter*, which hellish trade

I carried on, until a scene of blood was perpetrated.

I was pronounced the murderer: though I was innocent

Of the crime they charged me with. I fled, And without impediment reached this shore, Which now boasts of two ill-fated gamblers.

The Broken Hearted.

An Original Recitation, Written by A. I.
W. Martin.)

"But see his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man."
Hen. IV. Part I.

I heard a death-bell slowly toll,
And I saw a funeral train;
And I heard the mourners heavy sighs,
And I saw them wipe their tearful eyes,
As they left the church again.

And I said to myself, I fain would know
The tale of him that died;
Or whether it was a maiden fair,
Or an aged man, with grizzled hair,
Or a young lovely bride.

I sat me down beside the grave,
And mused on the stones around;
And read the lines that were on them traced,
And thought of many that death had placed
In the consecrated ground.

I raised my eyes and I view'd a youth
I'd seen in the funeral train;
He was a comely and favour'd lad,
And in dark and sable vestments clad,
And seem'd in grief and pain.

He gazed upon the new made grave,
A tear stood in his eye;
And I felt my own sight growing dim,
And I knew not why, but gazing on him,
I wept for sympathy.

I took his hand, "my friend," said I,
"If I judge thee aright,
Thou art of the undertaker's trade,
And I marvel that a grave new made
Should move thee in such plight."

"I am that trade, but it likes me not,"
Said the youth with a heavy sigh;
"I like not to see the pallid dead,
The pale blanched lip, and the cold bed
Where the mortal frame doth lie.

"I like not to see the father bend
O'er his first and lovely child,
As he kisses the lips that are pale and cold,
And the dead in his fond embrace doth fold,
With grief and anguish wild.

"I like not to see the widow's tear
Fall on her sons cold grave;
Her first, her last, her only one,
Who faded like the setting sun,
Smiling beneath the wave.

"I like not to see the lover from
The corpse of his mistress part;
As he snatches a kiss from her cheek, once
fair,
And steals a lock of her raven hair,
To wear it next his heart."

"Perchance thou know'st, my friend," said
I,

"The tale of the dead, but now
I saw thee bear to the earthly bed,
And can tell me why those tears were shed,
And why grief was on each brow."

"That can I," said the stranger youth,
"I view'd the maiden in her shroud;
And never saw I a corpse so fair,
And I've seen many too, who rare
And beauteous were allowed.

"But she look'd like the summer sky,
Or a sleeping guiltless child;
Save that you felt no balmy breath,
You would not have thought she lay in
death,
Her features were so mild.

"Sir, she was one of those who die
Of a torn and broken heart;
Who struggle to quell the rising sigh,
And hide a tear 'neath a smiling eye,
But how bitter is the smart.

"She had a brother, and her last,
Her only friend on earth;
For her father lay beneath the sod,
And her mother's soul was with her God,
The day that gave her birth.

"It chanced as they walk'd forth one eve,
A storm rose in the sky;
And lightnings burst each murky cloud,
And thunders roll'd both long and loud,
And winds raged fearfully.

"And one bright blue and vivid flash
Struck him to earth's cold bed;
And as she rais'd him, one deep sigh,
One burning tear escaped his eye,
And he was with the dead.

"And she hung o'er the lifeless clay,
Amid the storm's wild blast;
And gaz'd upon his blacken'd face,
And wept—for of the fated race,
She was now left the last.

"She wept, but they were her last tears,
For though with grief oppress'd;
No more were seen to dim her eye,
Nor was there ever heard a sigh,
To issue from her breast.

"And many wonder'd, and they thought
She reason was denied;
Alas! she knew her grief too well,
And those who knew her, they could tell,
Why she her grief did hide.

"But was her heart the more at rest,
Struggling in sorrow's pride?
No! for the woes constrain'd and nurs'd
At length broke forth in one wild burst,
But with that burst she died."

The Frenchman and the Rats.

(A Celebrated Recitation, Written by Mr. Planche.)

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover, in the night,
Near the road side an ale-house chanc'd to
spy;

And being rather tired, as well as dry,
Resolv'd to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get and cheap.
He enters; 'Hollo! Garcon, if you please,
Bring me a littel bit of bread and cheese!
And, 'hollo, Garcon, a pot of porter too,' he
said,

'Which I shall take, and then myself to
bed.'

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were
left,

Which our poor Frenchman thinking it no
theft,

Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wish'd-for bed! but not a wink he slept;
For, on the floor some sacks of flour were
laid,

To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
Our hero now undress'd, popp'd out the
light,

Put on his cap, and bade the world good
night;

But first his breeches, which contain'd the
fare,

Under his pillow he had placed with care.
San- ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
At which they gorged themselves; then
smelling round,

Under the pillow, soon the cheese they
found;

And, while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturb'd the Frenchman's
nap;

Who, half awake cries out, "hollo! hollo!
What is dat nibble at my pillow so?

Ah! 'tis one Got dam rat!
What de diable is it he nibble, nibble at?

In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin gallop'd o'er his nose;
And such the pranks they kept up all the
night,

That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.

'Hollo! Garcon! I say!

Bring me de bill for what I have to pay!
The bill was brought, and to his great sur-
prise,

Ten shillings was the charge—he scarce be-
lieves his eyes;

With eager haste he runs it o'er,
And every time he view'd it thought it more.

'Why zounds, and dam!' he cries 'I shall
no pay,

What, charge ten shillings for what I have
mange?

A leetle sup of portar, dis vile bed,

Where all de rats do run about my head?'

'O, curse those rats!' the landlord mutter'd
out;

'I wish to the Lord that I could make them
scout;

'I'll pay him well that can.' 'What's that
you say?'

'I'll pay him well that can.' 'Attend to me,
I pray:

Vill you dis charge forego, what I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?'

'With all my heart,' the jolly host replies,

'Ecoutez donc, ami,' the Frenchman cries,

'First, den—regarder, if you please;

Bring to dis spot a leetel bread and cheese,

Eh, bien! a pot of portar too;

And den invite de rats to sup wid you,

And after—no matter dey be willing—

For what dey eat, you charge dem just ten
shilling;

And I am sure, when dey behold de score,

Dey'll quit your house, and never come no
more.'

The Accurs'd One.

(An Original Recitation, Written by Mr. T. Prest.)

Mark ye yon haggard form, whose tatter'd
clothes

Hang loose, dishevell'd, round a figure that
once

Might dare the sculptor's skill to imitate,
But now is worn by sorrow, emaciated by
deep

And ardent suffering;—while those totter-
ing limbs,

Which once were graceful, and well turn'd
As the far fam'd Apollo de Medicis; are now
Wasted to mere ruins of what they once
were,

And are almost sunk beneath the unhappy
burthen

Of guilt and misery, they are doomed to
carry!

Look on that face, blanched—and careworn,
as the

Expectant criminal, awaiting that last awful
moment,

That shall usher him with all his unrepented
crimes,

Before an Almighty Judge.—Behold his
frenzied eye!—

Mark his blue and quivering lips!—His
wildly clenched hands!

His long black raven locks—flying wildly
in the wind,

And in him trace the wretched form of the
Accurs'd One!

Accurs'd! oh! heavily accurs'd is he,—a
brother's blood

Stains those clasped hands, a brother slain
in the wild hour

Of jealousy!—The curse of a second Cain
marks his brow,

While from the grave the troubled spirit of
 a murder'd mother,
 Proclaims him also—*Matricide!*—Oh, that so
 foul a tale,
 Might from the tablet of memory for ever be
 erased,
 Nor mortal ever know that guilt had so
 triumph'd
 O'er their unguarded wretched, fellow-man!
 When the dark fiend instill'd into his mind
 The poisonous gangreen of jealousy; and
 his hand,
 Guided by madness, was upraised to strike
 The fatal poniard into a brother's heart, that
 mother,
 Kindest of all woman—kind, most affectionate
 of parents;
 Anxious to save the scene of bloodshed,
 threw herself between
 The brothers!—Merciful Heaven!—she
 shriek'd! for her
 Heart received the murderous weapon,
 wielded
 By him who had drawn the support of life
 From her paternal bosom!—Nor stopped the
 villain there:
 Even a mother's dying shriek—her reproach-
 ful piteous eye,
 Nor streaming bosom—could not withhold his
 guilty hand;
 And ere his brother, (paraliz'd to the spot,
 by the awful scene
 Of his mother's death;) had power to avert
 the blow,
 He too was stretch'd bleeding by a brother's
 hand,
 And in the arms of his dead mother, sought
 his maker!
 Awhile the monster gazed!—while his eye
 seem'd to glut
 Upon the barbarous work of his hands:—
 then with a wild
 And fiendish laugh, he fled the spot!—But
 the curse
 Of an avenging God was upon him! Con-
 science with all
 Its horrid fiends, made of his mind an
 earthly Pandemonium;—
 All honest men fled him, as though "*Mur-
 derer*" was written on his brow
 In characters of fire!—Women shrunk from
 him, as if
 A poisonous Adder had cross'd their path;
 —while children,
 As though by instinct, shudder'd when they
 saw him,
 And silently pray'd, that Heaven might
 never let them rebel
 Against a mother's peace, a mother's life!—
 He sought the maddening wine cup, but no!
 A mother's ghastly hand presented the glass,
 A brother's filmy eyes glared on him as the
 glass
 Was going to his lips, and he dash'd it from
 him,
 And with a wild and frenzied shriek, fled
 To haunts of misery and solitude.

Oh, guilt! how dreadful is the penance thou
 dost inflict
 Upon thy wretched votaries!—His tale is
 briefly told—
 Dissipation — debauchery — drunkenness—
 gambling—
 Every vice, that guilt acknowledgeth,
 Did the murderer fly to, to stifle for a
 while
 The stings of conscience!—Fortune he lost—
 The eyes of man turn'd from him in abhor-
 rence:
 Beggary—misery—destitution—followed,—
 And he became the wretch you see him now;
 Dwelling in woods and solitudes;—his food,
 The humble berries the trees of the forest
 afforded:
 His drink the stream!—His companion, re-
 morse,
 Awful,—perpetual remorse!—His music was
 The howling blast—on which the piteous
 groans
 Of a murdered parent, and a butcher'd bro-
 ther,
 Were ever borne to his distracted ears!—
 See—he approaches;—his eye gleams with
 more than mortal brightness!—
 His step is hurried!—His emaciated hands
 firmly clutch his raven locks;—
 The ghastly smile of madness, distorts his
 features!—
 He approaches the cliff!—Quick as thought,
 He rushes up its almost inaccessible sides!
 He gains the summit, whose narrow point
 Frowns destruction to the most hardy adven-
 turer!
 With an hideous smile he gazes upon the
 rushing waters,
 That foam and roll beneath!—And now
 some horrid sounds,
 Seem to vibrate on his ears!—And cold
 cold, large drops
 Of sweat, stream down his livid temples;—
 and now
 His frenzied eye seems to fix upon an ob-
 ject
 That freezes his soul with horror!—
 He starts!—Good Heaven! his feet are on
 the brink
 Of the cliff!—Another step only remains
 between
 The murderer and eternity!—Again he
 starts;
 He shrieks—"Christ, save me, they are
 with me!"
 A wild death laugh, escapes his bosom!—
 Another start—he falls!—His body dashes
 against
 The sides of the rugged cliff!—The hissing
 waters
 Open to receive their prey!—*The Accurs'd*.
One
 Hath rush'd to meet his Judge!

Lord William.

(A Recitation, by Southey).

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their Lord;
And he, the rightful heir possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood 'midst a fair domain;
And Severn's ample waters near,
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man,
Would love to linger there;
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour,
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driven,
Lord William left his home;
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that shook,
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay;
For well had conscience calender'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains
Fell fast, with tempest roar;
And the swell'd tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl;
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came;
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill the shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest;
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,
To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand;
Such and so pale as when in death,
He grasp'd his brother's hand.

Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge
He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward!"

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear;
He only heard the storm of night—
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm,
His inmost soul appals;
"What, ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!"

He rose in haste, beneath the walls,
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall;
And eager to the welcome aid,
They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
"This dangerous haste forbear;
Wait other aid, this little bark
But one from hence can bear."

Lord William leap'd into the boat,
"Haste—haste to yonder shore!
And ample wealth shall well reward,—
Ply swift and strong the oar."

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream;
Sudden, Lord William heard a cry,
"Like Edmund's drowning scream."

The boatman paused, "Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!"
" 'Twas but the howling wind of night,"
Lord William made reply.

"Haste, haste—ply swift and strong the oar,
"Haste, haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard the child's distressful scream,"
The boatman cried again;
"Nay, hasten on—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain."

"Oh, God! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And can'st thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry?"

"How horrible it is to sink,
Beneath a chilly stream;
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard. It came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud.

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood;
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting place;
The moon-beam shone upon the child
And show'd how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he scream'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

Young Lochinvar.

(A much admired Recitation, Written by
Sir W. Scott.)

Young Lochinvar had come out of the West,
Thro' all the wide borders his steed was the
best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon
had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, so dauntless in war,
There never was knight, like young Lochin-
var.

He staid not for brake, he stopp'd not for
stone,
He swam the Eske river where forde there
was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came
late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lo-
chinvar!

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and bro-
thers and all;

Then spoke the bride's father with hand on
his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never
a word;

"Oh, come you in peace here, or come you
in war,
Or to dance at our bridal young Lord Lo-
chinvar?"

I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you de-
nied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like
its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of
mine,
To dance but one measure, drink one cup of
wine:
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely
by far,
Wou'd gladly be bride to the young Lo-
chinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took
it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down
the cup;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up
to sigh,
With a smile on her cheek, and a tear in her
eye:
Then took her fair hand, ere her mother
could bar,
"Now tread we one measure," cried young
Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While the mother did fret, and the father
did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his
bonnet and plume:
And the bridesmaids whisper'd "'twere
better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young
Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her
ear,
They reach'd the hall door, and the charger
stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle, before her he sprung;
"She's won," they are gone o'er bank, bush,
and squar,
"They have fleet steeds that follow," cried
young Lochinvar!

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the
Netherby clan,
Fortes, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Canobie
Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby, ne'er did
they see:
So faithful in love, and so gallant in war,
Have you e'er heard of a knight like the
young Lochinvar?

The Bachelor's Soliloquy,

(In Imitation of the famous Soliloquy of Hamlet.)

To wed, or not to wed—that is the question :
Whether it is better still to rove at large
From fair to fair, amid the wilds of passion
Or plunge at once into a sea of marriage,
And quench our fires?—To marry—take a
wife—

No more—and by a wife to say we quell
Those restless ardours, all those nat'ral tum-
ults

That the flesh is heir to;—'tis a consolation
Devoutly to be wish'd.—Marry—a wife,
A wife—perchance a devil:—ay, there's the
rub;

For 'mong that angel sex what devils are
found,

When they have shuffled off the virgin mask,
Must give us place.—There' the respect
That keeps a prudent man so long a batche-
lor,

For who would bear the taunts of longing
maids,

The harlot's impudence, the prude's disdain,
The pangs of love despis'd, coquette's delay,
The insolence of beauty and the spurns
Which merit bears, when fools become their
favorites;

When he himself might his *quietus* make
With one kind woman?—Say, what youth
could bear

To wish and sigh away the weary night,
To dangle after belles, coquettes, and
wenches,

But that the dread of something after honey
moon,

(That gaily fleeting period, whose sweet
joys

Few love, alas! survive) puzzles the will,
And bid us rather linger in the path,
The well known simple path of single life,
Than tempt the dark perplexed ways of wed-
lock!

Thus forethought does make bach'lors of us
all:

And hence the face of many a willing maid
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of lan-
guishment;

And many a youth of no small pith and mo-
ment,

With this regard, spends all his days in
raking,

And damns the name of husband.

The Orphan Boy.

(A Pathetic Recitation, written by Mr. T. G. Parker.)

Alas, my parents both are dead,
In rags I daily roam;
By charity obtain my bread,
I've neither friend or home.

The rich they spurn, and pass me by,
The poor their little give with joy;
But there is one who dwells on high,
Who'll help the little orphan boy!

Oft on a cold bleak winter's night,
From door to door I go;
I, on my knees, have ask'd their mite,
To shield me from the snow!

But pity's not within their breast,
For the orphan drop a tear;
In heaven I hope to find that rest,
Which is denied me here!

The Lawyer.*Similis simili gaudet.* Phæd.

A knotty point a lawyer had,
Which no one e'er resolv'd;
He try'd the bar, and e'en the bench—
They're all in doubts involv'd.

At length he recollected well,
He had one friend behind—
Old Satan had not yet been ask'd,
Though always in his mind.

Away the lawyer posts in haste,
With briefs unto the devil;
Who soon resolv'd this knotty point,
And added, very civil—

"Since you and I pursue one trade,
O let us never part."
"Agreed, egad," the lawyer cried;
"I'll stay with all my heart!"

From that time forth the lawyer stay'd,
And practis'd mighty well—
If it be true, as it is said,
That rogues thrive best in hell.

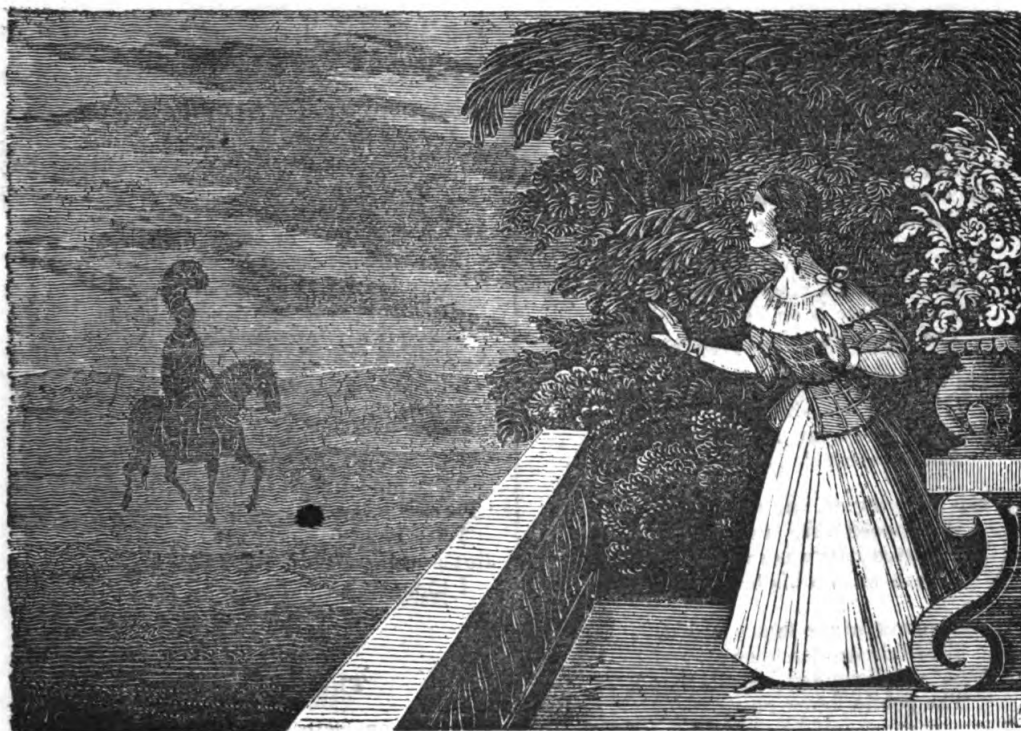
TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the enemies of a gypsy party be well stung with hornets.
May it be long ere we're book'd in the Gravesend Omnibus.
May the kind heart never be broken by sorrow.
May our happiness be boundless as the sea.

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BUDGET OF RECITATIONS.



THE SPIRIT KNIGHT.

(A celebrated Recitation by R. G. W.)

A lady sits in the maiden bower,
On maiden bower craig's sae high;
An' wha' but she's the fairest flower
I ever chanced to spy.

An' aye, she looks towards the south,
An' aye, she wrings her hands;
"Oh! may he come unscaith'd to me,
Frae England's deadly brands."

But sorrow sits npon her brow,
An' dread in her dark een;
An' lang she's sat in that grey bower,
Where twines the ivy green.

Thrice hath she seen the harvest moon,
In her gold car arise;
An' thrice she's seen that pale wan orb,
Go down the western skies.

An' three lang autumn days she's heard,
The ethereal minstrels' sang;
Below her on the fir and birch,
The braes and meads amang.

An' she hath seen the sun shine on,
Blithe shearers on the lea;
But oh! they downa, downa bring,
Joy to that lady's ee.

The fourth day caum, an' pass'd awa',
Just as the iither three;
An gloamin grey began to thrav.
Its veil upon the lea,
No. 8.

But yet the maiden sat an' look'd,
As she could pierce the gloom;
While darker still the eve becaum,
And silent as the tomb.

When through the settled gloamin grey,
A form appear'd in sight;
"It is, it is, my gallant Græme,"
For well she ken'd her knight.

"Oh! welcome, welcome my true love,
Oh! welcome back to me;"
An' she wav'd her silken scarlet scarf,
An' lit shot frae her ee.

"But ah! how laggard is his pace,
The steed does hardly move;
Ah! how unlike a messenger,
Wha bringeth nocht but love.

"An' slowly caum the coal black steed,
Owre craig's green broomy brae;
An' slawly caum the stalwarth knight,
A' clad in steel array."

It was nae either light or dark,
But just the lights atween;
An' the mair she gazed, the mair distinct,
The form grew to her een,

They seem'd as if a part o' air,
For in a solid mass,
Baith horse and rider floated owre
The velvet mossy grass.

An' as the steed still nearer caum,
Nae living clang was heard;
An' the rider wav'd not his hand,
Nor uttered a word.

Nocht broke the stillness o' the eve,
But sighing o' the trees;
Or ever an' anon some bird's,
Shrill note caum on the breeze.

They stop, an' through the gloom she sees,
The warrior's vizor clos'd;
But oh! there is on his huge shield,
The Græme's bright arms embossed.

He raised his arm, an' lifted up
His vizor, an' she saw,
Her ain true lover, Ronald Græme,
Ance bravest o' the braw.

His piercing ee, nae mair shot fire,
His cheeks were sunk an' low;
His matted hair was red wi' gore,
A gash was on his brow.

An' sorrowful the figure look'd,
That fair maiden upon;
Wha' wi' distended 'eeballs gazed,
The goblin figure on.

He pointed with his armed hand,
Unto his withered brow;
The red blood from it in a stream,
Ran down upon the knowe.

She saw—she shriek'd—an' need I tell,
She sunk on her hard seat?
An' need I tell ye that her cup
O' misery was complete?

'Twas noon day when frae that lang trance,
She wak'd wi' aspect wild;
She rose, she left the bower, but oh!
She never after smiled.

How to Crown a Joke.

(A Comic Recitation, written by T. Prest.)

Some gents once at a tavern met,
And joking o'er their glasses sat;
Till deep libations, it is said,
Had made a muddle of each head:
But still the cheerful glass went round,
And wit and laughter did abound.
A Pat, of sly, but sprightly wit,
To joke upon—a dandy hit;
So laughing at Pat's bright bald head,
Our little buck thus keenly said:—
'Friend pray excuse me, but 'tis true,
Tho' strange the same may seem to you,
At your bald head I've long been gazing,
And think its ugliness amazing!
've gazed on monsters' heads a score,
But ne'er saw such a one before.'

Pat was enraged at this remark,
But still resolved to have a lark;

And quickly catch this saucy elf,
And turn the joke against himself.

It happened that Pat had with him brought
A smart shillalah!
And now a scheme of vengeance quickly he
thought

Upon.—He seiz'd it gaily.
At the same time he seiz'd his stick,
And without dread;
He gave his fist a sudden nick,
And dropt it on the dandy's head;
Which quickly brought him to the ground,
And caus'd the blood to fly around.
'Oh, lud! oh, murder! what d'ye mean by
that?'

Exclaimed the dandy in a fright;
'Och, honey! don't offend be,' cried Pat,
'I've only striv'd to be polite.'
'Polite!' 'yes honey, do not frown;
I beg your pardon if your head I've broke,
But as you ventured *jokes upon my crown*,
I thought it right to *crown the joke*.'

The Shipwreck;

OR, THE TWO ORPHANS.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr.
Isaac Bass.)

"Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful hour!
More fiercely pours the storm."

BYRON.

Close by a shore, a cottage stood, deck'd all
with mossy green,
That sheltered oft an orphan lass, from many
a dangerous scene;
Her parents gone, no sister left, to share
with her her lot,
Except an aged feeble aunt, that dwelt
within the cot.

While sitting at the door one eve, watching
a gliding bark,
The foaming surge mountainous rose, the
sky grew drear and dark;
The wind began to howl around, the sea-
man's fearful knell,
The blue-forked lightning 'gan to flash, and
lit the ocean swell.

The orphan child gaz'd wildly round, half
madden'd with despair;
Then prostrate sunk upon her knees, and
offered up a prayer:
The purport of those fervent words, which
unto heaven she gave,
Was that the seamen might be sav'd, from
the ocean's watery grave.

She gazed more wildly than before, and
eager was her mind;
She thought she saw the canvas sail, to flut-
ter in the wind;

She call'd, and call'd, twice o'er and o'er,
 she rav'd, 'twas no avail;
 And saw with fearful eye, a ship, ride rude-
 ly in the gale.

She wav'd a 'kerchief to and fro, a signal to
 the crew,
 She beckoned with her trembling hand, to
 guide the seamen's view:
 A piercing shriek broke on her ear, the
 heavens were overcast,
 Distinct she heard with list'ning ears, the
 creaking of the mast.

The zig-zag lightning flash'd more bright!
 the thunder peal'd around,
 The maiden thought that now she heard, de-
 struction in the sound;
 Again she cast her anxious eye, far from a
 rocky steep—
 Oh! God—she saw the tossing ship, plunge
 fiercely in the deep.

She saw a youthful mariner to struggle in
 the wave,
 Again, she waves her 'kerchief high, and
 hopes his life to save;
 She thought she heard a faint like voice,
 amid the torrent's roar—
 'Twas not in vain, and he ere long, with
 struggling reached the shore.

The gasping youth sunk feebly down, and
 look'd around the spot,
 The careful maiden raised him up, and led
 him to the cot;
 The succour she applied to him, gave san-
 guine hopes of life;
 And with a burst of joy exclaim'd, "Thank
 God, I've saved his life!"

The healthy bloom came o'er his cheek, his
 look was not so wild,
 He knelt upon the cottage floor, and bless'd
 the orphan child;
 From day to day her love grew warm, her
 smiles were not in vain,
 She lov'd, and found she was belov'd, by the
 shipwreck'd seaman swain.

"Sweet maid," he cried, with troubled voice,
 while tears were trickling fast,
 "No friend I ever thought to find, now have
 I one at last?
 My father, mother, sisters all, lie sleeping
 in the grave,
 I left my home, my native land, and ven-
 tured on the wave.

I thought 'twould cheer my youthful heart,
 that again I might be bless'd,
 To seek the scenes of distant land, and
 change my place of rest;
 But all had failed to rid me of the deep,
 desponding gloom,
 That was impressed on this sad heart, for
 joy had now no room.

I left old England's happy shore, for some
 far distant land,
 We glided o'er the glassy wave, unto a
 foreign strand;
 The gallant seamen of our bark, were all in
 mirthful mood,
 Save I, a friendless orphan, who, in pain and
 sorrow stood.

They sang their ocean song with glee, and
 sought my mirth to court,
 They ask'd me oft, goodnaturedly, to join
 them in their sport;
 I vainly tried to understand their merry
 ocean glee—
 My cup of sorrow seem'd to flow, more at
 their revelry.

I did not envy one at song, for it could not
 beguile;
 I did not envy when they danced, but strove
 to force a smile;
 I did not try to sadden one, with my long
 tale of grief—
 For none could give, save weary time, the
 least of kind relief.

But, days and months, and even years, now
 pass'd in rapid course,
 And I began at length to yield to time's all
 powerful force:
 I knew I was an orphan still, as the ship
 rode speedily on—
 I knew ne'er more I could be call'd, a brother,
 or a son.

My sorrowlessened as time flew, I daily grew
 resigned,
 I knew 'twas useless thus to weep, for those
 I'd left behind;
 I like my brother mariners, began to dance
 the deck,
 But little thought the fragile ship, so soon
 would be a wreck.

We heard the distant thunder roar, the
 tempest 'gan to lour,
 The sails were rent from off the mast, by
 lightning's vivid power:
 A towering wave's impetuous force, soon
 swept away the mast,
 The seamen read their ocean prayer, and
 eyes to heaven did cast.

The ship was reeling on the wave, an awful
 crash was heard,
 The keel had split upon a rock, 'God save
 us' was the word;
 A shriek now issued from the crew, I heard
 the thrilling sound;
 Oh! heaven, I hardly can proceed, each
 seaman there was drown'd.

My brother seamen all are lost, I too had
 found my grave,
 Had not thy friendly aid appear'd, my or-
 phan life to save;

Accept my hand, sweet maiden dear, I'll
quit my ocean life,
And ne'er forget to bless thy love, my bride,
my orphan wife."

The Murderer's Grave.

(Original, Written by Joseph Loftin.)

'Tis near a wood, whose gloomy shade,
Speaks dreary solitude;
Beside a stream, whose waves upbraid,
Its banks, uneven, rude.

One blasted yew there spreads around
Its arms, each storm to brave;
'Tis there a barren spot of ground,
Points out the murd'rer's grave.

No feelings kind secure the spot,
To veneration's tear:
No mortal mind could dread a lot,
More desolate of cheer!

No grass there grows, nor herbage wild,
Nor gentle dews bestow
Their moisture fresh, nor sunbeams mild,
In glad'ning brightness glow.

No human race, nor gentle beast,
Nor cheerful bird there dwell;
But savage monsters, for their feast,
Each other's blood oft spill.

There tempests dwell, and lightning's fire,
And thunders vent their rage;
In deaf'ning peals:—their mingled ire,
No days of calm assuage.

The Panther in blood thirsty mood,
Roves on with savage growl;
The Leopard fierce, the coward wolf,
Raise one continued howl.

The Jackalls hunt with dreadful bay,
The Tiger adds his roar;
Not hell's full band, in loudest play,
Could swell the concert more.

The Hyena brings his impure prey,
From consecrated ground;
And flying swift the light of day,
'Mid the fell crew is found.

The Vulture's dismal shriek resounds,
Echo the sound conveys;
The cheerless bat, in lowering rounds,
His hideous form displays.

The Owl her wings in heavy flight,
Flaps mournful to the air;
The Eagle from his dizzy height,
Views desolation there.

But stay'd he not; nor on the place,
One look unneeded gave;
The offspring of each gen'rous race,
Fly far the murderer's grave!

The Probate and the Reprobate.

(A Comic Recitation.)

A bumpkin from the country, whose papa
Had died, and left him all his riches,
Came up to town—I need not say how far—
To touch the cash, and put it in his
breeches—

Pockets I should have said, but rhymes run
very hard,
And Peter, my precursor, was no dainty
bard.

Greenhorn was still executor to dad,
And having popp'd the will into his
pocket;

Came up for probate by the coach, like mad,
As creditors do sometimes for a docket;
For funds were high, at which our youth
was glad,

As he no more in consols meant to lock it.

Dad had long kept him short, and now young
squire

Meant to enjoy his every fond desire;
This was the sort of chap for knowing
punter;

He thought of keeping snug some comely
lass,

To help him off with superfluous brass,
Besides a gig, a hackney, and a hunter.

'Twas dull November when he came to town,
And dark and dreary;

The coach at Two-neck'd Swan had set him
down,

And being weary,

Our lad in Lad-lane supp'd, and went to bed,
To rest till morning his own planning head.

It came—and off he set among the proctors,
Near fam'd St. Paul;

In commons set apart for learned doctors,
Not like the commons he had left behind
at all.

Soon, by enquiry taught, our country blade,
Under an arch went;

And found a proctor busy at his trade,
With pens and parchment.

The will's produced—the proctor bows,
And answers Greenhorn's whens and hows;

Who shows amaze,

By telling him that he must wait
For probate, from the present date,

Full two clear days!

He liked not this—for last November,
As every body must remember,

Was dull and foggy, damp and dark;

And wisely thought our sapient spark,

That many days might pass, ere spring,

Without two clear ones following.

And soon he found it at his pent up inn,
Where he has ne'er been since, nor had
before;

And this same Two-necked Swan he did
begin

To think a bore!

Nor blue, nor black, nor any other colour,
But just a downright bore—so thought his
dolor.

Ten days past by, ten days of fog and rain,
As if the sun would never come again;
With *females* in his head, our hero's spirit
fails,
For all his pleasure *here* was looking at the
mails!

They came and went, and went and came,
And here was greeny still the same,
But not at all contented;
He had his fits of surly growling,
To match November's hideous howling.

At length the sun relented—
Came from behind his veil of clouds,
And upon London's busy crowds,
Who long had missed all
His beams, which they supplied by gas,
He shone, like beauty in a lovely lass,
As clear as crystal.

And for two days he kept up all his clear-
ness,
Much to the joy of our admiring lout;
Who now began to find out London's dear-
ness,
At which he'd sometimes pout.

And now he sought again his proctor, who
Stared at our youth as though he'd look him
thro',
And said, 'When you first came to me,
your haste
Was such, you thought an hour too long to
waste,
To keep you from your old dad's hoarded
money:
And certainly to me it has seemed funny,
Twelve days you should have staid, so well
I know,
That in *two days* you might have had the
rhino.'
'Two days,' cried Green, 'to me you said
two clear days!
Ten cloudy ones I stopped—to me ten dear
days;
Since that the sun has shone *two clear days*
more,
And here I am quite punctual at your door.'
He touch'd his cash, went home, and quickly
spent it;
And, *clear or not*, will *all his days* repent it.

The Peruvian's Tale.

(Written by the Hon. William Lamb,
Recited by Mr. Johnson.)

Ere yet suspense has still'd its throbbing
fear,
Or melancholy wip'd the grateful tear,
While e'en the miseries of a sinking state,
A monarch's danger, and a nation's fate;
Command not now your eyes with grief to
flow,

Lost in a trembling mothers' nearer woe:

What mortal lay shall poetry rehearse,
Or how shall elocution pour the verse
So sweetly, that its music shall repay
The lov'd illusion, which it drives away?
Mine is the task, to rigid customs due,
To me ungrateful, as 'tis harsh to you,
To mar the work the tragic scene has
wrought,

To rouse the mind that broods in pensive
thought,

To scare reflection, which in absent dreams,
Still lingers, musing on the recent themes;
Attention, ere with contemplation tir'd,
To turn from all that pleas'd, from all that
fir'd;

To weaken lessons strongly now impress'd,
And chill the interest glowing in the breast;
Mine is the task, and be it mine to spare
The souls that pant, the griefs they see, to
share;

Let me with no unhallowed jest deride,
The sigh that sweet compassion owns with
pride—

The sigh of comfort, to affliction dear,
That kindness heaves, that virtue loves to
hear

E'en gay Thalia will not now refuse
This gentle homage to her sister-muse.

O, ye, who listen to the plaintive strain,
With strange enjoyment, and with rapturous
pain,
Who erst have felt the stranger's lone des-
pair,

And Haller's settled, sad, remorseless care;
Does Rolla's pure affection less excite,
The inexpressible anguish of delight?
Do Cora's fears, which beat without control,
With less solicitude engross the soul?
Ah, no, your minds with kindred zeal ap-
prove

Maternal feeling, and heroic love.

You must approve, where man exists below,
In temperate climes, or 'midst drear wastes
of snow;

Or where the solar fires incessant flame,
Thy laws, all-powerful nature, are the same;
Vainly the Sophist boasts, he can explain,
The causes of thy universal reign.—

More vainly would his cold presumptuous
art,

Disprove thy general empire o'er the heart?
A voice proclaims thee, that we must be-
lieve—

A voice, that surely speaks not to deceive;
That voice poor Cora heard, and closely
press'd,

Her darling infant to her fearful breast;
Distracted, dar'd the bloody field to tread,
And sought Alonzo through the heaps of
dead:

Eager to catch the music of his breath,
Though faltering in the agonies of death;
To touch his lips, though pale and cold, once
more,

And clasp his bosom, though it stream'd
with gore;

That voice too, *Rolla* heard, and greatly brave,
 His *Cora's* dearest treasure died to save;
 Gave to the hopeless parent's arms, her child,
 Beheld her transports, and expiring smil'd.
 That voice we hear—Oh! be its will obey'd!
 'Tis valour's impulse, and 'tis virtue's aid—
 It prompts to all benevolence admires,
 To all that heavenly piety inspires;
 To all that praise repeats through lengthen'd
 years,
 That honour sanctifies, and time revere.

Much of a Size.

(Recited by J. Loftin.)

Cardinal Wolsey was a man,
 Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare
 says;
 Meaning in metaphor, for ever puffing,
 To swell beyond his size and span.
 But had he seen a player of our days,
 Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
 He would have own'd, that Wolsey's bulk
 ideal,
 Equall'd not that within the bounds,
 This actor's belt surrounds:
 Which is, moreover, all alive and real.

This player, when the peace enable shoals
 Of our old fishes,
 To visit every clime between the poles,
 Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken;
 Although his wishes,
 Must not in this proceeding be mistaken,
 For he went out professionally bent,
 To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ,
 He found himself at Lisle one afternoon.
 And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
 And catch a peep at the ascending moon;
 Out of the town he took a stroll,
 Refreshing in the fields his soul,
 With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy
 fleeces,
 And thought of crowded houses, and new
 pieces.

When we are pleasantly employed, time flies;
 He counted up his profits to the skies;
 Until the moon began to shine,
 On which he gaz'd awhile, and then,
 Pull'd out his watch, and cried,—“Past
 nine!
 Why zounds! they shut the gates at ten!”
 Backwards he turn'd his steps instantan-
 stumping along with might and main—
 And though 'tis plain,
 He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
 (Those who had seen him would confess it,) he
 March'd well for one of such obesity.

Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead
 mopping,
 He puff'd and blew along the road;
 Afraid, of melting, more afraid of stopping,

When in his path he met a clown,
 Returning from the town.
 “Tell me,” he panted in a thawing state,
 “Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate?”
 “Get in!” replied the hesitating loon,
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight—
 “Why, sey, Sir, I should think you might,
 A load of hay went in this afternoon.”

The Distant Ship.

(By J. Loftin.)

The sea bird's wing, o'er ocean's breast,
 Shoots like a glancing star;
 While the red radiance of the west,
 Spreads kindling fast and far;
 And yet that splendour wins thee not,
 Thy still and thoughtful eye,
 Dwells but on one dark distant spot,
 Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee!—o'er the slumbering deep,
 A solemn glory broods;
 A fire hath touch'd the beacon-steep,
 And all the golden woods:
 A thousand gorgeous clouds on high,
 Burn with the amber light;
 What spell, from that rich pageantry,
 Chains down thy gazing sight?

A chastening thought of human cares,
 A feeling link'd to earth;
 To note yon speck a bark, which bears
 The lov'd of many of birth!
 Oh! do not hope, and grief, and fear,
 Crowd her frail world even now?
 And manhood's prayer, and woman's tear,
 Follow her venturous prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
 The glittering seas below;
 But we are bound by cords of love,
 To kindred weal and woe!
 Therefore, amidst this wide array,
 Of glorious things and fair;
 My soul is on that bark's lone way,
 For human hearts are there.

A Professional Objection.

(Recited by Mr. Bates.)

A Scottish parson, who received a shock,
 In the impiety of his flock;
 Who with voices like town criers,
 Hourly called each other liars.

He pointed out to all his neighbours,
 (Such was the point of all his labours;)
 That they who sunk thus deep in vice,
 Could never enter Paradise.

“When you hear that which is not true,
 Spoken by me or any brother;
 Always whistle a good loud peal,
 That mode is better than t'other.”

Next Sunday all to Church did go,
To hear their pastor's pious wishes;
Who happen'd for his text to take,
The parable of the loaves and fishes.

Being rather puzzled to explain
The parable, as I'm told;
He thus began with pious mien,
The mystery to unfold.

"Must not the loaves have been a size,
To give so many folks their fills?
Indeed my friends they were as large,
As our famed Grampian Hills!"

He was here stopp'd tho' not in season,
By a loud and piercing whistle;
"Who's that ca's me liar," said he,
"Stand up and state the reason."

"It is I, Willey Macdonald the baker,
I only want to know how
They baked those monstrous loaves,
That you told us of just now?"

The Stage-Struck Hero.

(A Celebrated Recitation.)

A stage-struck hero while at home,
His *Zanga* oft would roar;
One day the servant maid did come,
And gently ope'd the door.

"Woman, away!" aloud he cries,
'I wish to be alone.'
'I beg your pardon,' she replies,
'There's one below unknown.'

He seized her hand, and that with speed,
'Oh, Isabella, dear!
In tears, thou fool!' 'Not I, indeed,
I seldom shed a tear.'

'But what's the meaning of all this?'
'I'll tell thee.' 'Well, sir, well!'
'But, be thou plung'd in hell's abyss,
If it thou e'er should'st tell.'

'You terrify me, sir. Oh, Lord!
What can the secret be?
I'll never tell—upon my word,
No, never! you shall see.

'What is it, sir, I long to know?'
'Know, then, I hate Alonzo!'
'I understand:—that man below;
How dare he trouble me so?'

Away she went, and in good truth,
The man began to blame;
In the meantime our spouting youth,
Richard the Third became.

'Here will I pitch my tent!' he cries,
And on the sofa stretch'd;
The servant maid again appear'd,
For she his breakfast fetch'd.

'Give me a horse—bind up my wounds!'
He jumping up, did call;
The woman startled at the sound,
Let all the tea-things fall.

In came the man, who having said,
'Buckram, Sir, I am';
'Off with his head!' he cries aloud—
'So much for Buckingham!'

The man jump'd back, the woman scream'd,
For both were sore afraid;
A bedlamite our spouter seem'd,
And like *Octavian* said—

'I cannot sleep! and wherefore, pray?
'The leaves are newly pull'd!'
This said, the woman walk'd away,
Until his frenzy cool'd.

But Buckram gave his bill, and so,
He was resolv'd to stay;
'I'll hug on't, will glut on't.'
'Oh, no, I'd rather, sir, you'd pay.'

'Reptile! the exclamation shocks,'
Great were the tailors fears;
'I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks!
The man pull'd out his shears.

'I'll grapple with thee thus;' he cried,
And soon the shears he won;
The tailor was so terrified,
That he thought fit to run.

The Two Stammerers.

(A favourite Recitation.)

While others fluent verse abuse,
And prostitute the comic muse;
In less indecent manner, I
Her comic ladyship will try.
Oh! let my prayer, bright maid avail,
Grant inspiration to my tale!
A tale, both comical and new,
And with a swinging moral too.
In a small quiet country town,
Liv'd Hob, a blunt but honest clown;
Who, spite of all the School could teach,
From habit stammer'd in his speech;
And second nature, soon, we're sure,
Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.
Ask him to say hot rolls and butter;
"A hag-a-gag" and "splitter-splutter,"
Stopp'd every word he strove to utter.
It happen'd once upon a time,
I word it thus to suit my rhyme;
For all our country neighbours know,
It can't be twenty years ago—
Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
Was busy delving at his dyke;
Which, let me not forget to say,
Stood close behind a public way;
And, as he lean'd upon his spade,
Reviewing o'er the work he'd made:
A youth, a stranger in that place,
Stood right before him, face to face—

"P-p-p-p-pray," says he,
 "How f-f-f-far may't be
 To-to," the words would not come out—
 "T-o Borough-bridge, or thereabout?"
 Our clown took huff, thrice hemm'd upon't,
 Then smelt a kind of an affront;
 Thought he—This bluff fool-hardy fellow,
 A little crack'd perhaps, or mellow,
 Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
 Is come to jeer and make his sport;
 Wauns! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
 I'd hoop the rascal's roynish barrel;
 If me he means or dares deride,
 By all that's good I'll tan his hide!
 I'll dress his vile calf's skin in buff;
 And thrash it tender, where 'tis tough."
 Thus, full resolv'd, he stood aloof;
 And waited mute for farther proof;
 While t'other in a kind of pain,
 Applied him to his tongue again—

"Speak, friend, c-c-c-c-can you pray,
 Sh-sh-sh-shew me—on my—way?
 Nay, spe-e-eak!—I'll smook thy bacon!
 You have a t-tongue, or I'm mistaken!"

"Yes, that, th-that I-I-I-have;
 But not for y-y-you—you knave!"
 "What!" cried the stranger, "wh-wh-what!
 D'ye mock me? t-t-take you that!"
 "Huh! you mock me!" quoth Hob, amain;
 "So t-t-take you—that again!"
 Then to't they fell, in furious plight,
 While each one thought himself in th' right:
 And, if you dare believe my song,
 They likewise thought each other wrong.
 The battle o'er—and somewhat cool—
 Each half suspects himself a fool;
 For when to choler folks incline 'em,
 Your argumentum baculinum,
 Administer'd in dose terrific,
 Was ever held a grand specific!

Each word the combatents now utter'd,
 Conviction brought that both dolts stutter'd.
 And each assumed a look as stupid,
 As, after combat, looks Don Cupid:
 Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought,
 He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—
 Would anger deign to sign a truce,
 Till reason could discover truly,
 Why this mad madam were unruly,
 So well she would explain their words,
 Men little use could find for swords.

Quite the Go; or, Name is Every- thing.

(Written by T. Dibdin, Esq.; Recited by
 Mr. Stanley.)

How oft it puts me in a passion,
 When thinking of that vixen, Fashion!
 Who, as she will, mankind disposes,
 And leads e'en sages by their noses;
 Asham'd to doubt when she presides,
 All follow where the phantom glides.

A parson, whose enchanting grace,
 Voice, action, manner, figure, face,
 Prov'd him, where'er he preach'd, a beau,
 And made his reverence—quite the go!
 Having once given out the text,
 Had lost his sermon—strangely vex'd,
 He hemm'd and cough'd—'twas all in vain,
 He could but hem and cough again.
 To own the cause, and so come down,
 Would spoil his credit with the town;
 'Twas full as dangerous to stay,
 Because he knew not what to say;
 Meanwhile his flock with expectation,
 Sat, open-mouth'd for his oration;
 At length he ventur'd to advance,
 Trusting to bronze, address, and chance:
 Now through each aisle his voice resounds—
 Now, 'tis confined to moderate bounds;
 Of *ands* and *ifs* he forms a jingle,
 While soft expressions sweetly mingle;
 And see! to charm as much the sight,
 The handkerchief of snowy white;
 While every attitude convinces,
 His dancing-master was the Prince's.
 Now raised on metaphoric wing,
 He neatly shows his diamond ring;
 And on the clock his eye oft glances,
 To see how far his task advances.

His audience sate, with hush'd attention,
 Each posed beyond all comprehension;
 They knew the preacher must be clever—
 Of that they had no doubt whatever;
 Therefore maintain'd they sat too near,
 Or too far off, a word to hear;
 Yet in one judgment all combine—
 'The sermon was extremely fine!'
 Of course each confidently knew,
 The fault was only in the pew;
 And went away resolv'd to find,
 Next time, a seat more to his mind,
 With graceful steps the priest descends,
 And gravely bows to all his friends:
 Who smiles return of approbation,
 For this most charming declamation!

Thus, when you've once procured a name,
 Act as you please—'tis all the same!

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HE VAS A VERY JONTEEL MAN FOR ALL DAT.

(A celebrated French Recitation, as originally given by Mr. Melvin, Mr. Matthews, &c.)

Mais ! I am Monsieur Jean Francois Marie Louis Grenoble. In Angleterre here, I vas vat you call de emigrant ; because in the revolution, ma foi ! ven my countree, dat I love so much, vant to cut off my head, I take to my feet, and ran away very fast, so dat de guillotine, by gar, can no cut short my valk over de sea—not at all. Here I make de montre, vat you call de vatch. I am de horloger, de clock-maker, and get de living by de tick. Mais dans Paris—in my own countree I vas very large man indeed, vas nobleman, vas son altesse de Prince Grenoble, and stood very high indeed (though I am but a little man now) in de grand Armee Royal.

De other day I vas valk in vat you call your High Park, vere dere are no bucks vid de horns, but de bucks dat come from de Londres de city, and leave dere wives to valk here ; and no deer, but the pretty little girls, and parbleu, dey are very dear indeed, pretty indeed, very. Vell, I vas valk dere, and see sit on de bench for vat dey call to dine vid de Duke Humphrey, un pauvre homme ; he seem very hungry, very cold ; he looked very dirty, very ragged, and very poor indeed—but he appear very jonteel man for all dat.

I go to him, and I say to him—for I see in de twinkle of de eye he vas von Frenchman—vas my countreman—mon ami, my No. 9.

friend, my countreman, for vat you sit on dis bench here, to dine vid de Duke Humphrey ? vy you no go to de cook-shop de restaurateur, vere dey eat de beef and de mouton, and de sallad, and de pomme de terre ?

He say to me, ' I am brave Francois—I am jontilhomme—I am one of de first men in all France—but I am sans sous, point d'argent ; I have not one single farthing dans tout le monde ; not a halfpenny in all de world, and no credit at all.

Den he shew me his pockets filled vid very large holes, but nothing else ; but he appear very jonteel man for all dat ; and al at once, immediately, directly, instamment, in de half second, I recollect to have seen him in Paris, dress all in de silver and de gold lace.—Jontilhomme or noble, I forgot vchich, but it vas all de same. I look at him again—ma foi ! he have no lace but de rags, and no silver but de gray hair dat grow out of de great hole in de crown of his hat, like you see de pigeons' claw out of de top of de pie—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

He make de graceful bow to me ; mon Dieu ! his knee come out of de pantaloon, and I see his great toe look at me out of de end of his pump—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

I say to him, my countreman, mon ami,

no l'argent, no credit, no dinner; vat for you leave your logement den? vy you no take de refreshment, de sleep in your bed?

He say to me, 'Ah, mon ami! I have no logement, no bed; I lodge in de open air, vere I pay no rent, and I sleep here; de bench is my mattress, and de tree dat hang over my head de curtain, and sometime de sentinal he come and tuck me in vid de butt-end of his bayonet; for de Jean Bull no have de politesse to de autrefois jontilhomme at all! but I am very jonteel man for all dat.'

Sacre bleu! no logement, no bed; pauvre homme, my heart is all melt with de great big pity for you, my friend, my countreman, I shall take you home to my maison, and give you de dinner and de sleep for de night; for though you have no money, no credit, no dinner, no logement—though your hair grow out of de top of de hat, your knee walk out of your pantaloon, and your great toe peep out of de end of your pump—your shoe, I see you are very jonteel man for all dat. My landlady is particulaire, she no like de stranger sleep in her domicile, so ve vil wait and get de bon appetite till it is dark—den you sall pull off you shoe, and ve vill steal up de stair, and nobody sall know ve are dere.

So he pay me de great compliment, give me de grand thanks; for though his beard vas like de great blacking shoe brush stuck on his chin, and had no been shave for one month, he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve walk under de tree, and talk of de grand restaurateur, vere dey have de five hundred dishes for dinner, and de splendid palace of de great monarque a Versailles, till at last it grow to de dark night—den ve steal home to my logement, and I open de door vid de littel key vot I have in my pocket; den I rub my shoe on de mat, and I leave de dirt—mon ami, my countreman, he rub his shoe on de mat and he leave de sole dere—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Ve have de littel joke on his lose de sole; den I pull off my shoe and dere is my stocking—mon ami, my countreman, he pull off his shoe, and dere is only his foot, he have no stocking at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de little joke because he no have de stocking, and ve creep up de stair, light as de feather, vidout any body hear; for mon ami, my countreman, pauvre homme, he have no flesh, only de bone, for vant of de something to eat very often—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve get into my room, mon apartment, mon chambre a lit; dere I strike de light, make de fire, lay de cloth, and get my dinner from de cupboard. I pull out de large piece of bread, de neck of de mouton dat vas boiled yesterday, and de great dish of sonp maigre, dat I make hot; and I say, now mon ami, my countreman, ve vill have

de dinner; but before I commence I say de grace. Parbleu! my friend he commence, and no say de grace at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I get up for de cloth to put under my chin, dat I may no grease my frill vid de soup maigre; begar, ven I come back to help myself, begar, dere is none! mon ami, my countreman, he have swallow it all up—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke about de soup maigre, sure not to grease my frill den, and I go to take some mouton; begar! dere is only de bones—mon ami, my countreman, he have eat up all de meat—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

Vell, ve have de littel joke, and I laugh a littel, on de wrong side of my mouth, about my friend eat all de meat and leave me de bone, and I go to make a shift vid de crust of de bread, but by gar, dere is no bread at all; mon ami, my countreman he eat all de bread vwhile I eat de soup—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat. Ve not have de littel joke dis time, and I content myself vid de cheese paring and de bit of salt.

At last it come time to go to bed—and I say, mon ami, my countreman, ve vill aller coucher, put our heads in de night-cap: vell, I pull off my coat, dere is my vaistcoat—mon ami, my countreman pull off his coat, by gar, dere is no vaistcoat at all—but he vas very jonteel man for all dat.

I pull off my vaistcoat, dere is my shirt; mon ami, my countreman, have no vaistcoat to pull off, and, by gar, dere is no shirt at all—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

I say, mon ami, my countreman, dere is de old sack dat de gardener bring vid de pomme de terre, you sall make de shift vid dat. Vell, he lay on de potatoe sack for his shirt, and I go to sleep: in de matin I wake and look for mon ami, my countreman, and by gar, he is no dere! I look for my breeches, and by gar, dey are no there.

Vell, I say I vill put on my vaistcoat and my coat, and see if he is gone down stair. By gar, dey are no there; nor more is my hat, nor my stocking, nor my shoe, nor my anyting; but dere is de chapeau, vid de hole in de top, de pantaloon out of de knee, de shoe dat have no sole, and very littel body, and de dam greasy, rusty, ragged habit of mon ami, my countreman.

Vell, I say, he has dress himself in all my tings by mistake; he have no money, no credit, no logement, his hair grow out de top of his hat, his knee walk out of his pantaloon, his toe look out of his pump, his sole come out of his shoe; he eat my supper vwhile I turn my head, and no leave me none—he have no vaistcoat, no shirt—he make a shift and sleep in my potatoe sack—he get up vwhile I sleep and run away vid all my clothes, it is all very bad, ma foi—but he is very jonteel man for all dat.

So I make de fire vid his old clothes, as dey were too bad for de Jew—wrap myself in de blanket, and I think I vill go to my vork again; ven, by gar, I find all de vatch les montres dat vas left by my customers, because dey would not go, had all go while I vas asleep; mon ami, my countreman, had taken them while I vas dormi, and I vas ruin, and oblige to run away—but he vas a very jonteel man for all dat.

Gazul and Zelinda.

(By Joseph Loftin.)

The morning bright, bathed in rosy light,
Proud Lucar's ample street;
When, Gazul, drest, in snow-white vest,
Mounted his courser fleet;
With purple and green, and in golden sheen,
His trappings and harness shone;
Stately and loud, and with champings proud,
Caracol'd his brave steed on.

At a mansion high, with a balcony,
Where a form of beauty stood;
Like an angel fair, in the clear blue air,
On an errand of mortal good:
Gazul checks his rein, for the pride of Spain,
Is there in her matchless grace:
On his soul she gleams, as the sun's first beams,
O'er a soft cloud's silvery face.

He lights on the ground, with a warrior's bound,
And his knee on the earth is bent;
But his gaze is above, at the maid of his love.
From his heart's devotion sent.
To Gelves I go, to the Tourney's show,
O! vision of hope to me!
And thou art the charm, that shall nerve my arm,
With the power of victory.

With haughty scorn, from the warrior borne,
Zelinda looks away;
His love she spurns, for her bosom burns,
In a hell of jealousy—!
Go haste to the tilt, or the maid, if thou wilt,
Whom thou lovest far more than me!
Not a moment is past, and the casement is fast,
While the lover is on his knee.

He gazes around, then low to the ground,
Casts a thunder-stricken glance;
And in wild despair, on the marble there,
Shivers his useless lance.
From the gallant fete, and in downcast state,
He back to Grenada hies;
While the sorrow and pain that madden his brain,
Gush forth in his humid eyes.

But the fairest frame, that may chill love's flame,

With the fear of a rival's art;
Will oft-times see, that, like gaunt envy,
She preys on her own torn heart.
Ere evening was near, after many a tear,
Paid to burning love—to pride;
Zelinda once more, from her chamber door,
Calls her page to her couch's side.

My eyes o'erflow! haste, my dear page, go,
To Gazul, the Moorish knight;
Say, Zelinda will wait, at her garden-gate,
At the hour of pale moonlight—!
Yet, stay—oh! no—yes, my good page go,
Then she call'd him back as fast;
As her pride prevail'd, and love's impulse fail'd,
But she sent him away at last.

The moon slept sweet, on San Lucar's street,
And the trembling stars were bright;
When the lover stole, to the maid of his soul,
Thro' the shades of that lovely night.
To the gate he is come, where the page stands dumb,
With a wicket in his hand;
And he enters there, to his mistress fair,
The star of Grenada's land.

Zelinda blush'd, but her voice was hush'd,
At thought of her pride and scorn;
And the Moor look'd down, for he thought a frown,
Might wither his hopes new born:
A moment they stood, as all lovers would,
That had suffer'd alike annoy;
Then the knight in his arms, lock'd his mistress' charms,
In his bosom's speechless joy.

By the Prophet I swear, my Zelinda fair,
(Said the knight, when he silence broke;)
That I'd sooner die, by my enemy,
Or suffer the Christian yoke;
Than day-by-day, drag my life away,
Unwarm'd by my eyes bright beam;
And the lists to me, bring no victory,
But by spell of thy magic name.

When I couch my lance, I see thee advance,
And direct it on my foe;
When faint grows my stroke, I 'hy name invoke,
And it nerves my Falchion's blow:
No laurels I wear, but for thee, my fair,
No hopes in my bosom spring;—
And I give no prayer, where thou dost not share,
My whole heart's offering;

In the eloquence, of her dark eyes sense,
On the knight the maiden gazed;
They told her tale, more than words avail,
And the flame within her blazed:—

Go, Gazul go, to the Tournay's show,
Thy turban I'll dress for thee;
Lest men should say, that my fault to day,
Robb'd thine arm of victory!

The Workhouse Boy.

(A Burlesque on "Genevra," by M. W. R.)

If ever you should go to Lambeth,
(Where among other things you may see
Vauxhall Gardens—but they are not as they
used to be)

Stop at a house near the Marsh-gate,
Dwelt in of old and late by all the poor.
Its large front, brick upon brick,
And fine pump in front, when dry,
Will long detain you—but, before you go,
Enter the kitchen, and on a wall
You will see a likeness there.

'Tis of a boy in his earliest days,
The fruits of some wretched family:
Drawn by a pal—his name I care not.
He who looks on it, as he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and looks and looks again,
That he may think on it, when far away.
He stands bending forward as to speak,
His mouth wide open, and his hand up,
As if he said "beware the overseer;" his
Cloathes were fustian from head to foot,
A lucky stone hung round his neck,
And on his head, darker than a pitch plai-
ter,
A red night cap.

But then his face
So dirty, yet so plump, so full of woe,
The thumpings of an aching heart—
I looks at it still, though many a day I goes
In the kitchen for soup,
For some hungry pauper.

Alone it's painted among the
Dish covers that adorns our parish din-
ners,

And underneath there stands a copper,
Half eaten up by rust;
A copper that came from Birmingham, and
had held

Many a bucket of soup—
That by-the-bye—you may believe or not—
But don't forget the boy; and you will not,
When I tell you the tale I once heard
there.

He was some poor child—had no friends:
The scorn, the fruits of some wicked father;
Being one night found at the door in a
wretched basket,

By worthy Skullcrack, our parish beadle,
who

Returning late one night, with sundry bas-
kets

Of fish, apples, &c., seized from some poor
women,

He finds the boy, and brings him before
Our workhouse king.

He was given to the nurse, who
Christened him Barnaby.

Barney grew up, a parish pauper.
Just as he looks there, in his workhouse
dress,

Made by our parish tailor;
His pranks with the beadle, was lark for
every one.

But the day came, the hour, when the
Beadle whacked him for the hundreth time.
The nurse, who on two crutches, used to
hobble about,

Who when she had a drop too much,
She gave her soup, to Barnaby.
Great was the joy; on Christmas day,
When all squat down, the boy himself was
wanting.

Nor was he to be found, high or low.
The clerk of the kitchen, Sheepshanks by
name,

Filled the plate of all with soup;
But his hand shook, his teeth chattered,
And soon from pauper to pauper the panic
spread.

'Twas but that instant he had left the table,
To see the copper did not boil over.
Grinning and looking back and running still,
His soup ladle clenched in his hand.
But now, alas! he was not to be found:
Nor from that moment could any tidings be
found

Where he was gone!

Tired of his life,
Skullcrack run to London, and, in larking
He hung himself out of the way.
Sheepshanks lived—and long might you
have seen

An old fool looking about as if he'd lost
something,
Something he could not find—he knew not
what.

When he was gone, the kitchen remained
quiet,

Still and quiet—when we went to dinner.
Full fifty weeks were past, the boy forgotten,
When on a busy day, a day for cleaning
The old things in the kitchen,
The rusty copper was noticed; and 'twas
said

By one of the overseers,
"Why not clean it out for Christmas day?"

'Twas no sooner said, than done,
But at the bottom, they found 'a skeleton,'
With here and there a button, and a lucky
stone,

A brass buckle sticking to a shoe;
All else had stew'd away—save a brass ring
And a wooden soup ladle, the nurse gave
him,

Cut out on the handle, the name of "Bar-
naby."

There, then, had he kicked the bucket,
Over the copper he tried to help himself,
Thinking to have a tuck out of soup;
When an overseer, who was hiding there,
Pushed him in, and he was stewed for
ever.

Damon and Rose.

(ecited by R. Loffin.)

'Twas on a bank of violets sweet,
Fair Rose had sunk to rest;
The streamlet gurgling at her feet,
Swell'd sweetly as her breast.

Around upon the flowery grass,
Her flock in sport did play;
A pipe and crook beside the lass,
Upon the green bank lay.

Amid her bright and shiny curls,
Were mountain flow'rets mix'd;
Her white teeth shone like glossy pearls,
Her rose-bud lips betwixt.

A small straw hat her eyes did hide,
(Serv'd from the sun a screen);
A bright blue band round it was tied,
With wild flowers wove between.

No troublous thought disturb'd her breast,
(The seat of peace and truth;)
She saw in fairy visions blest,
Her Damon, blue eyed youth.

A milk-white ewe that she lov'd best,
Secure from all alarms;
Lay pillow'd on her peaceful breast,
Encirled by her arms.

But Damon wandering near the spot,
Thus sleeping saw the maid;
The sheep away he gently got,
And in its place he laid.

Her ruby lips he soon did taste,
(He dreamt now but of bliss);
But, ah! the maiden woke in haste,
She felt the purloin'd kiss.

"Where is my ewe?" the maiden cries
Says Damon, "Here I am;"
"You!" says the maid, in strange surprise,
You are not worth a dam!"

Collins' Ode on the Passions.

(Recited by Miss Booth, &c., at the Theatres Royal.)

When music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd!
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatch'd her instruments of sound:
And as they oft had heard apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,

Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear, his hand of skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measure wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance
hail!

Still would her touch the scene prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every
close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her
golden hair.

And longer had she sung, but with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder
down,

And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Where ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious
heat:

And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause be-
tween,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd
bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of different themes the veering song was
mix'd,

And now it courted Love, now raving
call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive
soul:

And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled mea-
sure stole,
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond
delay,

Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest
hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket
rung,

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad
known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-
eye'd queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leap'd up and seiz'd his bee-
chen spear,

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the
best.

They would have thought, who heard
the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native
maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the
strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic
round,
Loose where her tresses seen, her zone
unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid;
Why, Goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou, thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recal what then it heard,
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devout to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sisters page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms, this laggard age!
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

! The Nurse and the Doctor.

(Recited by J. Loftin.)

Mistakes are common all thro' life,
A man Miss takes, and she becomes his wife;
In this perhaps they're both mistaken,
So never claim the flitch of bacon.
But such mistakes I'll let alone,
And now begin in a serious tone.

An Officer in quarters lay
At Dublin—that you'll say,
Is nothing very strange or sad;
True—but he was taken very bad,
And tho' there's nothing new in that,
Yet the prescription that he took to cure
His malady, I'm sure
Was new, was wonderful, was strange!
And you may range
The Pharmacopeia o'er and o'er,
You'll not find any thing more pat,
Tho' you should all your lifetime pore.

His case was fever, raging, burning,
He took to's bed,
With fiery eyes, aching head;
And toss'd as if on glowing cinders turning.
The doctor came—('twas very needful,)
And he display'd his skill most heedful;
He wrote for pills and draughts to drive
The devil out—dead or alive;
And as the gentleman might still be worse,
He order'd too,
(Quite right, you know)
A steady, careful, good old nurse;
And quickly to the patient came,
As recommended, the old dame:
She curtsied, look'd him in the face,
Shook her grey locks, and much deplor'd his
case.

Och honey! you are very ill.
But never mind,
We soon shall find
All your complaints,
By the good old Saint
Patrick, and the doctor's skill.

After this wise remark, I need not say,
You must not wonder,
Should she commit a blunder
In the Irish way.

I prithee Gents, make no objection!
I do not mean the least reflection.
You'll recollect this is a case quite serious,
The patient lay in bed almost delirious.
The fever raging in his veins;
When soon arrived a draught to do him
good,
And pill to quell the boiling of his blood,
And to ease him of his pains.

Nurse pour'd the draught into a cup,
And soon the sick man drank it up;
The box of pills with care she plac'd,
Where various things the mantel grac'd:
Because two hours must pass away,
To let the potion have fair play;

That time elaps'd, nurse made all speed,
The patient with the pills to feed.
She ope'd the box and gave him two,
He gulp'd them down without ado;
Two more, and then two more must follow,
These rather stuck within his swallow.
"Good nurse, some drink:"—He drank and
then,
Boldly attack'd the pills again.

Two more went down, and then two more,
Which made the number half a score.
"More drink—so many is provoking,
My throat is full—I'm almost choking;"
"Arrah, my jewel, let me tell
You, these will shortly make you well,
Whether you will or not—be easy,
And make a dozen up, an't please ye."
Two more he took—"I prithee say,
Good nurse, how many there remains?"
"Two, four, five, seven, nine, ten, twelve—
aye,
By Shelah, good St. Patrick's cousin,
"The box contains
Exactly another dozen!"
"A dozen more," the sick man cries,
(Trembling with fever and surprise)
"I thought apothecaries vended
By retail, till the patient mended,
But this! by Esculapius good,
By all that ever medicine understood,
This sells the poison wholesale!"
This boisterous gale
Of angry passion o'er,
She coax'd him to get down two more,
And thus at length he swallow'd twenty-four!
Worn with fatigue some time he lay,
To pain and angry thought a prey;
But soon his agony increased,
For lo! the pills lay undigested;
Hard at his stomach, they rested,
And fill'd with dreadful pain his breast.

The doctor must be call'd—he came,
Enquired each symptom,—shrugged his
shoulders—
He apprehensive for his brain
And for patients one or two beholders—
"Did you administer the draught?" "Oh
yes,"
"The pills!" "Tis they have caused all this,"
Exclaim'd the officer, "Did you suppose
I was a horse, that you sent such a dose?
Damme, I've four-and-twenty bullets lying."
"Bullets," repeats the doctor with surprise,
"Sir, I am a man of peace, and either pill,
I sent was meant to cure, not kill;
Besides, I sent but two," he straight replies,
"By heaven, I've swallow'd twenty-four,"
the sick man cries.

A squinting servant of the house stood by,
And towards the shelf, she cast an eye;
She ope'd the doctor's box, and there,
The pills both snug and safe appear,
Another box upon the shelf remain'd

Empty, "Why nurse!" she squalls,
And at the doctor like a fury bawls,
"This box, now empty, once contain'd,
What the poor gentleman has taken;
Were he an ostrich, or the prince of glut-
tons,
You'd scarcely save his bacon;
For by heaven!
You have given,
Him two dozen round shirt buttons!"

The Bumpkin's Courtship.

(An Entire New Comic Recitation, Written
by T. Prest.)

While on a visit to a relation in the cele-
brated city in York, I was acquainted with
an honest farmer in the neighbourhood, who
having resided there from a youth, was re-
spected, and admitted into the society of
most of the country gentlemen. He was a
constant visitor at the house of my uncle,
and his conversation, teeming with those
merry stories which serve to delight the ear
at the expence of our sides, told in his simple,
unadorned manner, could not but render his
society agreeable to me.

Honest old farmer Burton, had an only
son, who had reached the age of forty with-
out entering into the matrimonial state; he
was in fact, as true a picture of a country
bumpkin as ever graced a dung-fork!—One
day our discourse happening to turn upon
this said Bumpkin; I expressed my surprise
that he should never have had the good for-
tune to get married. 'Why,' said the far-
mer, 'It be not the fau't o' his face I reckon;
for he be as pratty a lad as here and there
be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my
feekins! and had he been as cute as mysen,
he mought ha' had a buxom lass wi' no little
stock o' money either.' This excited my cu-
riosity, and I requested the farmer to ac-
quaint me with the particulars, which he did
as follows. 'You mun know, that my son
used to work wi' me in the field; that is he
drived plough, sowed and reaped, and all
other cultral works loike; and a steady
hard working lad he wur too; till all on a
sudden he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't
work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make
on't; if I snubbed 'un 'twur all the same,
and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak
to 'un about it, calmy loike; an' so I did,
and axt 'un what wur the matter wi' 'un;
and so says he,—' Why, I dosen't know
disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed
Molly Grundy at our village church, feather!
I ha' felt all over in sic' *conflagration* loike,
he, he, he!' 'Why ye beant in love, be ye?'
—' Why, he, he, he! I can't say for sartin;
haply I mought: but dang my buttons,
feather! if I dosen't think Molly bees in love
wi' I, he, he, he!—' Be she?' says I, 'Ods

dickens! then, you must mind your P's and Q's lad; for she ha' money. But did she speak to ye?" 'E'es to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad; he, he, he!" 'And what answer did you make?' 'Why I, I—la'ft; he, he!' 'You la'ft?' 'Ah' but said I, 'you should ha' made loove to her.' 'But I don't know how, feather; what be I to say?' 'Why I'll tell ye: when you see her again, you thus address her: 'Oh! thou most incomparable of thy sex! thy eyes of diamond light, have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red,—thy lips like coral,—thy alabaster skin!—thy teeth, good lack!—and graceful mien,—have scorched and burnt np all the particles of my heart! deign then to dispense thy passion to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee,—thou irresistible, and adorable woman.' 'Well,' said I 'and did he say so.'—'Why, no,' said the farmer; 'a sad blunder he made on it, all thro' his being no *scholar*; and lost both his sweet-heart Molly, and her money in the bargain.'

When he got to Molly Grundy's, he dropt on both his knees, scratch'd his head and thus began:

'Oh! Molly Grundy, feather ha' sent I here to *dress ye*!—Oh! thou most *unbearable* of my sex! Thy eyes *damn'd* light, have pierced my heart *sore*;—thy cheeks are *damnation* red!—thy lips like *mackerel*!—thy *plaster* skin, thy *teeth* so *black*! and *hateful and mean*! have scorched and burnt up all the *articles* of my heart; *feign* then to *expend* thy passion on me alone, thy *hateful swine*! who is this moment ready to *expose* thee thou *detestable* and *deplorable* 'ooman!'

Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech, then she took up a long hair broom, wopped poor Robin out o' the house, and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since.

Misconception.

Ere night her sable curtain spread,
Ere Phœbus had retired to bed
In Thetis lap;
Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
Their early nap;

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To farmer Fitz Maurice's fold,
Did slyly creep;
Where num'rous flocks were quiet laid
In th' arms of sleep.

No doubt, he meant the sheep to steal;
But, hapless, close behind his heel,
Was ploughman Joe;
Who just arriv'd in time to stop
The murd'rous blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice straight
Be dragg'd per force,
Where persecutors urge his guilt
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelm'd the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands,
From th' elbow chair,
Where justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice,
Thou knew'st full well,
The sheep within that fold belong'd,
Come quickly tell?"

Confess thy crime, 'twill naught avail,
To say the mark above the tail
Thou didst not heed;
For G. F. M. in letters large,
Thou plain might'st read."

"'Tis true I did," the thief replies,
"But man is not at all times wise;
As I'm a glutton,
I clearly thought that G. F. M.,
Meant—Good Fat Mutton."

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May our enemies never have it in their power to CROW over us
May we never be troubled with a fit of COFFIN,—(coughing).
The fair Mountain Maid.
May we never be the source of our own misery.
May modest merit meet its due reward.
May the moments of love never lead us to hours of sorrow.
May we never be deceived by appearances.

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**ALONZO THE BRAVE.**

(A favorite Recitation.)

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
 Convers'd as they sat on a green ;
 They gazed on each other with tender de-
 light,
 Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
 The maiden the Fair Imogene.

" And ah ! " said the youth, " since to mor-
 row I go
 To fight in a far distant land ;
 Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to
 flow,
 Some other will court you, and you will be-
 stow
 On a wealthier suitor your hand."

" Oh, hush these suspicions ! " fair Imogene
 said,
 " So hurtful to love and to me ;
 For if you be living, or if you be dead,
 I swear by the Virgin that none in your
 stead
 Shall husband of Imogene be.

" And if for another my heart should decide,
 Forgetting Alonzo the brave ;
 God grant, that to punish my falsehood and
 pride,
 Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my
 side,
 May tax me with perjury, claim me as
 bride,
 And bear me away to the grave."
 No. 10.

To Palestine hasten'd the warrior so bold,
 His love she lamented him sore ;
 But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd—
 when, behold !
 A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
 Arriv'd at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious do-
 main,
 Soon made her untrue to her vows ;
 He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her
 brain—
 He caught her affections, so light and so
 vain,
 And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the
 priest,
 The revelry now was begun,
 The tables they groan'd with the weight of
 the feast,
 Nor yet had the laughter and merriment
 ceased,
 When the bell of the castle toll'd—One !

'Twas then with amazement, fair Imogene
 found
 A stranger was plac'd by her side ;
 His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
 He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not
 around,
 But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All laughter and pleasure were hush'd at his sight—
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back with affright;
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—"I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
And his vizor he slowly unclos'd;
O, gods! what a sight met Imogene's eyes—
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
And turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogene:—

"Behold me, thou false one?—behold me!"
he cried,
"Behold thy Alonzo the brave!
God grants that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side—
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While Imogene shriek'd with dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long liv'd the baron, and none since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound;
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,
And shrieks as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave.

They howl, "To the health of Alonzo the brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

Knocking an Eye out!

(Original by Mr. Bates.)

The other day a thirsty soul,
Walked into a country inn;
And called for a glass of water pure,
Cursing brandy, rum, and gin.

No notice was taken of this order,
The waiter thinking him a bore;
The patient man, however waited,
For half-an-hour or more.

At length his patience gone,
He thus began to cry out;
"You scoundrel, if you don't attend,
I'll come and knock your eye out!"

"But that would do no good,"
Remarked a stander by;
"Oh yes," said he, "it would,
What's water but waiter without an *e*
(eye?)"

The Avenger.

(Original, Written by W. Lovegrove.)

Lindor. You ask me Albert, what is love?
Oh, 'tis a thing which binds man to the world;
it is a joy sent from the God above,
to smooth the rugged paths of life: 'tis that
which wraps the idol in your heart, nor ever
sees another like the first. What would be
this world, its pleasures, or its joys, if love
did not calm the unholy thoughts of those
who people this frail earth? None; one base
and senseless passion would reign, which,
(like hot Afric's dread Sirocco,) would blast
all in its deadly path, and make the world
one great and universal ruin!

Albert. You speak as if you had felt the
power, the all-absorbing thought you speak
of.

Lindor. I have; I have; that passion has
kindled in this heart a flame, which ocean's
could not quench: mine has been a life of
chequered ills, and fortune toss'd together.
Hatred and revenge, each have held the top-
most seat within my heart, but one,—the
great, the glorious passion, which e'en brutes
can feel, ne'er quitted yet this humble honest
breast. Oh! Albert if I told o'er the history
of my life, 'twould make thy manhood
tremble; I have encountered that, which
other men would shudder but to look on:
I've climbed the mountain side, when but a
step made false, would plunge me to eternity,
and crush my body to atoms; so small, that the
very wind would waft them to the birds of
prey, who floated far beneath. I've dared

The roaring torrent, when foaming o'er a cataract, high and stupendous as great Niagara itself! I've played and sported in the rushing stream, and yet you see I am safe, unharmed. I passed thro' all these horrid and unheard of dangers: 'twas love that set a coat of mail upon me, and scaithless set me free. In early life I loved,—loved, aye e'en to this very hour: these withered limbs, this old and rugged form, can even now feel pangs, that rend my soul to madness! The very thought drives my eye balls from their sockets, and burning coals now fill the hollow space; my very limbs appear on fire, as if within this worthless carcase lay some mount that spit and threw up fire! 'Tis when I think upon my youth, these dreadful feelings come o'er me; the very air appears to burn with sulphurous and unwholesome fire, all nature seems at war. Roar on ye winds of heaven, blow, blow till nature is a wreck! spare neither sex nor age; and in the tottering of this mighty world, upon a rock I'll stand, and laugh to think what love has made the earth: and that but one was left to see this falling sun, sink like a shooting star; one grand and universal chaos!

Albert. Unhappy man, frenzy has driven him mad, his soul yet clings to the memory of the past.

Lindor. No Albert, I am not mad, forgive my frantic ravings; 'tis ever thus, when'er I call to mind the scenes of other days; when I think upon the days of youth and manhood, my blood boils in my aged veins. Oh, Albert! I could tell a tale that would freeze thy very soul, curdle thy yet youthful blood, and shake thy manhood to the centre! The vilest wretch that crawls upon the earth, or loathes his very self, is happier far than I. The being I once loved, and still do love, was torn from these arms ere she was a bride; a villain stole her from me, and crushed with one fell blow, the sweetest flower that e'er made nature fair! Poor thing, she died ere he could wed her; her fleeting curse hung o'er his head, and drove him from his home. Mine was the task, to see him once more housed: to see him rest calm and peaceful from this wicked world. That home I gave him; 'twas the grave! Yes, Albert, when her pure spirit winged its way to yon bright heaven, and sought the God who gave it, I swore to be her avenger; swore to seek that man who had robbed the earth of nature's choicest gift! Thro' earth, thro' air, aye to hell itself, ere I gave up my destined vow of vengeance! I made an oath, 'twas registered in heaven, never to rest in quiet or in peace, till he, the fell destroyer of both our happiness, lay a blackened corse before me; that vow I kept; I resigned the world, its pleasures, and all allurements which gaiety offers; that man I sought, haunted him, followed in his track, nor e'er gave o'er till in his heart's best blood, my dagger I had dipp'd; then standing o'er his mangled

corse, I laughed to think how well I had played my part; yelled out "Revenge," and flew to this lone spot, to live secluded from the world!

The Anchorite:

(An Original Recitation, written by A. I. W. Martin.)

Far in a wild unknown to public view,
From youth to age, a reverend hermit grew.

PARNELL.

There lived all hid from human sight,
A man by some admired;
A poor and solitary wight,
Although he had retired:
Happy he pass'd each night and day,
Nor wanted coin or gold;
For he'd been often heard to say,
His cell should ne'er be sold.

Firm as an anchor to the rocks,
Made by the seamen tight;
He liv'd amid the world's wild shocks,
He was an anchor-rite:
White locks play'd finely round his head,
But he gain'd no applause;
His nails grew long and that he said,
Must be his saving clause.

His meals (though he eat fast) were slow,
Ravens sometimes, and rook;
Unaided he dress'd all his meat,
Nor wanted T. P. Cooke:
His drink was from the purling brook,
Porter to him was stale;
And malt liquors he never took,
Though he was strong and hale.

And of companions all the day,
Though he had not a stock;
Yet every night when down he lay,
He laid upon a flock.
He rose up early with the lark,
Though he ne'er had a spree;
He lik'd not ladies, yet about him,
Always was myst'ry.

And as he walk'd through his domains
(Disdaining sitting or rests;)
He seem'd to be commissioner,
Of all the woods and forests;
Trees bow'd with reverential awe,
As he walk'd on summer eves;
And when the winter came, why, then
They humbly took their leaves.

He was ignorant of theatricals,
Though all the stars he knew;
But Jupiter to him behaved,
Much worse than any Jew:

For gazing on him, he caught cold,
And cold brought on a cough;
Till Death just like a *mimic* came,
One day and took him off.

To save his life a doctor tried,
But could not, though so knowing;
And he to nature paid the debt,
So long he had been *O. N.* :
I'm sure he died without a *will*,
'Cause he hadn't his own way;
So all his goods and chattels went,
Like him into *D. K.*

A little man, and large man wanted
Much his oaken table;
But the big one got it, for to *Cane*
The other he was *Able* :
These two could never quiet be,
So odd did they behave;
Nay, they quarrell'd over his funeral,
And did *blare* over his grave.

His funeral was ill *perform'd*,
(For that coach of all the worst;
Upon the *Graves-end* road broke down,)
So was forced to be *re-hearsed* :
They buried him beneath a tree,
Which well I know was *yew*;
And every night over his grave,
There is a great to *dew* (do.)

An Original Fragment.

(Written by T. Weatherall.)

Scene—A Tent near the Scotch Camp.

Characters.—The EARL OF MORTON.—
OSWALD, an Officer in the Scotch army.

Earl of M. Oswald! I have done much
for you; and now

You have it in your power to requite me.

Oswald. Alas! my lord, that I can never
do;

To you I owe my life, my rank, my all:
(And should kind fortune bless me with
her smiles,

Heap stores on stores, and place them in my
grasp;

I'd throw the glittering treasure at thy feet.

But that would be a paltry recompense.

Earl of M. You set too high a value on my
gifts;

I ask no more than common gratitude.

Oswald. Then only tell me, what you'd
have me do:

And it is done.

Earl of M. Know then! I have a secret
to impart;

Which you must promise on your sacred
oath,

To lock within your breast and keep invio-
lable.

Oswald.

Say on my lord!

For here I swear, that what you now ~~say~~ told:

Unless revealed at your express command,
Shall die with me.

Earl of M.

'Tis well;

I think you will prove worthy of my trust,
Now to my purpose.

You've no doubt heard, for rumour is abroad,
That I did rob my brother of his birthright:

Now this in public I have e'er denied,

But 'tis in truth a soul appalling fact.

Nay Oswald, do not start; but listen to me.

He was accused of treason to our cause;

But ere the day of trial had arrived,

His base accuser fled. Then I stepped forth,

(Lured by the wiles of an ambitious wife:)

With forced tears, and seeming pain I swore,

That he was guilty of intrigue with England;

And on my evidence, and mine alone,

They banished him. Aye, on a liar's oath,

My guiltless brother was condemned to exile;

And driven from his home, a wretched out-
cast.

Oswald. 'Tis true my lord, there has been
such report,

But I ne'er heeded it; nor can I even now

Believe you guilty of so base an act.

Earl of M.

Fool!

And do you think I would confirm report,

Were it not true? But hear me out!

His titles, and estates were forfeited;

But for the service I had done the State,

They were by royal grant bestowed on me:

And I reigned lord of all his rich domains.

But years rolled on, and I in vain had tried,

To blot from memory this accursed deed.

When one bleak winter's day,

A wretched, ragged, miserable man,

Knocked at my gate; 'twas opened to him,

And as he sat within my castle porch,

Methought I recognized a well-known face:

Who should it be, (the very thought is
death,)

But him I had so unjustly wronged;

Although unarmed, he taunted and re-
proached me,

"Hoped I enjoyed my title; ' 'Twas well
earned,"

And such like jeerings he did greet me with.

I waited not for more, but rushed upon him

(As doth the wolf upon the harmless lamb)

And dragged him to a dungeon, where I
hoped,

He never would behold the light again.

But, curses light on him who freed him
thence,

He has escaped.

Oswald. My lord you have more reason to
rejoice;

To think that some kind heart has rescued
him.

Why seek so eagerly to shed his blood?

And league your fame with that of murderer?

'Twill but add crime to crime, and only tend

To sink you deeper in perdition's gulf;

You need not surely fear him now,

It is not likely he will brave again,

One who has—

Earl of M.

No more!

Have you not seen the stranger in our camp
Who is suspected for a Southron spy?

Oswald. I have.

Earl of M. Demons of darkness crush him
if he 'scapes,
That is my brother!

**Comic Scene from an Unpublish'd
Drama.**

(Original.)

Characters.—TOMMY BODKIN, formerly a
tailor in Seven Dials, now a captive among
the Mahomedans, and enamour'd of Kat-
cheka, a female black slave, in love with
Tommy.

Enter TOMMY.

Tom. Oh dear! oh dear! what a situation
I'm in; Tommy Bodkin formerly tailor at
No. 2, Seven Dials, now a captive among the
Mahomedans; obliged to bow your head to
the ground, if any of the bearded gentry
happen to pass; rather an awkward situation
for a man with a stiff neck, I think: but
where can my Katcheka be? She promised
to be here before this, oh, what would my
ever-to-be-lamented mother, Mrs. Bodkin,
say, where she alive, and saw me here? Oh
dear, oh dear, what shall I do? Katcheka!
Katcheka! where are you?

Enter KATCHEKA.

Kat. Ah, Massa Bodkin! did you call?

Tom. Yes my snowball, come to my arms;
and let me imprint a kiss upon those deli-
cate pouting lips! (*Embrace.*)
There, now I feel myself again; and I have
made up my mind if I can get the King's
consent, to depart for my native place, No.
2, Seven Dials; there I shall—

[*Katcheka bursts into tears.*]

Why what's the matter, my delicate powder
puff?

Kat. Ah! Massa Bodkin, you say you go
to No. 2, London, leave me all alone. You
promised to take me with you, be your chum
chum.

Tom. Why I don't know as to that;
Tommy Bodkin with a black wife in Seven
Dials; oh no, that will never do—

[*Katcheka cries louder.*]

What shall I do with her? I have it; here
Katcheka behold me at your feet. [*Kneels.*]
Ay don't blush; [*Takes her hand.*]
what delicate fingers; they are as taper as a
Whitechapel needle; your shoulders square
and smooth as my goose; your nose is such
as no tailor's thimble can compare to it; you
walk as erect as a sheet of buckram, and your
eyes cut me up like a pair of shears! [*Aside.*]
There, if that don't stop her noise, she's made
of marble.

Kat. Den you take me to No. 2, London,
be your chum-chum.

Tom. Yes, my tulip! you shall be made
Mrs. Bodkin, the moment we arrive in Lon-
don; but where's the money?

Kat. Money! money? have not you any?

Tom. Did I not confess to you yesterday,
I had not? and did I not make it a particu-
lar condition of my running off with you,
that you should bring all the money you'd
saved up, with you?

Kat. Me know dat; but dere be reason
for my not doing it.

Tom. What, because you have not got any
I suppose.

Kat. Alas! you be right!

Tom. And could you suspect that Tommy
Bodkin, of No. 2, Seven Dials, would be so
unfashionable as to marry a wife without
money?

Kat. Me thought you one of those gene-
rous English dat—

Tom. Oh! there you are quite mistaken;
being English is no reason for a man not
making money one of his conditions when he
intends to marry.

Kat. I thought, Massa Bodkin—

Tom. Look you Katcheka, that man has
certainly very little right to the name of
man, who (when a fine girl like yourself,
throws herself upon his honour,) casts her
off, because she can't pay her way into be-
coming a wife; but still those four letters,
G O L D, do make a wonderful difference
in a case like this.

Kat. Ah! but dere are four other letters
dat make amends for dat: what tink you of
L O V E? And if dat is followed by two
other words, is much better still.

Tom. And what are they?

Kat. A good wife, Massa Bodkin!

Tom. Come to my arms! I believe if you
have not wealth, you have good sense; and I
believe after all, it's the best dowry a wife
can bring. So to prove my opinion of you,
if your fortune consisted of the clothes upon
your back, from this moment I take you for
better for worse, and I shall find a pleasure
in converting some of my own wardrobe to
your use, upon this condition, that you
never think of wearing the breeches.

Kat. Den I'm you chum-chum for ever?
I had a mind to try whether you heart lay
in de right place, and now I find it does.
Look here, Tommy! [*Shews box.*]

Tom. What's that!

Kat. Full of gold for you!

Tom. You take away my breath; this is a
surprise! Come to my arms once more, and
I heartily hope that every honest man like
myself, who marries for love, may have the
same luck. My eye, won't I have a shop
now in Seven Dials! No longer Tommy, but
Mr. Tommy Bodkin, and Mrs. Tommy Bod-
kin! [*Takes her arm and walks about.*]
But come, we must go and ask for our
freedom.

Kat. Yes, we will go and throw the King
at our feet.

Tom. No, no, Mrs. intended Bodkin, we must throw ourselves at his feet.

[Trumpet sounds.
There, there he comes; the King will pass this way, so come my ebony darling; now for freedom, and the Seven Dials. [Exeunt.

Eliza.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life:
From hill to hill the rushing host pursu'd,
And view'd his banner, or believ'd she view'd.
Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her 'kerchief, cradled by her arm:
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And Love's warm eddie circle round her heart.—
Near, and more near, the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke, his dancing crest;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"—
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wing'd it, and some Demon guides!)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her iv'ry bosom stains!
—"Ah, me!" she cried and sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life! oh, wait my love's return!"
Hoarse barks the wolf! the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!—
"Oh, spare, ye war-hounds!—spare their tender age!—
On me!—on me!" she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caress,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
From tent to tent, th' impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;

Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
"Eliza!" echoes through the canvass walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead.
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza, weltring in her blood!—
Soon hears his list'ning son the welcome sounds,
With open arms, and sparkling eyes he bounds:—
"Speak low!" he cries, and gives his little hand,—
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew cold sand;"
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers prest,
And tried, with pouting lips her milkless breast!
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake;
Why do you weep?—mamma will soon awake."
"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
Uprais'd his eyes to heaven, he clasp'd his hands and sigh'd:
Stretch'd on the ground, awhile entranc'd he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung, with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
"Oh, Heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth—for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

The Courtship.

(A Comic Recitation.)

A youthful swain, whose name was Parr,
Was deep in love with Miss Ann Marr;
But how he should his suit maintain,
It puzzled much the youthful swain.
At length the happy hour drew nigh,
When fortune's favourite feign would try;
And at a public breakfast meeting,
The youthful swain began his greeting:
And thus addressed his dear Miss Ann,
"Will you accept a little Parr-Miss-Ann?"
Now placed before the lady, stood
A crystal dish of marmalade;
And with a sigh so deep she said,
"Pray, are you fond of Marr-my-lad?"
"Of all things here," the youth replied,
"Or else, I think, I'm sure I'd died."
Quickly the lady caught his meaning,
Called him a man of finest feeling;
Said, she would travel with him far,
And changed her name from Marr to Parr!

Thrifty Advice.

Quin meeting two coxcombs one day in Pall Mall,
Observed with regret, that they both looked unwell;
"Indeed you judge right," replied they,
"you must know,
Our physician advised, and to-morrow we go
Out of town, to enjoy the pure air, and to drink
Asses'-milk every morning for breakfast."
"I think,
A much shorter method I could recommend;"
Said Quin very drily, "to you and your friend,
To drink it in London." "How so?" said the other,
"Stay at home," he replied, "you may suck one another."

Medicine for the Ladies.

(Recited at various Concerts.)

Miss Molly, a famed toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue.
From morn till night, th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.
Sir John was smitten and confessed his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought of ev'ry joy of life;
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline,
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine;
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As 'you're a fool,' and 'you are mighty wise.'
Though he and all the world allow her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet;
When she began, for hat and sword he'd call;
Then, after a faint kiss, cry, 'bye, dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose,'
'And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose?
Go, stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine,
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!
Oft as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off because alone.

Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come;
But arm'd with Bourdeaux he durst venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepared;
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard;
'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is ev'ry day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
Devoured with spleen, and stranger to delight;
Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest.'
'Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my damn'd obstreperous spouse!
What can't you find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill:
A couch and distant room must be my choice,
There I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise.'
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was,
'Cheer up!' cried he, 'and I'll remove the cause.
A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sov'reign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
The best elixir t' appease man and wife;
Strange are the effects, the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs, Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—
then mum;
Smile and look pleas'd when he shall rage and scold,
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold:
One month this sympathetic medicine tried,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or ev'ry prattling hussey 'll beg a dose.'
A water-bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief;
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female like, impatient for th' event,
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war.
Entering, he cries—'hey! where's our thunder fled?
No hurricane?—Betty's your lady dead?'
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.
Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

‘Why, how now, Molly, what’s the crotchet now?’
 She smiles, and answers only with a bow,
 Then clasping her about, ‘why let me die!
 These night-clothes, Molly, become you mightily!’
 With that he sigh’d, her hand began to press,
 And Betty calls, her lady to undress.
 ‘Nay, kiss me, Moll, for I am much inclin’d.’
 Her lace she cuts to take him in the mind,
 Thus the fond pair to bed enamour’d went,
 The lady pleas’d, and the good knight content;
 For many days these fond endearments pass’d,
 The reconciling bottle fails at last;
 ‘Twas used and gone, then midnight storms arose,
 And looks and words the union discompose.
 Her coach is order’d, and post haste she flies,
 To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
 Transported does the strange effects relate,
 Her knight’s conversion and her happy state!
 ‘Why, niece,’ says he, ‘I prithee apprehend,
 Thy water’s water, be thyself thy friend;
 Such beauty would the coldest husband warm,
 But your provoking tongue undoes the charm;
 Be silent and complying, you’ll soon find,
 Sir John, without a med’cine, will be kind.’

Parody on Wolsey’s Soliloquy.

(Recited by Mr. T. Gregory with great applause.)

Farewell—a long farewell to all amours!
 This is a lover’s state. To-day, his mistress
 Listens to his pleasing tale; to-morrow,
 smiles;
 And gives him hopes ere long she will be his:
 The third day comes a frost—a killing frost;
 And when he thinks, good easy wretch, full
 surely
 He has entire possession of her heart,
 He plays the fool,
 And then he falls as I do!
 I have ventured these many moments to
 Assume the husband and correct the wife,
 But that was far beyond me; my vanity

At length broke under me, and now has left
 me
 Weary, old, and peevish to the mercy
 Of a woman who will scandalize for ever!
 Vain pride and pomp of the false sex, I hate
 you;
 I feel my heart now opened. Oh! how
 wretched
 Is that poor man who waits for woman’s
 favours!
 There is betwixt the joys he would aspire to,
 That sweet form of woman and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or slavery
 has,
 And when that once he falls, there’s ever
 ready
 Some poor fond votary at the shrine of love
 Who will proclaim his fall to all the world,
 And thus prevent his ever rising more?

The Atheist and the Acorn.

“Methinks the world seems oddly made,
 And every thing amiss!”
 A dull complaining Atheist said,
 As stretch’d he lay beneath the shade,
 And instanc’d it in this:—
 “Behold,” quoth he, “that mighty thing,
 A pumpkin, large and round,
 Is held but by a little string,
 Which upwards cannot make it spring,
 Nor bear it from the ground.
 “While on this oak the acorn small,
 So disproportion’d grows;
 That whosoe’er surveys this all,
 This universal casual ball,
 Its ill-contrivance knows.
 “My better judgment would have hung
 The pumpkin on a tree,
 And left the acorn slightly strung,
 ‘Mong things that on the surface sprung,
 And weak and feeble be.”
 No more the Chevalier could say,
 No further faults descry;
 For upwards gazing, as he lay,
 An acorn loosen’d from its spray,
 Fell down upon his eye.
 The wounded part with tears ran o’er,
 As punish’d for that sin:
 Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies would have work’d no more,
 Nor scull have kept them in.

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LORD CLIFFORD AND EDITHA.

(Original by Mr. Edw. Powell.)

The hour was late, but the pale moon,
Shone in the deep blue sky;
And the distant waves in the silver light,
Were glittering brilliantly.

O! at that time a maiden left
Her kindred, friends, and all;
And turn'd to take one lingering look;
At her noble father's hall.

Then she hasten'd on with trembling feet,
Through the solitary grove;
That led to holy St. Clara's well,
Where stay'd her own true love.

They have met; by her side is a noble form,
Whispering soft and low;
And seeming to chase with words of love,
The sadness from her brow.

"Nay, faint not, my sweet," Lord Clifford
said,
"I'll bear thee to the shore;
And place thee within my own gay bark,
Where danger will be o'er!"

"Fear not, tho' thy sire has pledged his
word,
That thou the bride shall be;
Ere to-morrow's sun has run its course,
Of the stern Lord De Mowbray.
No. 11.

"For we will sail to some fair isle,
Upon the foaming sea;
Where angry kinsmen cannot come,
To tear my love from me.

"So linger not here, maiden fair,
Until the break of day;
Ere the first faint blush of the day appears,
We should be far away."

"Come then, Lord Clifford," the lady said,
"I'll dread no ill with thee;
Nor shrink from the sight of the angry
waves,
If still thy form I see!"

"So now farewell to my native clime,
Far distant I must roam;
And a far stranger land must be,
From hence, my future home."

She gave him her hand so lily white,
And motioned to lead on;
The only thanks the youth could give,
Was one soft kiss thereon.

But whose is the form that now ~~she~~ rush'd,
From behind yonder tree?
'Tis the scowling brow, and upturn'd lip,
Of fierce De Mowbray.

"And turn thee thou traitor!" he cried aloud,
 "By heavens! the maid is mine;
 And nought but the life's blood from this heart,
 Can prove her to be thine!"

Their weapons are clashing in the air,
 And beaming on the sight;
 But the maiden fair has rush'd between,
 To save her own true knight.

She bleeds, she sinks upon the ground,
 Oppress'd with dire alarm;
 The sword of the foe De Mowbray,
 Has pierc'd her beauteous arm.

"And grieve not for me," she faintly said,
 As the green grass turf she prest;
 "I have saved my love from the mortal thrust,
 And in that thought I'm blest!"

"But do thou haste with thy gallant friends,
 To cross the raging sea;
 And when thou'rt in safety, then sometimes think,
 Of the maid that died for thee!"

Lord Clifford he turn'd his foe to seek,
 Lord De Mowbray had fled;
 But Lady Editha softly sigh'd,
 And rais'd her drooping head.

"Thou shalt not die my love," he said,
 "But soon in safety be;"
 So he bore her gently in his arms,
 And sooth'd her tenderly.

She liv'd—and Lord Clifford with joyful heart,
 Hastened unto the shore;
 And sailed away with his lady love,
 Where none could harm her more!

An Original Parody.

(By Charles W—m.)

It must be so! stomach thou reasonest well,
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire;
 This longing after something good for dinner?
 Or whence these secret pangs; these hollow murmurs,
 That issue from my bowels? Why shrinks my soul
 Back on herself, and startles at a famine?
 'Tis hunger, powerful hunger, stirs within me;
 'Tis famine's self that points to *one o'clock*!
 And shews the time of dinner is at hand.—
 Dinner! thou pleasing, thou delightful thought,
 Thro' what a variety of knowing processes;

Each morsel, both of lean and fat,
 pass,
 Ere dinner, in rich prospect, lies before me,
 And I with ardent stomach fall upon it.
 Here will I hold! If Molly's in the kitchen,
 And that she is, and in a bustle too,
 Both nose and ears confess—she must be cooking something!
 And that which Molly cooks, it must be tasty;
 But when or where this dinner will be ready,
 I'm weary of conjectures. Oh, patience, end them;
 Thus am I wholly arm'd from top to toe,
 Patience and appetite both work within me,
 That gently bids me wait till I am called,
 But this supposes I shall never dine;
 The soul secure in her existence, smiles
 At the debates, and thinks my stomach mad;
 The kitchen fire shall fade, cookery itself
 Grow out of date with mayors, and sauces be no more;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,—
 Unhurt amid the war of pots and pans,
 The wreck of gridirons and the crush of kitchens!

Ulrica!

(An Original Scene from an Unpublished Tragedy; by E. P. author of "The Boar," &c., &c.)

Scene.—An Apartment in the Monastery.
 ULRICA VASAI discovered.

Enter FATHER JASQUEZ.

Jasquez. How art thou now my daughter?

Ulrica. Never happier
 Good father, thy words of comfort
 Fall upon my troubled spirit, with the
 Healing peace of God; giving consolation
 And sweet quietude.

Jasquez. 'Twas never known
 Religion! that sweetest balm of the
 Soul, to fail, and glad am I, thou
 Hast borne up amidst the storms of
 Adverse fate that hath encompassed
 Thee; it should have steeled thy heart to
 Bear with Christian resignation, all
 Unforseen adversities!

Ulrica. Alas, good father!
 My sorrows and my troubles, have
 Fallen so heavy and so thick upon
 Me, that I almost doubt reality, did
 Not palpable proofs, which ever way
 I turn, crowd thick upon my
 Heated imagination.

Enter a MONK.

Monk. Holy frere!
 Sweet lady, I have that to say,
 Shall shake each nerve, make the
 Frame quake, as if convulsed by

Nature: sweet lady I almost fear to
Tell, yet thou must know it, thy boy—
Ulrica, (catching his arm) Well, speak
out;

What of my boy? sure no harm
Can have befallen him? They could not
Hurt so sweet an angel! but speak,
Good father, what of my boy—

Monk. Is murdered.
His bloody corse gaping with
Ghastly wounds, lies in the
Anti-chamber.

Ulrica. Hold swelling heart.
Watery grief I have none, what am I?
A woman, true! but not a woman's
Feelings! My boy! my son! thou art lost,
Gone for ever: Chaos now reigns around;
Wild confusion encircles me; my brain's
On fire! Horrible sounds ring in my ears,
Such as when Bellona roars! thick fancies
Crowd upon me! a sea of blood seems
Floating 'round; plunging in, I sink,
And yet this fascination; murder is
Committing; the red and ruddy glare of hell
Pours forth its livid flame upon me, what
Is this itching to commit a deed, a damning
Deed, such as shall ensure everlasting
Damnation? Involved I stand, and drops
Of sweat conglobulate to blood; my flame
Of life, seems quench'd within a boggy sea
Of blood! I feel my sinews tight'ning, and—
What—(*draws a dagger*)—what means this
Devotion to the deed? it sends its aid
To thrust my soul to hell! no matter!
Hell's upon earth! men are become
Incarnate devils! the ordeal shall
Be passed! thus,—thus—

(*Stabbing herself.*)

Oh! oh! what vision comes athwart
My dimm'd sight? A flowing melody
Lulls my senses! an holy unapproachable
Light, beams there! mercy! mercy! a form
Approaches; ah! 'tis my boy, there is
mercy

For the Parricide! mer-cy! me-r-cy!

(*Dies.*)

Monks. Mercy! mercy!

The Newcastle Apothecary.

(A Comic Recitation.)

A man, in many a country town, we know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle;
Ent'ring the field against the foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.
But meet, like prize-fighters in a fair:
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many suffer'ing patients saith)
Though the apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian race,
Liv'd at Newcastle upon Tyne;
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*;
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin
to't.

This balanc'd things;—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country
ran:

In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade,
(Which often will genius fetter)
Read works of fancy it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.
And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste to cure the phthisic?
Of poetry, though patron God,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight
in't,
That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write
in't.

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

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the trea-
son?

'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without
reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be
four;

To whom one evening Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy, that is called cathartical:

And on the label of the stuff,

He wrote verse:

Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

"When taken.
To be well shaken."

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes,
Upon his pad;
Who a vile trick of stumbling had,
It was indeed a very sorry hack:
But that's of course,
For what's expected from a horse,
With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arriv'd and gave a loudish tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

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

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

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said—
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod;
"Well—how?—what then!—speak out you
dunce,"
"Why then," says John; "we shook him
once."
"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd
out:
"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man—a shake
wont do."
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes!—odds curse!
'Twould make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir—and so a third we tried,"
"Well, and what then?"—"Then sir, my
master died!"

The Slave.

(An Original Scene, by W. Lovegrove.)

Lord FITZORMOND, and HASSAN, a black
Slave.

Ormond, Step hither, Hassan; I would
speak to you.

Hassan. My lord!

Ormond. Do you not hear me, Hassan?
come here, I say.

Hassan. Pardon my lord, if I attended not
to your summons,

They were the only words of kindness which
for five long years

Black Hassan e'er has heard. Oh! pardon
then, if such kind words

Thrill'd to my heart, and stopt the power of
speech:

But I attend your lordship.

Ormond. Ere I proceed further

In what I have to tell; Hassan, do you love
me?

Hassan. Does not all nature something
love? the beast its young,

The child its mother, and must not I love
you?

You must remember when your shallow
bark was wrecked,

And stranded on the black man's shore,
We saved you from the grave, a watery death;
The black man gave you meat and drink,
He clothed, he fed, and nursed you as his
own;

That debt you more than thrice repaid!

My father's life you saved when in the
battle's heat

He sought an honourable death! Yes, yes,
'Twas that which bound me to thee, a life of
toil

Can ne'er repay the everlasting debt,

Which I do owe to thee, you ask me if I
love you;

You sure must think the Afric Slave can
have no heart,

You white men think the black skin cannot
feel,

But oh! you little know the gratitude which
swells

The black man's breast for kindness shewn
to him or his!

Let years roll by, and years to come, he's
still the same,

His honest heart can ne'er know guile, but
like

The love caresses!—Forgive me, my dear
lord,

If I have trespassed on your time or pa-
tience,

Speak kindness, or but one kind word,
And poor Hassan will bless, will honour you
for ever!

Osmond. A worm, a canker, Hassan, preys
upon my heart,

And gnaws my very vitals; wilt thou this
worm remove?

Pluck from the earth this viper, and blast
the very name

Of that vile wretch, who mars thy master's
happiness?

You know the western turret, Hassan?

Beneath are dungeons deep and strong, such
holds as men

Ne'er see and quit with life; deep bedded
in the earth,

Lies one, the sole, the only cause of all my
fear.

Hassan. Can Lord Fitzormond fear a
being buried deep

Beneath his castle walls, that he himself
does say

A mortal man ne'er quitted yet such holds
with life?

Ormond. Hassan, rouse not the lion in my
soul;

By these untimed remarks! beneath those
castle walls,

I say again, there lies the blast of my hap-
piness!

A worm that gnaws, and gnaws, and yet
grows larger

As it gnaws! Hassan, I shall never rest,
Till from the earth this woman is re-
moved.

Hassan. A woman! oh! good gracious, my lord
You could not harm the partner of our joys,
Our sorrows, and our lives; your noble hand
Could never raise the horrid steel 'gainst woman-kind.

Could you assassinate the noblest work,
Which God has given to man? impossible!

Ormond. Is this the slave Hassan? By heaven, you make my rage
Rise to my teeth, and stop the power of speech!

Ere half my thoughts I had made known, you fly away
With some wild scheme, and rail against your master!

But 'tis like the race, we must expect it from a black.

Listen slave, while I complete my yet unfinished tale;

Or by my soul, that forward tongue of thine shall cost thee dear.

This woman that I told thee of, must die to night!

Shall I hold a being within my grasp, that frets my life away,

And not destroy that being? Shall I let loose

This woman to the world, to tell her hideous tale,

By which all men will shake, and each conspire to hate me?

Shall I forego revenge, when the object is in my power so close and fast,

That the very tell-tale air shall never know, Shall never hear the blow which sends her soul to heaven?

You say you are grateful; now's the time To show the love you bear me; 'tis but a blow,

And you are made for life; good yellow shining ore,

Rich gold, shall call thee master; and instead of serving,

Thou shalt have slaves at thy command!

In friendship's bond we'll be so closely tied, that death

Alone shall sever two such noble, loving friends!

Hassan. Urge me no more, my noble honoured lord,

My life is thine, take it, or use it as thou wilt,

I can no more; my soul unspotted must remain,

Howe'er the fiend shall tempt me; the great light

Who sent my spirit from above, will sure expect

It back again unstain'd. You think because I am a slave,

Because my skin is dark, and yours is fair, That I can have no heart, no soul or feeling!

Oh lord, protector, or father, which e'er you will,

Can you see one, whom you have raised from infancy,

He whose father you did save from death;
He whose countrymen had fed and clothed you;

When winds had stranded you upon their distant coast;

Could you behold him walking to the scaffold,
And when before the judge of all, could you boldly face

This poor and unprotected woman? oh, my lord!

Why urge and drive me on to that my soul abhors?

Ormond. Well slave, you have heard my will,

I see your spirit's quick and apt to break
The iron bonds of duty; but hated black,

you soon shall feel
The red hot pincers tear to shreds your recreant flesh;

Which dares to rise against its lord and master.

Hassan. No father or mother now have I, they are gone;

No friend to close the hated black man's eyes;

But he will die in peace! Lord Ormond, I have loved you

Next to my very soul, and to my dying hour I ever will:

Torture or kill me, still Hassan ne'er repines

Against the man he loves: farewell, my lord,

Kill me, but I still must love you; pity the poor

The unprotected woman; and instead of curses,

Hassan dies with blessings on his lips!

Ormond. Away to death; I'll hear no no more,

I'll seek another now to execute my purpose;
And make her final exit sure and safe!

Moses' Mousetrap.

(A Tale.)

Sequester'd in a silent vale,
By flow'ry margin'd Dee;
Once dwelt the hero of my tale—
A tiny mouse was he.

Who chose his habitation, where
Was much celestial food;
But little of the grosser fare,
That turns to flesh and blood.

His solitary life he led,
Within a church unseen;
That he was better taught than fed,
There's little doubt I ween.

Scarce once a year a scanty dole,
With sacrilegious claw,
The starv'ling from the chancel stole,
To satisfy his maw.

For why!—few thither went to hear
The Evangelic word;
And fewer more than once a year
To banquet with the Lord.

Yet oft the godly vicar toil'd,
Unwearied in his station;
As oft, 'twould seem, the devil foil'd
His ghostly ministration.

Heav'n's champion still, the good man strove
To counteract his foe;
And much discours'd of heav'n above,
And eke of hell below.

Then parables, (for well he knew
The book of sacred lore),
And texts of Scripture, not a few,
He dealt from out his store.

One afternoon, in Easter tide,
As was his pious way;
A sermon he would give, beside,
The service of the day.

And preach he did with great applause,
Right earnest was his aim;
To make new converts to his cause—
The devil's was the same.

The wily tempter's arch design,
As went the sermon on;
To disappoint the grave divine,
Will follow, sirs, anon.

Ere long, their eyes the audience clos'd,
Unable to withstand
The drowsy pow'r;—nay, Moses doz'd,
Tho' second in command.

No wonder they a nap should take;
Long sermons after dinner;
E'en Sherlock's scarce can keep awake,
The most repentant sinner.

'Twas then a meagre mouse that spent,
Like famish'd anchorite;
A tedious and abstemious Lent,
Beheld a glorious sight.

A wig it was well dredg'd and basted;
So rich an olio sure,
A mouse that had no victuals tasted
For weeks, might well allure.

The very wig that Moses wore,
In honour of the day,
He saw; and when he heard him snore,
Thereon resolv'd to prey.

So forth with cautious tread he crept,
The rev'rend wig assail'd;
And while its owner soundly slept,
Luxuriously regal'd.

Now Satan some advantage gain'd,
His stratagem succeeded;
His mouse the people entertain'd—
The preacher no one heeded.

Some laugh'd aloud, some forced a cough,
Some others blew their noses;
To scare the bold marauder off
The perriwig of Moses.

But vain was every heart essay'd,
To make the robber flinch;
"The deuce is in the mouse" they said,
"He will not stir an inch?"

At length the vicar, forc'd to pause,
Inquir'd what was the matter;
Unable to divine the cause
Of such a din and clatter.

And staring round, in wild amaze,
He last of all detected
The wig, which focus-like, the rays
Of ev'ry eye collected.

With eyes uplifted, hands outstretch'd,
His wonder he express'd;
And when a sullen groan he'd fetch'd,
To ease his lab'ring breast:

"Why Moses, Moses! man, awake!"
Impatiently he cries;
"Thy wig, thy Sunday wig's at stake!"
"Amen!" the clerk replies.

The mouse when sumptuously he'd fed,
As he was reconnoit'ring,
Upon his tour round Moses' head,
And here and there stood loit'ring.

Let fall his tail on Moses' chin,
Which tickl'd him, no doubt;
Else maugre all the people's din,
He'd snor'd the sermon out.

Just then he started, and he chopp'd,
Nor made a chop in vain;
The mouse's pendent tail he lopp'd,
And bit a claw in twain.

The Evils of Obedience.

(An Original Recitation. by Mr. T. Prest.)

In York's fam'd city dwelt a man,
Who had a beauteous wife;
Who follow'd such a witty plan,
They'd never yet known strife.

For Susan since their wedding day,
With honesty did pay him;
She smil'd on what he pleas'd to say,
Nor *dared* to disobey him.

'Do this, my dear,' would William cry,
'Do this—and do not doubt it.'
'Oh, yes, my love!' would she reply,
'I ne'er will flout about it.'

'That's right,' said Will, 'I'm glad you know
What's to a husband due :
Wives were but *made for us* below.
And never should *look blue*.

To-morrow I expect a friend,
A week's visit here to pay me ;
To try your truth I then intend,
So see that you obey me.

Whate'er he asks, mind, let him have,
'Cause happy I would view him ;
Nor wine or meat I wish to save,
Give all he wants unto him.

I must a little journey take,
Some business just to settle ;
See that my friend you happy make,
And never mind the *mettle*.'

His wife assented to it all,
And William took his leave ;
Then hasten'd to a neighbour's ball,
And gaily spent the eve.

Next morning, thinking of his friend,
He on his journey started ;
But as he'd for his comfort plann'd,
He felt quite feather-hearted.

Arrived at last, his journey o'er.
His business well adjusted !
He turn'd his horse to home once more,
For, for its sweets he thirsted.

'Twas night when he at home arriv'd,
And all in gloom was buried ;
His friend and wife his joy reviv'd—
He knock'd—the servants tarried.

He knock'd again—when Peg appears,
And chuckles loud with pleasure.
'Where is your mistress ?—' Gone up stairs
To bed with Mr. Drearure !

'To bed with—fool ! you dream ! you lie !'
And quick up stairs Will fled ;
The guilty pair there met his eye,
Tuck'd warmly up in bed.

'What means this, traitors !' William said,
'I tremble with distraction :
Rise, villain rise ! from out that bed—
I will have satisfaction !'

'La ! William dear ! what means this rage ?
Will nothing now appease you ?'
Sue cried—his anger to assuage—
'I've only *tried to please you*.

'Did you not tell me, love, to grant,
Whatsoe'er your friend should ask me ?
To *sleep with me*, was his first want,
Then don't with falsehood task me.

'I knew my duty unto you,
Too well to give him nay ;
Then do not, husband, look so blue,
'*Wives ne'er should disobey.*'

The choice of a Wife, by Cheese.

(A favorite Recitation.)

There liv'd in York, an age ago,
A man whose name was Pimlico ;
He lov'd three sisters passing well,
But which the best he could not tell.
These sisters three, divinely fair,
Shew'd Pimlico their tenderest care :
For each was elegantly bred,
And all were much inclin'd to wed :
And all made Pimlico their choice,
And prais'd him with their sweetest voice.
Young Pim, the gallant and the gay,
Like ass divided 'tween the hay ;
At last resolv'd to gain his ease,
And choose his wife by eating cheese.
He wrote his card, he seal'd it up,
And said, that night with them he'd sup ;
Desir'd that there might only be
Good Cheshire cheese, and but them three ;
He was resolv'd to crown his life,
And by that means to fix his wife.
The girls were pleas'd at his conceit—
Each drest herself divinely neat ;
With faces full of peace and plenty,
Blooming with roses, under twenty.
For surely Nancy, Betsy, Sally,
Were sweet as lilies of the valley ;
But singly, surely buxom Bet,
Was like new hay and mignonet ;
But each surpass'd a poet's fancy,
For that, of truth, was said of Nancy ;
And as for Sal, she was a donna,
As fair as that of old Cretona ;
Who to Apelles lent their faces,
To make up madam Helen's graces.
To those the gay divided Pim,
Came elegantly smart and trim ;
When ev'ry smiling maiden certain,
Cut of the cheese to try her fortune.
Nancy at once not fearing—caring,
To shew her saving, ate the paring ;
And Bet, to shew her gen'rous mind,
Cut, and then threw away the rind ;
While prudent Sarah, sure to please,
Like a clean maiden scraped the cheese.
This done, young Pimlico replied,
" Sally I now declare my bride ;
With Nan I can't my welfare put,
For she has prov'd a dirty slut ;
And Betsy, who has par'd the rind,
Would give my fortune to the wind.
Sally the happy medium chose,
And I with Sally will repose ;
She's prudent, cleanly—and the man
Who fixes on a nuptial plan,
Can never err, if he will choose
A wife by cheese—before he ties the noose.'

Yorkshire Humphrey.

OR, TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

(A Comic Recitation.)

As Yorkshire Humphrey, t'other day,
O'er London bridge was stumping;
He saw, with wonder and delight,
The water-works a pumping.

Numps gazing stood, and wond'ring how
This grand machine was made;
To feast his eyes, he thrust his head,
Betwixt the balustrade.

A sharper prowling near the spot,
Observes the gaping lout;
And soon, with fish-hook fingers, turns,
His pocket inside out.

Numps feels the twitch, and turns around,
The thief, with artful leer;
Says—"Sir, you'll presently be robb'd,
For pickpockets are near."

Quoth Numps, "I don't fear London thieves;
Ize not a simple youth!
My guinea, master's, safe enough;
I've put it in my mouth!"

"You'll pardon me!" the rogue replies,
Then, modestly retires;
Numps reassumed the gaping post,
And still the works admires.

The artful prowler takes his stand,
With Humphrey full in view;
When, now, an infant thief drew near,
And each the other knew,

Then thus the elder thief began—
"Observe that gaping lout!
He has a guinea in his mouth,
And we must get it out."

"Leave that to me!" young Filcher says,
"I have a scheme quite pat!
Only observe how neat I'll queer
The gaping country flat!"

By this time Numps, who'd gazed his fill,
Was trudging through the street;
When the young pilf'rer, tripping by,
Falls prostrate at his feet.

"O Lord! O dear! my money's lost!"
The artful urchin moans;
While halfpence, falling from his hand,
Roll jingling o'er the stones.

The passengers now stoop, to find,
And give the boy his coin;
And Humphrey, with the friendly band,
Deigns cordially to join.

"There are your pence," quoth Numps, my
boy,
Be zure you holds 'em faster!"
"My pence!" quoth Filch: "here are my
pence;
But where's my guinea, master?"

"Help, help, good folks: for God's sake
help!"
Bawls out the hopeful youth—
"He pick'd my guinea up just now,
And has it in his mouth!"

The elder thief was lurking near,
Now close to Humphrey draws;
And, seizing on his gullet, plucks
The guinea from his jaws!

Then roars out—"Masters, here's the coin;
I'll give the child his guinea!
But, who'd have thought to see a thief,
In this same country ninny?"

Humphrey astonish'd, thus begins—
"Good measters! hear me pray!"
But—"Duck him! duck him!" is the cry:
At length he sneaks away.

"Ah! now," quoth Numps, "I will be-
lieve,
What often I've heard zaid;
That London thieves would steal the teeth
Out of a body's head!"

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

The foes well tarr'd, and our tars well feathered.
All those who have fought and bled for their country.
A broadside of comfort to every distressed seaman.
May the tears of sorrow ever be dried up by the hand of benevolence.
When we part may it be always to meet again.
Every Miss but Miss-fortune.
May we be beloved by those we love.
Merit assisted and rogues twisted.

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BUDGET OF RECITATIONS



A HUMAN DEVIL; OR, THE BITER BIT.

(An Original Recitation, by Thomas Evans Edwards.)

One night, the toils of day being o'er,
Old farmer Brown, with pleasure, sat
To count, in mind, his wealth galore,
And listen to the purring of his cat.

The night was dismal, dark, and cold,
The rain against his windows beat;
The wind was heard—like voice of scold,
But the farmer's wife was fast asleep!

So within his house, sweet silence reign'd,
"As he thus communed with himself;
How lucky 'tis that late I've gain'd,
Out of all bargains so much pelf."

But hark! on stairs is heard a foot,
That speaks a visit from some pest;
'Twas he, whose foot ne'er wore a boot,
That soon became old John Brown's guest.

For in there stalk'd, without preface,
A hideous figure, all black and tall;
Upon whose head large horns were plac'd,
Which did the farmer sore appal.

And on old Brown it fixed—in ire,
(As standing 'mid a "flare-up" blaze;)
An eye so large, so full of fire,
That John could not return the gaze.

And then its tail, oh! such a tail,
Three yards, I'm sure, in length at least;
With which it 'gan Brown to assail,
Like snake being wound around his waist.
No. 12.

This seem'd a tyrant of the brimstone breed,
Deck'd out in all majestic ugliness;
So to tell 'twas a devil there's no need,
For old John knew his infernal highness.
Who out soon stretch'd a fiery paw,
And thus most hoarse, and loudly swore.

"You evil man, ah! you may stare,
Your soul and body, you must know,
Are mine, by right,—so I do swear,
I'll take you to the regions below."

The farmer on his knees, now fell,
And being anxious to save his life;
Ask'd, whether it would do as well,
Instead of self, to take his wife.

"Oh! no," exclaimed the satanic king,
Rolling about his fiery eyes;
"No! no! I'll have no such thing,
We mostly leave behind the wives:
For in this house must be more strife,
So here, as yet, I'll leave your wife."

The farmer then 'gan hard to implore,
Mercy, mercy at his hand,
Saying "grateful he'd be evermore,
If the devil 'd forego his demand."

Then wealthy John prayed again,
A respite even for a day;
Or any time the devil 'd ordain,
And then he'd start void of delay:
Altho' 'twas hard, alack-aday!
To regions below to wend his way.

The devil, tho' in a devilish rage,
At this, seem'd to be much assuag'd ;
And kindly offer'd, the farmer to give—
A few years yet on earth to live.

But when he'd giv'n this time more,
He said " come tell me where's your store ;
Where's your bags, and coffers of wealth ;
For from them, I'll just make bold,
Openly—*now mark ye not by stealth,*
To borrow a sum of gold !"

To fifty pounds the sum amounted,
That was agreed on, 'tween the two ;
Which in bank notes, the farmer counted,
All out, to him, in a dev'lish stew.

But " No! no! no!" cried satan quickly,
" I never touch—you'll understand ;
Paper money—for a verity,
'Twould burn within my fiery hand.

" So of the notes I'll not have one,"
Adding " your soul itself's at stake ;
For either gold away I'll take,
Or you yourself, sure as a gun !"

Now what to do poor Brown knew not,
For all his money, in notes he kept ;
Therefore, he said " he'd be shot,
If he could pay,"—and then he wept !

At length he swore with might and main,
That if his highness would call again,
By that time on the following night,
The cash, should surely meet his sight.

The devil agreed, and then departed,
'Mid cloud, and fire, and smoke ;
Leaving Brown nigh broken hearted,
By so sharp and heavy a stroke.

The notes to change with all due care,
Next day, the farmer trudg'd his way ;
Which done—did quickly home repair,
All ready for, 'the devil to pay.'

The next night came, drear, cold, and wet,
The farmer sat, not over tranquil ;
There lay on table the amount of debt,
He felt, alas! he ow'd the devil.
Thus 'twas he waited alone in room,
With money to avert his horrible doom.

By chance, or fate, there came that way,
Old Pedler Jones, of cunning mind ;
Who wish'd with Brown the night to stay,
To walking further, not being inclin'd.

" But" cried old Brown, " you'd better not
stop,
If for your soul you care a pin ;
For the devil last night did in here drop,
And promis'd this night to come again."

" Oh! then," cried Jones, " pray let me
wait,
To behold *your* mighty prince of fire ;
I'd like to see him, whate'er my fate,
So pray comply with my desire."
At length old farmer Brown consented,
Bidding himself to blame, if he repented.

To the hour agreed Beelzebub came,
Looking more frightful than before ;
As, envelop'd in a volume of flame,
He enter'd at the chamber door.

Emitting a shocking sulphurous scent,
As o'er the table his head he bent ;
To count, exact, each single piece,
Thus showing insatiable avarice.

Oh! man, thou'rt an unruly creature ;
And soon this tale must tell ;
That, *presumption*, is thy striking feature,
Else nought would have the devil befel.

Jack Jones, he view'd the hideous shape ;
Its sooty, dirty, lanky paw ;
The farmer did nought else than gape,
As the devil, with money, 'gan to with-
draw.

But, pedler Jones, on this deemed fit,
No longer thus to quietly sit ;
So up to the figure, his hand with club in,
He stept, and gave it a hearty drubbing ;
Knock'd off both his highness's horns,
Trod most lustily on his corns ;
Paid no regard to his pitiful groans,
But beat, till he'd nigh broke his bones.

For this was a devil of curious kind,
Being like the rest of human kind ;
Made up of flesh—ah! and bones too,
Each one of which had cause to rue.

This was a rogue, who money lack,
Thought on Brown to play a trick ;
And, the crime to clap on the devil's back,
By decking himself out as old Nick.
But the sequel turn'd out very fit,
In biting the biter for his wit.

Now the farmer also thought with reason,
To thrash his fiendish majesty, no treason ;
So he fetch'd him such a hearty whack,
That made him tip the *money* back.

This quondom devil in 'durance vile,'
Learnt very soon to grow docile ;
And tho' he did the farmer puzzle,
Outright fail'd him to bamboozle.

Now if we wish'd to moralize,
We'd say, of imps there's never a dearth ;
Who'll with your quiet tantalize,
But, many such are on the earth.

The Libertine's Death.

(Original, by Mr. W. Lovegrove.)

NARGOVAN, the Libertine, *solus*.

What's that which swims before my tor-
tured eyes,
Floating in everlasting flames sent from the
gulf below,

To rack my withered frame? I see, I see,
 'tis Celia's ghost,
 Avaunt, begone, thou phantom that upon the
 midnight air,
 Rides free and unconfined as the proud
 uprear'd Albatross:
 Thou shalt not have my soul, Celia forbear!
 forbear!
 Horror! she whispers in my ears, "De-
 spair, and die!"
 She's gone; poor thing, I deeply, foully
 wrong'd her!
 Her spotless soul on cherubs glorious wings,
 Was floated far on high; while I, frail man,
 Am left to all the dreadful accumulated
 horrors,
 Which a guilty, unrepented mind must feel.
 The hour will come, when all must die:
 When from the recreant dust, the ever living
 soul,
 Will rise to regions far beyond the skies,
 Or sink to hell's unfathomable gulf!
 That hour must come, when on his death
 bed laid,
 The lost, abandoned profligate there sees
 The victims of his senseless passion, pass in
 blood,
 In seas of liquid fire, to heaven's tribunal;
 There to blast their horrid, vile seducer!
 If men would look (ere on their blackest
 voyage
 They had set sail), upon the awful misery
 That follows in their grisly track;
 They would then forsake their base, un-
 manly ways,
 And be a woman's boast.—Ah! another!
 And another! there does pass! oh! stay!
 Ye ministers of vengeance, poor victims to
 credulity;
 I'll make ye restitution; your faded forms
 Shall grace the world anew, and bloom with
 youth,
 And an honest virgin freshness—Stay, oh,
 stay!
 They onward pass, nor heed my gasping
 prayers:
 Look! look! they go; pardon a sinner ere
 you blast
 Before the Almighty's throne, my unpre-
 pared soul!
 I call in vain, they fly, and I am left alone.
 'Tis now, when on my death bed laid,
 My former villanies all rise to view;
 And fill the intervening space between my
 soul and heaven,
 With forms and spectres horrid. Methinks
 I see
 The victims to my passion, rise along;—no,
 no,
 'Tis but a wild imagination that pictures up,
 This phantasy of horrors! I must now re-
 flect;
 I've been a wild, abandoned, wicked man,
 My life has been spent in riot and debau-
 chery;
 Poor victims, *many*, no, not one, have fell

Beneath my hellish arts: poor blighted
 flowers,
 They rest within the grave; below the sod
 Their bodies lie reclined; their spotless
 souls
 Have flown to meet their God, and blast
 their fell destroyer:
 While I, the shadow of a worthless man;
 Lie here, a monument of foul unuttered,
 dark despair.
 My wasted form shall never rise to grace the
 world,
 Nor yet to mar again its happiness.
 My time is run, I feel death's icy hand—
 Grasping with bony fingers my burning
 throat!
 He will not yield,—his prey must go
 Where no mortal man can tell! Poor in-
 nocents;
 Farewell on earth; we yet shall meet,
 Where none shall interpose, to shield my
 guilty form.
 Oh! children, yet unborn, shall shake their
 infant heads,
 When parents shall recite the fell *seducer's*
last!

The Cobbler and the Clown.

(An original Comic Recitation by M. P.)

A country clown just come from tillage,
 Intent to reach the nearest village;
 He hurried quickly o'er the ground,
 In hopes a dentist might be found:
 For he was troubled with a pain,
 Which sadly went against the grain;
 It made him wince and twist about,
 He wish'd his tooth was quickly out!
 In gazing at a parish clock,
 A butcher's tray his tooth did knock;
 He swore with rage, and with a frown,
 Said he would knock the scoundrel down.
 But ah! alas! the pain was worse,
 And oft he vented many a curse;
 He could not fight, so look'd about,
 And spied at last, a cobbler out.
 The stall he entered with delight,
 Thinking the man would draw it right;
 And ask'd him, in his awkward manner,
 His tooth to draw for one small tanner!
 Says he "my lad, you need not doubt,
 But that I'll quickly have it out;
 And ease you of your pain right quickly,
 I see that it has made you sickly."
 So straightway got his tools in order,
 To cure his patient's bad disorder:
 And bade him on his stool be seated,
 Till he his wax a little heated.
 And getting down his best of twine,
 By rubbing quick, soon made it shine;
 Then fixed it to his tooth quite neatly,
 In hopes to do the job completely.
 "Stop!" says the clown, "the one you've
 tied,
 Is wrong; it's on the other side:

The tooth I'd swear to, in a minute,
By looking at the blackness in it!" "Then lad, your teeth would any bother, For all are black as one another." At last he got it fixed quite right, By tying him with all his might; Down to the stool on which he sat, And laugh'd to think what he was at. For fun, this cobbler was inclin'd, He slyly took his awl behind, To prick him in the hinder part, It made the clown upright to start! So quickly did his tooth extract, He thought that his poor jaw was crack'd; And likewise in his sudden jump, His head against the roof went bump. "Odd zounds!" he cried, and gave a shout, "Is this the way you get it out? By goles, you laugh as if 'twas fun, But really zur, to me it's none. When I came in just now, d'ye see? I had one sore, but now I've three!" Much did he grieve, for what he'd borne, So paid his fee, and then was gone: But not much farther than the door, For he a tickler had in store. Conceal'd beneath his smock, he had— The cobbler's last, it was too bad; And muttering to himself, he said, He'd like to send it at his head! Then threw it in with all his might, And ran 'till he was out of sight!

The Parricide;

OR, THE GAMBLER'S DOOM!

(An Original Recitation, by A. O.)

Rolamo. I did think that time had long since erased
My name from memory's book;
That mis'ry had so plow'd its furrows on my brow,
That e'en Lynx ey'd suspicion, would stare in vain to trace
The lines that form'd in former days a happy face—
Beneath this cloak of misery and care.
Thy kind entreating sympathy, would wring from me,
What now 'twere useless to conceal, for fate has nearly done its most,
The story of my woes; observe me well:
Let thine eye wander o'er this maniac form,
Call to thy mind what once I was, what now I am,
Sum up thy thoughts, the sequel then will be,
The gambler's doom.
Think, thou upon the gay, the heedless fool,
Trampling o'er love, and friendship's sacred ties;
Spurning alike their ~~anxious~~ fears, and warnings kind,

Till fell destruction's gulph yawn'd forth to view,
And gaunt eyed famine stood forth with meagre hand,
To stop my mad career.
Would that the fiend despair, had plung'd me head-long down,
Ere I had drawn those sainted forms of love, Within the giddy vortex of my ruin.
I stood a beggar, by a hell born vice,
By one fell throw, my wealth had gone from me,
And with its loss, despair began its reign, And made my heart its throne.
Now mark me well, while I read thee
The burning lines that's on my memory written.
Misfortunes one by one came on,
While I with struggling arm, opposed their 'whelming force;
Weeks like months, and months like years, crept on,
Still we liv'd! God! what a life it was!
Propp'd up, by what the cold relaxing hand Of charity held forth! but we kept up,
For buoyant hope still floated o'er my cares.
A brother dear who long in foreign climes had been,
Had sent us word that he with wealth and fortune would arrive.
Time still pass'd on, but he came not;
And with it went our store.
A wretched hut became our home, if such could be a home:
And in that hut was seen a picture;
A living picture 'twas, yet near devoid of life:
A mother 'twas in much despair bent o'er the forms
Of her dear hapless babes.
Their faint and husky cries sunk to my soul,
As hour by hour they ding'd my ears for bread!
And forth I rush'd to seek the man,
Whom chance or fraud had given my wealth;
Whom I with fawning parasites encircled found,
Revelling in luxury and ease!
Imploringly I knelt, and begg'd for that to buy them food, which he denied:
Nay more, with stern derision mock'd my abject woes!
Madden'd, I rush'd, with vengeance at my heart;
I swore I'd have by force, what was to my prayer denied;
Their taunting scorn had taught me to believe,
That all men were alike—!
'Twas night! my hut was skirted by a wood,
Through which my track now lay;
A death like silence now reign'd around,
Nor broken, save by the fitting bat,
And nightbird's boding screech,
As it wrung forward by the pitful blast,
The stern forteller of the coming storm!

Onward I trod; the craving fiend of hunger
 at my heart,
 In sullen mood, my thoughts on vengeance
 bent;
 The distant thunder roll'd, and by the
 lightning's gleam,
 Which broke across my path, a distant form
 reveal'd.
 The thought of plunder flash'd across my
 brain;
 With stealthy steps I hastened on to over-
 take my prey,
 Whom, by the mazes of the wood, I lost.
 With baffled hopes, my weary limbs now
 brought me to my hut,
 Which as I near'd, the hum of voices broke
 upon my ear!
 Cautiously the lattice I approach'd, and by
 the ember's glare,
 Descried the very form I'd miss'd,
 In earnest conversation with my wife!
 His back was to my view, but from his dress,
 I judged him to be rich,
 As if by instinct, I had drawn my knife,
 I to a crevice next applied my ear,
 To learn the import of their talk:
 With sighs and tears I heard my wife relate
 Our bitter tale of woes.
 I sheathed my knife, and to myself I said,
 If pity dwells within his breast, he'll not
 deny
 What I would have by force! Force may cost
 blood,
 Not blood, but food I crave!
 Judge then my fury and surprise to find
 There liv'd a fiend, whom I now shelter'd
 from the furious blast,
 That gloried in my ruin.
 Who, at the dread recital of my wrongs, ex-
 ultingly exclaimed,
 "I'm glad!" the thunder drown'd his voice;
 heard no more,
 But madly bursting in, I laid the scoffer
 low!
 Dost thou not see the brand of Cain is on
 my brow?
 Dost thou not hear the echo of a voice pro-
 nounce me *parricide*,
 I am: ha! ha! ha! it was my brother that I
 slew,
 Who elate with joy, too mighty to contain,
 Who glad to think that he could help and
 save.
 Madly I rush'd, of senses near bereft, I
 knew not where;
 And having curs'd, with imprecations wild,
 The heavens, the elements that did not blast
 me dead.
 The thunder roll'd, the lightning scorch'd
 my brain,
 I reeling senseless fell, nor rose till piercing
 screams
 And falling timbers, called my senses forth.
 God, what a sight then met mine eyes!
 The bolt, which for my curses struck me
 down,
 Had wrapt my home in flames!

The rending shrieks of my wife and babes,
 Rose high above the blast!
 Which strove in vain to quell and drown
 their cries!
 In vain 'twould be to tell what I endured,
 I stood transfixed and motionless with
 horror!
 Till nature overcame, exhausted fell;
 Nor from my lethargy awoke, till nought
 but one black spot
 Remain'd to tell the story of their fates.
 My tale is told; the grave is dug to hold
 these poor;
 A burnt and desolated spot will tell thee
 where they fell.
 The cold and clammy hand of death is on
 me;
 Farewell, the curse is now complete;

The Tinker and Glazier.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Since gratitude, 'tis said, is not o'er common,
 And friendly acts are pretty near as few;
 With high and low, with man, and eke with
 woman,
 With Turk, with Pagan, Christian, and
 with Jew;

We ought, at least, whene'er we chance to
 find

Of these rare qualities a slender sample;
 To shew they may possess the human mind,
 And try the boasted influence of example.
 Who knows how far the novelty may charm?
 It can't at any rate, do much harm.
 The tale we give, then, and we need not
 fear

The moral, if there be one, will appear.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
 One, Glazier Dick, the other, Tom the
 Tinker;

Both with light purses, but with spirits gay,
 And hard it were to name the sturdiest
 drinker.

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

The landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling
 ale,

Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher
 hug;
 For every jest, and song, and merry tale,
 Had this blithe ending—"Bring us
 t'other mug!"

Now Dick the Glazier feels his bosom burn
 To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn;
 And when the heart to friendship feels in-
 clin'd,
 Occasion seldom lingers long behind.

The kettle gaily singing, on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint just to his hearts desire:
And, while to draw more ale the landlord
goes,
Dick in the ashes all the water throws;
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the tinker winks,
As "trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.

Our landlord ne'er could such a toast withstand;
So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship too display'd;
And drank "success to trade!"
But O, how pleasure vanish'd from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage
grew,
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly;
Soldier the only fluid he could view!
He raved, he caper'd, and he swore,
And d—d the kettle's body o'er and o'er.
"Come, come," says Dick, "fetch us, my
friend, more ale:—
All trades, you know, must live;
Let's drink, 'may trade, with none of us,
e'er fail!
The job to Tom then give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend the
kettle."
The landlord yields; but hopes 'tis no offence,
To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.
Tom undertakes the job; to work he goes,
And just concludes it with the evening's close.

Souls so congenial had friends Tom and
Dick,
Each might be fairly call'd a loving brother;
Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a
trick,
And one good turn, in truth, deserves
another.
Out now he slily slips,
But not a word he said,
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.
Swift to a neighbouring church his way he
takes;
Nor in the dark,
Misses his mark,
But every pane of glass he quickly breaks.
Back as he goes,
His bosom glows,
To think how great will be his friend Dick's
joy,
At getting so much excellent employ!
Return'd, he, beckoning, draws his friend
aside—
Importance in his face;
And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case:

"Dick, I may give you joy—you're a made-
man,
I've done your business most complete my
friend;
I'm off! the devil may catch me if he can,
Each window in the church you've got to
mend!—
Ingratitude's worse curse my head befall,
If for your sake, I have not broke them all."

Tom, with surprise, sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs—"O, la!"
Then drops his under jaw,
And all his pow'rs of utterance fail:
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eye-balls, Tom can trace:
Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
Share with his heart
Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal
view.

At length friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd:
"You have indeed my business done!
And I, as well as you must run:
For let me act the best I can,
Tom, Tom, I am a ruin'd man.—
Zounds! zounds, this piece of friendship-
costs me dear!—
I always mend church windows—by the
year!"

The Smuggler's Return

(Original, written by James Harvey.)

"At once the face of earth and sea deforms,
"Swells all the winds and rouses all the storms."
POPE.

The moon had sunk, and dark was the star-
less sky,
Loud peals of thunder, with terrific roar—
Foretold that night, were many doom'd to
die,
And wreck 'ere morn, bestrew the strand-
ed shore!

The winds loud echo'd o'er the troubl'd
main,
The lightning flashing thro' portentous
clouds;
The curling billows with descending rain,
Wash o'er the mast and rend the fasten'd
shrouds!

The sea-bird screeched, high rose each
'whelming wave,
When on the ocean was a vessel borne;
Which fearless sails and angry waters braves,
Amid the dangers of the raging storm.

A simple cottage near a beach remain'd,
 Its wretched inmates, who can paint the
 sight—
 That reign'd within? What fears their
 breast contain'd,
 While each beheld the horrors of the
 night?

An aged mother a fond son bewails,
 With wringing hands, she calls upon his
 name;
 Invoking heaven, to stem the mighty gales,
 And safely guide him to his home again.

A tender wife fast paces o'er the floor,
 With hair dishevell'd, and demeanour
 wild;
 Then anxious looks out from the cottage
 door,
 Returns again, and clasps her infant child!

Two children standing near the cottage fire,
 With streaming eyes mark well the roar-
 ing breeze;
 With terror tremble for their wish'd-for sire,
 Whose vessel sails amid the frantic seas!

Such was the scene the smuggler's home
 displayed,
 Such was the cause that made each bosom
 smart;
 Such was the fright the angry tempest made,
 Such were the pains that rent each aching
 heart!

At length the distant thunder dies away,
 The lightning's flash no more is seen to
 fall;
 The wind's scarce heard, the waters calmly
 lay,
 The rain has ceas'd to wash the cottage
 wall.

The tempest dies, the moon sheds forth a
 beam,
 A trusty friend then hastens to inform:
 From near the cliff a glimmering light is seen,
 An 'scaped vessel from the furious storm.

The tale's soon told, 'tis then their bosoms
 burn,
 A ray of hope quick rises with its fears;
 Their silence breaks, perhaps, the crew return,
 Their thanks to heaven are shewn by
 falling tears!

Quick to the beach, the wife and children
 fly,
 The well known signal shines far out at
 sea;
 Amid the waters of the moon-lit sky,
 Soon plainly told, by well-known signs—
 'tis he!

'Twas now the wife again her child caress'd,
 With frantic looks she views the scene
 around;
 Again her infant to her bosom press'd,
 As with hurried steps, she treads the
 humid ground.

The moon now shines with all her radiant
 pride,
 The gentle winds have lull'd the waves to
 sleep;
 The vessel swiftly cuts the glassy tide,
 The lugger sails along the slumb'ring deep.

Soon then the crew, the wish'd-for creek
 they reach,
 All hands engaged, the lugger soon they
 free;
 Their stores are quickly strew'd along the
 beach,
 The vessel's clear'd—again she puts to
 sea!

The husband now receives his wife's embrace,
 The neighbouring hamlet soon supply their
 aid;
 Which watchful comes, then to their latent
 place,
 In carts well fill'd, the cargo's soon con-
 veyed.

The freight safe stow'd, the smugglers quick
 repair,
 To greet that home where joy again pre-
 vails;
 The foaming flask serves well to drown past
 care,
 While each deep drinks, and tells of
 former tales!

They reach the cot, what tears of joy are
 shed,
 The children climbing on the father's knee;
 They now rejoice for one they mourn'd as
 dead,
 They now rejoice at heaven's just decree.

The repast is o'er, the flagon cheers each
 soul,
 Around the hearth's blaze they drink and
 banish strife;
 Carouse and laugh, how mountain billows
 roll,
 Then dare their foes, and drink—"The
 Smuggler's Wife."

Selection from the Comedy of the Rivals.

(As Recited at Public Concerts.)

Characters—SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, (*a
 passionate old man.*)—CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE,
 (*a Military Officer.*)—FAG, (*a Servant.*)

Fag. Sir, your father has just arrived.
Capt. My father? what brings him to
 Bath? I wish the gout had held him fast in
 Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and
 looking so well!—Your sudden arrival at
 Bath made me apprehensive of your health.

Sir A. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. Yes, sir, I am on duty.

Sir A. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—I have been considering, Jack, that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir A. I hope that your prayers may be heard with all my heart and soul. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. Sir, you are very good.

Sir A. And it is my wish, while I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. Sir, your kindness overpowers me; such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir A. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention, and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Capt. Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence. Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A. O, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. My wife, sir!

Sir A. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Capt. A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A. Aye, a wife—didn't I mention her before?

Capt. Not a word, sir.

Sir A. O, I mustn't forget her, though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Capt. Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

Sir A. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. I was, sir; you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A. Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase. Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A. What's that to you, sir?—Come,

give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of.

Sir A. I am sure, sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. Then, sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fixed on another. My heart is engaged to an angel.

Sir A. Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her.

Capt. You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A. Now, d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live.

Capt. Nay, sir, hut hear me.

Sir A. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean you dog—if you don't, by—

Capt. What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to—

Sir A. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose; she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the crescent; her one eye shall roll about like the Bull's in Cox's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. This is reason and moderation, indeed!

Sir A. None of your grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis false, sir, I know you'll grin when I am gone.

Capt. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A. None of your passion, sir, can't you be cool like me?

Capt. Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do. But mark! I give you just six hours and a half to consider of this; if you then agree, to do everything on earth that I choose, why confound you! I may in time forgive you—if not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-three-pence in the hands of the trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you—I'll disinherit you—I'll unget you! and d—n me, if ever I call you Jack again!



THE FALL OF THE HOLY CITY.

(An Original Recitation, Written by A. Isaacs.)

Sons of Israel arise,
Shout your war cry to the skies;
Buckle on your armour bright,
Join thy brothers in the fight!
Death to him that draws his sword,
'Gainst the chosen of the Lord;
Hasten, hasten to the walls,
Ere our ancient city falls.
See the Roman legions pass,
In one solid iron mass:
Now the Jewish host appear,
Armed with buckler, sword, and spear;
See, how bravely they oppose—
A phalanx of their tyrant foes:
Now from out yon portals arch,
See our oldest warriors march;
Mighty captains lead them on,
With shout of war, and martial song.
While the air resounds with cries,
Of vengeance, on our enemies.
Now the Romans gain the height,
And charge the Jews with all their might;
How nobly they withstand the shock,
As firmly fixed as solid rock;
The archers from behind the hill,
The vaulted sky with arrows fill:
Stones are thrown in pelting showers,
The Romans fly, the day is ours!

Now, who is yonder Roman bold?
Whose armour shines like burnish'd gold;
Whose polish'd helm is studded o'er,
With jewels brought from Persia's shore;
No. 13.

He's mounted on a milk white horse,
While heaps of dead point out his course:
Hundreds fall beneath his arm,
The Jews now fly in quick alarm;—
'Tis Titus, the brave and warlike son,
Of the Emperor Vespasian!

From out our host there doth advance,
With glist'ning shield, and well pois'd lance,
A warrior both stout and strong,
Thirsting to avenge his country's wrong:
He longs to strike the mortal blow,
That rids the country of her foe.
Alas! his longing is but brief,
For now he meets the Roman chief;
Who dext'rously has thrown his dart,
And pierced the hero thro' the heart!
He falling cries, with parting breath,
"Fight for liberty or death;"
When Titus saw his foe expire,
His eye was lit with savage fire;
He call'd the Romans to return,
Their ardent souls with rage did burn:
And they obedient to his call,
Return and mount the city wall;
When springing to the other side,
Spread desolation far and wide!
Some madly rushing through the street,
Are slaying all they chance to meet;
While others, drunk with Judea's wine,
Are sated with murder and rapine.
See how the lightnings blaze on high,
The thunder peals along the sky;

And the thick atmosphere abounds,
In awful, strange, and fearful sounds!
They seem as if by Heaven sent,
To warn us of some great event.
What smoke is this the air doth fill;
Seeming to ascend from Zion's hill?
Hark! what shouts the Romans raise,
See, the temple's in a blaze!
See how the flames are bursting forth,
Consuming all with furious wrath,
Reflecting on the holy height,
A wild, fierce, and unnatural light!
The Romans fearful, keep aloof,
For see the flames burst thro' the roof:
They give a bright, but transient flash,
And all fall in with awful crash!
What was the temple yesterday,
A smoking pile of ruins lay.

* * * * *
Now two long years were past and gone,
Since Israel their chains had worn;
The sun was sinking in the west,
'Neath Orien's dark tempestous breast;
I saw beneath a grove of trees,
Whose boughs were waving in the breeze;
An aged man with flowing beard,
Like Patriarch of old appear'd.
He took his harp from where it hung,
And thus the aged minstrel sung:—
"O! Israel, thou art doom'd to roam,
O! where shall Judah find a home?
When driven from his native land,
To wander on a foreign strand?
Or, perhaps to die on hostile shore,
By the hand of some Idolater.
Thy vengeance Lord is great and just,
And we thy children, are as dust.
Zion's daughters hang their heads,
They lowly press their earthy beds:
And those who once were brave and bold,
Now in their graves lie stiff and cold;
The place whereon thy altar stood,
Is now a pool of Jewish blood!
Thus pestilence, and fire, and sword,
Have all fulfill'd thy holy word;
In after ages who shall tell,
'Twas thus the holy city fell?"

Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy.

(Written and Recited by Mr. C. Stainton.)

To print, or not to print? that is the ques-
tion;
Whether 'tis safer in the mind t'enjoy
The calm retreat of modest diffidence,
Or to turn author 'gainst repeated hints,
And by opposing, end them:—to print,—to
publish
No more; and by advertisement to see
Our name announced with A.M. L.L. D.
As graduates heir to—'tis an exhibition
Most pleasing to be wish'd To print; to
publish,
Perchance expose one's self—aye, there's the
rub,

For in that hasty step what ills may come,
When we have sent off the copy to the press,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
Should make our essays of much longer date,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
satire,
The scholar's jest, the critic's contumely;
The slurs of despised notice, the puff's delay,
The tediousness of office, and the loss
Of books returned on hand, not vendible:
When he might his reputation save,
By bare quietus? Who would disgrace bear,
Yet groan beneath enormous bills of charges
But that the hope of praise in the review,—
Whose undiscovered censors, from whose ken
No title-page escapes,—flattering the will,
Makes us pass by what credit we yet have,
To risk the judgment that we know not of.
Thus vanity doth make scribblers of us all!
And thus the forwardness of resolution,
Ne'er tempered with the solid cast of
thought,
Sends composition of no pith and moment,
With this conceit to be transcribed anew
And lose the name of writing.

Mary the Maid of the Inn.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly
fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?—
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she
sighs;
She never complains—but her silence im-
plies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will
seek,
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter
blow bleak,
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and
her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day)
Poor Mary the maniac has been:
The trav'ller remembers, who journey'd this
way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with
delight,
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at
night,
When the wind whistled down the dark
aisle.

She lov'd—and young Richard had settled
the day—

And she hop'd to be happy for life :
But Richard was idle and worthless ; and
they
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and
say,
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was
the night,
And fast were the windows and door ;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt
bright,
And smoking in silence, with tranquil de-
light,
'They listen'd to hear the wind roar.'

"Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the
fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without ;
"A fine night for the Abbey," his comrade
reply'd :
"Methinks a man's courage would now be
well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself like a school-boy, should tremble to
hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by
fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit, appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now ;"
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he re-
plied,
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her
side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage
allow ?"
His companion exclaim'd with a smile ;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture
there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary com-
ply,
And her way to the abbey she bent ;
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was
high,
And, as hollowly howling it swept through
the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known, still proceeded
the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on her sight ;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt
not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and
their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the
rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless
she pass'd,
And arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly
drew near,
And hastily gather'd a bough ;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on
her ear—
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to
hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over
her head ;—
She listen'd ;—nought else could she
hear :
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom
with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the
tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with
fear,
She crept to conceal herself there :
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud
shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians
appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear,

Then Mary could feel her-hearts-blood curdle
cold,
Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it
roll'd :
She fell—and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!"—he exclaim'd—"nay, come
on, and first hide
The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beheld them in safety pass on by her
side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage sup-
plied,
As fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at
the door,
She cast her eyes horribly round ;
Her limbs could support their faint burden
no more ;
But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on
the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story im-
part,
For a moment the hat met her view ;

Her eyes from that object convulsively
start,
For, oh God! what cold horror thrill'd thro'
her heart

When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands on a common
hard by,

His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a
sigh,
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

A Dramatic Fragment.

A Murderer reproaches his employer.—The
Retort.

(Recited by Messrs. Bates and Gregory.)

Sir Philip. You come o' the sudden.

Brand. Ay, sir,—unannounced

As doth the wind, or raging waters, when
They burst their bonds, and on the hearths
of men

Rush down with cries of ruin!

Sir Philip. You are learned:
What is't you want?

Brand. Sir, the philosopher's stone,—
Justice; long sought, ne'er found. I've kept
sad watch,

In hopes your pity would dissolve at last,
And flow upon us: but your heart is steel,
(Hard, cold, thrice tempered in an orphan's
tears,)

And will not melt, nor bend.

Sir Philip. Where doth this lead?

Brand. I'll tell you, so you've patience.—
Let us turn

Our thoughts back thro' the crimes of thirty
years,

And we shall see each other as we were;

Both young, and one imprudent. I—(let
loose

By manhood from the bondage of my youth)
Plunged into riot: you more wise, lent
out

Your wisdom to great men, who paid you
back

(With something better than the courtier's
coin)

With place, and profit; on which helps, you
rose

To greatness. Then—a sudden tempest
wrecked

The vessel where your fortunes lay em-
bayed

And hurled you down to your ancient po-
verty.

—Tired of the toil of rising, and long used
To silken pleasures, you could not put on
Your youthful habits; but with discontent
(The villain's sword) walked thoughtful
and down,

Seeking some wretch still needier than your-
self,

And came on—*me!* I was—('twas my black
hour!)

So closely knit to every basest grief,
So famished, and in such frightful beggary,
That I have quarrelled with the houseless
cur,

For scraps the stomach sickens at. You saw
this;

And (though you had before refused my
wants)

Proffered—I know not what: 'twas wealth
—'twas life;

(For from my bones the lean and traitorous
flesh

Had fled, and left a desperate skeleton;)

And ready was I to do aught 'gainst earth,
Nay 'gainst high Heaven,—if 'twere but for
a meal!

But, what's all this? You know't as well
as I.

You had a dying brother,—he a son,
Whose life eclipsed and hid you from the
light:—

'Twas but a little blood, and all was over!
You tempted, and—I fell.

Sir Philip. Why, you were then

A murderer, ready made. What cant is
this?

Where you not *paid?* Your bones well arm'd
with flesh?

That flesh apparelled like a gentleman?

Dog that you are, why,—when all's fairly
done,

The bargain consummate, the coin paid
down,

And you still fattening at my yearly cost,—
Why do you come, and with your diseased
tongue,

Howl at bright fortune? Will you starve
again?

Shrink into bone? Swear yourself out aloud
The butcher of a child? Wilt hang? Wilt
kneel,—

And let the scoffing crowd spit scorn upon
thee?

What is't you ask? What end do you pro-
pose,—

That thus with insolent, useless, base re-
morse,

You beard me in my house, and bid me
shake

Your vulgar hand in bloody fellowship.

The Revengeful Outlaws.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr.
Isaac Bass.)

Characters.—GLENDOWER & RINALDO.

Rinaldo! I have an account with thee,

Which must be disposed of,—

Too many a day since we have met,

Though I have longed to meet thee;
Perhaps thou judgest not for why I wish'd
to meet thee,—

'Tis for revenge, Rinaldo! Thou hast known
me as a friend,

One who ne'er flinched from the glittering
steel,

Have served thee in poverty and prosperity
Have ventured my life to save thine—

And, for such kindness, thou hast chosen
To call me coward! a name I never knew—

And thy blood must wash the stain away.

Rinaldo. 'Tis true I called thee by the
name of coward;

And well I christened thee—for an act of
shame.

Dost thou remember an aged poor old man,
Who chanced to cross the Alps one moon-
light eve?

The hand of pity would have helped him on,
By some who viewed his hoary grey old
locks;

But there were some who would attack the
man,

Whose tottering frame bespeak'd an aged
life,

And o'er whose head some four-score years
have rolled!

Thou art one of those—'Twas thou that fell'd
the poor old man;

And laid him prostrate on the earth; For
what?

An half filled purse. And dost thou wonder
Why I called thee coward? Shame on thee
for the act,

Glendower. I came not here to rip up
deeds gone by,

Nor did I seek this spot to hear new lies—
For thou Rinaldo, art a demon in the art;—

Thou chargest me with—'Twas thee that first
Enticed me to the mountains, to gain my
bread

By the sharp-set knife—'twas thee
That learnt me how to wield the sword,

To fire the rifle with a steady aim—
To face the foe without indulging fear.

I soon became a master in the art,
Thy chief, and now thou enviest me—

Called me coward, which by blood alone
Must be erased. Now, Rinaldo!

Unsheath thy sword—we are alone—

Our meeting's for revenge,—plant its point
At my heart if thou canst, the same will I to
thee,

If fortune aids my arm, and wields my
sword

Effectually.

Rinaldo. Willingly, life I value not
For all must give up life
Sooner or later for endless immortality.

How to cure a Cough.

(An Original Comic Recitation by T. Prest.)

One Biddy Brown, a country dame,

As 'tis by many told;

Went to a doctor, (Drench by name,)

For she had caught a cold.

And sad indeed was Biddy's pain,
The truth must be confest;
Which she to ease found all in vain,
For it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then,

Determined to assist her;

Prescribed—oh, tenderest of men,

Upon her chest a blister!

Away went Biddy—and next day—

She call'd on Drench again;

"Well, have you used the blister, pray,

And has it eased your pain?"

"Aye, zur," the dame with curtesy cries,

"Indeed I never mocks;

"But—bless ye—I'd no chest the size,

"So I put it on a box!

"But la! zur, it be little use,

"It never rose a bit;

"And you may see it if you choose,

"For there it's sticking yet!"

The False Friend.

(Written by J. A. H.)

Long, long, have I cherished a secret hope
of revenge against one, who has proved him-
self a villain, unworthy the name of man.
Alphonso (for such was the base villain's
name), who under a cloak of friendship,
which he had assumed to deceive me, proved
my direst foe; and destroyed my only hope
of happiness in this world. I blush not to
own, I loved, and think me not flattering the
fair object of my adoration, when I tell thee
she was the fairest that ever smiled on
man. I thought myself blest in the pos-
session of her love in return. About this
time I was ordered to a far distant country,
and was compelled in duty to my king and
country, to comply, though my heart was
nigh bursting its bonds, at parting with her
my soul held so dear. Scarce had I reached
my destination, when he, I thought my friend,
made use of the trust, I had so foolishly re-
posed in him, to serve his own base ends.
For a long time I had not heard of my El-
vira; when returning to my native country,
my steps, as if by magic, were guided to the
once happy scenes of my youth; while musing
on the many blissful hours I had spent there,
I was awakened from the stupor into which
I had fallen, by a heart-rending shriek! I
rush'd towards the spot from whence it
proceeded, and judge my astonishment, on
beholding the once lovely form of her I
loved, lying prostrate on the cold earth! I
at length restored her, when she recounted
to me the villany of Alphonso, who to gain
her love, had stated he had seen me fall in
a duel, and had married her! I swore to be
revenged, his life shall pay the forfeit of his
crimes; and then, and not till then, will her
wrongs, and my wrongs, be nobly avenged!

The Dream.

(An Original Pathetic Recitation, written by
Mr. Isaac Bass.)

Cold, cold was the night-breeze that blew
o'er the moor,
And wild were the sounds which came from
the shore;
Can I picture the night? Ah, yes, I can tell,
Some magic voice whispered "for ever, fare-
well."

I saw in my dream a milky white horse,
And on him there sat my lover's cold corse;
In his right hand he held a parchment
which said,
"I have fought for my king, for my country
have bled.

"Farewell my dear Anna, farewell to our love,
I ne'er can thee wed, for I'm summon'd
above;
I received my death wound, in battle I fell,
"Farewell, my dear Anna, for ever farewell."

I gazed on the scene, I saw the red flood,
And thousands of warriors immersed in the
blood;
I saw the bright steel which fell'd the proud
Moor,
Unsheath'd and retaining the warrior's gore.

I awoke from my trance, his vision I'd seen,
And 'twas fatally realized, as in my dream;
For soon to my sorrow his death tidings
came,
My warrior had fell, in battle was slain.

The Ingenious Highwayman.

(A Comic Recitation, by E. Concanen.)

Young Harry once, as stories tell,
In this world's estimation fell;
Credit and money went together,
Pigeon fleeced, without a feather!
He was so chang'd, alas! he swore
Now fortune and his fun was o'er,
Sooner than he'd starve or beg for bread,
He'd take a pistol and shoot him dead.

Who wouldn't stand
At his command?

Now our young hero thought
He could make a saving clause,
Provided he was serv'd as robbers ought,
And made amenable to offended laws.
'Suppose,' said he, 'I do not use
What judges and humanity abuse,
Two leaden bullets and a pipe?
And now I think on't, I do not choose
To thrust my head within a plaguy noose,
Before experience has made me ripe.'

He therefore took a garden cabbage-stalk,
Cut and carved it in tremendous shape,
As tho' 'twas fit for all the world to cork,
Or rather tap at once
The living scone
Of any miserable waylaid ape.
With no occasion now to charge or cock it,
His vegetable pistol quite complete,
He put the stump into his waistcoat pocket,
And close behind a hedge-row takes his
seat.

I may tell you by the way,
'Twas not his intention to command;
In short, he was resolv'd to say
Any thing in the world but—stand!
That word he knew would bring his hapless
neck
Within the curst and dreaded hangman's
rope;
Thus bring his wasting carcase to a wreck,
And banish ev'ry cheering ray of hope.

Harry now spies a yokel on the heath,
He drew his cabbage-stump and held it
tight;

The yokel humming ditties 'twixt his teeth,
Was coming closer just upon his right,
When Harry pounc'd upon him:
The fellow trembled as he look'd about
him,

And then at Harry's if he meant to say,
He'd be as happy or as well without him—
I wish you twenty miles another way;
And muttered curses on him.

Our hero held the stalk to view,
With all the resolution he was wont,
Muttering three words he thought would
do,
With this cabbage-pistol up, cried, 'if you
don't!'

'Ees, but I will,'—cried the yokel quick,
Trembling as he dropp'd his oaken stick—
'Here be my money, zur—pray take it all—
To save my life upon my knees I fall!'
'Oh, pray,' said Harry, 'spare your fright
and trouble,

I want no more than what you've kindly
given;
Thank ye, good fellow,—money's but a
bubble,

And charity's the nearest road to heaven.'
Thus he went on robbing every night,
Till he became a terror to the fair;
For hearing of the robber, well they might
Engender something in the shape of fear,
In short, he caus'd a general commotion
Among the men.

Two of the sex brim-full of blood,
Determin'd to do the world some good,
Vow'd o'er a Bacchanalian potion,

With might and main,
They'd curb this spoiler of the public peace,
In short, they vow'd to capture him that
night;

Both being brave, it might be done with
ease;

Find, secure him, and then hold him
tight.

The plan was settled, one to wait
In readines at hand,
And one to meet the murderer,
To spurn his dread command.

'Twas night—young Harry on his wonted
station,
Eyed the dark distance, longing for an ass
To come before
His prime botanic imitation :
At length he heard the gallant hero pass
Along the moor,
Who having left his mate close by,
Ready to help him in a desperate case,
Whistling as careless as a shepherd boy,
While valour sat upon his ruddy face.
Out jump'd young Harry—rais'd his stump
and said
In the old way, 'Now, sir, if you don't!'
'If!' said the other, wagging his rough head,
'Damn your ifs—I tell you what I won't?'
'You won't?' 'No, I'd sooner die.'
'Then you have but one thing more to do.'
Said Harry, very smilingly;
'I never told a soul but you :
I ask'd for nothing—only said, if you dont!
Which is simply a whim of my own ;
But since you've objected, and think so
much on't,
Have the goodness to leave it alone.'

Vat you Please.

(A favorite Recitation, written by Mr. J. R.
Planche.)

Some years ago, when civil faction
Rag'd like a fury thro' the fields of Gaul;
And children in the general distraction,
Were taught to curse as soon as they
could squall;
When common sense in common folk was
dead,
And murder shew'd a love of nationality;
And France, determined not to have a head,
Decapitated all the higher class,
To put folks more on an equality;
When coronets were not worth half-a-crown,
And liberty in bonnet-rouge, might pass
For Mother Red-Cap, up to Camden Town;
Full many a Frenchman then took wing,
Bidding *soup-maigre* an abrupt farewell,
And hither came pell-mell,
Sans cash, sans clothes, almost sans ev'ry-
thing.

Two Messieurs, who about this time came
over,
Half starv'd, but *toujours gai*;
(No weasels e'er were thinner)
Trudg'd up to town from Dover,
Their slender store exhausted on the way,
Extremely puzzled how to get a dinner!

'Twas morn, and from each ruddy chimney
top,
The dun smoke-wreaths were slowly curl-
ing!
Each house-maid, cherry-cheek'd, her snow
white mop
Before the door was gaily twirling.

From morn till noon, from noon till dewy
eve,
Our Frenchmen wander'd on their expe-
dition;
Great was their need, but sorely did they
grieve,
Stomach and pocket in the same condi-
tion.
At length, by mutual consent they parted,
And different ways on the same errand
started.

This happen'd on a day most dear
To epicures, when gen'ral use
Sanctions the roasting of the sav'ry goose!
Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern
near,
Stopp'd, and beheld the glorious cheer:
While greedily he sniff'd the luscious gale
in,
That from the kitchen windows was ex-
haling,
And instant set to work his busy brain,
And sniff'd and long'd, and long'd and sniff'd
again.
Necessity's the mother of invention,
(A proverb I've heard many mention,)
So now, one moment saw his plan completed,
And our sly Frenchman at a table seated.

The ready waiter at his elbow stands—
'Sir, will you favour me with your com-
mands?
We've roast and boil'd, sir, choose you those
or these?'
'Sare! you are very good, sare! *vat you
please!*
Quick at the word,
Upon the table smokes the wish'd-for bird!
No time in talking did he waste,
But pounc'd pell-mell upon it;
Drumstick and merry-thought he pick'd in
haste,
Exulting in the *merry thought* that won it!
Pie follows goose, and after pie, comes
cheese;—
'Stilton or Cheshire, sir?'—'*Ah, vat you
please!*'

And now our Frenchman have ta'en his fill,
Prepares to go, when—'Sir, your little bill!'
'Ah! vat you're *Bill!* vell, Mr. Bill, good
day!
Bon jour, good Villiam,!'—'No, sir, stay;
My name is Tom, sir—you've this bill to
pay.'
'Pay, pay, *ma foi!*
I call for nothing, sare—*pardonnez moi!*

You bring me vat you call your goose your cheese,
You ask-a me to eat—I tell you, vat you please!"

Down came the master, each explained the case,
The one with cursing, t'other with grimace;
But Boniface, who dearly loved a jest,
(Although sometimes he *dearly* paid for it.)
And finding nothing could be done you know,
For when a man has got no money,
To make him pay some would be rather funny!)
Of a bad bargain made the best,
Acknowledg'd much was to be said for it;
Took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face,
And Briton-like forgave a fallen foe,
Laugh'd heartily, and let him go!

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued,
Away he trotted in a merry mood;
When turning round the corner of a street,
Who but his countryman he chanc'd to meet!
To him with many a shrug and many a grin,
He told how he had taken Jean Bull in!
Fir'd with the tale, the other licks his chops,
Makes his congee, and seeks this shop of shops.
Ent'ring, he seats himself, just at his ease,
'What will you take, sir?'—'Vat you please!'

The waiter looked as pale as Paris plaster,
And, up stairs running, thus address'd his master:—
'These d—d Mounseers, come over sure in pairs;
Sir, there's another 'vat you please!' down stairs!
This made the landlord rather crusty,
Too much of one thing—the proverb's somewhat musty:

Once to be *done*, his anger didn't touch,
But when a second time they tried the treason,
It made him *crusty*, sir, and with good reason,
You would be *crusty*, were you *done* so much

There is a kind of instrument
Which greatly helps a serious argument,
And which, when properly applied, occasions
Some most unpleasant tickling sensations!
'I would make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip,
'T would *strike* you presently—a stout horse-whip!
This instrument our *Maitre d'Hote*
Most carefully conceal'd beneath his coat.
And, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station,
Address'd him with the usual salutation.

Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees,
Determin'd whilst the iron's hot to strike it,
Pat with his lesson answers—'Vat you please!'
But scarcely had he let the sentence slip,
Than round his shoulders twines the pliant whip!
'Sare, sare! ah, misericorde! parbleu!
Got d—n Monsieur! vat makes you use me so?
Vat call you dis?'—'Lord, don't you know?'
That's what I please, '(say Bonny)' how d'ye like it?
Your friend, although I paid dear for his funning,
Deserv'd the goose he gain'd, sir, for his cunning;
But you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting,
Are goose enough—and only wanted basting!"

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the blessings of freedom be equally bestowed.
May revolutions never cease while tyranny exists.
May the Star of Brunswick never be eclipsed.
May those who delight in war share its calamities.
May our laws guard our liberties, and our liberties our laws.
May the laurels of Great Britain never be blighted.
Good ships, fair winds, and brave seamen.
Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of our country.
May the annals of Great Britain never suffer a moral or political blast.
May we never engage in a bad cause, and never fly from a good one.
May the enemies of the United Kingdom never find a friend in either country.
The universal advancement of the arts and sciences.

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EDMUND AND MARIAN.

(Original, by T. E. Edwards.)

A lady stands on the rocky height,
And looks at the billows of the main ;
At the barks high tost—amid her fright,
For their safe return again.
But one thought is all above,
'Tis the dear remembrance of her youthful
love.

She looks, she looks at the dashing spray,
She thinks of her lover far away ;
But now see on the wild wave doth come,
A gayous bark towards its home ;
'Tis he, 'tis he, she doth discover,
The long'd for sails of her faithful lover.
Onward she comes in playful mood,
Dancing high o'er the troublous flood,
'Mid waves, 'mid the furious wind roar,
See, see the lively bark gains on the shore.
A little time and then, flown her alarms,
She'll clasp her Edmund in her tender arms.
The bark looks joyous from without,
But teems with piercing woe ;
The mariners' hearts, tho' true and stout,
Heave many a violent throe.
Just like the world the bark appears,
Lively and gay tho' fraught with tears.

But young Matilda looks on still,
Nor bodes she aught of coming ill ;
The vessel now has reach'd the land,
Now walk the crew upon the strand.
But why so silent ? she did not know,
Why all was hush'd in speechless woe.

No. 14.

Now see, there comes a mariner sad,
From off the sea-wash'd shore
Unto the anxious faithful maid,
With grief ne'er felt before.
"Tell me," she cried, "is your captain
well,
Or has aught ill my love befel ?"

"Lady, your faithful Edmund's dead !
And sleeping in the wave ;
The ocean is his dreary bed,
The foaming sea, his grave.
Thou wert his joy, his boast, his pride,
And loving thee, sweet maid, he died !"

She spoke not, sigh'd not, from that hour,
Became a maniac on the land ;
But when the fierce storm 'gins to lour,
She'll rush as lightning to the strand :
With the hope her Edmund yet to save,
From a drowning death, from a wat'ry
grave.

She was an innocent, lovely child,
Her parents both were gone from earth ;
Compell'd by death—in this dreary wild,
To leave their first, their only birth.
But oft had Edmund stopp'd the woe,
That from her orphan heart would flow.

Now o'er the rock she'll cheerless roam,
Poor orphan child, her reason gone ;

Void of friends, without a home,
 All thought, save that of Edmund flown.
 Still will she wait and anxious burn,
 For her dead Edmund's quick return.

And when the foaming surge mounts high,
 And all around is dark and drear;
 Save when the lightnings rend the sky,
Then will the Orphan Child appear;
 'Mid ocean's rage, is seen her form,
 Crying on Edmund through the storm.

An Original Fragment.

(Written by J. B. D.)

It was a fearful night, pale lightning quivered at intervals thro' the clouds, and the wind rose thro' the neighbouring wood in strange fitful blasts, which were followed only by the mysterious stillness augmenting the terrors of the hour. I knew not how I got there: enough—I found myself in a dark gloomy dungeon, a torch burning at the further end was the only thing visible. In the centre of this scene of desolation, methought I saw a young female of exquisite beauty, whose luxurious hair hung in natural ringlets over a graceful and well moulded shoulder. Her form, too, was such as a statuary might have chosen for a model. In her hand was a wand, with which she beckoned me, I had scarcely advanced a few steps, when an icy coldness seiz'd me, and by the livid effulgence of the torch, I beheld skulls scattered over the floor, and heads severed from their bodies, laughing with grim insensibility. Claps of distant thunder now shook the building, but my own beating heart soon overpowered every other sound. A thrill of horror seized me, all the frightful recollections of my youth flashed across my brain, and I fell senseless on the ground!

When my senses returned, the morn had burst forth in all its splendour of fulness, and the chequered rays of the sun penetrated through a small aperture into this dismal abyss. The same loathsome objects were around me, looking more hideous than before; in the place of the lovely and beautiful creature, was an old withered hag, whose hollow cheeks and bloodshot eyes presented an appearance truly horrible. She held a dagger which she brandished with a ghastly smile. Her black brows were knitted together, and anger darted from her eyes as she pronounced, like the croaking of the raven, "Child of guilt, thy hour is come!" By a supernatural effort I sprang upon my legs, and seized a skull as a weapon of defence, but her bony hand had already encircled my throat—I felt a choking thirst come over me—I was paralyzed with fear—a preternatural giddiness took possession of

my head—large drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead—I uttered a shrill and piercing cry, the noise of which startled me. I awoke, and found I was grasping—the bed-post!

The Bride of Death.

(An Original Recitation, by A. O.)

"Tread soft," the old man said, "thou art on hallowed ground;
 And gaze on yon dark yew, whose mournful branches
 Hang like funeral plumes, shading that hillock green;
 Beneath repose the ashes of the dead.
 The Bride of Death, and Bridegroom of Despair!
 Their story shalt thou hear.
 From childhood had they lived and loved together,
 And as their years increased so had their loves;
 Now came the happy time, like some enticing flower
 That waited but perfection to be pluck'd
 Yet 'neath its folds contains some hidden death.
 Joyous beam'd the nuptial day, the haven of their hopes,
 That like a smiling villain, lured them to their doom.
 In Cambria's land (for that was theirs) a custom has prevailed,
 From times, and unremember'd date,
 That ere the nuptial rites they celebrate,
 the blushing maid
 Doth from her lover hide; who with inquiring eyes
 Discovers her retreat, and bears her off in triumph.
 Now had the busy search began, each secret place was look'd,
 And long they search'd, but could no tidings gain;
 The bridal hour had pass'd, and palid fear became among the guests,
 Each stream was dragg'd, each cave explor'd,
 and fathom'd was the well,
 And with the setting sun had all return'd,
 With visage sad, that told their mission vain.
 Night had come on, but she came not:
 Yet there was one, whose frantic cries broke through the silent gloom,
 Awakening echo from it's hollow caves;
 Now with fatigue he falls, and now his search renews;
 Like the reckless cataract that dashes o'er its natural impediments,
 The bristling rocks, the sport of fate in sterner mood:
 While delusive fancy and cheating hope, the pipe of life,

Play'd like a flickering and expiring flame,
 that ever and anon,
 Starts forth in brighter rays, yet still diminishes
 To which despair was mercy, till madness
 took the form of pity,
 Extinguishing its gleams, yet left remembrance
 of something past.
 Instinctive would he wander o'er his former
 haunts,
 As stalks o'er plains the shadow of a cloud
 before the sun-beams,
 And hold converse with fancy.
 'Twas then his friends, with soft persuasion's
 voice,
 Would try in vain to disengage his thoughts
 And lead him back to reason;
 At which he'd incoherently reply with vacant
 stares,
 And words remote from meaning, and then
 relax to chaos and oblivion.
 Yet would he change from pensive melancholy
 to fearful rage,
 E'en as the lulling wind would change to
 fiercest hurricane;
 And at devastation's voice, awake from
 lethargy,
 And hurry forth as if he'd glory in the
 general wreck.
 His bridal dress still hung upon his form,
 from which the very wind
 strove still to disengage the fluttering
 fragments that
 fluttered at its breath.
 His former happy home, untenanted, sunk
 into decay;
 The fox had litter'd in the bridal bed,
 And loathsome toad defiled the smooth clean
 floor;
 For all had shun'd, with superstitious dread,
 the hovel of the doom'd.
 Twelve weary months had scor'd their date
 upon his furrow'd brow,
 The summer heat had scorch'd, the winter
 snow had melted on his form,
 But now his destiny was near complete.
 'Twas a fearful time, the fiend of terror
 stalk'd abroad,
 Wielding desolation in his fiery track;
 The pale blue lightning clear'd the gloom,
 And loud the owl's cry was borne upon
 the blast;
 The mountain torrents bursting their
 confines, rush'd,
 And with the thunder's roar, join'd in the
 chorus of the howling storm.
 And now was seen the maniac form
 clambering o'er beetling rocks,
 With speed impetuous, braving the blast
 as 'twere his element,
 Or on the height of some immensity
 fearfully pois'd upon the trembling cliff,
 That hung o'er some unfathomable abyss:
 And wildly laughing at the thunder's din,
 Now rose the hurricane to fiercest height;
 Where stood a venerable oak, (here was he
 seen to hie),

It's trunk, by age was eaten to the core, and
 from its stunted top accessible;
 Its leafy arm had form'd his canopy in
 by-gone days of love.
 As he approach'd, his speed relax'd, and as
 the blue flame flash'd
 On his gaunt face, something of reverence
 might be seen.
 The elements in quick concussion centered
 to this spot,
 And wilder still the storm-fiend raged,
 Aiming his terrors on its aged trunk.
 Forth shot a spiral flame with splitting noise,
 And with meteoric blaze illumin'd all around,
 A deafening noise struck on the ear, with
 horrid shrieks and intermingled groans,
 To which discord was music,
 The mystery was solv'd.—
 Its rifted trunk disclos'd, jam'd 'twixt its
 blacken'd sides,
 With form convuls'd, a green and loathsome
 mass,
 A hideous skeleton, upon whose bleaching
 bones,
 Still hung corrupted flakes and remnants of
 a dress,
 That told the owner.
 There had she hid, and in concealment
 become
 Immoveably fix'd! this was the living tomb!
 And here, in death, the wanderer found his
 Bride!

Daniel versus Dishclout.

(A Favorite Recitation.)

We shall now consider the law, as our
 laws are very considerable, both in bulk and
 number, according as the statutes declare,
 "*considerandi, considerando, considerandum*;"
 and are not to be meddled with by those
 that don't understand them. Law always
 expressing itself with true grammatical
 precision, never confounding moods, cases, or
 genders, except, indeed, when a woman hap-
 pens to be slain, then the verdict is always
 brought in man-slaughter. The essence of
 the law is altercation, for the law can alter-
 cate, and go on at any rate; now the quint-
 essence of the law, has, according to its
 name, five parts;—The first, is the begin-
 ning, or *insipiendum*; the second, the un-
 certainty, or *dubitendum*; the third, delay,
 or *puzzhendum*; fourthly, replication with-
 out endum; and fifthly, *nostrum* and *horen-
 dum*. All which are exemplified in the fol-
 lowing case:—

DANIEL against DISHCLOUT.—Daniel was
 groom in the same family wherein Dishclout
 was cook-maid; and Daniel returning home
 one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a
 sop out of the dripping-pan; Dishclout
 pushed him into the dripping pan, which
 spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to
 bring his action against the cook-maid, the

pleadings of which were as follow. The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle; he began saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this cause to your lordship, I shall not impertinately presume to take up any of your lordship's time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not anywise relating to the matter in hand! I shall, I will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained here-upon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping pan, therefore he made an attachment to the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left hand, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping pan. Now, in Broughton's reports, *Slack versus Smallwood*, it is said, that *primus strocus sine jocus, absolutus et provokus*: now, who gave the *primus strocus*? who gave the first offence? why, the cook; she brought the dripping pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow if we had not been there, we could not have been thrown down there; yet my lord, if the dripping pan had not been there for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled down into the dripping pan."

The next counsel on the same side, began with, "My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself, therefore I shall come to the point at once, and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor, the liquor in him having served an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblibus declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers, in the 139th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man, not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not as he should be, *profecto ipse he*, but is as he should not be, *defecto ipse he*."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My lud, and you gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant, therefore, my lud, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than flagree work: some people may think them an embellishment, but to me it is a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent, to the detriment of all rudiment. But, my lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen my client's premises. Now a kitchen is nobody's premises, a kitchen is not a warehouse nor a wash-

house, a brewhouse nor a bakehouse; an outhouse, nor an innhouse, nor a dwelling house, nor any house; no, my lud, 'tis absolutely and bona fide, neither more nor less than a kitchen; or as the law more classically expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessuria pro usus cockoree, cum sauce pannus, scullero, dressero, coalholo, stovis, smoakjacko, pro roastanaum, pro vastandum, boilandum, fryandum, et plum puddings mixandum, pro turtle soupes, calves head hashibus, cum calipee et calipashibus*. But we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid; now, my lud, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg a new trial, for as they have curtailed our name from plain Mary to Moll, I hope the Court will not allow of mistakes, what would the law do, for when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of the law to make them. Therefore the Court allowed them the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is happy for us that we have the liberty of going to law.

The Student's Soliloquy.

IN IMITATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET,"

(Recited by Mr. J. G. Bates.)

To learn, or not to learn? that is the question,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The frowns and stripes of an imperious
master.

Or take up heels against the sea of troubles;
And by eloping end them?—to run—to fly,
To play—and by a flight to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural
shocks

Our flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Sincerely to be wished. To run—to fly—
Perchance to be a dunce! aye, there's the
rub;

For thro' this flight what dread effects may
come,

When we have shuffled off this learned coil;
Should give us pause. To run—to play—to
be a dunce—

Our parent's grief, our country's pest, yea,
more,

Foe to ourselves, and rebels to our God!

To guilt, to death, to everlasting pain,

Obnoxious. There's the respect

That makes us fix our firm resolve; to pray,
To toil, to learn.—Who else in youth would
bear

The will controul'd, all fond indulgence lost;
The school-boy's noise, the usher's con-
tumely,

The pangs of odious tasks, the master's laws,

The insolence of victors, and the spurns

That a poor boy of all his teachers takes,

When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare fugit? Who would fardels bear,

To groan and sweat under a weary life

Of hardships, labour, and the painful tasks

Impos'd from Latin, Hebrew, French, and
Greek ?
Besides the figures, fractions, knotty roots,
Points, lines, and angles, circles tott'ring
curves,
Sines, tangents, secants, minus or plus by
Problems perplexing ; and the extra work ?
Of puzzling short-hand ; and mnemonic toil ;
Who this, and more would bear, but that
the dread
Of something after youth, and age, and
death ;
That undiscovered country, from whose
bourne
No traveller returns ; puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others we know not of.
Thus conscience, reason, interest, all per-
suade ;
And thus the sickly, wavering resolution,
Is cur'd and strengthen'd by matur'd thought,
With this regard, their currents urge along,
And ripen into action.

The Old Man's Wish.

(Original, by J. H. J.)

The humble cottage on yon hill,
For years my father's pride ;
I've given to my only son,
And his young lovely bride !
And may they ever dwell in peace,
As I have ever done ;
And rear beneath its humble roof,
As dutiful a son.

'Twas 'neath its humble roof, that I
First drew my vital breath ;
A mother and a father there,
Had yielded unto death.
My cup of sorrow then was full,
Yet I had ne'er ropined :
'Twas one above that dealt the blow,
To him I all resigned.

'Twas there in youthful days, I led
A beautiful young bride ;
But fell disease soon smote her form,
She sickened there and died !
She left to me an infant son,
Whose prattle far and near,
Would often down my furrowed cheek,
Draw many a silent tear.

She bless'd me with her latest breath,
And wished that I might live
To lead our son in virtue's path,
And good advice to give !
And keep him from the vicious road,
From vice's dangerous brink ;
And raise his thoughts to him above,
Who ope's the mind to think.

Her every wish is now fulfilled,
There's nothing left undone :
My labour it is well repaid,
By having such a son !

For not a word that I can speak,
Or wish I would impart ;
But he is ever ready for,
To cheer this aged heart.

Full four-score years have passed since I
First drew life's fleeting breath ;
But very few again shall pass,
Ere I yield unto death !
Old age I find creeps on apace,
My locks are turned grey ;
Which shows us that our mortal life,
Is but a fleeting day.

I have one wish before I die,
To thee I would impart ;
A wish that's ever been to me,
The nearest to my heart :
It is, that you will lay me there,
In yonder lonely grave ;
With my dear wife, when I shall die,
'Tis all that I would crave !

Your looks inform me that you will
Do all that I require ;
To reach the fount of happiness,
Is all I can desire !
Whenever I shall quit this world,
I never shall relent ;
I hope to reach that blissful fount,
With this, I die content.

The Countryman and Razor Seller.

(A celebrated Recitation.)

A fellow in a country town,
Most musically, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen-pence ;
Which certainly seem'd wond'rous cheap,
And for the money quite a heap,
As ev'ry one would buy, with cash and
sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard—
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a thick black
beard,
That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath
his nose,
With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he
paid :
And proudly to himself in whispers said,
" This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

" No matter, if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razor's shave,
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So, home the clown, with his good fortune
went.
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soap'd himself to ears and
eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began with grinning pain to
grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze :
 "'Twas a vile razor !"—then the rest he
 tried—
 All were imposters !—"Ah !" Hodge sigh'd,
 "I wish my eighteen-pence within my
 purse."

In vain to chase his beard and bring the
 graces,
 He cut, and dug, and winc'd, and swore ;
 Brought blood, and danc'd, blasphem'd and
 made wry faces,
 And curs'd each razor's body o'er and
 o'er.

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,
 Grim as the Foxite, would not lose his ruff ;
 So kept it, laughing at the steel and suds,
 Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws
 Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd
 claws,
 On the vile cheat that stole the goods.
 "Razors !—a d—d confounded dog,
 Not fit to scrape a hog !"

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and
 began :

"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis
 fun,

That people flay themselves out o' their
 lives ?

You rascal ; for an hour have I been grub-
 bing,
 Giving my scoundrel whiskers, here, a scrub-
 bing,

With razors just like oyster-knives !
 Sirrah, if I tell you're a knave,
 To cry up razors that won't shave !"

"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I am no
 knave ;

As for the razors you have bought,
 Upon my soul, I never thought
 That they would shave."

"Not think they'd shave ?" quoth Hodge,
 with wond'ring eyes,
 And voice not much unlike an Indian
 yell ;

"What were they made for, then, you dog ?"
 he cries ;

"Made !" quoth the fellow with a smile,
 "to sell !"

The Lawyer.

(A TALE.)

Professions will abuse each other,
 The priest wont call the lawyer brother ;
 While Salkeld still beknives the parson,
 And says he cants to keep the farce on ;
 Yet will I readily suppose,
 They are not truly bitter foes,
 But only have their pleasant jokes,
 And banter just like other folks ;
 And thus, for so they quiz the law,
 Once on a time th' attorney Flaw,

A man, to tell you as the fact is,
 Of vast chicane, of course of practice !
 (But what profession can we trace,
 Where some will not the corps disgrace ;
 Seduced perhaps, by roguish client,
 Who tempts him to become more pliant,)
 A notice had to quit the world,
 And from his desk at length was hurl'd.
 Observe, I pray, the plain narration :
 'Twas in a hot, and long vacation,
 When time he had, but no assistance,
 Tho' great from courts of law the distance,
 To reach the courts of truth and justice ;
 (Where I confess my only trust is,)
 Tho' here below the learned pleader,
 Shews talents worthy of a leader ;
 Yet his own fame he must support,
 Be sometimes witty with the court ;
 Or work the passions of a jury,
 By tender strains ; or, full of surr,
 Misleads them all, tho' twelve apostles,
 While with new law the judge he jostles ;
 And makes them all give up their powers
 To speeches of at least three hours.
 But we have left our little man,
 And wander from our purpos'd plan.
 'Tis said (without ill-natur'd leaven)
 "If ever lawyers get to heaven,
 It surely is by slow degrees ;"
 (Perhaps 'tis slow they take their fees.)
 The case then now I'll fairly state,
 Flaw reach'd at last to heaven's high gate ;
 Quite spent, he rapp'd—none did it neater
 The gate was open'd by St. Peter ;
 Who look'd astonish'd when he saw,
 All black, the little man of law.
 But charity was Peter's guide,
 For, having once himself denied
 His master, he would not surpass
 The penitent of any class ;
 Yet never having heard there enter'd
 A lawyer, nay, nor one that ventur'd
 Within the realms of peace and love,
 He told him mildly to remove ;
 And would have clos'd the gate of day,
 Had not old Flaw in suppliant way,
 Demuring to so hard a fate ;
 Begg'd but a look tho' through the gate.
 St. Peter rather off his guard,
 Unwilling to be thought too hard,
 Opens the gate to let him peep in :
 What did the lawyer ? Did he creep in ;
 Or dash at once to take possession.
 Oh, no ! he knew his own profession ?
 He took his hat off, with respect,
 And would no gentle means neglect ;
 But finding it was all in vain,
 For him admittance to obtain ;
 Thought it were best, let come what will,
 To gain an entry by his skill ;
 So, while St. Peter stood aside,
 To let the door be open'd wide ;
 He skimm'd his hat with all his strength,
 St. Peter stared—the lawyer ask'd him :
 Only to fetch his hat, and pass'd him ;
 But when he'd reach'd the jack he'd thrown,
 Oh, then was all the lawyer shewn !

He clapp'd it on, with arm a-kimbo,
(As if he'd been a gallant Benbow;)
Cried out, "what think you of my plan?
Eject me, Peter, if you can!"

The Case Altered.
(A Favorite Recitation.)

Hodge held a farm, and smil'd content,
While one year paid another's rent;
But if he run the least behind,
Vexation stung his anxious mind:
For not an hour would landlord stay,
But seize, the very quarter-day;
How cheap soe'er or scent the grain,
Tho' urg'd with truth, was urg'd in vain,
The same to him if false or true;
For rent must come when rent was due.
Yet that same landlord's cows and steeds,
Broke Hodge's fence, and cropt his meads;
In hunting that same landlord's hounds,
See; how they spread his new-sown grounds!
Dog, horse, and man, alike o'erjoy'd,
While half the rising crop's destroy'd,
The squire laugh'd loudly while he spoke,
And paid the bumpkin—with a joke.

But luckless still, poor Hodge's fate,
His worship's bull has forc'd a gate,
And gor'd his cow, the last and best;
By sickness he had lost the rest.
Hodge felt, at heart, resentment strong
The heart will feel that suffers long
A thought that instant took his head,
And thus within himself he said:
"If Hodge for once don't sting the squire,
May people post him for a liar."
He said—across his shoulder throws
His fork, and to his landlord goes.

"I come, an' pleass ye, to unfold,
What, soon or late, you must be told;
My bull, (a creature tame till now,)
My bull has gor'd your worship's cow.—
'Tis known what shifts I make to live—
Perhaps your honour may forgive."
"Forgive!" the squire replied and swore,
"Pray cant to me, forgive, no more,
The law my damage shall decide,
And know that I'll be satisfied."
"Think, sir, I'm poor, poor as a rat."—
"Think, I'm a justice, think of that!"
Hodge bow'd again, and scratch'd his head,
And recollecting, archly said,
"Sir, I'm so struck, when here before ye,
I fear, I blundered in the story;—
'Fore George; but I'll not blunder now—
Your's was the bull, sir; mine the cow!"
His worship found his rage subside,
And with calm accent thus replied,
"I'll think upon your case to-night—
But, I perceive 'tis alter'd quite!"
Hodge shrugg'd, and made another bow,
"An' please ye, who's the justice now?"

The Pilgrim.

(A Pathetic Recitation.)

The night was dark, and drear the heath,
And sudden howl'd the wind;
When o'er the wood some pilgrim stray'd,
Some friendly inn to find.

He hasten'd to a feeble light,
That glimmer'd from afar;
By which he found a sign project
And found it was a star.

Good fare was there for man and horse,
And rest for weary bones;
A fam'd and long establish'd house,
And kept by Mary Jones.

Three gentle taps the pilgrim gave,
When Mary op'd the door,
And ushered in her weary guest,
Not knowing he was poor.

But Mary's een was rather dim,
Or else, she might have kenn'd
He was nae muckle wealthie wight,
The widow to befriend.

No cockle-shell, or cowl had he,
Nor pilgrim's staff so tall;
No sandle shoon had he, I ween,
If any shoon at all.

He ate, he drank, he prais'd the ale,
Most sumptuously he fed;
And when he heard the clock strike twelve,
He march'd up stairs to bed.

Next morning breakfast was prepar'd,
Of which he ate his fill;
When Mary Jones in neat array,
Brought in the pilgrim's bill.

He heeded not the items there,
But unto Jones did say;
"I bear a pilgrims ancient name,
And ne'er bring cash to pay.

To touch the vile polluted ore,
My conscience 'twould offend;
I neither borrow cash or plate,
Nor either do I lend.

Daughter, I lik'd the supper much,
And much I lik'd the dressing;
Therefore, for all I have receiv'd,
I leave thee, maid, a blessing."

Poor Mary Jones astonish'd stood,
To see the good man pray;
At length the hostess silence broke,
And thus to him did say:

"I ne'er a pilgrim hous'd before,
Nor such like holy folk;
But, as you say the custom's old,
I bend beneath the yoke.

No doubt you have a conscience good,
Nor do I mean to shock it:
But, pilgrim, when you call again,
Bring money in your pocket."

—

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

(A Highly Popular Recitation.)

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

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

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

Next night 'twas the same; and the next:
and the next!
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and
vest;
Week pass'd after week; till, by weekly
succession,
His weakly condition was past all expres-
sion.

In six months his acquaintance began much
to doubt him,
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown"
hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny,
"I have lost many pounds, make me well;
there's a guinea."

The doctor look'd wise—"A slow fever,"
he said;
Prescrib'd soderifics and going to bed;
"Soderifics in bed," exclaim'd Will, "are
humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying
for drugs."

Will kick'd out the doctor, but when ill
indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always suc-
ceed;
So calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you
know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months
ago?
"Look'e, landlord, I think, (argued Will
with a grin)
That with honest intentions you first took
me in;
But from the first night—and to say it I'm
bold—
I have been so d—d hot, that I'm sure I
caught cold."

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

"The oven!!!" says Will, says the host
"Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of
fashion,
Why so crusty, good sir?" "Zounds!"
cries Will in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's
baking?"

Will paid for his room: cried the host with
a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a
year."
"Friend, we can't well agree; yet no
quarrel," Will said,
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make
your bread."

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Holy Pastors, honest magistrates, and humane rulers.
May the brave never want protection.
May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel to adorn it.
Friendship in marble and animosity in dust.
An army that will stand, but not a standing army.

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THE BASHFUL MAN.

(A Comic Recitation, as delivered by Mr. Mathews.)

Among the various good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am unfortunately that being overstocked with the one called bashfulness: for you must know, I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of 'The Bashful Man.' The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me formerly avoid that social company, I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in: till at length becoming possessed of an ample fortune by the death of an old rich uncle, and vainly supposing that 'money makes the man,' I was now determined to shake off my natural timidity, and join the gay throng: with this view I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, an intimate acquaintance of my late uncle's, with two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor, who teaches 'grown gentlemen to dance.' Having by his means acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's

invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close to my heels, to be the Nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease, after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepish-

ness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him: and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly: but, lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me, there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suit of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desirous to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities par-boiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, 'where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.'

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what

I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best for drawing out fire: and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designated to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I, crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a 'goblin damned.' The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps, by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I retire.

Count Romaldi, or Revenge.

(Original, by F. Chapman.)

Characters.—ROMALDI and ALBERT.

Albert. Since chance has thrown in my way the interview which I have so long

sought, let me now entreat of you (having heard of your rank and family) to abandon the way of living to which you have so long accustomed yourself, and partake of that which my humble mansion affords. Your conduct I have long looked on with wonder and dismay, living as an outcast and degraded wretch, the cause of which I am partly a stranger to.

Romaldi. I thank you for your generosity in offering one so degraded, a shelter; but I will now recount to you that which has been the cause of all my misery. Time grows apace, 'tis now ten long years since I, with the ferocity of a lion, avenged my own and the wrongs of the innocent. Passing so many hours by myself, I cannot refrain from recalling that time to my memory; when I do, it makes me level curses upon the head of the villain who so basely wronged me. I am, indeed, as wretched a being as exists upon the face of this earth! my life to me is a complete burthen. 'Tis true I was once happy but that hour has long since flown; I remember well where I and a beautiful wife, would sit gazing and remarking the splendour of the surrounding scenery which presented itself to our view, but to think of that time strikes horror to my soul; I feel as it were maddened—my poor brain seems on fire—at looking back upon the happiness and misery which I have endured. The villain who blighted all my hopes, was one Mandeville. He visited me with the deceit of a smooth-tongued devil. Many a time did I know him, to take me by the hand and say, 'Romaldi, thou art my dearest my best friend,' and yet I did not know there was such venom in his accursed heart. Softened by this seeming kindness, I introduced this devil to my lovely wife; she, too, treated him as tenderly as modesty would allow so fair an angel. Weeks passed on, our friendship towards him being not in the slightest way diminished; so we remained until business of great importance summoned me to a far distant clime; in vain did I try to remain with my loving wife, but all of no avail, at length the time arrived for my departure, I met it with reluctance, till with one great effort I conquered my feelings, thinking I had one in whom I could confide, to protect my beloved Celina. I at last bade them farewell, and left the spot as quickly as those feelings would permit. As the affairs for which I quitted that happy home would detain me, as I expected, but a short time, and the business being very urgent, I determined upon starting that night; the evening approaching, we set sail, when after a long and terrific voyage, I arrived at my destination. My first course was to acquaint my wife of my safe arrival, which I was urged by my feelings to do; I wrote, successively, letter after letter, but received no reply; a thought flashed across my mind that she did

not receive my letters—another, that she was ill—another, that she grew false towards me, that she was base and hated me, and a hundred others, which worked me to a state of madness; I strove to forget her, but 'twas impossible, my doating love would not allow it. I had now been away nearly two long years without receiving any answer to my repeated solicitations. The day at last arrived for my return to my native land; resolved, on reaching my destination, my first care should be to see into the mysteries of so long a silence; on my arrival, I repaired to the place in which I had left her I adored, but picture my disappointment and surprise, at finding she had strayed no one knew where, and the villain, Mandeville, was in possession of all my property. Hearing this, I demanded admittance, but was answered by one of the villain's household, that his strict orders were not to admit Count Romaldi or his wife. I stood amazed, those words came like a dagger to my soul, I stood as it were transfixed to the spot. When recovered from my stupor, for I was deprived of sense by the shock which I had received, I gazed wildly round me, when my eyes met those of a peasant; I accosted him as to where I was, and whether what I had heard was true? when he informed me, Mandeville had taken possession of my estates soon after my departure; I also learnt that my wife had fled from her home to escape his foul intentions. Again did I try to see the villain but was thwarted; finding my attempts to gain admission were useless, I left the spot, determined on finding my Celina (if it were possible and she existed), frantically did I pace the forest, determined to rid the world of so great a monster, as he who had blighted all my hopes when wrapped in the corroding anguish of this retrospection. I grew hardly conscious of time or place, when suddenly a sound of singular interest aroused me to attention; it seemed the half-suppressed sob of female grief: I listened intently, it was a woman's voice bewailing, and then came a louder and deeper burst of sorrow, exciting my mind instantaneously by a feeling which I could not confine into a temporary self-oblivion. I stole cautiously along until I obtained a sight of the sufferer. God of heavens! for the first time, for two long years, I stood within a few feet of the being I adored! I knew, I felt that it was she, though I saw not her face. Clinging to the next branch for support, I gazed with a full and bursting soul on the picture she presented, and saw how piteous and how beautiful it was. She was seated beneath the trunk of an old and fantastic tree, the huge limbs of which, inclining downwards, its thick foliage threw a soft shadow around her, she sighed and mourned most piteously, and heart-rending were her the sobs which momentarily convulsed the

frame, as she rocked to and fro with an irregular and painful motion in the strong agony of her grief. This was the spectacle that met my gaze, and had it been the fabled Medusa, I could not have been more quickly transformed into stone—my blood ceased to flow—my pulse beat—and I stood a breathless statue, in all but the too vivid consciousness of pity, horror, and remorse. Suddenly with fearful vehemence, she cast herself on her knees, and clasping her hands, raised her lovely arms to heaven in prayer. I heard not her words, but the action and expression denoted homage of a broken and bleeding heart. She seemed a few moments in overwhelming despair, then abruptly starting on her feet, she took one long lingering survey of earth and sky, and dashed herself into the stream. The agitated water seized on her lovely form and enveloped her in their gloomy depths; then tossing her to their surface, bore her rapidly along their raging course of foam and whirlpool. What followed I knew not, until I found myself standing on the brink of the stream, with her senseless body in my arms. In the madness of that moment all reason was lost, and I had acted from unconscious impulse. I laid her on the grass and essayed every remedy that art or affection could suggest to restore her to life, but in vain; till frantic with disappointment and grief, I threw myself by her side, and kissed her lips, her eyes, and her forehead. I wormed my arms round her unresisting form, and clasped her to my heart with the strong pressure of delirium. I felt as though I only grasped a vision or vacancy as it were. But none but those who may have possessed passions as ungovernable as mine, can picture the savage, the fearful delight which I derived from this embrace of what I then conceived to be the living and the dead. I knelt over the lifeless body in the greatest state of phrenzy and remorse, when my sight was attracted by something which she grasped in her dying hand; my next object was to become acquainted with its contents, which by great exertion, I became master of, when, on perusing, I found it was written for me, and contained an account of Mandeville's villainies. Maddened more by this than any thing I had yet endured, I without contemplating the loss of so lovely a wife: repaired to the villain's lurking place, and slew him (for I felt as if I possessed that strength that, had there been fifty such, I could have slain them all.) After this course of revenge, I repaired to the place in which I had left my wife and found her a clay cold corpse! Existence was then to me of no value, despising the world and its villainies; I took to the forest, and have ever since been as you now behold me an outcast and degraded wretch.

A Sharper's Travels in Ireland.

(Original, by B. E. J.)

A sharper that had travell'd many parts,
And for cheap living, knew many arts;
Of wit, too, he had a little store,
But of roguery a great deal more.
Roving in Ireland some time ago,
With stomach empty and pocket low:
Nor on his back scarce any clothes,
And feet naked for the want of hose.
Meditating, when and where he should break
his fast,
A farm-house, some distance off, caught his
eye at last;
Then off to it, he made with all speed,
In hopes on something nice to feed.
He reached it, ope'd the door, and quick
went in,
As for compliments, he knew no such thing;
An aged dame was sitting by the fire-side,
"Hollo! young man, what brought you
here?" she cried.
"Marm, I came here, to beg charity of thee,
You must know I came from the other
country."
"What, you mean to say from Paradise you
came?"
"I do, marm, in this figure more to my
shame."
"Know you one Con Develon, there, come
tell me true?"
"I do, quite well; was he any relation to
you?"
"O yes, he was my first husband, and
drown'd out at sea;
Did you ever hear him talk any thing about
me?"
"Often, he talks of his dear wife, but
always in sorrow,
For if he gets bread to-day he goes without
to-morrow;
Besides, for clothes, he very much doth lack,
He, like me, has scarce a coat to cover his
naked back."
"What in a paradise such a thing as want
they cannot know?"
"That all depends how they behave when
here below."
"Poor fellow, very hard he scrapes and
scratches;
Yet for two years more he's doom'd to sell
matches!
Unless one like yourself, I mean a kind
friend,
That would to him some few pounds lend;
Then from trouble he would soon be free,
With nothing else to do but think on and
bless thee."
"Ha! but how am I to send it to him, can
you tell?"
"Why, if you like, as I am going that road
I can take it very well."
"To be sure you can, here's ten pounds for
him I'll spare,
And you to make all haste, may take my
bob-tail mare."

Our sharper, with money and mare, left the old dame,
 She little suspecting his roguish game.
 He travell'd well that day, with cheerful heart,
 Praising himself how well he had play'd his part.
 He happen'd, as on his way, a shepherd to espy,
 "Good day, my lad," says he, "do you mind for a crown, to tell a lie?"
 "No, not I, and as sure as my old coat is brown."
 "Well, mark—if any one inquire after me, you must declare,
 You saw me going to heaven through the air,
 Riding on a bob-tail mare!"
 To this the shepherd readily agreed,
 Because he thought he had been well feed;
 And as our sharper now is out of harm,
 I'll return to thee, old dame, and the farm.
 Her husband, not long ere he came in, "Ha, my dear,"
 She cried, "Great news I've heard from a gentleman that just left here;
 I gave him ten pounds and the bob-tail mare;
 You must know, he brought news from Con Develon."
 "What, woman!" cried the husband, "are you mad?"
 "'Tis true," said she, "and to hear from him I was very glad."
 "Hold your tongue, you fool, which road did he take?"
 I'll saddle the other horse, and all speed after him I'll make;
 We have been robb'd by some sly roguish thief."
 "My dear, be not so hard in your belief!
 But go, some tidings of him, perhaps, you may hear,
 And that will ease you of this stupid fear."
 Then off he started this rogue to chase,
 Or at least some tidings of him to trace.
 This shepherd was the first he met.—"Ha! my lad, good day!
 Have you seen a man riding a bob-tail mare, go this way?"
 "True, I have seen a man riding, but whether horse or mare,
 That I cannot say—but he was riding thro' the air;
 And though petrified almost with fear, I did not fail,
 To notice that the animal he was riding, had a bob-tail!
 But before he left this place, he turned his clothes into a shroud,
 Open your eyes, you may see him now in yonder cloud."
 "I think I do, for it looks very much like a horse,
 O, yes, 'tis he," the farmer cried, "see how rapid he takes his course."

And here's a shilling for yourself, because you told me true;"
 "That," says the shepherd, "is what I always do!"
 Then home he went, and told his good news,
 "Ha!" cried his wife, "why did you his honesty thus abuse?"
 "I believe it now, for I can swear,
 I saw him riding through the air,
 On our poor old bob-tail mare!
 Yes, and to night, before the clock doth strike eleven,
 They'll both, you may depend, be safely lodg'd in heaven;
 And as this rogue, for this trick little fear may apprehend,
 Why, I will bring the old mare's tail to an end."

Tom and Maria.

(An Original Recitation.)

Tom Springstay was honest, was gentle and kind,
 Lov'd his king, lov'd his country and friend;
 Tom had weather'd through life many hard gales of wind,
 And with troubles had learnt to contend.
 Poor Tom's honest heart possess'd feeling for all,
 If he'd sixpence his friend shar'd a part;
 Yet fair wind or foul, day or night, calm or squall,
 He sigh'd for the girl of his heart.

Maria was beauteous and mild as the dove,
 Unto Tom she had ever been true;
 But fate sent the day, that severs true love,
 And they bade a heart-rending adieu.

He took a last kiss, said, 'where'er I go,
 From my thoughts thou shalt never once part,
 And my last words shall be, if I'm slain by the foe,
 Heaven guide the sweet girl of my heart.'

Distracted she gazed, beheld Tom leap on board,
 The winds inauspiciously blew;
 She saw him make sail, at the boatswain's harsh word,
 And the gale bore him swift from her view.

Round the point as they turn'd, with stunsails on high,
 Pale and trembling she stood on the shore;
 Her handkerchief wav'd, with a heart-broken sigh,
 For Maria saw Tom never more.

The gallant rigged ship flew before the brisk gale,

On the mast Tom was stationed on high ;
When bearing south-east, he espied a strange sail,
'Clear the decks, man the guns,' was the cry.

All dauntless as lions, they rang'd along-side,

And firing, with three British cheers,
They soon cool'd the courage, and gasconade pride,

Of the haughty, and boasting Monsieurs.

Twelve seamen lay low—a bold British few,

On the proud bed of glory they died ;
Not a face but look'd sad 'mongst the whole of the crew,
'Twas for honest Tom Springstay they sigh'd,

The last shot from the foe came armed with his death,

He fell acting bravely his part ;
In the arms of a friend he sigh'd forth his last breath,
'Heaven guard the sweet girl of my heart.'

By the light of the moon, oft Maria came forth,

And wander'd the sea-beach along ;
Defied the cold blasts from the clouds of the North,
Undismay'd by the bittern's wild song.

To her fond heart, she painted that holy-day time,

When he'd claim a just right to her charms ;
Free from tempest, and battle, and pestilent clime,
On her bosom to rest from alarms.

At length the ship came, and Tom's friend went on shore,

To Maria in sorrow he hied ;
And told her that Tom she would never see more,
Who rested on Ocean's dark tide.

Of her senses bereft, see Maria now stray,
Her hair streaming loose in the wind ;

Eager, asking the sailors, why Tom keeps away,
And why Tom to Maria's unkind.

When the cold blasts of night and chill beating rain,

Spend their force o'er Tom's watery urn ;
She raves by the surge of the high rolling main,
For him who can never return.

What eye but sheds tears at Maria's sad tale,

What heart but for Tom must feel sore ;
Tho' affliction was theirs in life's stormy vale,
They'll be blest on a happier shore.

The Bank Clerk and the Stable keeper.

(A favorite Comic Tale.)

Of Peter Prim (so Johnson would have written)

Let me indulge in the remembrance ;—
Peter

Thy formal phiz has oft my fancy smitten,
For sure the bank had never a completer
Quiz among its thousand clerks,
Than he who now elicits our remarks.

Prim was a formalist, a prig,

A solemn fop, an office martinet ;
One of those small precisians, who look big,
If half an hour before their time they get
To an appointment ; and abuse those elves
Who are not over-punctual, like themselves.

If you should mark his powder'd head be-
times,

And polish'd shoes in Lothbury ;
You know the hour, for the three-quarter
chimes

Invariably struck as he went by,
From morning fines he always saved his
ganimon.

For Peter had a special eye

To number one :—his charity
At home beginning, ne'er extends,
But where it started had its end too ;
And as to lending cash to friends,
Luckily he had none to lend.

No purchases so cheap as his,

While no one's bargains went so far ;
And though in dress a deadly quiz,
No Quaker more particular.

This live automaton, who seem'd

To move by clock-work, ever keen
To live upon the saving plan ;
Had soon the honour to be deem'd
That selfish, heartless, cold machine,
Call'd in the city—a warm man.

A bank director once, who dwelt at Chig-
well,

Prim to a turtle-feast invited ;
And as the reader knows the prig well,
I need not say he went delighted ;
For great men, when they let you slice their
meat,

May give a slice of loan—a richer treat.

No stage leaves Chigwell after eight,

Which was too early to come back ;

So, after much debate,

Peter resolv'd to hire a hack.
The more inclin'd to this, because he knew
In London-Wall, at number two ;
An economic stable-keeper,
From whom he hop'd to get one cheaper.

Behold him mounted on his jade,
A perfect Johnny-Gilpin figure;
But the good bargain he had made,
Compensating for sneer and snigger,
He trotted on—arriv'd—sat down,
Devour'd enough for six or seven;
His horse remounted, and reach'd town,
As he had fix'd—exactly at eleven.

But whether habit led him, or the fates,
To give a preference to number one
(As he had always done,) —
Or that the darkness jumbled the two gates,
Certain it is he gave that bell a drag,
Instead of number two,
Rode in—dismounted—left his nag,
And homeward hurried without more ado.

Some days elapsed, and no one came
To bring the bill, or payment claim:
He 'gan to hope 'twas overlook'd,
Forgotten quite, or never book'd—
An error, which the honesty of Prim
Would ne'er have rectified, if left to him.

About six weeks, however, comes a pair
Of groom-like looking men,
Each with a bill, which Peter they submit to;

One for the six weeks hire of a bay mare,
And one for six weeks keep of ditto:
Together—twenty-two pounds ten!

The tale got wind.—What, Peter make a blunder!

There was no end of joke, and quiz, and wonder;

Which, with the loss of cash, so mortified
Prim, that he suffered an attack

Of bile, and bargain'd with a quack,
Who daily swore to cure him—till he died;
When, as no will was found,

His scraped, and saved, and hoarded store,

Went to a man to whom, some months before,

He had refused to lend a pound.

Parody on Macbeth's Soliloquy.

(Original, by P. O. P.)

Is this a penny buster vot I sees afore me,
Von end of vich does pint lovars my hand;
Come, let me grab thee!

I has thee not—and yet I sees thee still.

Art thou not fatal buster sensible

To grab as to sight; or art thou but

A buster of the mind—a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?

I sees thee yet, in form as palpable

As I could vish,—and

Thou almost teldest me vot thou art for;

And that sich a buster I vos to eat.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else vorth all the rest; I sees thee still,
And on thy side, a slice of Derbyshire,
Vich vos not there afore. There's no such thing.

It is my imagination, vich brings thee
Thus afore my eyes. Now o'er the von half world,

Hunger seems to stalk, and vicked dreams disturb each hungry vight,

As I vith stealthy pace towards my design,
Move like a ghost. Thou sure and firm set earth,

Hear not my steps, vich vay they valk, for fear

Thy verry stones prate of my vhere-about.

But take present hunger from the time,

Vich does not now suit with it.

I go, and it is done, my hunger invites me,

See me not baker, for it vill be a sight,

That vill either fright thee, or kill thee quite.

Buckingham going to Execution.

(Recited by A. G.)

All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me;

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.

I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heaven bear witness,

And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!

You few that loved me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham;

His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying.

Go with me, like angels, to my end.

And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice

And lift my soul to heaven.

When I came hither, I was lord high constable,

And Duke of Buckingham: now poor Edward Bohun.

Yet I am richer than my base accusers;

That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it,

And with that blood, will mak'em one day groan for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,

Who first rais'd hand against usurping Richard,

Flying for succour to his servant Banister,

Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,

And without trial fell: Heaven's peace be with him!

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying

My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

Restor'd to me my honours, and, from ruins

Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,

Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and
all,
That made me happy, at one stroke has
taken
For ever from the world, I had my trial,
And must needs say a noble one; which
makes me
A little happier than my wretched father.
Yet thus far we are one in fortune—both
Fell by our servants: by those men we
loved,
A most unnatural and faithless service;
Heav'n has an end in all. Yet you that
hear me.
This from a dying man receive as certain,
Where you are lib'ral of your loves and
counsels,
Be sure you do not loose those you make
friends,
And give your hearts to. When they once
perceive
The least rub in your fortunes—fall away
Like water from ye, never found again,
But where they meant to sink ye.
All good people,
Pray for me! I must leave ye—the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell—and when you would say some-
thing sad—
Speak how I fell—remember Buckingham!

The Bath Ghost.

(A Comic Tale.)

In the days of our sires,
Strange sights and wild fires,
Affrighted the girls and the boys,
But of late old sir Nick,
Has found out such a trick,
And only appears in a noise;
Thus it whilom befel,
As we all knew full well,
At a Quaker's, whose spirit within,
Was put to the rout,
By a spirit without,
That made a most terrible din.

Being sorely afraid,
He call'd to his aid,
All sorts of good people to save him!
Who readily went,
With a pious intent,
For fear least the devil should have him.

The lords and the commons,
Submit to the summons,
For the sake of so worthy an host;
Undaunted by fear,
They went thither to hear
What sort of a thing was a ghost.
Secure from their charms,
From dangers and harms,
The ladies came thither likewise:
But how could the sprite,
Believe it was night,
While they made it day with their eyes!
How blest is our isle,
Where such graces do smile,
What nation can boast so much merit,
Where beauty so bright,
In the dead of the night,
Defies both the flesh and the spirit.

Thus strengthen'd, mine host,
Did vapour and boast
And bounce like a true valiant tailor;
In his own wise conceit,
Was wholly as great,
If not greater than Fox, or than Naylor.
But dreadful alas!
Midnight being past,
When by constant experience 'tis found,
And children can tell,
Before they can spell,
That ghost like the watch take their round.

Then a noise from afar,
Like drumming to war,
Made every visage look pale;
The blood from each part,
Flew swift to the heart,
Lest courage new needful should fail.
If this had been all,
The fright had been small,
But my hair stands an end when I tell it.
A sulphurous smell,
Seem'd just come from hell,
And a parson was sent for to smell it.

He soon found by his nose,
That the vapours arose,
From the place where the Quaker lay panting;
What pity, alas!
How unlucky it was,
That Hogarth was not there with his
painting.
Thus we fairly, I think,
Account for the stink,
But what the strange drumming should be,
Oh, hard to conceive it,
Whoe'er could believe it?
'Twas the captain's great dog and a flea.



THE FALL OF THE CHUMMIES.

(An original Parody on "The Fall of the Holy City," written by J. A. Hawkins.)

Children of soot arise,
Let your murmurs reach the skies;
Button up your togs so black,
And join your brothers of the sack.
Hasten, hasten to Guildhall,
There to help our brother Paul;
Who goes this day before the beak,
Upon the summons of a sneak!
See where the Peelers now appear,
But where's the chummy that would fear?
See poor Paul, they've got him tight,
Oh, chummies! can you view this sight?
Now from the station it is told,
They'll not release him without gold!
Behold the blue devils drive him on,
With threats, and handcuffs, and bludgeons!
Oh, should the informers gain the cause,
The devil, I say, may d—n the clause,
Which stops us crying "sweep," for bread,
P'rhaps they think we'll steal instead.

The chummies now, behind a hill,
With large stones their bags they fill,
To pelt the Peelers in such showers,
They cannot help the day being ours.
Now who is yonder Paddy there,
Whose coat is seedy and threadbare?
Whose shining hat is greased all o'er
With fat from out the kitchen store,
He's walking with a stick in hand,
As if he hadn't time to stand.
Hundreds have known him full well,
And oft-times wish'd him down in hell—!
'Tis that most dreaded covey, who
Was once the son of a chummy true.
No. 16.

From out yon court there does advance
A man who will not lead this dance;
A sweep, so lanky and so long,
Panting to redress each wrong!
Yes, he longs to tell the beak,
How we have starved for many a week.

Alas! his longing will be brief,
For now he meets a Peeler chief,
Who slyly caught him on the alert,
For thieving, as he will assert.
Bill yielding cries, with stinking breath,
"Give me bread, liberty, or death!"
When the Peeler heard him cry thus,
He called some more blue devils to us,
While they, obedient to his call,
Came on, and would have nail'd us all,
But springing to the other side,
We ran as fast as we could stride;
Some, while running up the street,
Floor'd every one they chanced to meet;
While some are drunk with Hodges gin,
And very soon are caught *agin*.
See how the Peelers run—good lord!
There, they've caught poor Billy Ford!
Who to the treadmill will be sent,
Or in some dungeon closely pent.
They seem as if they'd take us all,
Masters old or young, or great or small!
Where do the fire engines run,
While hundreds haste to see the fun?
Hark! what cry is that I hear!
See the House of Lords in flames appear.
How the flames are bursting forth,
Seen both east, west, south, and north!

Lobsters raw and boiled are watching,
Lest the goods you should be touching;
What was the house but yesterday,
A heap of muck now smoaking lay!

Now two long months were gone, or nigh,
Since chummies first had cause to sigh;
The moon had rose—I know not where,
And what is more, I do not care:
I spied beneath a grove of trees,
Whose leaves were waving with the breeze,
An old codger, with a fiddle upon his arm,
Togg'd out like one who kept a farm.
He took his fiddle, its chords he strung,
And thus to us poor sweeps he sur

"Oh, chummies! you are doom'd to roam,
Vith not a cellar for your home;
Driv'n from the cribs vot ye did own,
To trudge neglected o'er the town;
Or perhaps to the Old Bailey sent,
For priggging, to make up your rent.
Thy vengeance, Heaven, is great and just,
But as for justice, it is past.
Now the Commons by the nose are led,
And wish they'd all long since been dead,
Ere they had ever pass'd that bill;
'Twas that with flames their house did fill:
And after ages they shall tell,
How by that Bill poor chummies fell!"

The Sea Witch.

(Original, by A. Osborne.)

In her dark coral cave, where the blue waves
lave,
The sea witch holds her sway;
Where the wild shark roams, and the sea
horse foams,
And the golden dolphins play.

And oft is she seen, in her dress of green,
In her pearl bark she glides,
Borne on the wave o'er the mariner's grave,
Where the giant whale rides.

In form, it is said, she's a beauteous maid,
Bewitchingly lovely her shape;
But withering her breath, and her love it is
death,
And blood may be traced in her wake.

By sea snakes she's borne, and her wand it
is torn,
From the wild coral groves of the deep;
And her white sail is made from the shrowds
of the dead,
Whose eyes are long buried in sleep.

'Tis she that is heard, as the storm omen'd
bird
Skims o'er the sparkling spray;
And wide o'er the main hear her boding
strain,
The seaman's funeral lay.

And oft-times roams she o'er the black
moaning sea,
When the white surges beat on the rocks;
And the helmsman's sight, with her phan-
tom light,
She wildly laughing mocks.

Who too late, sees with dread the white
breakers a head,
But ere the deck the crew reach,
On the black rocks they dash, with a horrible
crash,
And their bodies are strewed on the beach.

She rides in the storm, in a white cresting
form,
On the mountain waves borne in the
gloom;
And the waves at her beck 'whelm the
foundering wreck,
And the mariner sinks to his tomb.

Sometimes on the strand she will pensively
stand,
To win your affection will try;
But there's woe in her smiles to those she
beguiles,
And a demon lurks in her eye.

Death surely will mark the crew of the bark,
That's hired by the witch of the waves;
And the widow will moan, and the orphan
will groan,
As the green waves roll over their graves.

The Benighted Traveller.

(An original Burlesque pathetic Recitation,
written by Mr. T. Prest.)

'Twas night—the tempest raged, the sky
was black,
No twinkling stars did light the traveller's
track;
Hoarse roar'd the thunder, fierce the light-
ning blazed,
And the loud wind trees from the earth
upraised!
In heavy showers pour'd down the pelting
rain,
And the dull owl shriek'd out with might
and main!
In such a night as this, I bent my way,
Thro' a dark wood, unknown to light of day;
Alone, unconscious of the path I took,
Fancying a robber in each woody nook!
Benighted—wand'ring—fearless—on my
way,
How oft to see a hut did I then pray;
Then wrapt my cloak around my trembling
form,
Wet, cold, and wretched with the raging
storm!
The lightning often flash'd in dreadful ire,
Making the wood appear a mass of fire;

hile in the transient light, what joy I knew,
 When a lone hut burst on my anxious view;
 Fearless and eager, I now hurried o'er
 Brushwood and brier, that stopp'd my pace
 before;
 Nor heeded I the storm, that drench'd my skin.
 Hope held his court supremely now within;
 Soon did I reach the cot—oh, glorious sight!
 From the small casement beam'd a cheerful light,
 While from within, my anxious mind to cheer,
 The noisy buzz of voices met mine ear!
 Oh, glorious sounds to one who long had been
 In awful gloom—but life and death between!
 Quick to the casement did I wend my flight,
 But there, oh! heavens! judge of the awful sight
 That met my gaze, as on that spot I stood,
 Ah, God! the thought now curdles up my blood!
 Upon a bed a female form reclined,
 Such as is pictured by the poet's mind;
 So fair, so lovely, like a sylph of life,
 A man hung o'er her—in whose hand a knife
 Glittered—oh, God! he closer got—he starts,
 And then like lightning on his prey he darts.
 He hugg'd her close—oh heavens! I shook
 with dread—
 He clasp'd her—kiss'd her—and then—*went to bed!*

Woldemar.

(An original scene from an unpublished Drama, by E. P., author of "The Boar," &c.)

Scene a Pavilion splendidly decorated.

ISORA VALESCA, reclining on a couch.

Isora (rising). What pomp, what magnificence, doth this apartment portray, all that art can furnish, or nature generate, is here combined to render life voluptuous. Those rare exotics which at every respiration the breath inhales, those costly glittering gems, fail to give ease to the tortured heart; the jewelled tiara sparkling on the pale brow but ill conceals the trace of blasted hope, and the heart that beats beneath this blazoned robe, is, alas! wretched and miserable. Oh! Woldemar! Woldemar! why art thou thus estranged? Am I less beautiful than when you first beheld me? Thou knowest too well how much I love thee. I am lost within a chaos of bewildering thoughts; but one star shines brightly on my darkening way. In that small, though pure and holy light, I find consolation for all my troubles, calmness in my despair, and that, Woldemar, thou would'st tear from me. Oh, Woldemar, thou canst not comprehend it, 'tis "*innocence*;" yes, that is indelibly stamped on my

forehead—may it still continue so; but thou, Woldemar, art lepper spotted; but I may yet be able to reform thee, for I think thou lovest me.

(*Enter Woldemar, pale and intoxicated. Woldemar offers to embrace her, she shrinks from his touch.*) Nay shrink not, nor look so pale, my gentle love; thou art now in the Temple of Pleasure—Bacchus alone reigns here, and reigns triumphant. Hitherto thou hast been to Woldemar even as the cold cloistered nun, but thou shalt reign his glorious mistress; with him all men shall kneel in homage to thy transcendent loveliness. Isora, embrace me, love swells my heart near unto bursting. Here is a cup of red wine, drink oblivion to thy cares; quaff the goodly nectar, 'twill instil pleasure through thy veins.

Isora. Never! never! Woldemar hear me For love of thee have I left friends, country home, every thing I held dear, because thy happiness was dearer than all. Could I live without thee? Oh, no; life were valueless, when torn from thee; I listened to the seduction of thy tongue, and fled my maternal home, to render thee comfort, and, heaven willing, may yet lead thee to unutterable and endless bliss.

Woldemar. My bliss is endless to know thee mine; thy eyes subdue me, my lovely girl; thy ardour, thy impassioned feeling, all combine to render the intoxicating draught still stronger. What have I to do with endless hereafter? Who knows there is a hereafter? 'Tis but the cant of ill fed sycophants, to gain the vile dross on which they subsist. Let monks and fools preach religion; they know not the worldly joys we taste of, or knowing, cannot appreciate them.

Isora. For the love of heaven, for the love of mercy, for the love of me, cease this horrible impiety; the wine has done its work—it has rendered thee mad.

Woldemar. Ha! ha! girl thou art wrong; it has chased away dark coming fancies, that began to darken my brow and bar my spirits. I am the votary of pleasure; I have become an easy prey to vice, and thinkest thou, now I have waded thus far, I can retract, were I inclined so. Girl, it is impossible! Thou art my soul's idol; thou art alone my god; I worship no other. Woman always reigned supreme in this breast, wine next; woman and wine hath alike been my bane and antidote, my blessing and my curse. I live but for the pleasure of the present moment, and pleasure, when she stretches forth her hand, whether good or evil, I grasp. I have heard voices, sweet voices, swelling on the midnight breeze, but they have been drowned in the call to pleasure, in the invitation to midnight carousals; and thinkest thou I could resist? No, girl; I yielded all to my own insatiable desire for pleasure. This night I have been haunted by a shadow dark as the grave, and alike unearthly; it resem-

bled him in whose breast I this moment buried my dagger, even up to the hilt. He followed me, and I thought to lose in thy embrace, that recollection wine has failed to quench. See, girl, he now enters; he beckons me onwards, ah! he menaces me! Spirit of darkness! I defy thee, what wouldst thou, my blood? Fool, my time is not yet come! Thy master must await my pleasure, and thou, poor thing, darest to haunt me thus; but thou art easily removed thus, thus (*plunges his sword in the empty air.*) So, so, no substance whereon to strike, then thou art mere fantasy, and I fear thee not.

Isora. Woldemar, dear Woldemar, listen to me; thou art not wholly sensible. I conjure you, leave this hateful place, fly with me, and receive consolation, though all the powers of darkness be leagued against thee, thou mayest yet elude them.

Woldemar. Elude them, girl; they dare not approach me. The air grows thick around me; I long for pure unmixed air. What was that which with lightning speed flitted before me, devoid of shape or substance. What means this frightful yell? Ah, dost thou laugh so, girl; we'll even join you, ha! ha, ha, ha! *Isora*, where art thou, whither hast thou fled? Thou hast left her whose blood appeased my body's lust. Why dost thou glare on me thus? Well, gaze on, thou seest I fear thee not, spirits of hell! Keep off; surround me not thus; I cannot breathe. If ye lay hands upon me—ah! my sword is bound to its sheath. Dastards this is thy work; thou canst not meet me armed face to face, Thou mayst sear mine eyeballs with thy hated presence, yet still I'll gaze upon thee, and triumph. And dost thou all conspire to damn me, Ah? my victims seem all risen from the grave; they pass me in quick succession, and dost thou come first whom I slew last? If thou hadst not crossed my purpose, thou would'st not have fallen. And thou, too, why not answer my lascivious desires? Thou would'st still have lived; and thou, too, thought the girl was for thee, but I taught thee a better lesson. Ah, dost thou indeed wish me to follow? Lead on, I am with thee.

Isora. Woldemar, beloved, my heart's idol, whither dost thou fly?

Woldemar. To the company of Bacchicals, to the songs and roar of madness, to the lowest pit of hell, where *they* lead. Leave go thy hold, girl; see they await me; think not to scare me. *Isora* farewell. Spirits accursed lead on, I'll follow thee.

The Irish Ghost.

(A favorite Recitation.)

In days of yore, but since the flood,
Whilst Teague in bed was snoring;
A spectre 'fore him ghastly stood,
And woke him with its roaring.

No nose it had, nor e'er an eye,
Nor mouth to eat its bread;
And would you know the reason why,
Alas! it had no head!

With horrid gape Teague view'd the *sprite*,
Then cried, 'Ah! now be *spaking*!
And *aise* me from my sad affright,
And tell me if I'm waking?"

'Arrah, my dear,' the shade replied,
'I cannot spake you now;
But I'm thy father's ghost, who died,
Beheaded—God knows how!'

'Alack, poor ghost!' the son exclaim'd,
No wonder thou'rt not frisky;
For he most surely must be d—d,
Who cannot drink his whiskey.'

'Ah! honey true!' the *sprite* resum'd,
Therefore I leave thee dead;
And that I mayn't to h— be doom'd,
I'm looking for my head!'

Times Past and Present.

(A favorite Recitation, written by W. H. Freeman, and recited by Master Young, at public Concerts.)

In this rare age, such various schemes arise,
That they amuse the weak, confound the
wise;

Puzzle the learned, make the vulgar stare,
Whilst all agree such times there never were.
From top to toe we're changed throughout
the land,

As by a harlequin's all powerful wand.
New fashions are the order of the day,
And nothing's done the good old English
way.

In short, for changes we are now such trim
in,

Ere long, no doubt, there'll cease to be old
women.

Methinks I hear an antique dame exclaim,
To what a pass we're come, in heaven's name;
Our girls are really shocking to behold,
And who's surprised at prevalence of cold,
When such abominable things are worn?

Why, as to clothes, they've scarcely any on.
In my young days our ladies you would see
In flannel petticoats and fleecy hosiery.

Our ladies now wear waists quite thin and
taper,

And shoes but little better than brown paper,
With feathers on their heads as large as
brooms,

And hats just like umbrellas or mushrooms.

Aye, cries a bachelor, observe again,
What a degenerate race are our young men,
Who struts about the street in monstrous
coats,

And large cravats entwined about their
throats;

With hands in both their pockets cramm'd
so deep,
There's scarcely room for two to walk the
street:

Their elbows sticking out make each to seem
A walking pipkin or a soup tureen,
A lounge in Bond-street, or in either park,
Passes their time till dinner, or till dark;
After which hour, as gaming bears the belle,
Their night is spent within some modern
hell,

Where one unlucky throw with loaded dice,
Robs them of half their fortune in a trice;
And driven by their losses to despair,
Glass follows glass to drown all thought or
care,

Till morning dawns, then reeling home to
bed,

The senseless log reclines his aching head,
Hiccuping, 'damme, all the world shall own,
That I'm a finished blood—a buck of ton.'

Ees, cries a bumpkin, folks be now so larn'd,
That every thing bees topsy turvy turned.
To travel up to town, not long ago,
Fra York, it cost a man three weeks or so;
But now, ecod, but chance a nap to take,
You find yoursen in Lunnun when you wake.
Then, as to hosses, no such things are seen,
For coaches now ye see all go by steam;
Then as to bait, there's only by goals,
To call for water, and a peck of coals.

No more the folks shall smoke us passing by,
For we oursel's shall smoke all we come nigh.
Then there's new bridges, with tunnels
underneath 'em,
And airs to make folks laugh, who like to
breathe 'em;

With wonders I could mention many more,
In short, such schemes as I ne'er seed before.

But hence, with raillery, kind friends adieu,
So long as I am patronised by you;
However, the times may change, and fashions
rove,

My humble efforts shall be to improve,
And should I but succeed in nature's cause,
My happiest recompence is—your applause.

The Pope and the Cobler.

(Original, by J. Tunks.)

A Pope there was, of great renown,
Fond of going incog about the town,
Disguised as a Friar, on a pilgrimage went,
To a shoemaker's house his footsteps bent;
But as he drew nearer to the door,
He heard the poor fellow his case deplore:
Saying, oh! these Monks! they sadly use us,
And care not how they do abuse us.
Under pretence of saving us from curses,
They're always emptying our poor purses.
To fast and pray they would us teach,
But do not practice what they preach.

For if they did, I dare be bound
They wouldn't have faces plump and round;
But I must not say so much by goles,
For I, too, am a mender of soles.
The Pope hearing this, wish'd to learn more,
Therefore knocks loudly at the door,
And his intrusion to excuse,
Thinks he I'll order a pair of shoes.
On this resolution quickly bent,
The door is opened, in he went;
The cobbler's wife seem'd much afraid,
For fear he'd heard all her husband said.
And if to the Pope the news was told,
Their house and goods would all be sold;
Themselves be banished from that place,
To wander in poverty and disgrace.
For a sin of such immense pollution,
His Holiness would ne'er grant absolution.
The shoes are order'd to fit quite tight,
And to be complete on the morrow night.
At the appointed time, at the cobbler's door,
His Holiness knocks, disguised as before,
And seeing the shoes are not completed,
He on a chair is quietly seated.
Said he, what stand I in your debt,
For you have not told me the price yet?
The cobbler, who was a witty fellow,
And being this evening rather mellow,
Says, in my debt you cannot stand,
Until you have the shoes in hand;
Place them on your feet, and if well they
set,

I think you'll then stand in my debt.
So, now they're on! I see they'll do,
Ten Julios I demand from you.
Ten Julios, friend! thy shoes are dear,
I've not enough in my purse, I fear.
There are but nine!—you'll not refuse,—
I will! so give me back my shoes!
Trust me until some future day,
Principal and interest I then will pay.
Well, if I trust you now, I hope
You'll pay me soon?—When I am Pope!
When thou art Pope! p'shaw! what stuff,
Then I shall have to wait long enough.
I would almost wager any thing,
That I will as soon be made a king;
And if chance should place you in the papal
chair,

For me and my shoes you would not care.
Now here I swear I'll not forget,
When I am Pope, I'm in your debt,
So now, farewell, thou second Thomas,
Nor doubt but thou wilt soon hear from us.
To the shoemaker a message came next day,
To appear before the Pope without delay.
The cobbler began to quake and quail,
And his hard fortune to bewail,
For he thought, to be sure, his end was near,
And with downcast eyes he did appear.
His Holiness, with voice both loud and
strong,
Said, friend, I hear thou hast done wrong,
By speaking against the Church and State;
Say, what canst thou urge to prevent thy
fate?

In a voice both trembling and low,
 He begg'd the Pope would mercy show.
 Didst thou not last night abuse
 A Monk, who ask'd credit for his shoes.
 And this said Monk, to thee did swear,
 He'd pay, when seated in the papal chair.
 Look around, and tell me if thou see
 Thy debtor among this company.
 His eyes he raised to the Papal throne,
 And saw in his debtor the Pope of Rome.
 Oh dear! your Holiness I do declare,
 I'll give you the shoes which now you wear,
 And return the money, every farden,
 If you will but grant my pardon.
 Not so, my friend! I am thy debtor,
 Here! take this purse, and behave better.

The Elder Brother.

Centric in London noise, and London fol-
 lies,
 Proud Covent-garden blooms in smoky
 glory;
 For chairmen, coffee-rooms, piazzas, dollies,
 Cabbages, and comedians, famed in story!

On this gay spot—upon a sober plan—
 Dwelt a right regular, and staid young man;
 Much did he early hours, and quiet love;
 And was entitled, Mr. Isaac Shove.

An orphan he: yet rich in expectations,
 Which nobody seem'd likely to supplant—
 From that prodigious bore, of all relations.
 A fusty, canting, stiff-rump'd maiden aunt,
 The wealthy Miss Lucretia Clogherty,
 Who had brought Isaac up, and own'd to
 forty!

Shove, on this maiden's will relied securely;
 Who vow'd she ne'er would wed, to mar
 his riches;
 Full often would she say, of man, demurely—
 "I can't abide the filthy things in
 breeches!"

He had apartments up two pair of stairs;
 On the first floor lodged Doctor Crow;
 The landlord was a torturer of hairs,
 And made a grand display of wigs below,
 From the beau's brutus, to the parson's friz-
 zle—
 Over the door-way was his name: 'twas
 Twizzle.

Now, you must know,
 This Dr. Crow
 Was not of law, nor music, nor divinity;
 He was abstetric: but the fact is,
 He didn't in Lucina's turnpike practise;
 He took bye-roads—reducing ladies shapes,
 Who had secured themselves from "lead-
 ing apes,"
 But kept the reputation of virginity.

Crow had a roomy tenement of brick,
 Inclos'd with walls, one mile from Hyde-
 park corner;
 Fir-trees, and yews, were planted round it
 thick;
 No situation was *forlorn*!
 Yet, notwithstanding folks might scout it,
 It suited qualmish spinsters, who fell sick,
 And did not wish the world to know about
 it.

Here many a single gentlewoman came,
Pro tempore—full tender of her fame!
 Who, for awhile, took leave of friends in
 town—
 "Business, forsooth, to Yorkshire call'd her
 down,
 Too weighty to be settled by attorney!"
 And, in a month or six weeks' time, came
 back,
 When ev'ry body cried—"Good lack!
 How monstrous *thin* you've grown upon
 your journey!"

The Doctor, knowing that a puff of scandal,
 Would blow his private trade to tatters,
 Dreaded to give the smallest handle
 To those who dabble in their neighbour's
 matters:
 Therefore he wholly held it good,
 To hide his practice from the neighbourhood,
 And not appear there as a resident;
 But merely one who casually went
 To see the ladies in the large brick house,
 To lounge and chat—not minding time a
 souse—
 Like one to whom all business was quite
 foreign:
 And thus he visited his female sick,
 Who lay as thick,
 Within his tenement of brick,
 As rabbits in a warren.

He lodged in Covent-garden all the while:
 And, if they went in haste for his assist-
 ance,
 He soon was with them—'twas no mighty
 distance—
 From the town's end, it was but bare a mile.

Now, Isaac Shove,
 Living above,
 This Dr. Crow,
 And knowing barber Twizzle liv'd below,
 Thought it might be as well—
 Hearing so many knocks, single and double—
 To buy, at his own cost, a street-door bell,
 And save confusion in the house, and trouble!
 Whereby his (Isaac's) visitors might know,
 Without long waiting in the dirt and driz-
 zle,
 To ring for him at once, and not to knock
 for Crow,
 Or Twizzle.

Besides, he now began to feel,
 The want of it was rather *ungenteel*.

For he had often thought it a disgrace,
To hear, while sitting in his room above,
Twizzle's shrill maid, in the first landing
place,
Screaming—"A man below wants Mister
Shove!"

The bell was bought: the wire was made to
steal
Round the dark staircase, like a tortur'd eel,
Twisting and twining.
The jummy handle Twizzle's door-post
grac'd:
And, just beneath, a brazen plate was plac'd,
Lacquer'd and shining—
Graven whereon, in characters full clear,
And legible, did "Mr. Shove" appear;
And, furthermore, which you might read
right well,
Was—"Please to ring the bell."

At half-past ten precisely to a second,
Shove ev'ry night his supper ended;
And sipp'd his glass of negus till he reckon'd,
By his stop-watch, exactly one more quar-
ter:
Then, as exactly, he untied one garter;
A token 'twas, that he for bed intended.

Yet, having still a quarter good before him,
He leisurely undressed before the fire;
Contriving, as the quarter did expire,
To be as naked as his mother bore him—
Bating his shirt, and night-cap on his head;
Then, as the watchman bawl'd eleven,
He had one foot in bed:
More certainly than cuckolds go to heav'n.

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity!
But there are swilling wights in London
town,
Term'd Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—alias
Swine;
Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for
wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus
outrun—
Dosing with head-aches, till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney—Toby Toss-pot-height—
Was coming from the Bedford late at night:
And being *Bacchi plenus*—full of wine,
Altho' he had a tolerable notion,
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twas not direct—'twas serpentine,
He work'd, with sinuosities, along;
Like Monsieur Corkscrew's worming thro' a
cork;
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy—stiff
Don Prong—a fork!

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brasa
plate—

When, reading—"Please to ring the bell;"
And being civil, beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby—"very well!
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk—that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes; no one came:
He waited full two minutes more; and
then,
Says Toby—"If he's deaf, I'm not to blame!
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright;
Who, quick as lightning popping up his
head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed—
Pale as a parsnip—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself did say—
calming his fears—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and ran
away!"

When peal the second rattled in his ears.
Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor,
And trembling at each breath of air that
stirr'd,

He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the street
door,
While Toby was performing peal the third

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant:
And saw he was a strapper—stout, and
tall:

Then put this question—"Pray, Sir, what
d'ye want?"
Says Toby, "I want nothing, Sir, at all."

"Want nothing?—Sir! you've pull'd my
bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire!"
Quoth Toby, gravely making him a bow,
'I pull'd it, sir, at your desire.'

'At mine!'—'Yes, yours!—I hope I've
done it well!

High time for bed, Sir!—I was hast'ning
to it;

But, if you write up—"Please to ring the
bell,"

Common politeness makes me stop and do
it.'

Isaac now waxing wrath apace,
Slamm'd the street-door in Toby's face,
With all his might,
And Toby, as he shut it, swore
He was a dirty son of—something more,
Than delicacy suffers me to write—
And lifting up the knocker, gave a knock,
So long and loud, it might have rais'd the
dead!

Twizzle declares, his house sustain'd a
shock,
Enough to shake his lodger's out of bed.

Toby, his rage thus vented on the rap,
Went serpentine home to take his nap.
'Tis now high time to let you know,
That the obsteric Doctor Crow,
Awoke in the beginning of this matter;
By Toby's tintintabularly clatter,
And, knowing that the bell belong'd to
Shove,
He listen'd in his bed, but did not move;
He only did apostrophise—
Sending to hell,
Shove and his bell,
That would not let him close his eyes.

But when he heard a thund'ring knock, says
he—
'That's certainly a messenger for me!
Somebody ill, in the brick-house, no
doubt!
Then mutter'd, hurrying on his dressing-
gown—
'I wish my ladies, out of town,
Chose more convenient times for crying
out!'

Crow, in the dark, now reach'd the stair-
case head:
Shove, in the dark, was coming up to bed.
A combination of ideas flocking
Upon the pericranium of poor Crow—
Occasion'd by the hasty knocking,
Succeeded by a foot he heard below.

He did, as many folks are apt to do,
Who argue in the dark, and in confusion;
That is—from the hypothesis he drew a
false conclusion,
Concluding Shove to be the person sent,
With an express from the brick tenement;
Whom barber Twizzle, torturer of hairs,
Had civilly let in, and sent up stairs.

And Shove came up—tho' he had long time
kept
His character for patience, very laudably—
He couldn't help at every step he stepp'd,
Grunting and grumbling in his gizzard,
audibly!
For Isaac's mental feelings, you must know,
Not only were considerably hurt;
But his corporeal also—
Having no other clothing than a shirt:
A dress, beyond all doubt, most light and
airy,
It being then a frost in January!
When Shove was deep down stairs, the
doctor heard,

Being much nearer the stair-top,
Just, here and there, a random word,
Of the soliloquies that Shove let drop.

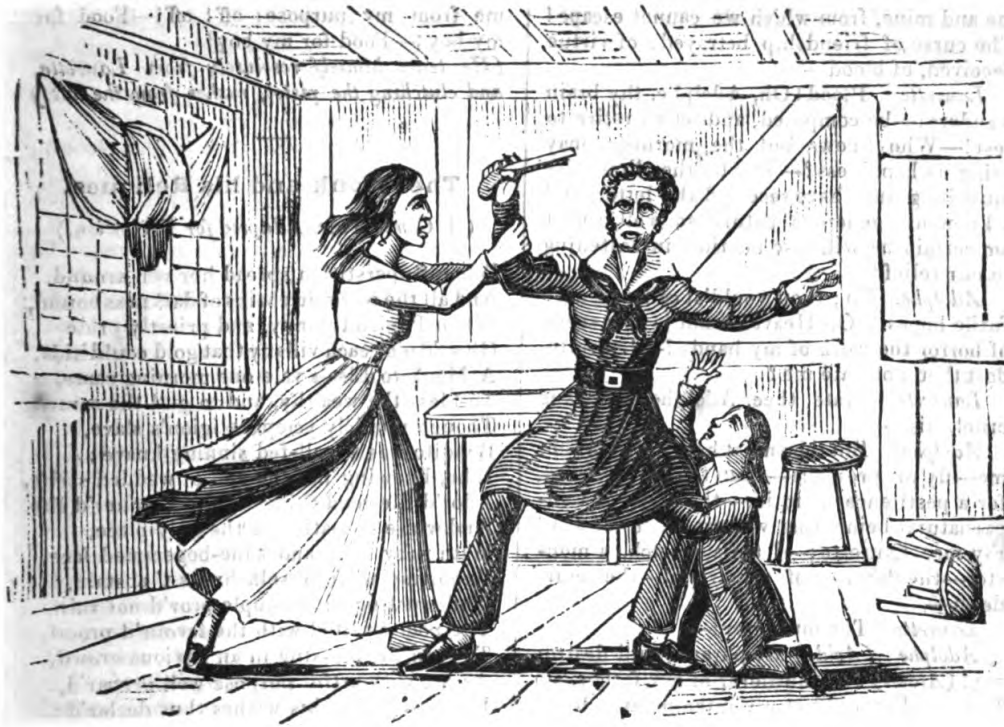
But shortly by progression brought
To contract nearer,
The doctor, consequently, heard him
clearer;
And then the fag-end of this sentence
caught—
Which Shove repeated warmly, tho' he
shiver'd—
'Damn Twizzle's house! and damn the
bell!
And damn the fool who rang it!—Well,
From all such plagues I'll quickly be de-
liver'd'.

'What! quickly be deliver'd?' echoes
Crow,
'Who is it?—Come! be sharp—reply,
reply!
Who wants to be deliver'd let me know?'
Recovering his surprise, Shove answer'd
—'I!'
'You be delivered?' says the doctor—
'Sblood!'

Hearing a man's gruff voice—
'You lout, you lob!
You be deliver'd!—Come, that's very good!
Says Shove—'I will, so help me Bob!
'Fellow!' cried Crow, 'you're drunk with
filthy beer;
A drunkard, fellow, is a brutes next
neighbour!—
But Miss Clogherty's time was very near,
And, I suppose, Lucretia's now in labour.'
'Zounds,' bellows Shove—with rage, and
wonder wild;
'Why, then my maiden aunt is big with
child!'

Here was at once, a sad discov'ry made!
Lucretia's frolic, now, was past a joke,
Shove trembled for his fortune; Crow, his
trade:
Both, both, saw ruin—by one fatal stroke:
But, with his aunt, when Isaac did discuss,
She hush'd the matter up, by speaking
thus—

'Sweet Isaac!' said Lucretia, 'spare my
fame!
Tho' for my babe, I feel as should a
mother;
Your fortune will continue much the same;
For—keep the secret—you're his elder
brother!'



A SCENE FROM AN ORIGINAL DOMESTIC DRAMA.

(Written by Mr. T. Prest, and about to be produced at one of the Metropolitan Theatres.)

SCENE—Interior of a wretched hut. *Henri* discovered sleeping on a small pallet, *Laurette* watching over him.

Laurette. He sleeps; the poor little sufferer sleeps calm and unruffled as the first blush of infancy; while I, his wretched mother, am doomed to watch over him with a frenzied eye, and bursting heart. Alas! how pale, how haggard he looks, how wasted his form, how wan his features! Hunger hath done its work. Wake not my cherub boy; oh, slumber on: thy mother cannot bear to hear thee cry for food, and she, alas! hath none to give thee!—*(It thunders loudly.)* Hark! a storm hath arisen, and my husband is still absent; where can he be? Oh, how my heart daily sinks within me as I behold the awful ravages of care and want upon his once handsome brow! I see despair in his eye, it increases to madness and desperation; and I tremble each time he leaves our miserable hovel, lest on his return his conscience should be loaded with an additional crime. Oh, Adolphe, miserable man—to what a state of wretchedness and destitution hath thine improvidence reduced us.—*(It again thunders, and Adolphe knocks at the door.)*—'Tis he, 'tis my husband.—*(She opens the door, enter Adolphe.)*

Laurette. Ah, Adolphe, I am so glad thou hast returned: but thou art wet, and alas! I have no fire to dry thy tattered garments; but be seated, my love.

No. 17.

Adolphe. I, I, I am cold—perishing—starving, wretched!

Laurette. Alas, must we still linger in this misery?

Adolphe. Still linger—still suffer—aye, till death put an end to it. In vain this day I have wandered the city, begging for charity!—Yes, I—Adolphe de Florville, asking charity, for a morsel of bread for my starving wife and child! The rich mocked my supplications, the poor had not the means to relieve them. Oh, Laurette! starvation is a horrid death!

Laurette. Adolphe, I care not for myself; but to see thee suffer, and our poor child, it drives me to madness! This morning I offered to him the last morsel of food our hut afforded; when a tear bedewed the starving boy's cheek, and spurning the bread from him with a look that I shall never forget, he cried, "Mama's hungry, Henri cannot eat and see poor mama starve!"

Adolphe. No more! no more! you rack me!

Laurette. Nay, Adolphe, be calm, and trust to that Power above, which sooner or later, will look down upon us with mercy!

Adolphe. Mercy! Oh, dare such a monster as I am look for mercy? No, no, no, 'tis past! A curse—a damning curse is upon

me and mine, from which we cannot escape! The curse of friendship betrayed; of virtue deceived, of blood—

Laurette. Blood! Oh, Adolphe, thy brain wanders;—be composed, and let us retire to rest!—Who knows but the morning may bring us happiness?—Thy brother Françoise must long since have received thy letter, and I know his generous nature so well, that I am certain he will lose no time in hastening to our relief!

Adolphe. No; thou would'st calm me with futile hopes. Oh Heaven! and is this scene of horror the work of my hands?—*Laurette,* dost thou not hate me?

Laurette. Hate thee, Adolphe!—This is cruel, 'tis—

Adolphe. But thou must hate me!—Abhor me—fly my presence—shun the path I tread, for a pestilence is in it;—the curse of a supernatural being, that withers all in its way! Fly me, *Laurette*;—I am a wretch, a monster—the deceiver of my friend—the murderer—

Laurette. The murderer!—

Adolphe (*Aside*) My phrenzy will destroy me! (*Aloud*) The murderer of thy father, am I not?—For did not my intemperance break the good old man's heart?—Am I not the worst of murderers?—Art thou not doomed to a slow and painful death, through my crimes?—Is not my boy, my *Henri*, sinking into the grave, the victim of care and hunger? and does not each pallid hue that blanches his once rosy cheek, proclaim his father a murderer?—I shall go mad!—My heart will burst!—But this pistol will terminate all! (*He snatches a pistol from beneath his garment and presenting it at his head, he is about to fire, when Laurette screams frantically, and arrests his arm.*)

Laurette. Horror! wretched man, what would thy desperate hand perform? (*Henri awakes, and rushing from the couch clings to Adolphe's knee.*)

Henri. Oh, papa, I am so glad you have come back, for mama and me were both so hungry, and I know you have brought us something to eat; haven't you?

Laurette. (*Weeping and kissing Henri passionately.*) My poor little innocent!—Oh, Adolphe, look upon this our child, and shudder at the dreadful act thou would'st have committed.

Adolphe. Torture me not!—My brain's on fire!—I'm choking!—My poor child shall have food, even though his wretched parent should mount the scaffold to procure it for him!—Let go thy hold of me, *Laurette*, for I am resolute!

Laurette. Adolphe, in mercy, what would'st thou do?

Adolphe. Procure my child food!—Wring from the pockets of the rich and mercenary by force, what they refused to my prayers and entreaties!—Nay, thou shalt not hold

me from my purpose: off! off!—Food for my boy!—Food for my boy!

(*He tears himself resolutely from Laurette, and clutching the pistol, rushes from the hut.*)

The Monk and his Reliques.

(*A Comic Tale, Adapted for Recitation.*)

When Superstition spread her veil around,
And all the world in chains of darkness bound,
When Popish tyranny, and priestly pride
Gloss'd o'er each villany that gold could hide,
A Monk to Elsa's vale one morning came,
To bless the wealthy, and to gull the same;
Though publicly yclept religion's slave,
Bendito was a well-fed sinning knave;
Who, knowing not the gall of wedded strife,
Ador'd the good things of this chequer'd life.
And while at matins in the holy place,
With ruby nose, and wine-begemmed face,
Exhorting all from selfishness t' abstain,
And trusting his example prov'd not vain.
The poor awaited with the favour'd proud,
To gain his blessing in an anxious crowd,
As he, with artful purpose well prepar'd,
In pious 'guise, his wishes thus declar'd:
"Brethren assembled on this solemn day,
The sacred rites of gratitude to pay,
Your yearly offerings this ev'ning bring:
To praise St. Anthony, we'll loudly sing.
Remember well, my friends, the great divine,
Oh, may he still protect th' Italian's wine.
Soon as the tongue of time shall truly tell
The hour for prayer on the vesper bell,
I hope to meet you at the saintly shrine,
Tend'ring your homage, as I render mine.
A wond'rous relique you shall surely see,
Presented by his holiness to me;
The feather from our great archangel 'reft,
Ere blessed Mary's chamber he had left.
Let those attend, and nobly prove their
worth,
Who hope redemption by the Saviour's
birth."

Thus said, he from the pulpit hasten'd down,
While each advancing touch'd his 'broider'd
gown.

Two witty rogues, addicted much to sin,
True sons of pleasure, heard the monk
begin:

And as they listen'd with supreme contempt,
T' unmask the hypocrite, thus did attempt.
Bendito having gone to take his lunch,
And guzzle wine, or slumber o'er his punch;
The youths stole slyly to his open door,
They knew the house,—had been there oft
before;

Likewise the room in which his reliques
were,

So both resolv'd at once to peep in there.
A costly silver box was soon espied,
Which one as speedily to open tried,
And pond'ring o'er the promis'd pious treat,
Took thence the feather of a paroquet!

And left, instead, to trick the sainted soul,
A fine large piece of excellent round coal.
Before the time, the church was greatly
throng'd,
For each, to see the treasure, vastly long'd;
So went there early, 'dizen'd in their best.
(In those days people walk'd to mass well
dress'd;

Besides, the ladies always lik'd to go,
To sport their finery, and make a show:
'T would be a wonder if they were not gay,
Expecting to be gaz'd at much that day.)
Strict to his hour, the wily monk appear'd,
Nor dream'd the feather stolen unrev'd;
But hugg'd the box with well affected zeal,
And oh! religiously he kiss'd the seal,
Then, having mumbled shortly a brief pray'r,
That all his hearers could most gladly spare,
He rais'd the lid!—he gap'd with wildest
dread,

Groan'd like a dying calf, and—scratch'd his
head:

His looks, the multitude did much surprise,
Vainly they stretch'd their necks, and rubb'd
their eyes.

At which the plotters, pleased with such
success,

Indulg'd the laugh they could no more
repress.

(Laughter in church!—to so profane the
place,

In times like ours, would be a want of grace.)

Bendito heard! it made his senses wake,

And, not so soon outwitted, thus he spake:

"Beloved friends! this night I did intend,

The blessed Gabriel's feather to extend;

Glory to him, who caus'd me wrong to take,

And set me right, by making a mistake;

To-morrow is Saint Lawrence's feasting day;

You all remember it, I dare to say.

See here, my friends, another wonder,—see

The coal on which he roasted;—and by me

Endued with pow'r, at my warm desire,

To save you all this year from loss by fire.

Approach! the sacred treasure now behold!

More precious than its weight in solid gold."

The weak admiring crowd press'd close
around,

And kiss'd his garments as they trail'd the
ground.

He mark'd with crosses ev'ry gown and
cloak,

Enjoying in his sleeve the ready joke.

None did their mite withhold:—in such a
cause,

A saint so wise, deserved the best applause.

Money was given, more and more profuse,

He lack'd it not,—but how could he refuse?

When heav'n sends gifts, our wishes to
relieve,

We should most gratefully the gifts receive.

Our youths, who could not less than much
admire,

Deem'd it prudential quickly to retire;

And, craving pardon for their bold deceit,

Return'd the feather of the paroquet;

Which serv'd Bendito for another year,
When he more careful had no knaves to fear.

The Murderer's Soliloquy.

(Original, by A. F. Staples.)

All nature seems in oblivion buried, and
damning murder as a fiend securely stalks,
winding its way in triumph amid the scene
of universal night, which o'er the world has
thrown its sable mantle, lulling beneath the
drear monotony, ten fold millions who wor-
ship at its shrine.

Night! what art thou to me? unless to
hide the murky deed the light of day dare
not look upon; man's teeming time but too
soon comes, yet e'en the sepulchre will reluc-
tant yawn to gorge its victim before life's
briefless span has ran its measured course
But he must die—an oath—a vow—a pledge
registered in destiny's decree, wars 'gainst
heaven's fiat! which to astounded nations
proclaimed—whoso'er sheds man's blood,
on him vengeance will I have. Conscience!
conscience! thou dread monitor to guilty
minds, rack not, by your harrowing stings,
my tortured soul! Unmingled pour life's
circling current throughout my burning
veins, dissolving, 'mid the elements which
it rides in! Spare the wreck of my frail
nature, and give me that which e'en to Gods
pertain, to crush these coward fears, which
strive to pull me from my sworn intent of
purpose.

Beshrew my coward heart if I did not
think an hour ago that e'er from the deed I
should have flinched. Am I conscience
stricken? Faugh! No woman's fears shall
cause my soul to quail, tho' the echoing
sound of my steps should whisper to my
startled ear—murder! damning murder art
thou bent upon! There's seeming magic in
the very thought, to drive me harrow'd from
that I've sworn shall be fulfilled. But the
dreary hour of night, the sepulch'ral silence
which reigns around, all propel me to sever
the thread of life of him whom I've track'd
from clime to clime, thro' winter's chilling
ice, and summer's burning heat, until securely
within this mansion he sleeps, nor dreams
the stealthy assassin lurks impatient for
his destined prey, which heaven nor hell
shall clutch from me.

The light it dimly burns; yon rolling orb
of night now faintly throws its silvery beams
upon the earth: its light shall guide me in
my course—this will I extinguish. So
quickly passes man from life unto eternity.
But yesterday methinks a monarch's mad
ambition compass'd worlds, and millions
crouched beneath his sway. How changed
the scene upon the morrow: frail wreck of
mortality, the charnel house is now your

resting place. 'Twas Phillip's son who wept
'cause naught was left for him to conquer,
when he'd conquer'd all—'tis thine, poor
idiot, again the tale to tell to ruthless kings,
that they for worlds were made, not worlds
for them, to play the tyrant in, and drench
with human gore.

What a wayward thing is man. I've rea-
soned thus, and hell's blackest crime holds
place within my heart—it drives me on, al-
though my trembling frame plays craven to
my pledged resolve. Shadows of night
around me throw your inky mantle, blur the
coming day in misty fog, and hide beneath
your darken'd canopy the damning deed this
night (accursed) too sure I shall perform.

The Beggar and the Minister.

She was a gay and handsome child,
Although her parents were but wild,
And knew but little;
As much as how to eat and drink,
And sleep, and how to raise the chink,
And boil a kettle.
As to their livery, why it came
Strangely, I own it, to their shame,
Direct from Heaven;
For if chance did not send the meal,
The Eve-like parents learned to steal,
What was not given.

A way-side pig, or waddling *Hoppity*
Common fed duck was common property.
Indeed, the *ducks* he came but near, at
Making his own fame cried "*Dux erat.*"
The farm-yard goose, with feathers white,
His filching fingers would invite,
Though farmers swore
To furnish knocks,
Should they come o'er
Sly Master Fox,
While doleful telling the chaw-bacon carters,
How many fine fat geese were "*Fox's Mar-*
tyrs."

Laws are distressing ties on Freedom,
Though christen'd Justice to conceal the
want of it.
Thus people mayn't shoot pheasants when
they need 'em,
An ill—I wish that I could find the font
of it!
Damming the sources, it should flow no
more,
While I was crown'd protector of the
poor;
So law, I tell it with a face of rue,
Seiz'd on the father of the lovely Sue.

The crime was terrible, to make it worse,
The culprit's character was nothing better,
Besides, he had no money in his purse,
To get the law to loose or ease his fetter.

So from that foretaste of the hell, his pri-
son,

He heard the judge with sorrowing declare
He should be led, and strangled by the
"wizen,"

Early one morning dangle in the air.

Sad was the howling of the wife and daugh-
ter,

They fill'd the court-yard with their best
eye water.

Then knock'd down brief,

Since sorrow's dry,

By the relief

That comes in "wetting of the other
eye."

At length the mother, who was up to snuff,
And knew the value of a pretty face,

Whose daughter was a beauty in the rough,
Whose arms did never other arms embrace,

Hit on a plan that's not uncommon,

Of overthrowing by the dint of woman,

The law's decree;

And by the daughter's pretty face,

To get the father's luckless case

Softened to be.

So she determin'd, with a motive sinister,
Susan should crave his pardon of the minis-
ter.

Susan was very much alarm'd indeed,

Not that she fear'd a man, but then

A minister! a man of noble breed!

A minister! was he like other men?

Had he a nose, a mouth, and eyes?

And all the old humanities?

Or, like the moon, sat he on high,

A stupid noddy,

With eyes, nose, mouth, for folks to spy,

And ne'er a body?

The leery mother chased her fears,

And calm'd her fuss,

And vow'd he'd all that man endears,

Eyes, nose, and mouth, and also ears,

Though not like us.

Well, on a day, I don't know how,

Sue gained admission,

Hoping the minister might bow

To her petition.

Yet fearing much to raise her head,

Lest she should see

Some horrible deformity,

Man-monster, or enormity,

To look her dead.

The man in office, lustful as a goat,

Seeing her charms, began to doat,

And dulcet modulates his throat,

To words of kindness.

At which the maid, a blush illuming

The cheeks that told her bosom fuming,

Dared to look up, for such presuming

Expecting blindness.

But, when she rais'd her dainty eyes,
 And saw a man just like her father,
 Bursting with agony's surprise,
 She shriek'd, she scream'd, or bellow'd
 rather,
 "The lord forgive my mother's lies!
 He's just a man, as sure as lather's lather,"
 Then shook her mutton fist and pudding
 sleeves,
 "Jesus! these ministers are like us thieves!"

The Apparition.

(A Serious Recitation.)

When Sol, with swift accelerating flight,
 Had wholly measur'd down the western skies,
 And sunk beneath the waves; then night
 arose,
 And spread her sable gloom o'er half the
 world,
 Inviting mortals quite depress'd with cares
 And labours of the day, to calm repose:
 Those hours of silence pleasingly dispos'd
 My soul to thought; deep musing, I em-
 ployed
 The reasoning faculties in search of truth,
 Too hidden and remote to be attain'd
 By simple intuition: I compar'd
 Known principles, and by just inference
 A partial knowledge gain'd, as one who climbs
 A steep ascent, arrives with painful steps
 Near the high summit. Thus my busy
 thoughts
 Labour'd progressively to the goal in view,
 But sudden flag; lethargic dullness seized,
 And in an instant tied me down in sleep.
 Soon as I clos'd my eyes (for thus it
 seem'd,
 And time has no succession but from thought)
 A pale and ghastly form approach'd my bed,
 And press'd me hard; awhile I strove to
 speak,
 But strove, I found, in vain: then catch'd
 its arm,
 Strange prodigy! it shrunk to empty air,
 A thin, unbodied, unsubstantial form,
 Amaz'd and frightened, I at last awoke,
 In dismal perturbation, damp and cold;
 For all my traitor spirits had retired
 From their respective posts, in the extremes
 Crowding into the intoxicated brain,
 And left each avenue without a guard,
 Unbarr'd and open, easy of access
 To every bold invader. By degrees
 I found some slow returns of vital warmth;
 The blood which seem'd before to be con-
 geal'd,
 Through each obstructed passage forc'd its
 way,
 And danc'd again more briskly in my veins.
 Once more I was myself, and summon'd all
 The pow'rs of sov'reign Reason to explain,
 On pain of forfeiting th' usurped name,
 What this imaginary phantom was,
 And how produc'd—They thus replied:

A base and mean affront is offer'd us
 By that lugubrious creature Phantasie;
 Our royal sister Thought had been disturb'd,
 Nor we ourself consulted in the least,
 But wrongfully debarr'd our native right,
 And justest claim, to choose, or when to join,
 Or when to separate, the simple views,
 And doubtful apprehensions of the mind.
 Hence we must judge chimeras do proceed,
 And ill-compounded notions of the brain;
 The animals, from some extraneous cause,
 Or otherwise, (but by coercive force)
 Strike on the great sensorium of the soul,
 And seat of memory, the pineal glands,
 (For here 'tis all sensations are impress'd,)
 Ruffling those tender images, from whence
 Ten thousand different ideas rise,
 By reason undirected, wildly float,
 And clash, and cross, and meet; whence the
 result
 Is joining harsh and inconsistent things,
 With rude incongruous modes. Thus figure,
 bulk,
 And locomotive power are falsely giv'n
 To spirit, which exists alone in thought.

The Seven Ages of Intemperance.

(A popular Parody on "All the World's a
 Stage.")

All the world's a bar-room,
 And all the men and women merely tipplers;
 They have their bottles and their glasses,
 One man in his time taking many quarts,
 His drink being seven kinds. At first the
 infant,
 Taking the cordial in the nurse's arms;
 Then comes the whining schoolboy with his
 drop
 Or two of porter, just to make him creep
 More willingly to school. Then comes the
 lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, o'er his lemonade
 Brewed into whiskey punch. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and reeling mad with
 brandy,
 Brutal and beastly, sudden and quick in
 quarrel,
 Seeking the fiend Intemperance
 E'en in the gallon's mouth. Then comes
 the justice,
 In fair round belly, with Madeira lined,
 Most elegantly drunk, superbly corned,
 Full of wise saws against the use of gin,
 And so he swallows wine. The sixth drink
 Shifts into the lean and bloated dram drinker,
 A spectacle his nose, he's scorched inside;
 The wretch's ragged hose, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his once manly
 hand
 Shaking the cup of tea, well lined with rum,

Seems now five palsied bones. Last drink
of all,
That ends intoxication's history,
Is laudanum, self murder's long oblivion;
Sans faith, sans hope, sans life, sans every
thing!

The Beggar Girl.

(An Original Recitation by Mr. T. Prest.)

Ye haughty rich, why turn on me
The eye of chilling scorn?
For virtue fills the beggar's mind,
Although not nobly born.

Ye courtly dames, turn not away,
'Cause tatter'd clothes I wear;
Though grace adorns thy well clad forms,
The beggar's form's as fair!

Look not unfeelingly upon
The beggar maiden's pains;
Surely compassion more adorns
The form where beauty reigns.

I once was happy as ye all
Though born in humble cot;
Then scorn me not for Fate's decree,
May mine ne'er be thy lot!

When ye ask charity above,
This—this my prayer shall be:
May heaven grant ye a kinder ear
Than ye have giv'n to me!

Dialogue

Between an Irish Inn-keeper and an English Gentleman.

Englishman. Holloa, house!

Inn-keeper. I don't know any of that name.

Eng. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fairs of Mullingar and Ballinasloe are next week.

Eng. I see—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter: he'll go any where.

Eng. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. O, sir, he'll drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call me an odd fish.

Eng. I think so. I hope you are not a shark.

Inn. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Psha! Have you any plaice?

Inn. No, sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. I must see myself.

Inn. And welcome, sir: I'll fetch you the looking-glass.

Johanna.

(A Pathetic Recitation, as delivered by Mr. Hollingsworth.)

The night-wind shook the tape-try round an
ancient palace room,
And torches, as it rose and fell, waved
through the gorgeous gloom;
And o'er a shadowy regal couch threw fitful
gleams of red,
Where a woman with long raven hair sat
watching by the dead.

Pale gleam'd the features of the dead, yet
glorious still to see,
Like a hunter or a chief struck down, while
his heart and step were free;
No shroud he wore—no robe of death—but
there majestic lay,
Proudly and sadly, glittering in royalty's
array.

But she that with the dark hair watch'd by
the cold slumberer's side,
On her wan cheek no beauty dwelt, and in
her garb no pride;
Only her full impassion'd eyes, as o'er that
clay she bent,
A mildness and a tenderness in strong re-
splendence blent.

And as the swift thoughts cross'd her soul,
like shadows of a cloud,
Amidst the silent room of death, the dreamer
spoke aloud;
She spoke to him who could not hear, and
cried, 'thou yet wilt wake,
And learn my watchings and my tears, be-
lov'd one, for thy sake.

They told me this was death—but well I
know it could not be;
Fairest and stateliest of the earth! who spoke
of death for thee?
They would have wrapt the funeral shroud
thy gallant form around,
But I forbade—and there thou art, as a mo-
narch, rob'd and crown'd!

With all thy bright locks gleaming still,
 their coronal beneath,
 And thy brow so proudly beautiful—who
 said that this was death?
 Silence hath been upon thy lips, and still-
 ness round thee long,
 But the hopeful spirit in my breast is all
 undimm'd and strong.

I know thou hast not lov'd me yet—I am not
 fair, like thee—
 The very glance of whose dear eye threw
 round a light of glee!
 A frail and drooping form is mine,—a cold
 unsmiling cheek—
 Oh! I have but a woman's heart wherewith
 thy heart to seek.

But when thou wakest, my Prince, my Lord!
 and hear'st how I have kept
 A lonely vigil by thy side, and o'er thee
 pray'd and wept;
 How, in one long deep dream of thee, my
 days and nights have past,—
 Surely that humble patience love, *must* win
 back love at last.

And thou wilt smile—my own, my own,
 shall be the sunny smile,
 Which brightly fell, and joyously, on all *but*
 me, erewhile!
 No more in vain affection's thirst my weary
 soul shall pine,
 Oh! years of hope deferr'd, were paid by
 one fond glance of thine.

Thou'lt meet me with that radiant look,
 when thou comest from the chase,
 From me, from me, in festal halls, it shall
 kindle o'er thy face!
 Thou'lt reckon no more, though beauty's gift
 mine aspect may not bless;
 In thy kind eyes, this deep, deep love, shall
 give me loveliness.

But, wake! my heart within me burns, yet
 once more to rejoice
 In the sound to which it ever leap'd, the
 music of thy voice;
 Awake! I sit in solitude, that thy first look
 and tone,
 And the gladness of thy opening eyes, must
 all be mine alone!"

In the still chambers of the dust, thus pour'd
 forth day by day,
 The passion of that loving dream from a
 troubled soul gave way;
 Until the shadows of the grave had swept
 o'er every grace,
 Left 'midst the awfulness of death on the
 princely form and face.

And slowly broke the fearful truth upon the
 watcher's breast,
 And they bore away the royal dead, with re-
 quiems, to his rest,

With banners and with knightly plumes all
 waving in the wind,
 But a woman's broken heart was left, in its
 long despair behind.

Patience.

(A Tale.)

'Twas at some country place, a parson, preach-
 ing,
 The virtue of long sufferance was teaching;
 And so pathetically did exhort
 His list'ning congregation, and, in short,
 Discours'd so much of Job, and how he
 bore,

With such exceeding pleasantry, his woes,
 Faith, 'twas enough to make a man suppose
 Job wish'd for more.

Meaning, perhaps, that since 'tis plain
 How needlessly we grieve at pain,
 How would it be if man
 Pursu'd a different plan,
 And were to laugh, and treat the matter
 lightly;

And not, when tortur'd with the gout,
 To make wry faces, roar, and shout,
 But look agreeable and sprightly.

"And pray, d'ye think, my dearest life,"
 Exclaim'd the parson's wife,
 As after church they sat,
 In courteous chat,

"That 'tis in human nature to endure
 The sad extremity of woe
 That Job, you say, did undergo?

'Tis more than you or I could do, I'm
 sure."

"My dear," quoth he, "this diffidence
 Shews, let me tell you, great good sense,
 A talent in your sex we seldom see;
 And, doubtless, the remark is true,
 As far as it extends to you,
 Tho' not, I think, to me.

"No woman, since the world began,
 Could bear misfortune like a *man*;
 And in good truth, 'twixt you and me,
 And that without much vanity,
 I do conceive that I myself have shewn
 That patience and that strength of mind
 Were not entirely confin'd
 To Job alone."

Thus said the modest priest, and would have
 said much more,
 But for the sudden opening of the door;
 When, out of breath, in stumps
 His clownish servant, Numps;
 His mouth wide open—on the parson gaz-
 ing—

Just like the wight
 Who drew old Priam's curtains in the night,
 To tell him Troy was blazing.

"Well, Numps, the matter? speak! why look'st so pale?
Has any thing gone wrong?" Quoth Numps,
"The ale."
"What!" cries the priest; "the ale gone sour?"
(And then his phiz began to lower.)
"Turn'd sour? No, measter, no," replied the fellow;
"But just now, as I went, d'ye see,
To tilt the cask, away rolled he,
And all the liquor's spilt about the cellar."

The fact was, Numps a cask of ale had stav'd.
Now, prithee, tell me how the priest behav'd?

Did he pull off his wig, or tear his hair?
Or, like that silly fellow Job,
Throw ashes on his head, or rend his robe?
Say, how did he this dire misfortune bear?
And thus, in voice of pious resignation,
He to his man address'd this mild oration:

"May God confound thee, thou d—n'd stupid bear,
(The best of priests, you know, will sometimes swear):
What! you must meddle, must ye,
With the barrel, and be curst t'ye?

I wish thy paws were in the fire—odd rot 'em.
Get thee down stairs, this instant, wretch,
Or, by the living G—d, I'll kiek thy breech
From top to bottom."

"Nay, now, my dearest," cried the dame,
"Is this your patience?—Fie for shame!
I beg you'll recollect your text;
Job was not half so vext
When he'd his sons and daughters to bewail."

"D—n all his sons and daughters, if you choose:
Answer me this, I say—Did Job e'er lose
A barrel of such ale?"

The Mussulman's Pig.

Thus says a prophet of the Turk—
"Good Mussulmen, beware of pork;
There is a part in every swine
No follower or friend of mine
May taste, whate'er his inclination,
On pain of excommunication."
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he gave the joint at large.

Had he the sinful part exprest
They might, with safety, eat the rest;
But, for one piece, they thought it hard
From the whole pig to be debar'd;
So set their wits to work, to find
What joint the prophet had in mind.
Much controversy therefore rose:
This chose the cheek, the belly those:
By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to deny the head;
Whilst others at the doctrine rail,
And piously refuse the tail.
Thus conscience freed from ev'ry clog,
Mahometans eat up the hog.
You laugh—'tis well—the tale, apply'd,
May make you laugh on t'other side.
Renounce the world, the preacher cries.
We do, a multitude replies.
Whilst one, as innocent, regards
A snug and friendly game at cards;
And one (whatever you may say)
Can see no evil in a play.
Some love a concert, or a race;
And others shooting, or a chase.
Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and follow'd,
Thus, bit by bit, the whole is swallow'd.
Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,
Yet likes a slice as well as he.
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,
Till quite from tail to mouth is eaten.

Black Eyes.

Colin to Rose once a suitering went,
For he lov'd her and thought her a prize!
His happiness hing'd on her giving consent,
For he doated on Rose's black eyes.

Rose heard all his suit, and bid him beware
To be equally am'rous and wise;
He swore she had driven him to despair
By her beautiful jetty black eyes.

Now wedded they were, he'd his wishes complete,
He laid down, and with pleasure did rise;
And however he toil'd, his reward he thought sweet;
'Twas Rose's two little black eyes.

But how short was his happiness, pr'ythee but list,
He'd much better have let her alone;
For in anger and rage, with a neat little fist,
She's now given him two of his own.

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PAT AND THE MAGISTRATE,

OR, ALL A MISTAKE!

(A Favorite New Recitation.)

A Patlander, with a pole as red as the Red Lion, at Brentford, and rendered still more red by a copious discharge of blood, which oozed through a dirty rag tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applied to a magistrate for a warrant, when the following dialogue took place:—

Mag. Well Pat, (for his countenance operated as a sort of finger-post, pointing to the road whence he came) what do you want?

Pat. I'd be wanting a warrant, your worship's glory.

Mag. Against whom?

Pat. Agin Barney O'Leary, please your rivirince.

Mag. For what?

Pat. For murther, your grace.

Mag. Whom did he murder?

Pat. Murther! Och, the devil a crature but mysilf, your excellency.

Mag. Indeed! Has he really been guilty of that?

Pat. By my sowl he has! Bad luck to him! He has made a hole in my napper big enough to bury a cat in.

Mag. He has not killed you outright, I see.

Pat. Och sure, it isn't his fault that he hasn't, for he intinded it, and nothing surer.

Mag. I suppose an assault warrant will suit you? When did he assault you?

No. 18.

Pat. He 'saulted me last night, about two o'clock this morning, your serene highness!

Mag. Did he strike you with a stick?

Pat. No, my lord, it was a small taste of a poker.

Mag. A poker! What a dreadful murderous weapon.

Pat. Arrah! sure your holiness, it is indeed, indeed.

Mag. Where were you when this happened?

Pat. Where was I? sure I was in bed.

Mag. Asleep or awake?

Pat. As sound as a roach, your majesty.

Mag. And what provocation had you given him.

Pat. Divil a provocation at all, most noble. How could I when I was dead drunk asleep?

Mag. What! do you mean to say he came to your bedside and struck you in this dreadful manner without cause?

Pat. Yes, your mightiness—barring he came to his own beside instead of mine.

Mag. His own bedside! where you in his bed?

Pat. Faith, you have just guessed it, your rivirince.

Mag. And what brought you there?

Pat. That's more than I can tell, your honour, barring it was the liquor.

Mag. Was this all you did to provo anger?

Pat. Divil a thing else.

Mag. Was there any other person present?

Pat. Not a crature—independent of his wife, dat was in bed with me your grace.

Mag. His wife! were you in bed with his wife?

Pat. In course I was, your worship!

Mag. And don't you think you deserved what you got?

Pat. Is it me? Not I, indeed, it was all a mistake.

Mag. Mistake!

Pat. Yes, I thought it was my own wife in the dark, I went into the room in a mistake!

Mag. Well, I hope you committed no other mistake. You must be careful in future. I cannot grant you a warrant.

Pat. Thank your majesty. If he hits me agin it shall go for something. By my sowl I will give him a crack that will knock him into the middle of next week. So an illigant good day to your mightiness.

Pulling up his unmentionables, he hopp'd off in a real Irish trot.

It turned out that Paddy went into the bed unconscious of where he was, till Barney gave him a gentle hint with the poker, and fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended finisher. Barney's sleeping beauty was also awoke by the shock, who gave her tender assistance in larruping the intruder out of the chamber of her lord and master.

A FAVORITE SCENE FROM THE

Mutiny at the Nore.

CHARACTERS.—*Richard and Mary Parker.*

Par. Mary! my own loved Mary!

Mary. Oh, Richard, this meeting repays me for all the anxious hours passed in silence and in solitude;—why, why is this? why do you turn your eyes from mine?

Par. I—I cannot look upon you.

Mary. Not!

Par. When I remember you were wooed by fortune, had every comfort strewed about your footsteps; when I remember this, and see you torn by my hand from every hope of life, thrown a poor outcast on the unfeeling world, humiliated, broken-hearted, beggared, can you wonder if I blush to meet your eye? Can you marvel if, like a felon, I shrink beneath your gaze, ashamed to meet the victim I have made.

Mary. Oh, Richard, talk not so; do you think reproach can spring from love like mine? Think you I can regret the loss of wealth, and of those summer friends that clung whilst fortune shone?—Oh, no! I am rich, rich in your love and in our darling boy.

Par. My poor William!

Mary. Oh! away with such reproaches; you have manly courage, Richard, but add to it a woman's strength?

Par. A woman's strength!

Mary. Ay, the power of sufferance; you, in the wild storm or wilder battle, hang above the heaving billow or rush upon the sword—this, this is lion-hearted daring. But think, you the sailor's wife has not a deeper courage, to listen to the roaring sea, to hear the minute-gun, to read of shipwreck and of battle, yet, with terror for her daily partner, to hush the whispering fear, and with a deep tranquillity of soul confide in him who feeds the sparrow and sustains the flower?—Mere courage is the instinct of brutes—'tis patience, the sweet child of reason, stamps and dignifies the man.

Par. My dear Mary—yes, thou'lt love me still?

Mary. Love you!—Though poverty and wrong had made you unjust to me, forgetful of yourself: though shame had scourged you—how now, Richard! husband!

Par. 'Tis nothing.

Mary. Nay, your colour goes, the veins swell within your brow, and your lip works—what, what have I said?

Par. Nothing, nothing, my poor wench.

Mary. Oh! it is not so; I have awakened some horrid thoughts that still convulse and shake you—tell me, in mercy.

Par. I will tell you.—You spoke of shame! to a heart rightly endowed for its fellows, it is a kind of shame to see in silence wrong and outrage done to others.

Mary. True, but—

Par. I—I am a sailor aboard a king's ship: my mind may be as noble, my heart as stout, as are the minds and hearts of those who strut upon the quarter-deck, and are my masters—no matter, 'tis my fate, and I should obey them.

Mary. For heaven's sake, let not the violence of your temper betray you to acts of mutiny—have you not seen—

Par. Seen! I have served the king seven years: in that time I have seen enough to turn the softest breasts to stone, to make me laugh at "virtue," "feelings," as words of a long forgotten tongue. Seen! I have seen old men, husbands and fathers, men with venerable gray hairs, tied up, exposed, and lash'd like basest beasts: scourg'd, whilst every stroke of the blood-bringing cat may have cut upon a scar received in honourable fight. I have seen this; and what the culprit's fault? He may have trod too much on this side, or on that, have answered in a tone too high or too low, his beardless persecutor—no matter: the crime is mutinous, and the mariner must bleed for it.

Mary. Oh! Richard, and have you look'd on scenes like these?

Par. Look'd! listen, then judge you whe-

ther the gloom upon my face is but the cast of a sickly fancy, or the shadow from a deep and settled wrong; it tears my soul to shock thy delicate spirit, yet thou must know all, that in what I henceforth may do, thy mind may justify me. Dost thou hear me, Mary?

Mary. I'll strive to do so.

Par. 'Tis now some four years since I had a friend, a sailor aboard a king's vessel; his fate was somewhat like to mine, for chance had given him an unsuccessful rival in love to be his captain and his destroyer. I knew the victim, knew him! but to my tale. The sailor was preferred—rare promotion for one of cultivated mind—to wait upon the steward, and do his lofty bidding; time wore on; at length, a watch was stolen; suspicion lighted on my friend, he was charged with—my heart swells and my head swims round—with the robbery—before the assembled crew, despite his protestations and his honest scorn, he was branded with the name of thief.

Mary. Oh, heavens!

Par. Stripped and bound for brutal punishment—picture the horror, the agony of my friend, bleeding beneath the gloating eye of his late rival in a woman's love; picture his torment and despair to feel, whilst the stripes fell like molten lead upon his back, that keener anguish, his rival's triumph!—Imagine what were his thoughts, what the yearnings of his swelling heart, towards his young wife, his precious babe at home.

Mary. Oh, horrible!

Par. A short time after, he sought to escape: he trusted the secret of his flight to another, and was betrayed. What follow'd then? he was tried for desertion, condemn'd to death.

Mary. Gracious powers! and did they?—

Par. Oh! no, the judges were merciful.

Mary. Heaven bless them!

Par. Stay your benediction; they were merciful! they did not hang the man—'twould have been harsh, they thought; the more so, as he who had stolen the watch, touch'd by compunction, had confessed the theft, clearing the deserter of the crime he had been scourg'd for; still, discipline demanded punishment: they did not hang the man, and thereby bury in his grave the remembrance of his shame; no, they mercifully sent him thro' the fleet.

Mar. The fleet?

Par. Listen, then wonder that men with hearts of throbbing flesh within them, can look upon, much less inflict such tortures.—They sent him to receive five hundred lashes, so many at the side of every vessel, whilst the thronging crew hung upon the yards and rigging, to hear the wretch's cries, and look upon his opening wounds. What was the result? why, the wretch they tied up, a suffering, persecuted man, they loos'd a raging tiger! From that moment revenge took possession of my soul; I lived and only breath-

ed, consented to look on the day's blessed light, that I might have revenge!

Mary. You, husband! you?

Par. Yes, Mary Parker, I am that wrong'd, that striped, heart-broken, degraded man.

Mary. [Throws herself upon his neck.] Oh, Richard, heaven have mercy on them!

Par. Amen! Mercy is heaven's attribute, revenge is man's. Ay, look upon me, Mary, do you not blush to call me husband?

Mary. Oh, talk not so!

Par. You must, for I feel degraded—a a thing of scorn and restless desperation; but the time is almost ripe, and vengeance,—

Mary. Think not of it!

Par. Think not of it!—I only live upon the hope of coming retribution. Think not of it!—Would you still embrace a striped, a branded felon?

Mary. That stain is wiped away.

Par. No, but it shall be, and in blood!

Mary. In mercy, Richard—

Par. Hear me swear!

Enter WILLIAM PARKER, the child.

Wil. [Running up to his father.] Oh, father! dear father!

Par. Ha! be this the subject of my oath!

[Kneels—the child kneeling, with upraised hands, before his father.] May this sweet child, the fountain of my hopes, become my bitterest source of misery—may all my joys in him be turned to mourning and disquiet—may he be a reed to my old age, a laughter and a jest to my gray hairs—may he mock my dying agonies, and spit upon my grave, if, for a day, an hour, I cease to seek for a most deep, most bloody vengeance!

Ada. [Without.] Hollo! house, ahoy!

Par. A stranger's voice! We are disturbed. Farewell, my love! I must aboard; to-morrow you shall hear news of me. I have promised my shipmates to bring William with me; he shall return when I do.

Mary. Promise, then, to be more calm; let patience, Richard, counsel you.

Par. Farewell! [Aside.] Now my child shall see his father's wronger at his foot. Arlington, I come to triumph!

Rash Vows are made but to be Broke.

Just nine months after John and Joan
From two were conjured into one,
Their friends and neighbours round about,
Were summon'd to the crying out.
The gossips come; and honest Joan
Receives them all with many a groan;
John taps the ale, and cuts the cheese;
Come eat, and drink, whate'er you please.
Kind neighbours all, I'm glad to see ye,
Here's the good woman's health unto ye.

Quick moves the bowl, their clappers run,
Of what was, and what was not done:
All speak at once, of various things,
With mirth and noise the chamber rings.
Joan lies attentive to their chat,
Of cocks and bulls, and this and that;
But now her pains with greater force
Come on; and Joan grows worse and worse.
Her hands she wrings with piteous moan,
And sighs, and doubles every groan;
The good wives hearing such a clatter,
Forsake their cups, and haste about her.
All are employ'd—this sets the cradle,
That stirs the cordle with a ladle;
One airs the clouts, and makes them ready,
Another waits to take the baby.
Some bid her be of hearty cheer,
For her delivery is near;
While others pity her condition,
And fain would send for a physician.

But notwithstanding all their care,
Joan screams, and groans, and tears her hair.
Oh! I can never bear this pain,
And then she screams and groans again.
John, all this time stood near the bed,
And like a poppy hung his head;
He knew not what to do or say,
And often wished himself away.
Joan sees him:—John! ah John! she cries,
(And thrusts her fingers in her eyes)
Indeed you are a naughty man
To put your wife to all this pain,
But you shall never do't again!
And then she sigh'd most grievously,
Good by t'ye, John, for I shall die!

Poor John a fond good-natur'd fellow,
At this began to sob and bellow;
Protesting he would give his life,
And all he had to save his wife.

Joan was in truth, exceeding ill,
But notwithstanding her cunning still;
This was the time she thought to prove
The measure of her husband's love.
Come hither, John, she weeping cries,
Kiss your poor wife, before she dies!
John kiss'd her—now kneel down and swear,
If heaven my life should chance to spare,
That you will never again require
I should submit to your desire,
Which I—you know have always done,
Your will preferring to my own.
This if I live—but if I die—
You'll ne'er get such a wife as I.
John swore—and now that curse on Eve
Which dooms her daughters all shall grieve;
Forc'd Joan to give so loud a squeal,
You might have heard it half a mile.
When straight the midwife full of joy,
Produced to John a swinging boy.
He quite transported, kiss'd the child
To death almost; Joan wept, and smil'd;
The laughing gossips round it come;
And mirth and pleasure fill the room.

Now safe at ease, and laid in bed,
Joan ponders all her neighbours said;
Recovers strength, is pert and gay,
And eats her chicken every day.

~~the cares of life are never done!~~

John's now baptizing of his son:
And struts to church before the folk,
As proud as any turkey cock.
The table's plentifully stor'd,
And cheerful healths go round the board.
The guests, how pleas'd, I cannot say;
They ate, they drank, and went their way.

A month is past, that honest Joan
Has been constrained to lie alone;
A month! a tedious time, indeed,
(But foolish custom so decreed)
Thank heaven 'tis past—the sheets are

air'd,
The pillows laid, the bed prepar'd—
They sup—Joan yawns—the clock strikes

eight;
Come, John, I dare not sit up late.
Upon his breast she drops her head:
Go pr'ythee, Susan, warm the bed.
Joan's first in bed, John soon undrest:
A kiss—good night—and turns to rest.
Such usage Joan had not expected,
She was not wont to be neglected;
Whate'er had been his other cares,
John still had minded her affairs.
What can this mean? she fears to know—
He ne'er before had serv'd her so.

Restless she tosses, deeply sighs.
The tears fall trickling from her eyes.
At length she speaks—my John, my life,
Why turn'st thou from thy loving wife?
Come lay thy head upon this breast,
And let me lull my dear to rest.

Ah, Joan, says he, your former pain
Forbids us to lie close again;
For your dear sake I will refrain,
But let this hard forbearance prove
The greatness of your husband's love.
No, John! quoth she, your faithful Joan
In love shall never be outdone;
But always is prepar'd to shew
How she despises death for you.

With this she rush'd into his arms,
Which John's forbearance quite alarms;
My dear, she cries, if you've the will,
My duty is obedience still.
John pauses—what's the matter now?
I'd yield, says he, but for my vow.
But thus, with transport in her eyes,
You'd yield, but for your vow, she cries,
In that you're very simple now,
When beauty tempts, who heeds a vow?
Indeed, my love! 'tis all a joke—
Rash vows are made but to be broke.

The Fatal Horsepond: or, the Faithless Cobbler.

(A Comic Burlesque Recitation, written by
T. Prest.)

Bob was a cobbler, tall, genteel, and slim,
The best of cobblers could not equal him;

Industrious too was he—a rare disease—
Although with being rich none could him tax,
Bob strapp'd unto his work as tight as wax;
His wit was good, I ween; why? let me ask!

Because he'd always got a new top-piece.
However, from my subject not to stroll,
Bob altogether was a jolly soul,
And larks and mirth he ever had a hand in;
And though he drank till midnight's shades
were cast,

In piety I'll prove his days were past;
Before his eyes he ever had his last,
And what was more, did mend the under-
standing.

One day, as Bob renew'd his inside lining,
Or to speak plainer, then, as he was dining,
A damsel, tall and pretty, met his sight;
Smart, sir, and tasteful, was her upper-leather,
Her smile was finer, too, than gay fine-
weather;

Bob thought she was a beauty altogether,
And ask'd her to in-step, with delight.
They fell in love—on this you may depend—
Bob vow'd his love should never have an end;

But false as Lucifer the cobbler spoke;
For though upon his knees he oft did fall,
And on his saint to witness loud did call,
That he adored Miss Susan, soul and all,
Like as his glass his brittle vows he broke.

Our hero owed his landlord much for rent,
And hearing that to seize was his intent.
At midnight's solemn hour he mov'd his
quarters;

A bulk he got, it suited him to an hair,
So taking to his heels, he did repair—
But, luckless job, a cousin he met there,
And soon he woo'd the youngest of his
daughters.

Tall as a poplar tree stood Betty Clark,
Her pretty eyes were both as black ball dark,
Round as a lapstone was her face to boot;
Soft as an ox-hide was her skin I swear,
Fine as hog's bristles was her sweet red hair,
Her legs, ye gods! so crook'd, and neat a pair,
Ne'er stood majestic o'er a maiden's foot.

No more Bob thought upon his former vows,
No more fair Susan broke his soft repose;
He went to Betty Clark's to tea and supper;
He soon found out that it was right and left
With her his heart, of which now quite
bereft,

Sweet Betty with her own return'd the theft,
And Hymen stitch'd 'em tight as sole and
upper.

Swift as a paper kite the tidings fled,
From snob to snob the joyful news was
spread,
And soon it reach'd Miss Susan's luckless
ear;

Adown her cheeks fell many tears of grief,
And in a horse-pond muddy, (to be brief,)
She cut the thread of life, and sought relief,
Like ball of wax in shop pan floating
there.

Bob's twopenny candle flat had just expired,
And he of work that night was nearly tired;
His wooden clock chimed one, above his
head;

Oft did he yawn, sleep on his eyelids press'd,
He drank a glass of max, and then undress'd;
Put on his night-cap—but you know the
rest—

Like other men, of course, he went to bed.

The thunder roar'd—most likely in a pet,
And from on high fast fell the heavy wet—

The lightning in Bob's garret burned blue!
In slumber sweet old Bob had sunken near,
When something pull'd him tightly by the
hair;

He started up—Lord! how he quaked with
fear,

When Susan's injured goblin met his view.

Her eyes, at least, my friends, so I've been
told,

Like two grey balls of worsted ghastly
roll'd;

Her hair like cobbler's old wax ends hung
down!

As turnip newly pared her cheeks were white.
And in her hand she held a thin rush light;
In short, she was, indeed, as fine a sprite,
As from the other world to trip is known.

Close to his Betty, Bobby poked his nose,
And cover'd all his carcass with the clothes.

'Wake, faithless cobbler!' burst upon his
ear;

Against his side his heart went pit-a-pat,
His knees knock'd one another, tat-tat-tat.

'Oh, no, Miss Ghost!' said he, 'I'm no
sich flat,

I will not wake at all, by G—! I swear!'

At this, Miss Susan gave a pretty yell,
As musical as any old crack'd bell,

But which Old Nick himself I'm sure
might scare;

'Know, faithless cobbler Bob, your Sue I be.'
'Indeed!' said Bob. 'Upon my soul,' says
she—

'Come, cruel Robert, you must go with me.'
This said, the goblin seized him and fled
through the air.

Long, long, this couple flew down low—up
high!

Bobby in vain for help aloud did cry;
At length, both tight and safe they reached
the ground;

But how poor Crispin trembled, swore, and
shook,

When by that very self-same muddy brook,
Where Sue, of all the world farewell had took,
Himself upon the fatal brink he found.

'View, cruel Bob, this horsepond!' Susan
said,

'Where I, thy injured love, my exit made,
Whose mud my lovely figure vilely stuck
in:

To thee, false cobbler Bob, like paste I stuck,
You vow'd to wed me, sir—but no such luck;
But know that I, whom oft you called your
duck,

Have hasten'd here to give you a good
ducking.

Once more Miss Susan seiz'd the quaking
snob,

Within the muddy pool she forced poor Bob,
And in the middle vilely pitch'd him in;
She then quick vanish'd in a large wild fire;
Bob in the middle stuck, or I'm a liar,
In water dirty, and delicious mire,
Tight as a brad, up to the very chin.

How he got out again, I do not know,
Or else to tell you I should not be slow:
But this upon my soul is very true,
That ever since that very shocking night,
The pond is haunted by the lady's sprite;
And now of love enough I've told you quite,
So with a bow I bid you all adieu.

Mrs. Dobbs at Home.

(A Comic Characteristic Recitation.)

He who knows Hackney, needs must know
That spot enchanting—Prospect-row;
So called, because a view it shows
Of Shoreditch-road; and when there blows
No dust, the folks may one and all get
A peep—almost to Norton Falgate.

Here, Mrs. Dobbs, at Number Three,
Invited all her friends to tea.
The Row had never heard before
Such double knocks at any door;
And heads were popp'd from every casement,
Counting the comers with amazement.

Some magnified them to eleven,
While others swore there were but seven;
A point that's keenly mooted still,
But certain 'tis that Mrs. Gill
Told Mrs. Grub she reckoned ten:—
Fat Mrs. Hobbs came second—then
Came Mesdames Jinkins, Dump, and Sprig-
gins,

Tapps, Jacks, Briggs, Hoggins, and Wiggins,
Dizened in all her best array,
Our melting hostess said her say.

As the souchong repast proceeded,
And curtsying and bobbing press'd
By turns each gormandizing guest,
To stuff as heartily as she did.

Dear Mrs. Hoggins, what!—your cup
Turned in your saucer, bottom up!—

Dear me, how soon you've had your fill,
Let me persuade you—one more sup,
'Twill do you good, indeed it will;—
Psha now, you're only making game,
Or else you tea'd afore you came.

Stop, Mrs. Jenkins, let me stir it,
Before I pour out any more.
No, marm, that's just as I prefer it.
O, then I'll make it as before.

Lauk! Mrs. Dump, that toast seems dry,
Do take and eat this middle bit;
The butter's fresh you may rely,
And a fine price I paid for it.

No doubt, marm,—what a shame it is,
And Cambric too again has riz!
You don't deal now with Mrs. Keats?
No, she's a bad one, marm, she cheats.
Hush! Mrs. Crump's her aunt—good lack!
How lucky she has just turn'd her back.

Don't spare the toast marm—don't say no,
I've got another round below;
I give folks plenty when I ax 'em,
For cut and come again's my maxim.
Nor should I deem it a misfort'n,
If you demolished the whole quartern,
Tho' bread is now a shameful price—
Why did they 'bolish the assize?
A charming garden, Mrs. Dobbs,
For drying,—an't it, Mrs. Hobbs?
But though our water tub runs o'er,
A heavy wash is such a bore!
Our smalls is all that we hang out.
Well, that's a luxury no doubt.

La! Mrs. Tapps, do only look,
Those grouts can never be mistook;
Well, such a cup! it can't be worse,
See, here's six horses and a hearse;
And there's the church and burying-place,
Plain as the nose upon your face;—
Next dish may dissipate your doubts,
And give you less unlucky grouts;—
One more—you must—the pot has stood,
I warrant me it's strong and good.

There's Mrs. Spriggins in the garden;
What a fine gown!—but begging pardon,
It seems to me amazing dingy—
D'you think her shawl, marm, is really *Injy*?
Lord love you! no;—well, give me clothes
That's plain and good marm, not like those.
Though not so tawdry, Mrs. Jacks,
We do put *clean* things upon our backs.

All housekeeping is dear—perhaps
You deal, marm, still with William Tapps.
Not I—we know who's got to pay,
When butchers drive their one-horse chay.

Well, I pay nine for rumps.—At most,
We pay but eight for boiled and roast,
And get our rumps from Leadenhall
At seven, taking shins and all.
Yes, meat is monstrous dear all round:
But drippings bring a groat a pound.

Thus on soft wing the moments flew,
Until it was time to say adieu;
When each prepared to waddle back,
Warmed with a sip of Coniac,

Which was with Mrs. Dobbs a law,
 Whene'er the night was cold or raw.
 Umbrellas, pattens, lanterns, clogs,
 Were sought—away the party jogs;
 And silent solitude again
 O'er Prospect-row resumed its reign,
 Just as the watchman crawled in sight,
 To cry—'Past ten—a cloudy night.'

An Address.

(Spoken by Miss Smith, at the New Grecian Saloon, on her Benefit night, Thursday evening, Nov. 27th, 1834, written by Mr. John Francis.)

Kind Friends and Patrons of my youth, once more
 I stand, my soul's best gratitude to pour;
 Here—where with beating heart I oft have stood,
 And your kind feelings tremblingly have wooed—
 Here—where your prized applause hath oft times been
 To grace the magic influence of the scene—
 Here—'mid the scenes of past but pleasant toils,
 I stand to woo the sunshine of your smiles;
 And burstingly my heart would beat, were I
 Still insecure of your kind sympathy.
 Say—must I woo in vain?—nay, let me try.
 To win the kindness of a beaming eye.

Ten years ago, in childhood's early hours,
 Ere life had shewn it is not all of flowers—
 Ten years ago, you beamed my path along,
 Smiled on my music, and approved my song;
 Not then, as now, this noble edifice
 Towered with the seeming summer of its skies—
 Not then, as now, were hundreds thronging near,
 With flattering silence every word to hear;
 No lighted hall was ours—no proud saloon,
 Rivalling the beauties of the golden noon,
 But *one, one* room we boasted, and yet there
 Our hearts were happy, for *your* looks were fair,
 And the same spirit ruled our little band,
 With all the kindness of a father's hand:
 Him at whose bidding rose this stately dome,
 Rivalling in beauty many a princely home,
 Yet unlike princely homes, in this, that we
 The patron of our native sons may see;
 Who ne'er drove English talent from his door,
 That foreign mountebanks might flourish more,
 But with unbiassed eye their deeds would scan
 The picture of an honest Englishman!

Yes! even in childhood your applause I owned,
 And by *your* favour all my hopes were crowned:
 I've been since then to many a distant place,
 I've bent since then to many a smiling face,
 Yet still I come with swelling heart to those
 Whose liberal spirit in abundance flows;
 Still I return to my accustomed spot,
 To join ('tis not high treason!) many a *plot*—
 Still I return for your loved cheers to sue,
 Still I return to kindness, and to *you*.

Not mine, alas! the poet's power to tell
 How beats my heart, and how my pulses swell—
 Not mine the "still small voice" of eloquence
 To please the ear, and charm the listening sense;
 Else would I utter many a thankful thing,
 Which even now I feel within me spring;
 Yet still I trust, where'er my steps I bend,
 I still may think on each one as my friend,
 And say, with bursting heart, "Whate'er ensue,
 'Eternal gratitude is yours' Adieu! Adieu!"

The Nigger Costardmonger.

(A Parody on the second scene in the Castle Spectre, written by Edward Mackey.)

Characters—LILLYWHITE, a Nigger Costardmonger, NIBBLE, his Pal.

Nib. Vell, Lillywhite, my kiddy, vat success?
Lil. Vy, none at all. Me couldn't not do less,
 Me ax about in every boozing ken,
 Sarch'd the back-slums, but couldn't find old Ben;
 Toddled to Billingsgate, Common Garden through,
 Den to Saint Giles's—Seven Dials too.
 But no one know'd him,—not a prig was there
 Unknown to Redbreast.—No, he was not there.

Nib. Vat, not vone.

Lil. Except some prigs, my man
 Handcuffed together in the prison van.

Nib. Handcuffed, you says,—then he may be in quod?
 Ve'll sarch and find him, or it's devilish odd.
 Jack Filchem lurks about old Brixton still,
 To snatch up Sal, vhen vot she leaves the mill.

Lil. Dat's all my eye,—he'll nivir fix Sal's fate
 Vhilst Bob can move a fin from Billingsgate.

Though him one eye, him look dam sharp
wid dat;
And den him nose—oh, can't him smell a rat!
Beside, him fear—

Nib. Fear vot! I'd like to know.
He loves, for sartin,—but if Sal should go,
Vot has he got to fear?

Lil. From Filchem ali,
Who'll raise the very devil wid his squall.
He's got a donkey—three-pund-ten oeside,
And if he makes dat are said Sal his bride,
It is all dickey, if she finds as how
Her dead dad left her that are swanking sow
With nine young grunterns. Bob's afly to
that,

So wants to marry—oh, lard, vot a flat,
Ven vot he heard as how Jack Filchem vatch'd,
He tip'd the vink, and soon Miss Sall vas
cotch'd.

At first he meant to hang her, then transport
her.

The grunterns squeak'd—no, blow me, then
he'd court her;

Make hers all his'n, and his'n's his'n, is
known.

Nib. But do you think as Sal would like his
konk?

Lil. I knows she wouldn't—'cause he's always
drunk.

No this here's truth—she'd sooner have a
crust

Vith Jack, than vith Bob eat till like to burst;
And while she treads the mill, she swears, to
think

See can't enjoy Jack's nasty fishy stink.

Nib. But then she thinks as Jack an't vorth
a groat!

And when old Bob rubs up his donkey cart.
Vill she say 'no, I shan't get up and ride?'
Vil she say 'no, I shan't not be your bride?'

Lil. Vy, if so be she likes him—blow me
tight,
She'll stick like vax to Filchem main and
might.

Nib. I have lov'd, and I knows vot it is
To grunt and groan, and not to have no
peace;—

To love a woman, and be forc'd to part,
Blow me, it cuts me to the werry heart.
I've guv'd up nix for nought—hard vork for
labour,

Chang'd my old garret for another neighbour.
But is me happier? blow my vig, not I—
I loves my ould home, though a perfect sty;
For there my Peg and I would sit and booze,
Then to our straw ve'd toddle for a snooze,
Snoring like hogs—till, sober once agin,
Ve'd toddle for another go of gin.

There laid my Peg—a perfect Wenus there!

Nob. Vot, Lillywhite, have you felt all that
are?

Who would have thought that you could be
so nutty,

Or harbour feelings in your bussum smutty.

Lil. Have I!—oh, Nib, I've felt the tinder
flame

Vhat frys your witals, all alike the same.

My head vos soft as your head—no offence—

But hard 'tis now, through rubs and vant or
pence.

I have been took'd from Peg to Clerkenwell,
Newgate, the Compter—more than I can tell.

'Tis fourteen years, and more too, I may say,
Since I first travell'd off to Bot'ny Bay;

The Redbreast tore me from the vollen rug,
Where Peg and I vos tuck'd up cozy, snug;

They grinn'd and vink'd—cried out 've've
got him now,'

They chaff'd me wastly—but I couldn't row;
They vonder'd how a costardmonger cove

Could feel a summat werry nigh to love!

In that are minute when they hiked off me,

And our last garden pot I could not see,

Ven as I trudg'd on handcuff'd through the
lane,

Blow me, I thought I'd ne'er see Peg again,
And wex'd, I dash'd my tile upon the ground;

Then from my neck a handkerchief unbound,
Vot Sal had guv'd me, a Bandanna vipe,

Wropp'd round some ungons and a bit of
pipe;

I shov'd it down a gully-hole and swore

I'd play the werry devil o'er and o'er;

And as the gutter vash'd the rag away,

I wow'd to nibble all things in my vay,—

I've kept my vord, as should a honest man,

Vot wants to pick a tidy bit of scan;

And I vill keep it, blow me, till I croak,

Prig vot I can, and glory in the joke.

Nib. Poor Lillywhite—some rummy things
you've seed.

Lil. Oh, hold your mag, they makes me
wex'd indeed—

Good bye, old cove. Hollo! there goes old
Ben,

Stagg'ring away from Almax' boozing ken.

Nib. And by his reelings, Lil, he looks quite
groggy.

Lil. By night and day, this last month, he's
been foggy!

But to his rigging soon there'll be a stopper.

Nib. Not to his rigging—that vord isn't
proper.

Lil. Vot do you mean then?

Nib. Hush, the trap's afly,
A screw is loose—but more, Lil, by-and-bye.

But 'tis a hard case, that it is now, railly,
One's friends drop off so when they reach the

Bailey!

I hate the clock, that eight o'clock doth tell,
I feels a itching, (*scratching his neck*)—Lilly-
white, farewell!



THE RING AND THE MURDERER.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr. T. Prest.)

She was a beauteous maid ;
The blush of innocence was on her cheek,
The playful smile of youth and pleasure
Beam'd round two lips, whose coral portals,
Parted but to shew the pearly tenants
Within them enclosed.

Her eyes—oh, who shall speak the light—
The sense!—the love!—the blaze of passion
That beamed therefrom? Above were seen
Two graceful curves of silken texture,
Which cast a pleasing shade upon a brow
Of more than marble whiteness.
And o'er this loveliest of heavens works,
But seventeen summers had smiled.
Summers—rich—golden—jocund—fruitful
Had they been to her; for light was her heart,
And little heeded she the storms of life!
Alas! too soon she felt their dreadful import.

She was an only child—the stay—the prop,
The pet of a doating father, who lived but in
her sight.

Humble was his estate, yet withal suffi-
cient,
To keep him from the toils of life, and give
his child—

His affectionate Phoebe, a fitting education
To prepare her for that sphere in life,
She was born to adorn!

But Hubert was a melancholy man;
And, save but in the presence of his child,
A smile was foreign to his wrinkled brow;
Wrinkled more by sorrow than age!—
Society he shunned—pleasure he abhorred,
No. 19.

Save the pleasure arising from acts of bene-
volence,

Whose precepts he followed—even beyond
his humble wealth.

When Phoebe was absent, the gloomy wood,
The forest dell—the craggy eminence—
The roaring cataract, were the objects he
courted.

Their melancholy aspects, seemed in unison
With his dismal thoughts; and there for hours,
Even when Jove in thunder spoke his terrors,
The lightning flashed its vivid fires—

The wind in hollow gusts howled awfully
around,

Or the pitiless storm poured down its
torrents,

Would Hubert remain buried in deep
thought,

And imbibing the poison of retrospection!
But when night set in, and to his humble
home

He bent his way—there was his cheerful
hearth,

His blazing fire, his old arm-chair, his pipe,
Or his frugal repast, all prepared for him;

While at his cottage door, one of earth's
brightest forms

Stood anxiously awaiting him: two sparkling
gems—

Look'd eagerly for his approaching figure,
Two coral lips, awaited with all the warmth
of filial love,

To kiss his furrowed cheek! It was his
daughter

Oh, what joy would then be his!
 With what transport would he embrace her,
 And dropping a tear on her buoyant cheek,
 Bless her, for bearing the image of her
 sainted mother!

Her mother, in that one name center'd all
 his joys—

All his miseries—all his blighted hopes!—
 His tale is brief, though dreadful.

He once was rich and powerful,
 A noble mansion, and numerous vassals
 Acknowledged him master. A wife too had
 he—

Of whom it is enough to say, that she was
 The counterpart of Phœbe. Three years of
 nameless joy,

Had Hubert and his wife together pass'd,
 Happy in their own love, and in the expand-
 ing charms

Of their infant daughter; when business of
 import

Called him with the principal part of his
 domestics

From his castle. He left his lovely wife
 with a throbbing heart,

He left her beauteous, youthful, and healthy!
 Alas! that fate should so decree it—

He returned, to meet her mangled corse!
 Some monster, for the sake of gain,
 Taking advantage of his absence—horrid
 truth!

Had broken into his mansion, robb'd him of
 his gold,

And, what to him was dearer than wealth,
 Or even existence itself, his youthful bride!
 He had murdered her.

* * * * *

Time fled swift away;

The murderer had never been discovered,
 And as the husband, with his child,
 Had left his native place, the tale was for-
 gotten,

Save in Hubert's breast.

Phœbe had now ripen'd into womanhood,
 Lovely and beloved by all. But there was
 one,

And one alone, that owned her dearest affec-
 tions,

And the friendship of her father.

His name was Roland,
 And though not youthful, yet was he fair
 withal;

And all the noble qualities that mortal can
 possess,

Seemed in his breast to reign. He woo'd
 the maid,

She smiled upon his vows; her father too
 approved.

The day—the marriage hour was fixed—and
 now

They kneel before the altar!—The ceremony
 hath commenced.

Trembling maids, and expectant youths
 throng around,

And many were there who envied the happy
 bridegroom.

The moment hath now arrived, and forth a
 brilliant ring

Doth Roland take, which on the finger of
 the maid

He prepares to place.

At the moment

Her father's eye is fixed intently on the ring!
 Good heaven! why starts he? and why doth
 his lips

In evident agony quiver, while with an iron
 grasp

He seizes the wrist of the bewildered Roland,
 And exclaims—"This was my murdered
 wife's ring,

Wretch, how cam'st thou by it?

It was enough!

The eye of scrutiny that met that of Roland,
 Could not be withstood by the appalled
 wretch!

Conscience, with all its horrors, came upon
 him,

And revealed the awful secret he so long
 had kept;

And, averting his countenance from Hubert's
 eye,

He shriek'd, "*Phœbe, I am thy mother's
 murderer!*"

* * *

'Tis now full thirty years

Since on a wild heath, near the spot

Where Phœbe and her father had once
 dwelt,

A gibbet was to be seen, which contained
 The mouldering bones of the assassin
 Roland!

But where was poor old Hubert?

Where was hapless Phœbe?

Hubert slept quietly in the old church yard,
 And the sweet flowers that bloomed over his
 grave,

Were cultured by the hands of his maniac
 child!

Phœbe, the once lovely and happy village
 maid,

Had become a wandering idiot!

Maw Worm.

(Recited by Mr. Liston.)

Verily, verily, the floor of this world is
 filthy, it wants the scrubbing-brush of re-
 formation applied with the strong arm of
 zeal, to clean it of its impiety and profane-
 ness.

But I dares to say you all wants to know
 who I be; why my name's Maw Worm. I
 don't know what's the matter with me, my
 heart is almost broke; I thinks it a sin to
 keep a shop, and yet we have as pretty a
 one as a man can wish to put his nose in;
 we deals in grocery, tea, and small beer,
 charcoal, brick dust, whiting, and the like.
 But I wants to go a preaching, I'm almost
 sure I've had a call, I have made several ser-

mons already, I does 'em extrumpory, because, d'ye see, I can't write.

I do verily believe the devil's in our Susey and the neighbours, for they say as how my head's turned, but I don't mind that: no, I gets up and rebukes 'em, and preaches to 'em whether they will or no.

We lets out our house in lodgings to single men and women, and sometimes I gets them together, with Timothy Strap, the cobbler, Deborah Grindtext, and a few other neighbours, and then I tell 'em they'll all go to hell, and it makes them cry, that's some comfort.

I got upon Kennington Common the last review day; but the boys throwed brick-bracks at me, and tied crackers to my tail, and I have been afraid to mount ever since. I told them they would all go to the devil for what they were doing, and old Nick would make them eat squibs and crackers every morning for breakfast fasting. I do nothing clandestinely, says I—I stands here contagious to his majesty's guards, and I charges you upon your apparels not to mistest them; but it had no more effect upon them—no, no more nor if I had been talking to so many postesses.

The next time I go a preaching, I'll make an excrescence funder into the country; though I am but a sheep, my bleating shall be heard afar off, and that sheep may become a shepherd, yea, if it is only as a shepherd's dog, to bark the strayed lambs into the fold of uprightness.

Till I went to hear Dr. Cantwell, (he's a dear man, so my wife says,) I was little better than a devil; my conscience was tanned with sin like a piece of neat's leather, and had no more feeling than the sole of my old shoe. I was also roving after fantastical delights, I used to go every Sunday evening to the Three Hats at Islington, 'tis a public house; I was a great lover of skittles too, but now I can't bear 'em, I am quite a new man, I am born again; I was instigated one of the members of the reforming society.

I convicted a man of five oaths last Sunday was se'n-night, at the Pewter Platter in the Borough, and another of three while he was playing at trap-ball in St. George's Fields, and bought this waistcoat with my share of the money.

We live much better than we used to do when we were worldly minded. My wife and I (for I am married to as likely a woman as you shall see in a thousand) could hardly make both ends meet: but since Dr. Cantwell has worked a reformation, we have always had plenty of every thing, and I always keep extorting the customers whenever they come into the shop.

My wife goes as fine dressed as a gentlewoman. We have had a child too, and, between you and I, I verily believe Susey's breeding again; but yet if you did but hear

how the neighbours reviles my wife, saying as how she sets no store by me, because we have words now and then; but, as I says, if so be that was the case, do you think she would have cut me down that time she found me hanging a top of the stairs, when I was mollycolly. I believes never a woman in our parish would have done the like by her husband.

And they say the doctor was protected in a design he had to reduce another man's wife, but I says as how that's impossible, aye, impossible; for he's been locked up wi' my wife morning, noon, and night, and I never found her a bit the worse for it. No, dear man, he likes to do things in secret, to be rewarded openly. I ax'd 'em if they warn't ashamed of themselves to scandalize a body so.

Stay, stay, said I, ye infatuated wretches, you know not what you do, the Doctor is innocent; touch not a hair of his precious head, rumple not one curl of his gracious wig, he is a saint, if there ever was a saint he is one; ye will be sorry one day ye ever despised the Doctor, but ye will be the sufferers. I have one great and glorious consolation, you'll all go to the devil. I shall go up, but you'll all go down, and when you see me mount and leave ye to your fate, you'll want my aid, you'll want me to take you with me, you'll attempt to lay hold of the skirts of my coat, but I'll fling ye all, for I'll wear a spencer.

The Brewer's Coachman.

(Original Recitation, by F. Cos—.

Honest William an easy and good natured fellow,

Would a little too oft get a little too mellow;
Body coachman was he to an eminent brewer,
No better e'er sat on a box to be sure.

His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or nurses,

Took more care of their babes, than he took of his horses;

He had these—aye, and fifty good qualities more,

But the bus'ness of tippling could ne'er be got o'er.

So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man that drank nothing but water.

"Now, William," says he, "you see the plain case,

Had you drank as he does you'd kept a good place."

"Drink water!" quoth William, "had all men done so,

You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow;
They're soakers, like me, who you load with reproaches,

That enables you brewers to ride in your coaches!"

Revenge.

(Original by A. Osborne.)

The morning sunbeams kiss the blushing
earth,
Chasing the drowsy mists that slept upon
her breast;
The sparkling waters of the dusky rocks,
Beating soft music from their craggy steep,
Dance in its beams to its own wild melody;
Awakening nature from its calm repose.
Ye beauteous scenes, to me ye are as vacancy.
These eyes that gaze upon your charms,
Impart no ray of pleasure to the soul
That feeds them with their sight;
And thou, bright mystery of day, thy beams
Serve but to clear the mirror of my mind,
Contrasting with thy envious brightness,
The scenes of black imagination
My thoughts peruse within.
Where vengeance sits upon her blood stain'd
throne,
With iron sway holding dominion on each
fettered sense,
But that of hot revenge.
I have no sympathy for your endearments;
No love. Love, did I say? oh, I loved once,
A being to whom your beauty was incom-
parable—
The fairest form that fancy ever placed
Before a visionary's imagination,
Was not more fair than she.
But the blight of envy blasted her spotless
name;
Jealousy—blear eyed maddening jealousy,
Was by an earthly fiend instilled into my
mind,
And, like the beauteous arch of heaven con-
structed glory,
When the sun withdrew his radiance she
faded;
But she is dead, and I still live to bear the
torturing pangs
From hell extracted, which full conviction
placed within my soul.
Oh! I have lain upon the earth and wept in
agony,
Till my parched and blood cracked lips
Absorbed the gushing waters of mine eyes,
Drinking their moisture like mountain
streams.
Angel of pity fan me with thy wings,
Lest the undying flames within me
Rise to my brain, and in my wild delirium
I forget thy wrongs.
Still it burns—revenge alone can quench it,
While the fiend still lives to mock with
scorn my woes,
And glory in my ruin.
O! thou eternal, of whom 'tis written, ven-
geance is mine,
Make me thy messenger of swift destruction;
Freeze to the earth his damned form,
That he elude me not—Revenge! Revenge!

The Indian, or Self-Interest.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Search o'er each nation, still you'll find
The ruling passion of mankind
Pervades each breast, and ever will;
"Self-interest" is their motive still.

And hence you'll find the rude untaught,
All are with "self-interest" fraught:
An instance here I'll bring, to show
How far the love of self will go:—

An Indian governor, 'tis said,
One morn his workmen had survey'd;
And saw his slaves attentive to
The work which each man had to do.

Returning home, he met, they say,
A lusty Indian on his way;
To whom he said, "Why don't you go
And work as well as others do?"

Surely you very hard must fare,
You've scarcely any clothes to wear;
But starve you'd sooner, I suppose,
Than work for money or for clothes."

The Indian said, "And why not you,
With all your men, go working too?"
"And so I do," the governor said;
"Not with my hands, but with my head."

"If I do work," says Sancho, then,
"I must be paid like other men;
And what is there for me to do,
If I'd a mind to work for you?"

The governor was glad to find
The Indian was to work inclin'd;
And told him, as he found him willing
To work, that he should have a shilling:

Likewise he would his belly fill,
If he a fatted calf would kill.
The Indian goes, the calf is slain,
Then quickly trudges back again.

With eager looks, and open-handed,
The shilling in a trice demanded.
The governor stood aghast to see
Him thus returning for his fee.

"You have not dress'd the calf," he said,
"You must do that before you're paid."
The Indian said, "I was to go
Only to kill the calf you know:

Therefore, as it is your request,
The calf shall very soon be drest;
But you must give me, when I've done,
Two shilling, then, instead of one."

To this they both agreed, 'tis said;
The Job was done, the money paid.
The fellow to the alehouse come,
One shilling soon he spent in rum;

Then to the governor return'd,
Where he so late the money earn'd.
"Master, one shilling bad," he cried,
"And ne'er a one I've got beside."

The man suppos'd the tale was true,
And chang'd it without more ado:
But soon a second time he came,
And told the governor the same;

Who chang'd the shilling, but perceiv'd
How he by him had been deceived;
Yet thought that, at some future time,
He should be punish'd for his crime.

This governor would ne'er chastise
His slaves, but when they told him lies;
And then his custom was to send
A little distance to a friend,

And beg that he'd the goodness have,
To give a flogging to a slave.
Accordingly he wrote a letter,
(Sure no expedient could be better.)

Intending that the black should go,
And get a handsome flogging too.
The master saw him in the town,
And thus, presenting half a crown;

"If you will take this as directed,"
Not thinking he (the black) suspected
That he should get, if he went there,
A bastinado for his share.

The negro knew that, if he went,
It was the governor's intent;
That, for the trick which he had play'd,
On his bare back he should be paid.

Yet he, with ready thought, agreed
The note to take with utmost speed;
And off he goes: "But stop," he said;
"The half a crown, sir, must first be paid"

Before this journey I do go,
'Cause I may not come back, you know."
Scarce had he got a mile or more,
When a poor slave, he knew before,

He met—"Here, you must run," says he,
"And take this letter, 'stead of me."
Away he went, but soon return'd
With fifty lashes, dearly earn'd;

With which the governor intended,
This artful black should be befriended:
But he, by art, had prov'd that slaves
Are, like their masters, arrant knaves.

To suit their purpose—thus we find
How self-love governs human kind.
The governor, one future day,
In walking out, met, on his way,

The slave who this arch trick had play'd,
So beckon'd him, and sternly said,
"Why did not you, as you were hir'd
Go with that letter, as requir'd?"

You would have had, if you had went,
What on that slave was wrongly spent."
The black was ready at a joke,
And recollected, ere he spoke,

What answer he to him had made,
When he "why you no work" had said;
So making up, with queer grimace,
A comic-tragic rueful face,

And pointing's finger to his head,
Thus to the governor archly said—
"Me sure to 'scape all such disassa;
Me now know how, make head work,
massa."

The Double Mistake.

(An Epigramic Tale.)

It chanc'd one day, as through the street
I trudg'd, in hopes some friend to meet,
Dispos'd to kill an hour,
In social chat, o'er pipe and glass,
And laugh at all the humdrum class,
Whom cynic precepts sour;

And make a jest of trifling things,
Which rouse the gall of lords and kings,
But never yet stirr'd mine;
And interchange a sportive thought,
From fancy's storehouse, promptly fraught,
As wit gives zest to wine;

Before me push'd, in thrifty pace,
One, whom I thought the self-same chace
Had led in quest of me;
His shape, his dress, his gait the same;
As honest—you'll excuse his name;
But I'd have sworn 'twas HE.

But when, on shoulder, I my hand
Clapp'd hard, to bring him to a stand,
With—"How now, honest Ned!"
He turn'd and frown'd, and silence broke,
His cheek all pallid while he spoke,
And mine suffus'd with red!

"What means this freedom, sir?"—"Gad so!
Your pardon, sir," says I—"I trow
We're all to error prone:
My blind mistake with favour scan—
I took you for another man;
I've been to blame, I own."

"Sir!" says the wight, with gallows brow,
And such a cut-throat face, I vow,
As made me almost quake;
"I am not him you took me for;
So take more care in future—or,
Beware your next mistake."

"I thank you, sir; but faith," says I,
"I took your worship, by the bye,
Before I saw your phiz,
For a good honest hearty cock,
Whose looks would no beholder shock,
For such HIS aspect is."

"His aspect, sir! and why not MINE?"
 "Dear sir," says I, "pray don't opine,
 That I am over nice;
 But if, as one mistake I've own'd,
 An honest man, in YOU, I've found,
 I've been mistaken twice!"

The Waves that Lash the Shore.

(Original, by F. Cos—.)

Tell me, ye waves that lash the shore,
 If, in your dreary track,
 A vessel on your breasts ye bore,
 And when will it come back?

To the maiden's voice the waves replied,
 In a hollow murmuring moan;
 And, fading in the stillness, died
 Like the echo of a groan.

The maiden's heart sunk with affright;
 Of her lover's bark she spoke;
 For the vessel lingered late that night,
 And the angry storm awoke.

The thunders burst, the surges roar'd,
 And loud the sea mew cries;
 The lightnings flash, and densely pour'd
 The torrents of the skies.

The maiden staid till the storm had passed,
 But she saw his bark no more;
 But a sea chest on the beach was cast,
 By the waves that lash'd the shore.

Through the parting clouds the moon now
 beams,
 And to the chest she came;
 And read by the light of its pale gleams,
 Her own—her lover's name.

With terror she gazed—fright thrill'd her
 breast,
 And she sunk on the sands in fear;
 When a rustling noise she heard in the
 chest,
 And a faint moan struck her ear.

Well she knew that voice, and starts with
 amaze,
 The chest in her agony clenched;
 When a ghastly form met her startled gaze,
 As open the cover she wrenched.

'Twas the form of her lover, and slowly she
 rose
 His form from the chest where it lay;
 O'er his pallid brow his dark ringlets flows,
 As the sea breezes over them play.

From his quivering lips burst a deep drawn
 sigh,
 As life return'd to its hold;
 Yet strange were his words, and his frenzied
 eye
 On vacancy glaringly smiled.

Back! back! villains hold! how the blast
 sweeps! hark!

His vengeance will mark ye with death!
 With my life I'll defend!—'tis my own—my
 own bark!

(His voice sinking into a breath.)

But his senses returned with joy to her view,
 And his tale was told, d'ye see:
 His bark had been seized by the mutinous
 crew,
 And he sent adrift on the sea.

But vengeance o'ertook them—the crew were
 all lost;

Their corpses the black waves roll o'er;
 While some with the wreck on the black
 rocks were toss'd,
 By the waves that lash'd the shore.

What is the World, and What the Life of Man?

(A Comic Dialogue, written by Mr. W. L. Sammons, Bath, and Spoken at the Nottingham Theatre, December 23, 1834, at the Examination of Mr. Huthersal's Pupils, of Houndsgate.)

CHARACTERS—*Sly*, a Fishmonger, Master W. Lambert; *Snooks*, a Shoemaker, Master Sammons; *Sharpe*, a Pastrycook, Master Scruby; *Smart*, a Gentleman, Master Hall.

Sly. Well Snooks, my boy, how are you?
 What's the news?

Snooks. Some dirty dog has ran against my shoes.

Sly. You can stop that, if but your fancy suits.

Snooks. You mean—"to go without."

Sly. No, no; wear boots. (laugh against Snooks.)

Snooks. That's rather sharp; perhaps you now can tell

What fish we daily tread upon as well.

Sly. You don't mean sprats. I'm sure it can't be salmon.

"I'll give it up." That's only now your gammon.

Snooks. Indeed it's not. Snooks to the pit appeals,

Whether or no it is not soles and eels (laugh against Sly.)

But here comes Sharpe, he'll put an end to punning,

Altho' the chap is rather dry and cunning.
 (Enter Sharpe, singing all the world's a baker's shop.)

Snooks proceeds. Welcome friend Sharpe. Come tell us, if you can,

What is the world, and what the life of man?
Sharpe (singing.) All the world's a baker's shop,

With various sorts of cakes, sir.

Sly. But, Sharpe.

Sharpe (taking no notice, but singing as before.)

All the world's a baker's shop,
With various sorts of cakes, sir.

Sly. But Sharpe.

Sharpe. The lawyer is a sponge cake;

His client is a "seedy cake."

But if a man is six feet high,
You can't call him a "short cake."

Sly. But I say, Sharpe.

Sharpe (still not noticing, but singing as usual.)

The dandy lads, with stays and pads,
Are nothing but a "puff," sir.

Sly. Sharpe, I say.

Sharpe. And may we never want a slice

Of Henry Hase's pound cake.*

Snooks. Bravo, friend Sharpe, but tell us if
you can,

What is the world, and what the life of man?

*Sharpe (ending his song, throws himself into a
theatrical position, and in mock heroic style
exclaims*

Shakspeare has said the "world's a stage,"

And into "seven cuts" the "age";

But I go through a nearer door,

And "roll" it only into four.

He often wrote a thing that's smart,

But now and then I think too "tart."

And what he said was well enough,

But, unlike me, was apt to puff.

*(Changes his tone, and, wrapt up in his own
dignity, smelling of his shop exclaims:*

"Life is a custard," where we find

The sweets and bitters are combined;

And every age partakes—

The "infant first," in nurse's lap,

Sings out most lustily for pap—

The milk and sugar makes.

Then youth and manhood take their turn,

But all such liquid trifles spurn,

And leave for younger boys;

In place of these they close their pegs

On some substantial dish of eggs;

Or seek more solid joys.

At last old age creeps on to find

The bitters only left behind;

The bay or laurel leaf,

Supported then it needs must be,

With brandy, wine, or ratafia,

But yields but care and grief.

And thus the custard's eaten up,

Though some fall short, and scrape the cup,

Whilst others lick the spoon.

And such is life, by all confest,

A meal, if sweet, but short at best;

Begun and ended soon.

Snooks. The world is like a cobbler's stall,
Where lose your cash you lose your awl (all);

For if you want this bit of wax,

Why you may work and break your backs,

And should you ever seek this friend,

You'll soon find out the "cobbler's end,"

I care not how the world goes round,

And never watch the change of weather;

I burn two rushlights every night,

And all I stick too is my leather.

I envy not the Tory boys,

And value not the Whigs a pin;

Top boots, I hear, are going out,

And Wellington's are coming in.

The times I find are rather queer,

The days, I know, are short'ning fast;

I never was behind before,

And hope I shall get first at last."

*(Gives Sly an unexpected smart slap over the
shoulders, and asks him, "Well old sober
sides, what have you got to say against the
world.")*

Sly. The world does often sayings drop,

That put me in the mind of shop.

Thus when I hear "the natives bite,"

I think of home, tho' out of sight.

"Dead as a herring,"—"precious soul"—

"Wanted a place" (plaise), and "cheek by
jowl,"

Are sounds that often make me start,

And warm the "cockles" of my heart.

I never yet a "skating" went,

But what my thoughts were homeward bent.

A when I see a "crabbed" look,

It sends me to my ledger book.

*(Here Smarte enters, and making his bow
gracefully remarks):*

Smart. In spite of all you've said and learned,
bards,

This life is nothing but a "game of cards."

The infant first, when creeping on your
floors,

Is but the childish game we call "all fours;"

And youth and manhood, with their words
of honey,

Are but in quick pursuit of "Matrimony,"

Old age, when sipping at her tea,

"Draw the Well Dry" it seems to me:

And if the cash is spent too fast,

"Beg of my neighbour" comes at last.

Search life in common, if you will,

I hold the same opinion still.

No matter, high or low the station,

"Intrigue" and "commerce rule the nation."

The beggar, with his eyes half shut,

And hat upraised, is merely "put"

To pick your pocket as you stroll.

Why "cribbage" will express the whole.

A schoolmaster, tho' high the station,

Is but a trying speculation,

Except he has upon his books

Such names as Sharpe, and Sly, and Snooks.

There 'tis another thing instead,

And but a feather in his head.

* Bank of England note.

The world throughout, 'tis all the same,
'Tis *high* or *low*, or Jack, or game;
Or else, to speak in terms more plain—
'Tis rich or poor, 'tis loss or gain.

Excuse for Oblivion.

(An Epigram.)

Maria one morning was taken full sore
With the tooth-ach's unmerciful pang;
And she vow'd, if she liv'd to the age of five-
score,
That she still should remember the fang.
But a skilful young dentist her torture dis-
pell'd,
And so soon sent her anguish to pot,
That mamma, from her flirting, a rat having
smell'd,
Cried, "Miss, why your tooth's quite for-
got!"
When Miss, having shewn that the grinder
was gone,
"To forget 'tis but common," she said.
"Such a thing as we think not worth think-
ing upon;
For, you see, 'tis quite *out of my head*!"

The Hermit and the Snail.

A hermit walk'd forth from his cell one day,
And he met a snail across his way,
And thus to the snail did the hermit say,
"Silly snail!"

"Is it thy love thou goest to meet,
To woo her in her green retreat?
No—thou hast horns upon thy head,
Thou art already married,
Silly snail!"

The Witch and the Stocking.

(A Tale.)

An old wither'd hag all alone was sitting,
At the door of her lowly shed;
Worsted hose her bony fingers were knitting,
And she was cloth'd in a cloak of red.

And 'twas the fearfulest sight to see
That could be seen, alack!
The old wither'd hag in her tatter'd red rag,
For the red was patched with black!

"Now, goody,—now, goody,—what are you
about?"
I cried, as I came near;
But she took no heed of me, indeed,
Just as if she didn't hear.

But she said her say, and mumbled away,
As no one had been by;
And she look'd like a witch, if she dropp'd
a stitch,
And cried, "worse luck for I."

And I marked the goose-quill by her side,
In which her needle was plac'd;
And I thought of the goose from whence it
came,
And the witch had a savoury taste.

But whilst I ponder'd how my thoughts,
Mote best resolved be;
The old wither'd hag, in her patch'd red rag,
Most strangely vanish'd from me:

For she rose from her seat, and walk'd into
her shed,
As another old woman would do;
When a witch might as well have walk'd on
her head,
Or on a broom-stick flew.

And never, oh never, have I seen,
Ever since that terrible day,
The old wither'd hag, in her black and red
rag,
Or the stocking she bore away!

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May we never make matrimony a matter of money.
May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.
May we look forward with pleasure, and backward without sorrow.
May the rich be charitable, and the poor grateful.
May the journey through life be as sweet as it is short.
May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.
May the unsuspecting female never be deceived by the guile of deception.
The rose of love without the thorn.
May we kiss whom we please, and please whom we kiss.

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THE STEEPLE CHASE.

(An Original Comic Recitation, Written by J. A. Hawkins.)

I am now about to relate one of the most whimsical scenes I ever had the pleasure of witnessing: it was what might be termed a *Steeple Chase in humble life*. It happened in that delightful and never to be forgotten spot, Battle Bridge:—the prize, a new shovel and sieve, to be run for by any number, not exceeding twelve of the inhabitants who had served their time to a trade. As labourers, however, would be allowed to join in the sport, there was to the disappointment and astonishment of all present, only four entered the lists, a description of whom I shall now endeavour to give you, likewise the horses they rode, &c.

The first I shall take the liberty of mentioning, is bandy legg'd Dick, the dustman, who, to use the language of the natives of this most delightful spot, "vos a regular out-and-outer, and no mistake. He vos von vot vos fly to every thing, and rode a verry valuable norse, being lame only vith two legs, broken vinded and blind vith von eye."

The second on the list was old Bill the brickmaker, who rode his master's grey mare, which had the peculiar propensity of standing for nothing, or in other words, being constantly in the habit of kneeling, as if begging that forgiveness for her master, he stood so much in need of

Next to him, came drunken Tom, a respectable costermonger, who rode his own *hanimal*, and a hanimal it truly was, for
No. 20.

scarcely had it got a pound of flesh upon its whole back, although its master boasted of his good treatment to it; for, says he, "It's vot I gets my bit of wittals vith, and ar'n't it aright to be treated like a Christian cretur?" The last, though not the least, came black Jack, the chimney sweeper. He was about six feet two inches high, and in size he would not have disgraced Falstaff himself. He rode one which he hired for the purpose, his own being too small to carry him.

The starting place was distinguished by a high pole, on which, decorated with a variety of ribbons, was the prize to be raced for. They were to run around a circle made of stakes and ropes, a distance of two hundred yards; back again, through a pool of muddy water, over a dust heap to the starting place. There was two umpires provided, one belonging to that highly respectable part of the community, baked *tater merchants*, and the other selected from the shovel and broom society. The parties being ready, the signal for starting was given, and away they went, amidst the cheers of the motley group of spectators. In vain would it be for me to attempt to describe the scene which followed. For no sooner had the horses, or rather skeletons of horses started, than men, women and children in one huge mass ran to the spot, and what with the animals falling and stopping to get wind, which some were obliged to do nearly every minute, the foot passenger might

easily keep up with them. At length a circumstance occurred which not only upset the hopes of Bill the brickmaker, but which also upset himself. The old grey mare coming to the muddy pool, and finding it impossible to proceed;—indulged in her usual devotion, that of kneeling; to the no small chagrin of her rider, who was thereby forcibly thrown from his seat over her head, and placing his own head into the mud, where he stuck with his heels in the air, and the animal's head between his legs; and what was still worse no one helped him out, but left him to extricate himself how he could, they being fully engaged at the winning post; for by this time the other three were struggling to get in first. They were within half-a-yard of the mark, when Tom's donkey stumbled, which tossed him full two yards before where he wanted to go. The sweep who was close behind, was also capsized by this event, leaving as every one would suppose, the dustman sure of the prize. But here arose a difficulty with the umpires not being able to settle the job; one contending "as how it vos wery true as how Dick's 'orse vos the first 'orse as vos in, but Tom vos to have it." The other contended that neither on 'em had von it." At length they both agreed to settle the dispute by a milling match, and they both being out-and-outers at the fistic sport, they had a regular rummy set too; and after a desperate fight of twenty minutes, the *tater* merchant was declared the victor, his opponent being unable to come up to the scratch, and he awarded the prize to drunken Tom. The parties then retired to drink the health of the winner of the *Battle-bridge Steeple Chase*.

The Poet.

(An Original Comic Recitation, written by Mr. T. Prest.)

'Oh, the charms of poetry,'
Cries many a thoughtless youth;
But where's the man who that would say,
When he'd acquir'd the truth?
The poet sings of rural scenes,
Of banquets princely grand!
While he can scarce get *bread and cheese*,
And starves upon the land!

He lives on *fancy*, fancy that!
And fame doth sometime share;
But fancy cannot make him *fat*,
And *Fame* is sorry fare!
Long metre often bothers him,
Short commons gives him pains;
And poring o'er the beggar muse,
In garret high he *reigns*!

There seated on his three-legg'd stool,
By study made quite furious;
With pen in hand, and ragged coat,
Ah! who is more *pen-urious*?

His pelf comes very slowly in,
Alas! poor silly colt;
And so it very oft occurs,
The luckless *bard* must *bolt*!

Full many a cheesemonger I trow,
Has shewn his great discerning;
And oft his learned *scales* have tried
The *weight* of all his learning.
Load after load, of him they've bought,
Full often I'll be bound;
They've given many *pence* to him,
For which he's given a *pound*!

Then never turn a poet, for
You'll find it all a vapour;
No *stain* in life can be so great,
As that of *staining paper*!
Wealth will seldom crown your time,
And hope is downright treason;
The man who gives his mind to *rhyme*,
Has very little *reason*!

Scene from the Captive Prince;

OR, LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND REVENGE.

(A Manuscript Drama, by J. Tunks.)

SCENE—A Chamber.

BENASSAR, King of Tremesin.

PRINCESS ORELEA, his Daughter.

Benassar. Dost thou turn away thine eyes,
and fear to see me, my daughter? who
were till now the darling hope, the joy of
thine unhappy parent; thou who, in my
sorrows, wert my only consolation! Hast
thou forgotten thy father?

Orelea. Oh, no! no! Forget thee, never!
Thus prostrate on the earth (*kneels*), grovel-
ling beneath thy feet, I'll kiss the ground
o'er which thy breath hath wafted the adored
name of father!

Benassar. Orelea, this is mockery; thou
canst not rejoice in his love, whose heart
thou hast wounded by a crime like thine!

Orelea. Let your anger fall upon me, I
deserve it all; crush me, banish me for ever
from your sight, but drive me from you by
the name of daughter!

Benassar. Girl! Girl! Why dost thou
assail mine ears with tones so closely re-
sembling thy sainted mother's? Rise, and
hear me, Orelea! Have I not lived for thee
alone? Thou knowest when a chilly ague
shook my limbs, the sun instilled no warmth
into my veins, unless my child was with me
when I basked beneath its rays! And when
in battle's heat a Turkish scymiter had
wounded me beneath the breast, the hand of
surgery gave no relief 'till thou wert led
unto my bleeding side! Then did thy ming-
led smile of joy for my return, and sorrow
for the pangs I laboured under, chase away

all pain? Why was I preserved to die by thy ingratitude? I call on heaven to witness how my heart has ached with plans for thy greatness. Art thou not the inheritress of my kingdom? Have I not already given into thy power the command of my most powerful army? And how hast thou requited me? By encouraging my subjects to revolt, and placing arms in the hands of my slaves? What demon can have stirred your blood to this excess? What monstrous vice excited this revolution in a heart where virtue once had dwelling? Is it thy aim to tear from my head a diadem which thy old father, in his fondness for thee, would have laid at thy feet, if thou hadst petitioned for it? Or is it thy desire to stop the current of my life, which almost now, from age, ceases to flow within my veins?

Orelea. Oh, my father! kill me! shut me within these walls for ever, and let me die by hating of myself! But I cannot revoke the love I once have given! Father, thou knowest not the feelings of my heart!

Benassar. Orelea, reflect upon thy words; how often hast thou clasped thy fascinating arms around my neck, and with a cherub's smile exclaimed, dear father, how I love thee! yet thou canst not revoke the love once given!

Orelea. Oh, my mother, wert thou still alive!

Benassar. Would thy mother have given thee to a slave?

Orelea. Is he not a man?

Benassar. No! he is undeserving the name of man, who can rend the heart of a grey headed old father, by tearing from him the only prop of his age; who tempts the inheritress of a crown to stamp disgrace upon the race of heroes from which she is descended, to sully the honour of her sovereign, and crack the heartstrings of her aged parent; he cannot have the feelings, though he wear the guise of a man, who would tempt thee to such dishonour!

Orelea. Nay, condemn not him; on me let fall your anger, on me vent all your rage—it was I who tempted him!

Benassar. Oh, monstrous shame! speak but again, and my curse shall fall heavy on thee! Curse thee, did I say? Kneel and thank thy mother, that my heart, in breaking for thy sins, still leans in pity towards thy fate! Grant that he who tears the daughter from her aged sire, without remorse, prove not a traitor in his love! That perfidy and hatred be not the fruit of such an union! Heaven grant that thou perish not cruelly in a land of strangers; no father near to close thy dying eyes—thy perfidious lover smiling on thy sorrows, having procured from them his purpose of freedom!

Orelea. For heaven's sake spare me.

Benassar. Oh, maddening picture of my daughter's misery! He shall not tear thee

from me! I fly to save thee! Now to the proof whether my once faithful soldiers will again be drawn over to their master's heart, or, ranking under the disgraceful banners of a lost daughter, and a perfidious enemy, trample to the dust their sovereign and their father! (*Exit.*)

Orelea. Stay, I implore thee; leave me not thus! (*Faints.*)

A Prologue.

(Written by Mr. W. L. Sammons, Bath, and spoken by Master Scruby, at the Theatre, Nottingham, December 23, 1834, at the Examination of Mr. Huthersal's Pupils, of Houndsgate.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, don't think I'm come

To represent this night the mighty Thumb;
Nor yet suppose to levy contributions,
Or strut like Gulliver, 'midst Lilliputians.
'Tis no such thing. I beg to whisper why
Our big chaps here are getting rather shy.
Each makes excuse from standing first before

ye,

And starts at prologue, epilogue, and story.
Sammon's is hoarse, and Snook's has got a

cold,

Oldknow's too young, and Young says he's

too old;

Jenkins has had a sprain, and Smith a fall,
Long is too short, and Short thinks he's too

tall.

Since things are so, 'tis evidently certain,
I must come forward, or else drop the curtain.

Those who are over scrupulous may fear
These walls should prove contagious, standing

near,

May feel alarm'd, lest at such tender age,
E'en boys may feel an itching for the stage.
This spot, held sacred to the drama's cause,
Meets with its proper censure and applause;
To all true minds, what constitutes abuse,
Is not the thing itself, but in its use.

Thus much premised, I've nothing more to

say,

Neither about the actor, nor the play.

To me, at least, this place seems just the

thing,

Either for boy to speak, or girl to sing.

So well lit up, dispelling every gloom;

Besides, you know, such famous elbow room,
Let go but prejudice, and I declare

You're quite as snug as in your easy chair

Let no one, therefore, tremble as they sit,

In thinking about galleries or pit.

Hamlet has fled—the ghost too disappear'd,

The music has ceas'd, and now the stage is

clear'd;

Far better scenes than these, perhaps you'll

find,

A brighter dawns of the youthful mind.

Not like a parrot, are we taught to chatter,
Without one spark of reason in the matter.
Nor are our lessons like that mocking bird's,
Confined to certain strains, and certain words,

For every question that our friends may ask,
Will now be answer'd as this evening's task.
And each will strive to emulate the other,
But with the tone and spirit of a brother.
But I beg pardon for this long intrusion,
And ask indulgence where you've found confusion.

(*Listens suddenly.*)

Hark! how they titter—don't you hear them cough?

Just give a famous clap when I run off.

Billy Snip and his Daddy's Ghost.

(*A Parody on the Ghost Scene in Hamlet.*)

Bill. Dickens and daisies! buttercups, defend me!

Hollo, my kiddy, what do you intend me?
Where did you come from?—what's your name?—cup, tell;

Oh, I'm a-fly, by that 'ere sulph'rous smell.
You comes in such a norrid shape—be civil;
I'll speak, if you won't hike me to the devil—
I'll call the daddy—Snip—or Cabbage Bill;
But do not keep me in this fidget still;
You know we pok'd you in the narrow hole
Quite snug and decent—gemman-like, by gole;

And yet you come agin your chick to fright,
At this here nour, twelve o'clock at night.
I don't half like it; tell me what you mean;
Then toddle, for I want to snooze agin.
One looks a fool!—I'm all upon the quiver;
You are so frightful, d—e how I shiver!
I don't know what to make on't;—tell me true,

When, where, why, how, and what am I to do?

Ghost. Harkye!

Bill. Well, what?

Ghost. Why, Bill I soon must go

To sup on sulphur.

Bill. Where?

Ghost. Why—down below.

Bill. That's werry norrid.

Ghost. Don't stand prating there!
Come here, and you shall hear what you shall hear.

Bill. Go on—I'm near enough, old dad, to hear ye: I'm forced to hear,

Ghost. And fight, boy—Bill, come near me.

Bill. What?

Ghost. Why, Bill boy, I'm thy father's ghost,

Doom'd for a sartin time to travel post;
I travell'd all my life post to the devil,
And now he's got me he's so d—d uncivil;
I don't half like him, or his wife, the hag;
Then there's sitch secrets—but I mustn't mag,

Or I, oh! sitch a norrid tale could say,
Would make you shiver on a summer's day;
Make your eyes goggle and your iv'ries chatter,
Thy knees knock so to help the precious clatter;

While all your frizmagiggy curly wig,
Should stand like bristles on a half-starv'd pig

But stay, I'll say no more of that, my lad;
Oh, Billy! if you ever lov'd your dad!

Bill. What then, dad?

Ghost. Why, I'll tell you—have a chuck at

That ugly scamp who made me kick the bucket.

Bill. What you kick it, dad, agin your will?

Ghost. I was dead beat, upon my honour, Bill:

It was a shame—I didn't not half like it.

Bill. Tell or, the iron's hot, I want to strike it.

Who is the chap what sent you down below?
Oh, how I'll whack him—won't I mill him though.

Ghost. That's right, my chicken; you are wide awake,

Or if you warn't, I'd give you sitch a shake.
Now, Bill, you know, they said myself did die

With drinking gin, but that 'ere's all a lie:
'Tis true I swigg'd a pint or so of gin,
But some one put a pinch of ars'nic in;
That did the job—I had my ticket pop,
And he what giv'd it's got my wife and shop.

Snip. Blow me, that's rum! I guess'd old nuncle Harry.

Ghost. But warn't it cruel, Bill, to go and marry?

Seduce from *vartu* your poor mother, who—
But, blow me, she'll torment him—she's a shrew;

Oh, Billy! what a falling off was there!
But stop—what's that? I sniffs the morning air;

So now look sharp, for I must toddle soon,
Hark to my story, then I'll bolt the moon.
I went one day to get my usual dram,
Hal would hob-hob; but, blow me, that was sham;

For as he help'd me to my share of gin,
Why, blow-me-tight, he put the *pison* in;
And I was sent to Davy in a trice,
Without a time to ax a *sowl's* advice.

Snip. Oh, terrible! oh horrible! how shock-ing!

Ghost. If you have courage, Bill, you'll get a stocking,

Clap a great stone in—knock your nunky's brains out,

And clear his pockets, Billy, for your pains, out,

But mind, my boy, and you're a knowing prig,

Don't hurt a atom of your mother's wig;
Leave her alone—and soon the brandy-bottle
Will do the job, and stop her ugly throttle.

But, Bill, good bye, the watchman leaves his round,
His lantern's out—I'm off for under-ground.
Go to your mother; treat her, Billy, civil—
Good bye, my cock, I'm going to the devil.

Snip. Good bye, old dad; I wouldn't fill your shoes,
Good bye, old buffer; now then for a snooze:
I'll snore until the rise of day's carbuncle,
And then I'll toddle off to whop my uncle;
Drub his old carcass—give him such a fibbing,
That death his breath shall very soon be cribbing.

A Parody on the Tent Scene in Richard III.

CHARACTERS—Bodkin, Ghost of Buckram, and Catseye.

Bod. (solus.) 'Tis now a wery nasty time of night, and half St. Giles's to sleep has gone; yet I, (sich a chaffing dame is sleep to me) with all my nutty thoughts can't gammon her to my crib, though e'en the raw lobsters do wink and blink at over-watching. I'll walk a bit—(*comes forward*)—how wery refreshing are them are night-carts—how norrid dark is this here room—and, hark! from crib to crib, the hiss of every tailor's goose so stilly sounds, that the coves can almost hear the secret whispers of each other's chaff—donkey threatens donkey in loud and frightful brayings, piercing every waiiant tailor's ears. Hark, from the next crib, the chaps with their hammers breaking up old iron hoops to make waiiant tailors warlike bleeders; while some upon their dummies set in chimney corner, with dudee in mouth, and shiver at the morning's danger. Now, by jingo, my impatient walourous soul sneers at this ere nasty night, what like a ugly galloping snail crawls so sneakingly away. I'll to my shop-board and have a snooze—(*a cat mowrows*). Ha! what norrid noise was that? Sure'twas the ghost of some unlucky tailor what's been sent to Davy by a bodkin, or perhaps some hungry liquorish rats making in my cupboard arter wittals—no matter they'll find none. I'll to my shop-board and once more try to snooze till morning. (*Sleeps*.)

Enter Ghost of Buckram.

Buck. Thou wicked tailor, O, may thy venomous conscience prey upon thy wittals, like a worm upon a cabbage leaf. Then vake, Bill Bodkin, vake, to all vicked tailors a norrid varning! (*Van'shes—Bodkin wakes and rushes forward.*)

Bod. Give me another donkey—bind up my vounds! (*Drops on his knees.*) Mercy, mercy. Softly, Bill, it wasn't only but a dream; but then so norridly, it shakes my wery knees! big drops of sweat rolls off my nose. my head grows queer, and I sneeze

with horror. (*Sneezes.*) O, conscience, conscience, how you gnaws my wittals—when I look behind me its all ghostes, and before me its all nothink. I am but a tailor, and good luck do thou stick by me. Ulloa! who's there?

Enter Master Catseye.

Cats. It's I, Master Bodkin; your men are up, and ready for the scrimmage.

Bod. O, Catseye, I have had sich norrid dreams.

Cats. All gammon, my covey, not worth a cockle shell.

Bod. Now, by my this day's luck, gammon to-night has struck more terror to the soul of Billy Bodkin than ten thousand dungs, armed with goose and sleeve board, and led on by that white-livered tailor Harry Chum.

Cat. Be more yourself, my covey, consider you're a flint, and if the sneaking dungs knew you was frightened at a dream, how the warment would chaff you.

Bod. Blowed be the thought! and blow me tight, if ever a dung shall say that dreams could sweat me!

Hence, diddling dreams, you gammon here in wain!

Conscience awaunt—Bodkin's himself again! Hark! the shrill whistle sounds to ass away; Blow me, if I don't set Harry on his bum to-day!

The Search for Content.

One day, when the Gods were engaged in chat,
Like mortals, conversing on this thing and that,
The thunderer observ'd, that to earth he had sent,
As a blessing to man, the fair Goddess Content.
But so long she'd been absent, he fear'd she was lost;
He therefore resolv'd to send Hermes, the post,
To search in what quarter the fugitive stray'd,
And fairly report the discov'ries he made.
The order was given, and quickly the god
Adjusted his bonnet, and took up his rod;
Outstripping the winds, he, quick as the light,
To the white cliffs of Britain directed his flight.
As Britain he knew was of Europe the pride,
Content he conceiv'd must in Britain reside.

In quest of the goddess he first went to court,
Supposing she'd choose such a splendid resort;

But observing the throne was encircled with
care,
He wisely concluded she'd never been there.
To the minister next he directed his course,
And found the state-pilot with wrangling
was hoarse;
Tho' his face wore a smile, and tho' placid
his mien,
Yet Content he confess'd he had never yet
seen.

He next took a trip to the sons of ambi-
tion,
Who bawl and declaim to promote opposi-
tion;
But he knew, from the marks of chagrin in
each face,
That Content with the faction was quite out
of place.

To the clergy his course he determin'd to
steer,
In hopes from the priesthood some tidings
to hear;
But Content was a stranger to all, they con-
fess'd,
Tho' each could describe her, and wish'd
her his guest.
Next day, to a bishop he went, at the dawn,
Whose merit had gain'd him the mitre and
lawn;
For a month he was pleas'd with his splendid
condition,
And own'd himself high as his highest am-
bition;
But hearing him pray for a speedy transla-
tion,
She was greatly provok'd, and retir'd from
her station.

Disappointed, from hence noble Hermes
withdrew,
And join'd in a tavern, a bacchanal crew:
The joke, laugh, and bottle went merrily
round,
But their glee was repaid by a head-ache, he
found;
They jok'd without wit, and they laugh'd
without mirth,
And their happiness ow'd to the bottle its
birth;
He therefore concluded, what oft has been
tried,
That Content can't with Comus or Bacchus
reside.

He next join'd a party of gossiping dames,
Who'd met to demolish a list of good names:
From the slander he heard, this reflection he
drew,
That the bosom of Envy Content never knew.

He now had recourse to some fox-hunting
'squires,
Whose rudeness and health were deriv'd
from their sires;
He found 'twas their business, their ultimate
good,
To spring over hedges, and shout in a wood;

They frankly inform'd him 'tis bliss they
pursue,
But never o'ertake it, tho' always in view:
He therefore concluded abroad they'd not
roam,
If fully convinced that Content was at home.

At Oxford and Cambridge, he found, in
each college,
A good stock of port, and a deep fund of
knowledge;
Where her aid *Alma Mater* with soundness
imparts,
Fair science to rear, and to foster the arts.
A professor, he saw, with his trencher-capp'd
people,
Was solemnly taking the height of a steeple;
And others were filling a mighty baloon,
Resolv'd to adventure a trip to the moon.
A party, with meagre contemplative looks,
Were smoothing the dog's-ears and dusting
their books,
A few, he observ'd, to secure a degree,
Were carefully meas'ring the leaps of a flea,
And hop'd they'd be able t' elucidate soon
At how many springs she could leap to the
moon.
But amidst their acquirements, he found in
each breast
A something to poison and leaven the rest.
So Hermes from college return'd as he went,
For none of the members had met with Con-
tent;
But all had concluded the goddess must
dwell,
Together with Truth, in a bottomless well.

He sought through the navy, the army
and bar,
But Content was not met with in peace or in
war.
Ev'ry age he examin'd, each sex, all profes-
sions,
He enquir'd of each nymph, whether black,
brown, or fair;
But was constantly answer'd, Content was
not there.

Fatigued, and despairing the goddess to
meet,
And without any clue to point out her re-
treat,
By chance he espy'd, at the side of a wood,
A lonely low cottage, whose walls were of
mud:
Its top was green turf, and green rushes the
thatch;
The door was quite plain, with a string to
the latch.
In front was a field, with a small flock of
sheep;
And goats, at a distance, were climbing a
steep.
He gaz'd for a while, and was pleas'd with
the spot;
Then, lifting the latch, bolted into the cot.

A shepherd was sat by a bright little fire,
 Whose aspect was placid, and neat his attire;
 His wife, with such looks as abundantly
 prove,
 By silent expression, obedience and love,
 Was employ'd at her wheel. Here the god
 look'd around,
 And saw with success his enquiries were
 crown'd;
 For Content sat between them, and strove,
 with a smile,
 Their labours, their cares, and their time to
 beguile.
 When the goddess and Hermes, o'erjoy'd at
 the meeting,
 Had saluted each other, and finish'd their
 greeting,
 Hermes ask'd, with an arch but a good-tem-
 per'd tone,
 How long have you liv'd, pray, with Darby
 and Joan?
 Content, with a look of much mildness, re-
 plied,
 They've been married three weeks, and I
 came with the bride;
 But, from what I've observ'd, I can plainly
 foresee
 They cannot for many days longer agree;
 For madam, last night, in a petulant fit,
 With an ill-natur'd air, gave me warning to
 quit;
 And I now am resolv'd, in the course of a
 week,
 To take a French leave, and new quarters to
 seek.

The dialogue ended; and Hermes, the
 God,
 Tied the wings to his shoes, and adjusted
 his rod;
 Gave a kiss to Content and the two honest
 people,
 Then sprang from the ground to the height
 of a steeple;
 Join'd the gods in a minute, and made this
 report
 At the first quarter-sessions, when Jove was
 in court.
 Jove heard the detail, and was sorry he'd
 sent,
 On an errand so fruitless, the goddess Con-
 tent.
 "So, Hermes," said he, "with a *posse* of
 gods,
 Go fetch her once more to these happy
 abodes:
 Let Patience go with you, but leave her
 below,
 As the highest felicity mortals shall know,
 Whose lives are a wonderful mixture of ills,
 Springing up from their passions, their fan-
 cies and wills:
 Content seeks admission, with labour, in
 vain;
 Then let them have Patience, and cease to
 complain."

Well pleas'd with their errand, they cheer-
 fully went,
 And brought back, rejoicing, the goddess
 Content;
 But Patience they left, by the Father as-
 sign'd
 To comfort, relieve, and encourage mankind;
 And if they've a wish for Content, 'twill be
 giv'n,
 When Patience has render'd them worthy of
 Heav'n.

Beans and Bacon.

(A Philosophical Tale, by A. Pasquin, Esq.)

When big Sir Fungus fill'd the massy chair,
 All gorgeous carv'd, and rais'd above his
 peers,
 He ask'd a question, made his brethren stare.
 Pulling his peruke down to—hide his ears.
 As we've arrang'd, complete, both *grubs* and
greens,
 Pray, in what *genus* shall we class our *beans*?
 How class our beans! cry'd Muzzy; let me
 see:
 How class our beans! roar'd Horace; *vis-a-
vis*.

How class our beans went regularly round,
 And all seem'd lost in reveries profound.
 Silence assum'd a limited command;
 Each had lean'd ponderous on its suffering
 hand;
 No band of nincompoops were e'er so pos'd,
 And some, o'erwung by study, dreamt and
 doz'd;
 Some look'd towards the ceiling, some the
 floor;
 The wisest doubted, and the wicked swore;
 D. D.'s L. L. D.'s seem'd in great distress,
 And Dulness hoodwink'd every F. R. S.;
 Each at Hope's threshold made a cheering
 halt,
 And all nos'd error, like poor curs at fault;
 Some were for analyzing Nature's laws;
 Some hid their ignorance in hems and haws;
 Some, with a maniac's motion, soar'd the air;
 Some kick'd their wigs about in wild despair.
 Shade of Linnæus, said a silken peer,
 Great soul of botany, whom all revere!
 But, gentlemen, if you're not dumb as
 fishes,
 How can the Swedish spirit hear my wishes?
 Confound these physical disputes, for me.
 Who rails at physic, roar'd a hot M.D.
 Indistinct murmurs sadden'd all the room;
 The hungry Parcæ flutter'd in the gloom;
 Pride vague ideas on ideas heap'd,
 While sleepless Satire through the keyhole
 peep'd
 Look'd for Phaseolus—who makes that clat-
 ter?
 Pray, gauge my *cranium*—what the de'il's the
 matter?

Knowledge is vanity, Sir Joe, 'tis true:
 Pray, what is science?—I can't tell; can
 you?
 Farewell synopsis, comments, all farewell.
 What's this I hear? why, zounds, Lord D's
 not well.
 Insidious Lunacy, with wond'rous pains,
 Was slurring Wit, and adding all their
 brains;
 When an old woman (who, at their desire,
 Was wont to empt the pot, and stir the fire)
 Ended the squabble, as bystander ought,
 And sav'd their brains from being split by
 thought:
 Your honours, sure, quoth she, can't be mis-
 taken;
 I always *class* my beans with—BACON!

The Spectacles.

Robin, who to the plough was bred,
 And never learnt to write or read,
 Seeing the good old people use
 To read with glasses 'cross their nose,
 Which constantly they wore about 'em,
 And said they could not do without 'em,
 Happen'd one day to come to town;
 And, as he saunter'd up and down,
 He chanc'd to spy where such like things
 Hung dangling on a row of strings.
 It took him in the head to stop,
 And ask the master of the shop,
 If he could furnish folk that need
 With glasses that could make 'em read?
 Or sell a pair of—what do you call it?
 Would fit the nose, and would not gall it?
 The man his drawer in one hand took,
 The other op'd the Bible book.
 The drawer contain'd of glasses plenty,
 From ninety down to less than twenty;
 Some set in horn, and some in leather;
 But Robin could approve of neither;
 And when a hundred pairs had tried,
 And still had thrown them all aside,
 The man grew peevish—(both grew vext),
 And swore he could not read the text.
 "Not read!"—"Confound you for a fool;
 I'll hang if e'er you went to school!
 Did you e'er read without the help
 Of spectacles?"—"Why, no, you whelp;
 Do people who can walk without,
 Buy crutches for to stump about?"

The Jew.

(A Favourite Recitation.)

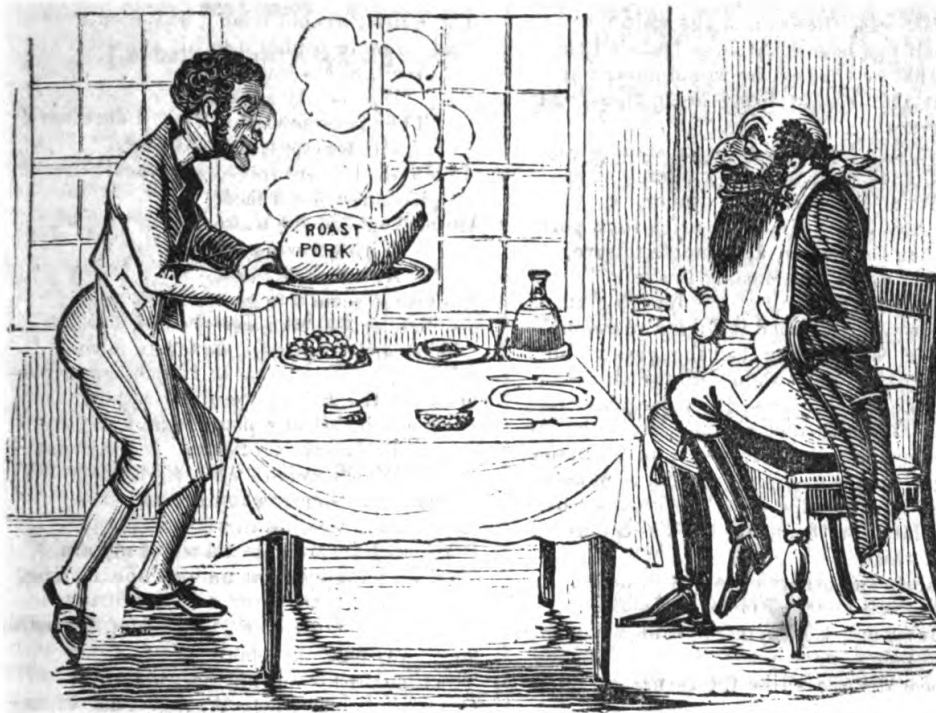
Oh, do not proclaim me a wicked deceiver!
 I vow, by the nose on your face,
 The Testament has not a stauncher believer
 Than I, who am wasting apace.
 And call me not rover, so killingly cruel,
 Thou Christian of heavenly line;
 If I am a Jew, thou thyself art a jewel,
 That e'er fed on flesh of the swine.
 For thee do I sport a new pair of elastics,
 My *habits* are alter'd, ifegs;
 For thee I take lessons in Hamon's gymnas-
 tics,
 To polish the bow of my legs.
 For thee, though forbidden, O, say not I
 boasted,
 The crackling, sage, onion, and skin;
 Appendants I eat of a little pig roasted,
 My breath stunk for shame of my sin.
 For thee I eat meat on the day of a fasting,
 Nor ask'd thee to share in the blame;
 The devil would catch, if his net he were
 casting,
 A Christian in all but the name.
 For thee I have sold off the stock of my
 phials,
 Rags, china, new bus'ness to start;
 The cellar of youth, Monmouth-street, Seven
 Dials,
 Deserted,—it splinter'd my heart.
 But not the first *seller* I've sold in my trading,
 For thee tho' was hoarded the pelf;
 For thee purchas'd petticoats, lacing and
 braiding,
 Thou fairer than Rag Fair itself.
 I've done all that mortal for woman is doing,
 Whom Cupid has got in a string;
 Behav'd, aye, and treated, like one who is
 wooing,
 And done for thee all—but one thing.
 O, true as is truth are the vows of thy Levy,
 Resolvings ne'er put to the doubt;
 Like Solomon, when he fell into the privy,
 And died ere he chose to come out.
 Then, aye, for the bargain! young Christian,
 let's strike it,
 Possession of all I have got;
 I'll dine upon pork for a week, if you like it,
 Although it is *meet* I should not,

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May reason guide the helm, when pleasure blows the gale.
 May we always cast anchor in the bay of friendship.
 Industry to gain a fortune, health to enjoy it, and liberality to spend it.
 May our love of the glass never make us forget decency.
 May the wings of liberty never lose a feather.

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JEWISH MUTTON.

(An Original Recitation, by P. T.)

Many strange things may happen in a life,
Some men die old, yet never know a wife;
Some perish early, as the flowers in Spring.
Fall swift as dew-drops from the eagle's
wing.

Some folks do this, and others that,
As some love lean and others fat;
Such is the cursory quick step of fate,
We scarcely live to know how much we hate.

But one thing I've discover'd, be it known,
While some like pudding, others beef,
Some aiming for a tyrant's throne,
Sly as a London pocket-picking thief;
That most, nay, all agree in liking
The rags, which, mill'd to lawful paper,
For which some knaves on nothing caper,
Who imitate the *One* a whit too striking!
You know the *what* I mean—that trifle
funny.

Which banks have christen'd creditable
money.

Yes, 'tis too oft mortality's sad lot,
To like the thing forbidden it should not:
The apple-juice of the 'st Adam's wife
Runs in the blood of all her sons of life,
As you shall witness in the story true,
I'm now to prattle, of a wealthy Jew.

Some say that 'Charity begins at home,'
Yet, for it beggars in the causeway roam;
As, knowing the old proverb was a liar,
They entertain'd its roaming spirit higher;
No. 21.

For many who have cheated all the day
Their brethren on the Stock Exchange,
May twopence to the passing begger pay
To balance and content their conscience
strange;
And think, with satisfied sufficient grin,
'Charity covers up a mass of sin.'

Thus, the great people who have daily dined,
Turn charitable yearly to be sure,
And, being in a feeding cue inclined,
Give annually, dinners to the poor:
At which they stuff,
And breathe and puff,
Like pouter-pigeons, till their craws
Fill'd to the full,
As country gull,
At London sights, that please the Joanny
Raws,
Open all generous, their pockets willing,
To furnish to the poor their one pound shil-
ling.

At such a gay, illustrious feast,
A Jew, a Sheva the benevolent;
Who rul'd the lord and master of the East,
Had annually his 'golden ointment' sent,
And fed as inclination sway'd,
At whatsoever before him laid;
But what he generally chose
I would not, for a crown, the Rabbi
knows.

The fact was, Sheva knew the waiter well ;
Himself had been a native at Duke's Place,
And that by tipping, he would never tell
Aught that should bring his patron to dis-
grace ;

And so, of a long tale to make short work,
I'll tell each wicked grinner,
When Sheva came to dinner,
He always dined him off the rich roast pork.
But then the waiter, all remorse to save,
(A witty and a gentlemanly knave,)
And hide the sinning of the Jewish glutton,
Had always christened it 'a leg of mutton.'
You see, the Israelite, had thoughts within,
His charity might swallow up the sin.

How like the worthies of gay Regent-street,
Near Philip's Chapel, and the Argyle-rooms,
Wrapt in the latter's drowsy concert fumes ;
Delight their ears from Saturday to Monday ;

And then to wipe away the devil's scores,
And clear for the next week's carouse to
treat,

Besiege the others open chapel doors,
To have two hours of piety on Sunday :
For Jews and Christians now no conscience
feel,

But bear disgraces like the turncoat *Peel*.

Well, let me thus much of my Sheva say,
He was a more than Christian in his way,
A good Samaritan, who willing gave
A helping hand the fallen wretch to save ;
And staunch'd the bosoms that with sorrow
bleed

Without enquiring their religious creed :
He was not miserly in charity,
The which you'll deem a rarity ;
Nor mean, or loath his station to uphold,
As German princes stuff'd with English
gold.

On this day year—I mark'd it very well—
Because, when talking of a persons' feats,
Like grocers, I'm particular in *dates*—
One ought to know the inch of every ell—
Then, my friend Sheva, went him out to
dine,

And lush the capital 'old London' wine :
High smoked the dishes,
All was gay,
Every one's wishes
Found the way

To satisfy their craving, and their hunger,
Making the under jaw
Fight all the munching war ;
Much like a beggar, or a costard-monger ;
For eating, I have found, beneath the sun,
In fashion is the same to every one.

O, woe is me ! the saddest, saddest sight,
Was Sheva !—Sheva, the benignly kind,
Sat in terrible alarming plight,
Because his favour'd joint he could not
find !

Why, he look'd as dull amid the gay house,
As Thomas Flowers' ill-lighted playhouse ;
For you must know,
To cause his woe,

The waiter, his old friend, had ta'en a flit
And no more pander'd to his appetite.

Well, Sheva blush'd,
Was nearly speaking ;
Then conscience hush'd

His tongue from breaking.
At length, high-couraged as a racer,
To give the worst a facer,
He beckon'd to the waiter,

With knowing wink,
At which, I think,
His visage seem'd to grow elater,
'As, licking lips like any glutton,
'Bring me,' he cried, 'de lovely mutton.'

Off went the waiter, speedy as a shot,
Unlike Winchilsea's pistol, which did not
The mutton sought,

Which sought, he brought.
Enrag'd was Sheva, when he saw
The mutton was not to his maw ;
For it had never happen'd to his thinking,
The waiter might not understand his wink-
ing.

So Sheva, most supremely curst,
Thus taught his meaning, with a burst
Of passion, such as the Apostle Paul
Might give to Barnabas, when they'd a
squall,

'You dog! you'd cure de devil of de va-
pours,
You give my heart more grieving than a
bunion ;
I did not mean de mutton wid de *capers*,
But de *roast mutton* wid de *sage* and
onion.'

The enlighten'd waiter read the cheat,
Swift as Mercury he brought the meat ;
Sheva attack'd the pork with tooth and nail,
And finish'd both his dinner, and—my tale.

The Mother's Lament.

(An Original Recitation, by A. Isaacs.)

O' dinna' weep my baby boy, thee to my
breast I'll fauld,
I'll wrap thee in my tatter'd cloak to keep
thee frae the cauld ;
An' here we twa are left alone upon this
dreary heath,
Wi' nought but yon blue sky aboon, an' the
snaw clad earth beneath.

O' sorrowfu' was I the day when Donald
left his hame,
And wi' his chief and clansmen went to
fight the border Graeme ;
'Twas in the onset Donald fell, 'revenge my
death,' he cried.
They told me that he breath'd my name,
then laid him down and died.

I coudna' bide to see the joy that sparkled in
each 'ee,
When each return'd to his ain hame but
nane return'd to me;
An' sae I left my humble cot, the scene of
all my joy,
Wi' nought excepting this auld cloak, and
thee my baby boy.

And now we're at our journey's end, for
there's my feyther's door,
And he'll protect and feed us baith, tho' we
are weak an' poor;
And when I'm laid in yon kirk-yard, where
mournfu' willows wave,
There thee my boy shall come an' say, this
is my mither's grave.

The Burker and the Bandanna Wipe.

(An Original Parody on the "Ring and the
Murderer," by J. A. Hawkins.)

She was a Billingsgate maid,
The skin of an eel was in her hand,
The sharp knife with which she skinn'd it—
Was in her leg of mutton fist.
Her eyes, ah! who shall speak the sight
That there met their gaze, the look of anger
That beamed therefrom. Above were seen
Two regular black marks of some fish-fags
knuckles—

Which cast a nasty shade over a brow
Of more than salmon redness;
And o'er this ugliest of fish-fags,
But seventeen winters had passed.
Winters bleak—cold—frosty—frightful,
Had they been to her. For hard was her
work,
And little cared she for the pleasures of this
life.

She was an only kid, the stay—the prop—
The pet of an old bloke, who lived by cadging.
Little did he get, but withal sufficient
To keep him from starving, and give his kid,
His knowing Sal, a fitting edication,
To prepare her for Billingsgate.
Which she was born to adorn.

But Joe was a drunken man,
And save but in the presence of his kid,
Soberness was a stranger to his nature;
His sober pals he shunned, pleasure he ab-
horred,

Save the pleasure arising from drink,
To obtain which he wandered beyond his
little means.

When Sally was away, the cards,
The tap-room, the gin shop,
The roaring drunkard, were what he seek'd;
Their noisy mirth seemed in unison
With his thoughts. And there for hours
Would Joe remain in drunkard's company.
And drink the poison which the gin shop
affords.

But when night came and to his crib
He reeled along, there was his hearth,

His blazing fire, his old wooden chair, his
broken pipe,
Or his baked sheep's head Sall prepared for
him:

While at his cellar door, one of Billingsgate's
nastiest forms
Stood anxiously awaiting his coming;
Two fat-red lips awaited in all the impatience
of hunger.

With what appetite then would he gobble
down his supper,
And giving her a drop of heavy,
Bless her for being like her burked mother:
Her mother—in that one name centered all
his joys,

All his miseries, all his blighted hopes.

His tale is brief though horrid:

He once was a tidy costermonger,
A donkey, a cart, were those
Which called him master; a woman too he
had,

Of whom it is enough to say that she was
The counterpart of Sally.

Two years of nameless joy had they together
pass'd,

Happy in their own love and their infant kid,
When business at the Old Bailey call'd him
from them;

Alas! that such a shocking thing should
happen,

Some wretch for the sake of gain—horrid
truth,

Had broken into his crib and robb'd him of
his sticks,

And what was dearer to him than goods

Or even life itself—his woman—

He had burked her.

Time pass'd swiftly on,

The burker had not been discovered,

And as the old bloke with his kid,

Had left the dismal crib, the story was for-
gotten—

Save in Joe's heart.

Sal had now risen into womanhood,

And was beloved by all, but there was one,

And one alone, had nibbled her infections,

And the friendship of her old man,

His name was Jacob:

And though a Jew, yet was he fair withal,

And all the noble qualities that a clothesman
could possess,

Seemed in his heart to reign. He wooed the
maid,

She smiled upon his vows, her old man too
approved;

The day—the marriage hour is fixed—and
now

They are prepared for starting.

At the church door they have now arrived,

And forth a Bandanna wipe

Doth Jacob take with which to wipe his
olfactory nerve.

At that moment Joey's eye is fixed upon the
wipe.

O crikeys! why starts he, and why doth his
lips

In evident agony quiver? while with a giant grasp,
 He seizes the collar of the bewildered Jacob,
 And exclaims, "this was my burked woman's wipe,
 Wretch how came you by it?"
 It was enough.
 The old man's scrutinizing ogle,
 Could not be withstood by the appall'd wretch,
 Who, turning his visage from Joe's ogles
 Cried, "Sal, I am thy mother's burker!"
 'Tis now full twenty years,
 Since on a common, near the spot
 Where Sal and her old man once dwelt,
 A gibbet was to be seen, which contained
 The worm-eaten bones of Jacob.
 But where was poor old Joe,
 Where was fish-fag Sally?
 Joe slept quietly in a parish coffin,
 And the grass that grew upon his grave,
 Was wetted by the tears of his maniac kid.
 Sally the once jolly fish-fag maid,
 Has now become a wandering spooney.

The Captain's Whiskers.

(A favourite Comic Tale.)

A certain Swiss Captain of grenadiers, whose company had been cashiered, was determined, since Mars had no more employment for him, to try if he could not procure a commission in the corps of Venus; or, in other words, if he could not get a wife: and as he had no money of his own, he reasoned, and reasoned very justly, it was quite necessary his intended should have enough for them both.

The Captain was one of those kind of heroes to whom the epithet hectoring blade might readily be applied: he was nearly six feet high, with a long sword, and fiercely formed hat: add to which, he was allowed to have the most martial pair of whiskers of any grenadier in the company to which he belonged. To curl these whiskers, to comb and twist them round his fore finger, and to admire them in the glass, formed the chief occupation and delight of his life. A man of these accomplishments, with the addition of bronze and rhodomontades, of which he had a superfluity, stands at all times, and in all countries, a good chance with the ladies, as the experience of, I know not how many thousand years has confirmed. Accordingly, after a little diligent attention and artful inquiry, a young lady was found, exactly such a one as we may well suppose a person with his views would be glad to find. She was tolerably handsome, not more than three-and-twenty, with a good fortune; and, what was the best part of the story, this fortune was entirely at her own disposal.

Our Captain, who thought now or never

was the time, having first found means to introduce himself as a suitor, was incessant in his endeavours to carry his cause. His tongue was eternally running in praise of her super-superlative, never-to-be-described charms; and in hyperbolical accounts of the flames, darts, and daggers, by which his lungs, liver, and midriff, were burnt up, transfixed, and gnawn away. He, who, in writing a song to his sweetheart, described his heart to be without one drop of gravy, like an overdone mutton-chop, was a fool at a simile when compared to our hero.

One day, as he was ranting, kneeling, and beseeching his goddess to send him of an errand to pluck the diamond from the nose of the great Mogul, and present it to her divinityship, or suffer him to step and steal the empress of China's enchanted slipper, or the queen of Sheba's cockatoo, as a small testimony of what he would undertake to prove his love; she, after a little hesitation, addressed him thus:—

'The protestations which you daily make, Captain, as well as what you say at present, convince me there is nothing you would not do to oblige me: I therefore do not find much difficulty in telling you I am willing to be yours, if you will perform one thing which I shall request of you.'

'Tell me, immaculate angel! cried our son of gunpowder: 'Tell me what it is; though, before you speak, be certain it is already done. Is it to find the seal of Solomon? to catch the phoenix? or draw your chariot to church with unicorns? what is the impossible act I will not undertake?'

'No, Captain,' replied the fair one: 'I shall enjoin nothing impossible. The thing I desire, you can do with the utmost ease.—It will not cost you five minutes trouble. Yet, were it not for your so positive assurances, I should, from what I have observed, almost doubt of your compliance.'

'Ah, madam,' returned he, 'wrong not your slave thus; deem it impossible, that he who eats happiness, and drinks immortal life from the light of your eyes, can ever demur the thousandth part of a semi-second to secure your omnipotent behests: speak! say! what, empress of my parched entrails, what must I perform?'

'Nay, for that matter, 'tis a mere trifle; only to cut off your whiskers, Captain, that's all.'

'Madam!'—(Be so kind, reader, as to imagine the Captain's utter astonishment.) 'My whiskers!—cut off my whiskers!—excuse me!—cut off my whiskers—madam!—any thing else—any thing that mind can, or cannot imagine, or tongue describe. Bid me fetch you Prester John's beard, a hair at the time, and it's done. But, for my whiskers, you must grant me a salvo there.'

'And why so, good Captain? Surely any gentleman who had but the tythe part of the

passion you express, would not stand upon such a trifle!

'A trifle, madam?—my whiskers a trifle! no, madam, no—my whiskers are no trifle. Had I but a single regiment of fellows whiskered like me, I myself would be the Grand Turk of Constantinople. My whiskers, madam, are the last things I should have supposed you would have wished me to sacrifice. There is not a woman, married or single, maid, wife, or widow, that does not admire my whiskers.'

'May be so, sir; but if you marry me, you must cut them off.'

'And is there no other way? Must I never hope to be happy with you unless I part with my whiskers?'

'Never!'

'Why then, madam, farewell: I would not part with a single hair of my whiskers, if Catherine, the Czarina, empress of all the Russias, would make me king of the Calmuchs; and so good morning to you.'

Had all the young ladies, in like circumstances, equal penetration, they might generally rid themselves, with equal ease, of the interested and unprincipled coxcombs by whom they are pestered. They all have their whiskers, and seek for fortunes, to be able to cultivate, not cut them off.

The Prisoner.

(An Original Pathetic Recitation, by Isaac Bass.)

Liberty! Liberty! sweet liberty.

'Tis many a day since I have known it,
'Tis many a day since I have breathed its air,
And yet I prolong this wretched life!
Why do I not terminate this existence?
'Tis for retribution, sweet retribution!
And from one, a villain, a wretch,
From whom friendly aid was proffered!
And for what? to destroy the bliss of a
tender father,

A loving mother, and helpless children.
'Tis by the damned coin all evils come,
The guardless youth nipped in his bloom,
And the lonely traveller deprived of life,
'Tis all, all for the possession of gold.
And yet such wretches deemed it an act of
trade.

'Twas for cursed gold, the bauble of the
world,
That I, my wife and children, were deprived
of happiness

By a demon—who released me from the toils
of labour!

But why did he do so?

To accomplish his purpose, as he had anticipated,

To embrace my wife in dishonour!

But no, she was a virtuous woman, and re-
sented

The unmanly affront. But he, with other
villains

Carried her off in triumph—they suspected
'twas a triumph,

But they were blasted in their purpose,
For she, my poor wife was soon a palid corse.
I heard of her fate, my very blood turned
cold,

I pursued the demons with a blood-hound
speed

Until I came in contact with them,
I raised my weapon at the villain, the author
of my misery,

But the cowardly villains rushed on me,
Felled me to the ground, pronounced me
mad—aye mad!

They bound me in chains, thrust me into this
dungeon,

Where I remain a broken-hearted man!

The Fall of Rome.

(By E. W. Delmar, written expressly for
this Work.)

At last 'tis come! the time appointed,
Sons of imperial Rome! Awake! Arise!
Hebrew, arise! and shake abroad
The prophetic scroll,
The spirit of devotion now is useless.

The hour draws near,
'Tis come! Lo her mouldering turrets
Fill now the billows that have swept
Along for endless time,
Never to awake again. Rome now is fallen!
From the sepulchre children of Rome
Awake! The mantle of obscurity
Is now cast off. Lo! where their shadows
Point out the time foretold.
She who for a thousand years
Hath stood immovable,
Amid the rush and ruin of surrounding
worlds

Trembles and sinks.
Her palaces of gold and richest treasure,
Her ivory images, her conquered realms,
Her laurelled chiefs, in robes of snowy fold,
Where are they now? lost! in the universal
chaos,

Which now reigns around.
That Roman arm which swayed the captive
king,

That conquered mighty realms,
She, who heard, as they fell around her,
The voice and shout of falling, crumbling
kingdoms,

Like the hoarse waves that lashed her shores,
That hath seen nations shrink to nothingness
The while; stood in her central home,
Feared not, nor trembled not:

Her eagle standard raised its victorious
head

Above triumphal arches, bespeaking victory,
Where Titus, Aurelian, all conquering Caesar,
Rose high their pennons, flouting her fair
sun,

Symbolic of her mighty power.
 Omnipotent Rome—triumphant son
 Of this great world, thou art lost;
 The golden city's fallen.
 Hebrew awake!
 Thou art redeemed; lift up thy head—
 Thy glory shall be cut in stone,
 Never to be eradicated.
 For ever Babylon has fallen.
 Thou art risen. Strike the loud harp,
 The highest chord of exultation string.
 Let thy joyous anthem reach the high heavens.
 Where now is Rome? Gone! lost!
 A mass of useless ashes.
 Hebrew alone exists,
 To point where late she stood.

Monsieur Tonson.

(A Celebrated Recitation.)

There liv'd, as fame reports, in days of yore,
 At least some fifty years ago, or more,
 A pleasant wight on town, yclept *Tom King*—

A fellow that was clever at a joke,
 Expert in all the arts to tease and *smoke*—
 In short, for strokes of humour quite the
thing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

After some time, a little Frenchman came—
 One hand display'd a rushlight's trembling
 flame,
 The other held the thing they call *culotte*;
 An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his
 head,
 A tatter'd waistcoat, o'er one shoulder
 spread—
 Scarce half-awake, he heav'd a yawning
 note.

Tho' thus untimely rous'd, he courteous
 smil'd,
 And soon address'd our wag in accents
 mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 "Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so
 late?
 I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait;
 Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands
 vid me?"

"Sir," reply'd King, "I merely sought to
 know,
 As by your house I chanc'd to-night to go—
 But really I disturb'd your sleep, I fear!
 I say, I thought that you, perhaps, could tell,
 Among the folks who in this street may
 dwell,
 If there's a Mr. Thomson lodges here?"

The shiv'ring Frenchman, tho' not pleas'd to
 find.
 The business of this unimportant kind,
 Too civil to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
 Shrugg'd out a sigh, that thus his rest should
 break;
 Then with unalter'd courtesy, he spake—
 "No, Sare; no Monsieur Tonson lodges
 here."

Our wag begg'd pardon, and tow'rds home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawl'd again to bed:

But King resolv'd not thus to drop the jest;
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

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

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturb'd his sleep:

The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawing out, to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubb'd his heavy eyes—

“Is there— a Mr. Thomson lodges here?”

The Frenchman falter'd with a kind of fright—

“Vy, Sare, I'm sure, I tell you, Sare, last night!”

And here he labour'd with a sigh sincere—
“No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know;
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so;
Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Some more excuses tender'd, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursu'd his old career—

'Twas long, indeed, before the man came nigh,

And then he utter'd, in a piteous cry,
“Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,

Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster,
Anxious she strove his errand to inquire,
He said, “'tis vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir till he had seen her master.”

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,

And begg'd he'd call at proper time of day.
King told her she must fetch her master down,

A chaise was ready—he was leaving town,
But, first, had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg'd, she went the snoring man to call,
And long, indeed, was she oblig'd to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.

At last, he wakes—he rises—and he swears,
But scarcely had he totter'd down the stairs,
When King attacks him in his usual way

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain

To this tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage his crest began to rear—

“Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Got tam! I swear no Monsieur Tonson here!”

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife,

Between the harass'd Frenchman and his wife,

Which would descend to chase the fiend away;

At length, to join their forces, they agree,
And straight impetuously turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,

Utt'ring the old inquiry, calmly stood—
The name of Thomson rais'd the storm so high,

He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With, “Well, I'll call, when you're in gentler mood.”

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,

So fond of mischief was the wicked wit;
They throw out water—for the watch they call,

But King expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur, at last, was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime;

Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot.

At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hopes he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.

“Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth!” he said;

“My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—

Egad! I'll knock, and see who holds his place.”

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

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

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

The Rule of Three.

"Whose house is that, my pretty lass,
 All fine, and red, with wings so wide,
 So gay, one cannot by it pass?
 And that, so white, on t'other side?"

"And that, my dear, which doth uplift
 Its head so high, be tow'r'd at top?"
 "There, please you, sir, dwells Parson
 Thrift,
 There Lawyer Claw, there Doctor Lopp."

This answer, Baron, serves for all;
 Sure as there's physic, gospel, law,
 In every town at which you call,
 You'll find a Thrift, a Lopp, and Claw.

And such this lucky trio's lot,
 When you have journey'd England round,
 You'll see that it has always got
 The three best things on English ground.

At house, best living, and best pay;
 And ere you thrice three leagues have
 been,
 If thrice three pounds to one will lay,
 You'll note the lucky wights I mean.

Are doctor, lawyer-man, and priest;
 Worthies, I ween, decreed by fate
 On thrice one more best things to feast,
 On mind, and body, and estate.

But if, as sometimes you will view,
 To body a fair face should join,
 That takes the lead of t'other two,
 With lawyer, doctor, and divine.

Though still observe, the wights agree,
 So zealous is their guardian care,
 To part between them all the three;
 And, for the happy people's share,

Leave preachments, parchments, drugs in
 plenty!
 And what, my friend, can be more kind?
 Wish you a suit? they give you twenty:
 And what does wealth, but load the mind?

That load they take; and priest will tell
 What makes the pennyless still even:
 Gold often leads the rich to hell,
 Quoth he—the poor go light to heaven.

Then, as for physic, when your breath
 Is all that's left 'twixt skin and bone,
 Doctor can serve you after death,
 And save your very skeleton!

Laud, then, O, muse! the generous three,
 Who on themselves take all our evil;
 Keep from the worms the body free,
 And the soul rescue from the devil.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence marry.
 Charms to strike the sight, and merit to win the heart.
 Love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and learning in every head.
 Love to one, friendship to a few, and good will to all.
 May we give up to that which nimbly bends the force of thought—Love.
 The greatest blessing heaven can send—a good wife.
 The face that nature paints, and the heart that knows no deception.
 When love attacks the heart, may honor be the proposer of a truce.
 Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.
 The companions of beauty—modesty and love.

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THE DEVIL'S RAMBLE ON EARTH.

(A Favourite Recitation.)

From his brimstone-bed, at break of day,
The Devil's a walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm on the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on,
And over the hill, and over the dale
He rambled, and over the plain—
And backwards and forwards he switched his
long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.
And pray now, how was the Devil drest?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat it was red, and his breeches blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went
thro'.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill by his own stable;
And the Devil he smiled, for it put him in
mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.
He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
Ride by on his avocations,
The Devil smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Death in the Revelations.
He stepped into a rich bookseller's shop,
'Said he, 'We are both of one college,
For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once,
Hard by the tree of knowledge.'
He saw school-boys acting prayers at morn,
And naughty plays at night.
And, 'Oho, Mr. Dean!' he shouted, 'I
ween,
My own good trade goes right.'
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin,
Is pride that apes humility.
No. 22.

Down the river did glide with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity;
And the Devil grinned, for he saw all the
while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought
with a smile
Of England's commercial prosperity.
As he passed thro' Cold-Bath-Fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil he paused, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.
He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade;
'Nimbly,' quoth he, 'do the fingers move,
If a man be but used to his trade.
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man,
With but little expedition;
Which put him in mind of the long debates
On the slave trade abolition.
He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind,)
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind;
The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How 'Noah and all his creeping things
Went up into the ark.'
Sir Nicholas grinned and switched his tail
With joy and admiration;
For he thought of his daughter Victory,
And his darling babe Taxation.
He saw General Gascoigne's burning face,
Which put him into consternation:
So he hied to his lake, for, by a slight mis-
take,
He thought 'twas a general conflagration

The Fatal Lovers.

(An Original Pathetic Recitation, written by
Mr. Isaac Bass.)

'Twas a dreary dark night and the winds wild
 roar,
Swept hurriedly by poor Marian's door;
And she felt, as she listened, a feeling of
 pain,
For one that was braving the dangerous
 main.

'Twas for one whom she lov'd, for one that
 was true,
'Twas for love that progressed in youth as
 they grew;
But fate intervened and tore from her arms,
The embrace of her lover, for danger's alarms.

She gazed from her lattice with anguish and
 pain,
And saw the white foam and the wide swell-
 ing main;—
The lamp of the beacon refused the sea
 light,
And the stars were all hid from poor Marian's
 sight.

'Good heaven's!' she cried, 'oh, would I
 were there,
Oh! where is my William?' she sigh'd in
 despair;
The tears from her eyes flow'd streamingly
 o'er
Her fair cheek, as she heard the loud
 thunders wild roar.

But soon did poor Marian hear from the
 stream,
A cry of despair, and she saw a form gleam;
She flew from the casement, and soon from
 the door—
Ran like a wild maniac, down to the shore.

But what were her feelings? she met a pale
 form,
'Twas he whom she loved, had been braving
 the storm;
He lay on the jetty, absorbed in a trance,
But he knew not poor Marian who met his
 cold glance.

"'Tis I, dearest William. speak lest I die,"
He spoke, but so shrill and faint was his cry,
"Bless, bless you, dear Marian, bless,
 bless," he cried,
Then sunk in the arms of poor Marian and
 died.

She gazed on the corse with a wild piercing
 eye,
And she sank on his corse, and heard the
 last sigh,
She cast a last look round her dear native
 shore,
And poor Marian ne'er was heard to speak
 more.

The Lawyer.

(An Original Satire, by F. Chapman.)

In a country town, in days of yore,
At least so now I fable;
There lived a black sheep of the law,
Who at cheating was well able.

His bumpkin clients well he gull'd,
With serious cunning jaw;
In fact, to pieces well he pull'd,
The victims to his law.

His roguish tricks pass'd snugly on,
Still fleecing all those near;
Until a case of gross Crim. Con.
Marr'd Crowquill's vile career.

The case was tried, the money paid,
The sharper it received;
He'd been, he said, the greatest aid,
Which story all believed.

The cash, of course, he firmly held,
And that too, without doubt;
For when once with cash a lawyer's pocket's
 swell'd,
Neither writ, bailiff, or devil can get it out.

The parties wanted an account,
But Quill could not be found;
He'd taken with him the amount,
To range the world around.

Then living in some far distant clime,
Till the money it was spent;
And not until then did know the time
When for past sins to repent.

He wander'd over hill and dale,
In hopes of finding pelf,—
His conscience, mind now, did not fail,
To make him hate himself.

Repentance made the rogue so dull,
While living so remote;
He found no others he could gull,
Resolved to cut his throat.

Considering next the pain he'd feel,
By doing such an act;
His doom at once he would not seal,
So thought he would retract.

While walking by himself one day,
A gate he then perceived;
Unto himself he next did say,
That's Heaven, or I'm deceived.

Up to the gate he quick did post,
And ask'd to be let in;
We'll not admit, loud call'd the host,
You are too full of sin.

He begg'd, he prayed, but all in vain,
A snug birth to be given;
St. Peter told him very plain,
No lawyer's they'd in heaven.

Knowing how fruitless 'twas to ask
The holy prophet more,
He left alone, the tedious task,
Of thumping at the door.

Tho' by himself, he work'd his case
In planning, to deceive
The keeper of the holy place,
Who, his cant, he'd make believe.

Annoyed the prophet was, of course,
He not considering that,
Contrived, which made it far more worse,
To throw, inside, his hat.

The hat was in, the lawyer out
To fetch it, ask'd permission,
And hop'd his honor he'd not doubt
Upon such a decision.

St. Peter thought he'd take his word,
And to fetch his hat no sin,
Says Quil as I'm a heaven's bird,
I swear I will step in.

He there remained, and lived with care,
Nor wish'd to make a flaw,
As he well knew, the persons there,
Were not limbs of the law.

Julia and Edmund.

(An Original Recitation, by W. M. N.)

To her lov'd bow'r fair Julia went,
Pensive and sad for sweet content
Had left her brow, that brow adorn'd
With every grace that nature form'd:
Pale were the cheeks of that lovely maid,
For grief had caused their bloom to fade;
Her fault'ring steps, her heaving breast,
Bespoke her mind was ill at rest.
She sat down on a mossy seat,
A brook ran murmur'ing at her feet;
Above her through the ivy green,
The moon in all her pride was seen;
So bright, so beautiful a scene,
When Nature's self seem'd calm serene,
Alay'd her sorrow for a while,
She dried her tears and tried to smile:
She thought more calmly on that word,
Which had been spoken by her lord,
For he had call'd her false, untrue,
The reason on't she scarcely knew.
He was her only friend on earth,
Her mother died, as she gave her birth;
Her father follow'd, and dying said,
It was his wish, that she should wed
Montralto, his tried, his trusty friend;
The names of husband and friend to blend,
The next day's sun would see them wed.
The thought on't made her feel a dread,
For though she ought to love none other,
She could but love him as a brother;
But what could cause so rude a speech,
Her imagination could not reach.

Young Edmund, too, had often spoke
Many a tale that love awoke,
With rapturous joy, with fond delight,
But her heart told her 'twas not right.
She thought of her father's dying pray'r,
She shunn'd the fatal flatt'ring snare.
Another thought her mind then cross'd,
She recollected she had lost
Some time before, a locket rare,
Which contained a braid of her fair hair.
And when the strictest search went round,
On Edmund was the locket found.
He said he'd tak'n it, that he might
Think of fair Julia day and night.
Montralto with an angry frown,
Raised his hand to strike him down;
But Julia like an arrow flew,
And staid his arm, ere it could do
The deed—the youth almost in tears,
Thank'd her—Could this have rais'd his
jealous fears.

As thus she sat, each new idea,
But raising in her bosom fear;
She heard a rustling 'mongst the trees,
It could not be the evening breeze.
She shriek'd, she started from her seat,
And saw young Edmund at her feet.
"Stay, fairest maiden, stay," he cried,
"And hear me, ere thou art a bride:
"Before the lark proclaims the day,
"Thy Edmund will be far away.
"Yet ere I leave these scenes of bliss,
Let me fair maiden take one kiss!"
She does consent! O rapturous thought!
But ah! that kiss was dearly bought!
For as their lips were join'd, a blow,
From an unseen hand laid Edmund low.
"Die villian, die!" a voice exclaimed,
And high in air a poignard gleam'd:
Julia shrieked, she look'd around,
And saw young Edmund on the ground;
The blood was rushing from his breast,
A groan—a sigh—all was at rest.
Julia trembled at the sight,
She sunk and fainted with affright.
Some time after this event,
Julia to a convent went;
Within its dreary walls to find,
A blessing rare—a peaceful mind.
Montralto in a foreign land,
Became the head of a ruffian band;
Such deeds of horror I could tell,
Of murder'd travellers, that 'twould thrill
Thy very blood to hear them told.
Their daring deeds became so bold,
The council sent some chosen men
To drag the ruffians from their den;
And who should head the gallant band
But Edmund's brother, brave Roland.
Fierce was the fight! the ruffian horde,
At last gave over, for their lord,
Their chieftan, lay upon the ground,
Gasping with a deadly wound,
Inflicted, by the conqu'ring hand,
Of his most bitter foe, Roland.
The soldiers sheathed their crimson'd swords,
And listened to his dying words

"See, see" he cried "his murder'd ghost!
 "Save me! save me! or I'm lost!
 "'Tis Edmund's ghost before me stands,
 "He beckons with his bleeding hands!
 "Injur'd spirit, I come!" he cried,
 The haughty chieftain, groan'd and died!

The Lion Slayer!

(A Fragment from a Play of that name, by
 S. Joyce, author of 'Alzomdai,' 'Wolf of
 Damascus, &c. &c.)

Act V.—Scene I.

Characters.—SANGRA, ZEGGO, and OBILA.

San.—(*solus.*)—I've thought, I think, and
 yet do doubt,
 Where lurks that secret power which animates
 the frame—
 The frame of man—the essence of his being;
 And that unresisting force which propels the
 senses.
 I've thought the ruddy fluid that swims
 within the veins,
 Marbling the fair foreheads of our sylvan
 dames,
 Was life!—and my philosophy goes thus far;
 —it is.
 For if its loss is death, the having must be
 life.
 Oh! philosophy is folly—her study false—
 If studying false conclusions bring to works
 of vital moment,
 Sad mixture of incongruous thoughts mad-
 dening reason!
 I've thought, I think, and yet do doubt,
 Whether the blood is life, or that balmy rain,
 heaven-born,
 That waters the garden of the human mind
 with wholesome health;
 Its source, digestive meats, smacking of
 earth,
 If so, 'tis not life, but the meandering stream
 Of this pigmy world of mortality.
 I'm lost in 'mazement! reason hath given
 place to fancy,
 And fancy at best is but a jesting player.
 Life! unseen to the eye whom fancy cannot
 picture,
 Say whence thy coming, and from whom thy
 source,
 Thy bidding place—i'the heart or brain?
 Say when the senses die, that ye expire or
 end in nothing?
 Or if ye live, thy being quintessent life, must
 know no death,
 Where ye flit to? To the earth's centre or
 here round its surface?
 No, no! my reasoning seems false and to no
 end.—
 How argues he?—(*reading.*)
 'The soul,'—the Christian's life, a trim word,
 so let it pass,—
 'Is of the spirit vitally it's essence, and the
 power of it's acting

Divinity; enough of evil if the green sapling
 bends to it,
 To sink itself to hell!'—P'shaw!—
 'Enough of good to rise beyond earth's
 gloomy desert,
 To a haven where spirits dwell in bliss
 beyond expression;
 Their only joy their Maker's praise—desires
 none—
 Formed in substance, will, and power, to their
 abode,
 Wanting nothing,'—
 I'll read no more, reasoning so hath drove me
 mad,
 I'm sick at heart: I feel I'm evil to the core,
 And if there's truth in his philosophy, I'm
 lost!
 Thou God of the Hindoo, as thou art pleased
 dispose us;
 And if my soul thou wilst shall be of evil,
 By hell! I'll ride in blood and be a devil!

Enter ZEGGO.

Ha! what mishap dogs thy heels, Zeggo,
 That thus unsummon'd, slave, you rush be-
 fore your lord?
Zeggo. Unwelcome news!
San. Out upon't—thou art honest,
 Else a lie would amble with a better grace
 On thy grim'd lip.
Zeg. Refulgence of the sun! chief of our
 tribe,
 When truths are aloe to the fever'd mind,
 embittering,
 Like rancorous weed, the heart, affections
 soothing hand,
 Doth tremblingly unload her heavy burden.
San. Speed then the telling, or by the
 gods of the Hindoo!
 Whose dread grove, lies embosomed i'the
 moon's misty mount
 Scaring our sun-burnt tribe; my patience
 droops,
 Bowing my heavy head to the lighter Hatag-
 ban!
 Say on.
Zeg. Father of our tribe, Sangra; next to
 the gods.
 His subjects daily worship complaints of
 hidden wrong,
 And untold mystery do limp ungainly to the
 ears of the multitude.
San. Well!—
Zeg. The multitude whose once hush'd
 sigh, and unheard murmur,
 Was lowly bent to earth—in import scorn'd—
 unheeded passed:
 Hath e'en now found vent; soaring it takes
 its giddy flight
 Among our ranks; spreading its ample wings
 encompassing our hosts,
 Who in their intemperate heat lie buried.
 Discord is at their head;
 Unfurl'd her banner floats, while itself the
 centre of numbers multitudinous,
 Seem o'erpowering as the desert's sands by
 hurricane's might;

While shouts do rend the air, and cries of
"Ulan!"

San. Slave! what bodes that to the *Lion
Slayer?*

Zeg. No more than this—Rebellion!

San. It suits my temper.

Zeg. My lord!

San. Oh! I cry mercy, most sapient rea-
soner;

Unfold thy tale, I am all patience for thy
calm council!

Zeg. You mock me, Sangra; and yet were
advice needing,

'Tis thou, chief of our tribe, would want it.

[*Alarums.*
Hark! e'en now the untimely womb is heaving
With its strange convulsions.

San. Ah! say you so? Then out lance!
Rebellion shall miscarry, and prove abortion
to its generation.

Zeg. My lord—promise of right, and par-
don—

San. Would lose my head!

Zeggo, thou art old in my councils, and yet
thou hast to learn

That concession to the raving demagogue is
but incentive

To his wild imaginings!

Enter OBILA.

Thy coming?—quick!—

Obila. Sangra! son of our sun—light of
the Hindoo!

San. Slave! I'll tear the lying tongue from
out thy throat,

Thou croaking sycophant!—"Light of the
Hindoo!"

By my father's manes! I'll make the Hin-
doo's blaze.

To your posts—I've heard enough of fear.—
You, *Zeggo*,

Alarm my trusty guards—tell them the work
is blood—

The reward, gold! And their African blood
shall boil

With feverish heat, and eager cry for
'Sangra!'

Zeg. Our leader's wishes, were he less
than Sangra,

Would be his slaves commands.

[*Exit ZEGGO and OBILA.*

San.—(*solus.*)—Now this is the soul of
war,

When's eager front does point him to our
homestead:

Frighting our damsels with its hideous
countenance;

Like the towering shadow of the Hartz
mount. Evil mask'd,

As European blood will fever beneath the
Hindoo's sun.

So war, its malady is its strength, its glory
a madden'd nerve,

Whose end's destruction, despair, and death!
My martial soul is wrapp'd in philosophic

weeds,
And the dagger-hilt must hide its point to
these trumpet truths,

So galling to the soul.

Why springs the mind forth into action,
thus spurring

My latent energies to a wild unfathom'd
field of thought.

Abstraction this, in contemplative mood, my
stirring soul

Lies hid: and sullen murmurs that once
would bind each sinew to its strength,

Now do dash their spray against my fixed
determined purpose,

Like ocean tide against the moss surmounted
cliff.

[*A shout.*

Ah! hell; Ulan! my envenomed hate to that
dastard name,

Does rise upon my soul with towering strength
and hope;

As my guardian angel does seek her the
sought time, when

Revenge shall give me Ulan's quivering corse!

The Shepherd and the King.

(A Tale.)

In good old times, not in these sinful days,
(Folks then were vastly better, as I've
heard)

A shepherd's flock did much a king amaze,
They were so fat and sleek, and nicely
shear'd;

So num'rous, too, and healthy were their
lambs,

Kill'd and cut up, how would they grace
the spit!

In shoulders, legs, and loins, they and their
dams

Seem'd so delightfully for eating fit!

The sage king, having ponder'd, wav'd his
hand;

A hundred courtiers, when he beckon'd
flew,

And humbly begg'd to bear his high com-
mand,

That they might show how much to majes-
ty is due.

The king bade them remark the well-fed
flock!

"Go! tell the shepherd he must come to
court."

They heard amaz'd, as mute as fish call'd
stock!

The wink went round—"His majesty's in
sport."

They went, but, when they durst, they
laugh'd aloud;

On countenance of each there sat a sneer:
They call'd the shepherd—"Fellow! don't

be proud,

But come to court."—"How! I at court
appear.

To court he goes, is honour'd by the king ;
Plain sense and honesty are all his know-
ledge ;

His acts of justice thro' the country ring,
Much more, mayhap, than had he come
from college.

A good old hermit, erst the shepherd's friend,
Who heard these things, alarm'd more than
amaz'd,

Tho' age had made his weary body bend,
Hasten'd to warn the man the king had
rais'd.

His former shepherd comrade soon he sees,
Encircled by court tribes of parasites,
Who worship basking in the summer breeze
The favour'd sage, in whom the king de-
lights.

"What do I see?" he cried: "Is it a
dream?

Can you, a man of sense, in courts confide?
Have you, altho' the waters flowing seem,
No apprehension of the turning tide?

"I've seen it change and ebb, alas! too oft!"
'Twas thus the hermit spoke, but spoke in
vain:

At fears like these the vizier-shepherd
scoff'd.

The hermit friend continu'd thus his
strain.

"Have you the mute forgot? the silken
cord?

The bow-string? You! a man reputed
wise!

Why let your life depend upon a word?
On danger, when so great, why shut your
eyes?

"You're the blind traveller, whose whip was
lost,

And, groping for it, up a serpent took,
Harmless at first, because benumb'd by
frost;

The blind man at his danger could not look.

"Warn'd by a passenger, he did but laugh:
He wants it for himself, a cunning hound,
The blind man thought; but I'm too wise by
half

To cast away the good thing I have found!

"Like this blind man, should you retain your
treasure,

And cherish serpents, warm them with
your breath,

Just at the moment when, secure in pleasure,
You hug them to your heart, they'll sting
to death."

"I know they may," secure, his friend re-
plied;

"Yet fear them not: mankind, oh, let them
serve!

Oh, be that true ambition not denied!
I'll face the death which I shall not de-
serve."

In vain the hermit talk'd of turmoils, cares,
The restless day, the sleepless night, of
state;

Your virtuous zealot always danger dares,
To foolish martyrdom he braves his fate.

Yes, yes, the man was virtuous. How might
he,

Honest, yet first in office, be endur'd?
Whispers, cabals, and calumnies agree,
The public wrongs can be but one way
cur'd.

Whispers, cabals, and calumnies prevail;
The king defends his favourite with
pride;

But land and palaces all tell a tale,
Say they, too public much to be denied.

How, lands and palaces?—So says report,
Strict search was made, no palaces were
found.

Away base minions! why to lies resort?
Ah, sire! not so! he builds them under
ground.

What mean you know? why with such envy
sneer?

We mean his strong box, and its rich con-
tents.

His strong box?—Yes, his strong box,—
bring it here.

Sire, by the groans of men that box aug-
ments.

With joy they fly to execute their task,
On ceremony now they do not stand,
Nor use soft language, nor permission ask,
They do but execute the king's command.

Your secret sins will now be brought to light,
Come, sir, your hoards! your treasures!
where are they?

Your guilt is visible: we see your fright;
Your strong box, and its key! quick, quick,
obey!

The monarch comes, much fruitless search
is made

Thro' private room, and door with double
lock;

In vain all eyes do ev'ry hole pervade;
Th' accused appears to stand firm as a rock.

At last, as 'twere by chance hopeless al-
most,

Garrets to search one cunning wight pro-
pos'd:

A coffer there was found—the key was lost;
Strong proof of guilt, which soon would be
disclos'd.

The monarch bit his lips, as monarchs do
When they are angry. So vile slave!

Are you at last discover'd? All is true!
How have you dar'd thus far my wrath to
brave?

The vizier-shepherd answer'd, and 'tis said
That as he spoke he wip'd away a tear:
"In sorrow, sire, I bend my guilty head,
And never was repentance more sincere.

"Peaceful I fed my flocks; they prosper'd
well;
And, while they graz'd, no care disturb'd
my breast:
That coffer now contains what best will tell
Why I have sacrific'd my peace and rest.

"Then break it open; let me stand con-
demn'd,
From your strict justice I make no appeal:
I yield to torrents, which cannot be stemm'd,
There lies the treasure, which my woes
will heal."

Hammer was brought; up flew the lid. Be-
hold!
Nor gold, nor diamonds lay expos'd to
view;
But shepherd jacket, rightly 'twas call'd old;
With clouted shoes, darn'd stockings, far
from new.

"There lies my wealth; there lies my sinful
store,
"There lies the whole that simple men re-
quire;
There lies what nature wants: I ask no
more,
There lies warm honesty: why more de-
sire?

"Thanks to my king; to courts farewell, for
ever!
To quit their purlieus solemnly I vow!
Shall I again change peace for grandeur?
never!
Farewel, my enemies! be happy now!"

The Happy Pair; or, both of one Mind.

Who says my lord and lady disagree?
A pair more like in all things cannot be.
My lord will often curse the marriage chain;
My lady wishes it unloos'd again.
Ever with rakes, my lord is ne'er at home:
Ever engag'd, my lady likes his room.
He swears his boy is not his real son;
My lady thinks it is not all his own.
He'll have a sep'rate bed;—'Tis her desire;
Sheets warm'd, bed made, the smiling pair
retire:
The cause, tho' hidden, yet the same their
want;
He sends for miss, and she for her gallant.
If union, then, makes bless'd the marriage
life,
The same the husband, and the same the
wife;
If in two breasts one mind gives joy sincere,
What two more happy than this happy pair?

The Best of Wives.

(A Favorite Comic Recitation.)

A man had once a vicious wife,
(A most uncommon thing in life);
His days and nights were spent in strife
Unceasing.

Her tongue went glibly all day long,
Sweet contradiction still her song,
And all the poor man did was wrong,
And ill done.

A truce without doors or within,
From speeches long as statesmen spin,
Or rest from her eternal din,
He found not.

He ev'ry soothing art display'd,
Tried of what stuff her skin was made;
Failing in all, to Heav'n he pray'd
To take her.

Once walking by a river's side,
In mournful terms, "My dear," he cried,
"No more let feuds our peace divide;
I'll end them.

"Weary of life, and quite resign'd,
To drown I have made up my mind,
So tie my hands as fast behind
As can be;

"Or Nature may assert his reign,
My arms assist, my will restrain,
And, swimming, I once more regain
My troubles."

With eager haste the dame complies,
While joy stands glist'ning in her eyes,
Already in her thoughts he dies
Before her.

"Yet, when I view the rolling tide,
Nature revolts," he said; "beside,
I would not be a suicide,
And die thus:

"It would be better far, I think,
While close I stand upon the brink,
You push me in—nay, never shrink,
But do it!

To give the blow the more effect,
Some twenty yards she ran direct,
And did what she could least expect,
She should do:

He slips aside, himself to save;
So souse she dashes in the wave,
And gave what ne'er before she gave—
Much pleasure.

"Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried.
"Thou best of wives!" the man replied,
"I would—but you my hands have tied:
God help ye!"

Tommy Dalmahoy.

(A Pathetic Tale.)

There lived, within the Isle of Man,
In comfort, in content, and joy;
Where all live happy, if they can,
Mister and Mistress Delmahoy.

One little son, four years ago,
 Bless'd this fond pair (as we are told);
 So Tommy Dalmahoy, you know,
 We may imagine four years old.

When from his maid he chanc'd to stray,
 Who cried, 'Come back, you naughty boy;'
 But, ah! the soot king stole away,
 Poor little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Now Dolly did not dare go home;
 So, having run about all day;
 Still vainly seeking little Tom,
 At night she wisely—ran away.

That night poor Mistress Dalmahoy,
 All restless lay, no sleep had she,
 For thinking of her little boy,
 And of her servant, Dolly Dee.

Next day (as vain was every plan,
 These anxious parents could employ),
 Resolv'd to quit the Isle of Man,
 Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.

'You know,' said she, 'my cousin Brown,
 A widow lives at Pentonville;
 Let us go live at Somers'-town.'
 Said Dalmahoy, 'My love, we will.'

They gain'd the land by easy sail:
 Of time they would not risk the loss;
 So took two places in the mail,
 Which brought them safe to Charing-cross.

Now be it known, that Dolly Dee,
 The very day she came to town;
 As lucky as a girl could be,
 Engag'd herself to Mistress Brown.

This lady seldom was provok'd,
 (And thus her health and temper kept);
 But when her parlour chimney smok'd,
 And then—she vow'd it should be swept.

This was the case one winter's day:
 The little freezing sweep appears;
 His hands for mercy seem to pray,
 His eyes distilling *jetty* tears.

The maid exclaim'd—'Ah! can it be!'
 He clasp'd her neck with eager joy;
 And many kisses Dolly Dee,
 Gave little Tommy Dalmahoy.

Quite angry enter'd Mistress Brown,
 Who vow'd the maid should lose her place;
 She, from her chamber coming down,
 Saw Dolly and the sweep embrace.

Of virtue, prudence, moral laws,
 She prattled till her tongue was weak:
 The maid did not reply, because
 Her heart was full—she could not speak.

At length she ceas'd, and in a chair,
 Exhausted sunk in silent grief;
 The maid then told the whole affair,
 And gave her careful mind relief.

She cried (still trembling from her fright),
 'I see, dear Dolly, I've been wrong;
 But as you knew that you were right,
 Why did you let me scold so long?'

A thoughtful bead had Mrs. Brown,
 And form'd her plans with prudent skill;
 So sent a note to Somers-town,
 (Five minutes walk from Pentonville).

'To-night, to take a cup of tea,
 And then at cards an hour employ,
 Will Mistress Brown be glad to see,
 Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.'

Now by the time that Dolly Dee,
 Had wash'd and comb'd poor little Tom;
 A note, as short as note could be,
 Arriv'd, to say, 'they both would come.'

* * * * *

Now tarts and sandwiches appear'd:
 But what they were I must conceal,
 Because I have not truly heard,
 If they were ham, or beef, or veal.

A dish was plac'd at either end,
 And, in the middle, stood between
 (Nor guess'd they what it might portend)
 A wide and monstrous soup-tureen.

The guests in wild amazement gaz'd,
 But soon their wonder turn'd to joy;
 When Mistress Brown the cover rais'd,
 Upstart'd—Tommy Dalmahoy.

His father star'd—his mother shriek'd,
 And, from her seat she tumbling down
 In strong hysterics, laugh'd and squeak'd,
 Which quite alarm'd poor Mistress Brown.

The fit was o'er—she wip'd her eyes;
 Tom, jumping out, soon found a chair;
 Cried Mistress Brown, 'To supper rise,
 And I'll relate the whole affair.'

The guests now each, with face serene,
 The sandwiches began to munch;
 And Dolly mov'd the soup-tureen,
 And brought instead a bowl of punch.

They ate and drank, with much delight,
 Till twelve o'clock, so great their joy;
 And then said Mistress Brown, 'Good-night,
 Mister and Mistress Dalmahoy.'

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ROMANO THE MONK.

(A Scene from an unpublished Drama, by E. P. Delmar, Author of the "Boar," &c. &c.)

SCENE—*The Chancel of an Abbey, Madeline Voldurosa and the Monk Romano discovered.*

Mad. Holy father why dost thou lead me to this dreary and unearthly spot, at this lone hour? I pray thee return, thou toldest me I should meet Don Julian. I fear me thou hast played me false; if so, remember monk, there are other eyes watching thy every movement, who will not fail to avenge thee—

Rom. Peace, babbling girl! I have no time to bandy words. I'll tell thee the purpose of our midnight errand; what, thinkest thou, I led thee hither to minister to thy pleasure? No, girl! 'tis to gratify my own passion—the passion which has absorbed all my faculties—all my energies—that of "Revenge!" deep and deadly revenge!

Mad. Holy mother of God! have I then been betrayed? What dost thou mean? I have never harmed thee, why shouldst thou seek my life? Ah! thy fiendish gaze almost annihilates me. Julian!—mother!—lost—gone.

Rom. Thy cries for succour are useless, girl—thou knowest not the distance we are from the busy haunt of man; or wert thou heard, none would dare approach this place, thou art now in the *Abbey of St. Lauroa*!

Mad. Horror! this place supposed to be haunted; but I will not shrink, no, villain as thou art, I fear thee not.

Rom. The night draws on a pace—I have
No 23.

not much time—the morning sun must light upon thy corpse—the morning air may breathe a balmy freshness but not for thee, girl! this night's darkness—this flickering lamp, and these features; mark them well, girl! these are the last thou shalt ever gaze upon. Why dost thou shudder, girl? listen to my story: I will tell thee all this labouring bosom has so long concealed. I will tell thee why, at this late hour, I have sought this midnight conference. Thou knowest girl, I have long been looked upon by the beings of this world as a holy reverential man, one of the chosen of heaven; but listen, and thou shalt judge of my goodness, of my virtues, but thou must brace thy nerves with unnatural strength, or thou wilt shrink from the encounter. Thinkest thou, thou canst undergo the ordeal? What! no answer. Well, then, to begin: In the fastnesses of the mountains, on the spot on which I was born, I had been brought up from my infancy to follow the chase, and hunt the wild chamois. There, girl, in my wild uncultivated state, I was happy—every enjoyment my native home produced was within my acceptance—the beings by whom I was surrounded knew and loved me—I was at every meeting, every counsel—they looked up to me as a wonder—the old men would shake me by the hand, and bless me whene'er they met me—there was not a girl but would have been proud of my love; but that was irrecoverably, and, alas! unfortunately fixed. She whose soul, whose exist-

ence was twined with mine, whose image cheered me in the chace, who was my partner in the dance, the companion of my nightly walks—she whose happiness was dearer to me than life itself, I was about to wed—she returned my love as pure and holy as were her sentiments—it wanted but one short month; I had walked with her, and we had decided that that day month should be our bridal day. I had scarcely pressed my lips to her's upon the blissful assurance, than we were startled by the rapid approach of a wild chamois. I had not my gun; I saw him bounding forward with wild impetuosity, evidently mad with a wound. We stood within a narrow passage, cut out of the rock, which overhung a deep abyss. It was a moment of terrible trial; the stoutest heart might have shrunk from the danger which menaced us. The animal, and a huge one, came forward with the speed of lightning—my bride clung convulsively to my arm—we were on the brink of a terrible death—another moment we should have been dashed to atoms in the yawning gulph. My presence of mind returned; I exerted myself—I shouted with all my strength—that saved us—the affrighted animal took another direction, which, from my experience and knowledge of the mountains, I knew led to a gulph as deep or deeper than that near us. I looked towards the end, expecting to see the animal tumble headlong down the precipice. What was my horror, my astonishment, to behold a man of noble stature and appearance standing enjoying the sublimity of the scenery, evidently quite unconscious of the danger which threatened his instant destruction. I stood but a moment—tearing myself from the arms of my scarcely recovered bride, I rushed forward with desperation—it was but a moment's work. I seized him in my sinewy grasp, held him up in the air; the next instant the chamois disappeared in the gulph below, and we were safe; yes, girl, safe. Would that I had cast him in the unfathomable depth—would that he had followed the wild animal from which I rescued him; it would have saved him and me ages of torture and despair; but no! he was the prime minister of hell, come to work my ruin, come to gnaw upon my very vitals, like the poisonous viper—the villain, he of whom I speak, was thy FATHER, girl, Reginald Voldurosa!

Mad. Avaunt, monster, it's false as the hell from which ye sprung; thou art a base recreant villain, who would think my ears so credulous as to believe thee.

Rom. Girl, what I tell thee is true; but listen. Thy father was profuse in his thanks, equally so with his gold; we wanted neither, but we conjured him to stay and witness our marriage ceremony. He *did* stay, girl, and, villain as he was, he used his time to effect a treacherous deed. The intervening time between the day fixed for my bridal soon

flew past, and in my joy at the event, I did not notice the frequent dejection of my bride. The day at length came, it was in the month of June, as lovely a morn as ever broke forth; the air was hot and sultry, but a gentle breath of wind, sweet as a zephyr, fanned my fevered cheek with a refreshing balm; the trees began to cast their lengthened shadows on the earth, still sparkling with the dew of morn; the tops of the mountains had already become tinted with gold; the birds wheeled their flight through the air, circles closer to the earth—the chime of the bell announced my nuptial morn—all was joy—the many and oft repeated greetings of wished for bliss were passed over in silence—my heart was nigh unto bursting with joy—I could not speak—I flew to the house of my bride—judge my feelings—she was gone no one knew whither—all was consternation, but a letter found upon her table revealed the fatal truth—she had gone—fled with de Voldurosa. I hurried from the house, bent my steps towards my own door in moody thoughtfulness—I entered my solitary and dreary mansion an altered man—I threw myself down upon that couch from which I had risen the too happy and confiding mortal—I meditated upon my future plan—I thought of nothing but vengeance, deep vengeance, and listen, girl, how I secured it. I left my native land, and taking with me all I possessed, I sought the mansion of Voldurosa, and soon came within sight of it. It was now three weeks since I had lost my intended bride, when one day, standing gazing on the walls of Voldurosa, I saw a female issue forth; I thought upon her whom I sought—she neared me closer and closer. Judge my horror to find her in this wretched mortal, despoiled of all save life. She no sooner saw me than, uttering a piercing shriek, she fell senseless, never to arise again. My knife leaped from its sheath, and the next moment was sheathed within her heart. I dipped my handkerchief in her heart's blood, and swore to mingle the villain's with it. How I kept my oath, you shall hear. In the garb of a priest, I immured myself within a convent's walls; there I abstained from food, and inflicted that punishment on my frame which soon procured me the appellation of the most holy monk in the community. In my frequent journeys to the castle, I used to enter this chapel, there to brood over my bitter wrongs, and chance at last discovered this recess, the walls of which are so massy, and so close, as scarcely to permit the least sound to escape. (*Opens a concealed door, within which is a grave, and a skeleton hand projecting out, supporting a small lamp.*) This, girl, is thy father's sepulchre, that lamp is fed by—no matter—By an easy matter I induced him to enter, and no sooner had he passed the threshold, than I closed the door upon him for ever—he never

came forth. Immured in this recess, he experienced the gnawing pangs of hunger, and the still more excruciating pains of thirst, for three nights and three days. I revelled in his piercing shrieks and cries for mercy. At the end of the third day I fed him, but with such food as made the torturous pangs of thirst more dreadful; his cries sunk in hollow groans; they sounded in my ears at night with horrible joy. The last night he lived I slept in this place, and dreamed I was standing by the altar with my chosen bride. Thy father entered, and I had scarce pressed her to my bosom, than at a given signal thy father's vassals rushed, and, notwithstanding all my efforts, tore her from my embrace. In my agony I awoke, started up, rushed into thy father's cell, and, with this rope, which I have worn ever since, and which forms part of my monk's habit, I twisted it round his throat. Though weakened by want, he still struggled for life; I dashed him to the earth, declared my name, still he struggled. I caught him by the throat, uttering curses on his villainy, nor loosened my grasp till he fell a blackened corse from my unnerved clutch—then my pent up feelings gave way—my frame dilated under the struggle of my imprisoned feelings; I shouted and laughed in the excess of my joy—my revenge was sated—it was nobly planned, and still more nobly executed.

Mad. Villain! monster! is there no one here to aid me? Julian! Julian! where art thou?

(Julian rushes forward.)

Julian. Here, beloved of my soul, to thy rescue; what, oh! within here?

The Drunken Snob.

(Original, by J. A. Hawkins.)

Hal was a snob, and although poor,
Was very fond of drinking,
A man one day knock'd at his door
While he was busy thinking,
How he could raise the cash
With which to cut a dash.

When he had ope'd the door quite wide,
In crept a man with knowing grin,
Whose name I've heard was squire Hyde;
He was a man who thought it no sin,
To have a little fun with one,
He knew could be so easy done.

The squire had oft been told,
By many in the town,
That Hal, for drink, had sold
Every thing he once could own.
And he had taken upon himself,
The task of curing the drinking elf.

For which purpose he invited him unto his house.

Hal quite pleased with the invitation,
Set off with the squire as quiet as a mouse,
Not doubting he should have a good jollification;
And as he knew the squire had a plenty,
He determined to drink his cellar empty.

At length, in the parlour seated at the table,
With plenty of good liquor before him,
To drink which our hero was quite able;
In fact it seldom happen'd grog did bore him.
He was not only able, but likewise willing,
Of drink to have a regular good swilling.

Hal, blessing the good stars,
That brought the squire to his hut,
In drink forgot the noisy wars,
Which at home was his sad lot
To endure from his wife,
Who teased him every hour of his life.

For his wife she was a very shrew,
And although fond of drink, the elf,
Swore she could not make his money do,
If he kept any for himself.
And, though it may seem rather funny,
They were always quarrelling about the money.

At length Hal got so beastly drunk,
That he could neither sit or stand.
In trying to get up, on the floor he sunk,
And to his aching head he could not raise his hand.
Yet the squire, to make his victim sure,
Down his throat poured one glass more.

The squire having some burning oil,
And finding every thing to his desire,
A pair of eyes made him of red foil,
In order to complete him as a skeleton of fire.

The squire had in a room prepared
Looking glasses, from the ceiling to the ground,
So that any object which in the room appeared,
Was reflected in countless numbers round.
'Twas in this room they shut poor Hal,
Knowing the sight would him appal.

When Hal had got a little better of the drink,
He look'd with wonder on the sight that met his view;
And where he was, for the soul of him he could not think,
For of fiery skeletons there seem'd not a few.
At last he thought full well,
He must surely be in hell.

When this thought flash'd across his brain,
 He fell full length upon the floor,
 And bellowed with all his might and main,
 For mercy, swearing he would drink no
 more.
 And 'tis true I have heard many say,
 He never tasted gin since that unlucky
 day.

Geehale: An Indian Lament.

The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
 As sweetly and gaily as ever before;
 For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can
 hie,
 And the dear little brood she is teaching to
 fly.
 The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
 And reflects o'er our mountain as beamy a
 light,
 As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
 When my skies were the bluest, my dreams
 were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the
 night,
 Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
 And they spring with a free and a sorrowless
 track,
 For they know that their mates are expecting
 them back.
 Each bird, and each beast, it is blessed in
 degree—
 All nature is cheerful, all happy but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
 I will paint me with black, and will sever my
 hair;
 I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane
 blows,
 And reveal to the God of the tempest my
 woes:
 I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
 For my kindred are gone to the hills of the
 dead;
 But they died not by hunger, or lingering
 decay—
 The steel of the white man has swept them
 away.

The snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
 I will toss with disdain to the storm-beaten
 shore:
 Its charms I no longer obey or invoke;
 Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
 I will raise up my voice to the source of the
 light;
 I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at
 night,
 I will speak to the spirits that whisper in
 leaves,
 And that minister balm to the bosom that
 grieves;
 And will take a new Manito—such as shall
 seem
 To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
 And tears shall no longer gush salt from my
 eyes;
 I shall wash from my face every cloud-
 coloured stain;
 Red—red shall alone on my visage remain!
 I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak-
 bow;
 By night and by day I will follow the foe;
 Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains,
 nor snows;—
 His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was
 black:
 I heard not their coming, I knew not their
 track;
 But I saw, by the light of their blazing fu-
 sees,
 They were people engender'd beyond the big
 seas:
 My wife and my children—O, spare me the
 tale!—
 For who is there left, that is kin to Gee-
 hale!"

The Lament of Toby the Learned Pig.

(Written by T. Hood, Esq.)

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.'—POPE.

O, heavy day! oh day of woe!
 To misery a poster;
 Why was I ever farrow'd—why
 Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
 Must dance to fortune's fiddlings;
 But must I give the classics up
 For barley meal and middlings?

Of what avail, that I could spell,
 And read, just like my betters?
 If I must come to this at last,
 To *litters*, not to *letters*!

O! why are pigs made scholars of?
 It baffles my discerning;
 What griskins, fry, and chitlings
 Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,
 But public fame's unstable;
 So I must turn a pig again,
 And fatten on the table.

To leave my literary line
 My eyes get red and leaky;
 But Giblett does not want me, *blue*,
 But red and white, and *streaky*!

Old Mullins used to cultivate
 My learning like a gard'ner;
 But Giblett only thinks of lard
 And not of Doctor *Lardner*!

He does not care about my brain,
The value of two coppers;
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin,
A farewell must be taken;
Good bye to the poetic *Hogg*,
The philosophic *Bacon*!

Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I loved,
Will be chopp'd up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souse me like a salmon;
My mathematics turn'd to brawn,
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten!
My Greek it will go all to *grease*,
The dogs will have my Latin.

Farewell to Oxford! and to Bliss!
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop;
I now must be content with chats,
Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to 'Town!' farewell to 'Gown!'
I've quite outgrown the latter;
Instead of trencher-cap, my head
Will soon be in a platter!

O! why did I at Brazen-Nose,
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read—will kill
A pig that's been to college.

For sorrow I could stick myself,
But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man,
In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask—when I am dead,
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is—let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches!

'Twas he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or miss'd 'em;
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,
According to *Bell's* system!

Quaker and Priests.

(An Original Recitation by J. Burton.)

A Quaker on travel, as I have heard say,
Near the borders of famed London town,
Stepp'd into a tavern his hunger to stay,
And quietly sat himself down.

Now in this same tavern there chanced for to
be

A number of Priests met to chat,
So they toasted the Quaker, made rather too
free,
And they laughed at the brim of his hat.

Full frequent they urged him to give them a
toast,

Which as frequent he meekly denied;
At length they resolved they would not be
cross,

So then the poor Quaker complied.

My toast shall be this, and yet I am loath,
So he fill'd up his glass to the top:
May the slugs of the earth never dare to
creep forth,
To devour the tenth part of our crop.

The Outlaw's Dying Words!

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr.
T. Prest.)

'Twas Rodolph, the outlaw fierce and bold,
Who unto death lay ill;
And call'd to him his youthful son,
And thus he spake his will!

'Boy!—'tis all o'er—my life is run,
Faint burns its flickering flame;
But still are Rodolph's wrongs his thought,
His vengeance still the same!

The grave is yawning at my feet,
And all is dark despair;
But I could die with extacy,
Were Osric sleeping there.

Now hark ye, boy, nor disobey
Thy parent's just decree;
Or endless torments be thy fate,
And curses follow thee!

Now mark the bandit's dying words,
But mind—before I go;
Though I'm a wretch—a brother's guilt
It was that made me so!

I knew not that life's verdant path
With mis'ry's thorns was spread;
I knew not what it was to rob—
Or human blood to shed!

I knew not what it was to cause
The tear on beauty's cheek;
I knew not how to rack the mind
Or human heart to break!

I knew not what it was to wrong
My fellow of his right;
I knew not parent's heart to rend,
Or youthful joy to blight.

I knew not once—I dreaded once
The hypocrite to be;
I knew not what it was to sin
'Til Osric taught it me!

My days were but one round of bliss,
 My path—a path of flowers,
 'Til a brother's fiendish temptings
 Made me yield to guilty powers!

Yes—Osric—my brother—was the wretch
 Who wrought me shame and grief;
 And now he's lord of Roland's tower,
 And I a robber chief.

To suit his views I stoop'd to vice,
 Stern justice mark'd my fate;
 An outlaw I became—while he
 Still reigns in pomp and state!

But think ye I have tamely brook'd
 The villain's treacherous deeds;
 Ah no!—a demon gnaws my heart,
 Revenge my passion feeds!

Deceit hath steel'd that wretched breast,
 Where once content did dwell;
 A brother's guilt hath changed this heart,
 His mind hath form'd this hell.

Oh, I have watch'd in midnight gloom,
 His coming on the strand,
 With murder raging in my mind,
 And dagger in mine hand!

And I have panted—thirsted—pray'd—
 And long'd with fiendish mirth—
 To drink curs'd Osric's blood—altho'
 One mother gave us birth!

'Tis an awful thing indeed
 On deeds like this to brood;
 That brother ever should have cause
 To thirst for brother's blood!

But boy—'tis I have brooded thus,
 And 'tis I that broods so still;
 For fate ne'er bless'd my dread desires,
 Ne'er yielded to my will.

The deed is left for thee, my boy,
 Revenge must be thy food!
 Thy father's wrongs must be erased,
 Wash'd out alone with blood!

Here, take this dagger—mind my word,
 Let Osric's blood be shed;
 Or, may a father's bitter curse,
 Descend upon thine head!"

Thus spoke the dying robber chief,
 And from a glittering sheath—
 Drew forth a poignard—kiss'd his son,
 And yielded up to death!

But, say, did Rodolph's son obey
 The mandate of his sire,
 And did his youthful vengeance burn,
 With all his father's fire?

It did—he sought out Osric's Lord,
 He watch'd him soon and late;
 'Til in his heart's blood he'd avenged,
 His parents' awful fate!

The Strolling Player.

(A Tale.)

A strolling player, as story tells,
 If truth in modern story dwells,
 Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
 Hard by an honest farmer's gate;
 And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
 Who heard the beating of the drum:
 For country actors round about,
 Whene'er their cash and credit's out,
 Or when his worship shall determine
 To drive them out, like other vermin,
 When some poor youth, who fain would sup,
 For sixpence takes the drum-stick up,
 And gladly rambles up and down,
 To beat the play through half the town;
 And oft this man, by hunger prest,
 Is better paid than all the rest—
 But as our present mouth-piece stood,
 And curdled ev'ry rustic's blood,
 Exerted all his might and pow'r,
 On Henry's murder in the Tower;
 How Glo'ster basely took his life,
 And after marri'd Edward's wife,
 Then quickly stopp'd his nephew's breath,
 By vilely stifling them to death.
 With many other horrid crimes,
 Whose mention shocks the latest times!
 Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
 And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field.
 The honest farmer, sighing, said,
 "What ways there are of getting bread.
 I dare say, friend, you'd think it hard
 To work in any farmer's yard,
 Yet tell me, though you speak so fine,
 Whose trade is better, yours or mine?
 Is any fellow in your station
 Of half our value to the nation?
 And yet at us you toss your nose,
 Whene'er you get a rag of clothes;
 With saucy jests presume to flout us.
 Altho' you could not eat without us,
 In London I have seen the players
 In better waistcoats than our mayors;
 Nay, I declare it on my word,
 I've seen an actor wear a sword;
 And not a creature in the town,
 Would ever knock the fellow down,
 Altho' the puppy had began
 To think himself a gentleman:
 When but the very summer after,
 (I scarce can mention it for laughter)
 He came among the country boors,
 And beat just such a drum as yours:
 'What can you say?' the farmer cried,
 When thus our orator replied:—
 'Sir, if my word you'll please to trust,
 I own your censure often just:
 Experience ev'ry day declares
 The foolish pride of many play'rs;
 And some, perhaps, but let that rest,
 Whose lives are not the very best;
 But tho' this truth on some may fall,
 The censure ne'er can reach to all.
 A rascal, howsoever drawn,
 Had been a rascal clad in lawn;

And worth will ev'ry eye engage,
 Tho' fortune place it on the stage.
 Professions, sir, you never find
 Have chang'd the temper of the mind;
 And if a man, genteely bred,
 A faultless life has ever led,
 Why with your censure wish to blame
 The merit justice would proclaim?
 I need not say what native fires,
 Or judgment, such a life requires:
 A truth like this I need not smother,
 They're higher much than any other:
 And if sometimes we meet with losses,
 (All men are liable to crosses)
 Why is an actor's made a jest,
 When pity smiles on all the rest?
 Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
 You, sir, had work'd about the town,
 Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
 Without a sixpence in your purse.
 Here paus'd the youth, the farmer turn'd,
 Whose breast with true good nature burn'd,
 'Of all thy trade, I ne'er espied
 A man possess so little pride:
 I ask thy pardon, honest youth,
 Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth;
 And while with us you choose to stay,
 I beg thou'lt see me ev'ry day;
 Nor blush if e'er thou art distressed,
 To be an honest farmer's guest.
 A man I dare be sworn thou art,
 Blest with a very noble heart.
 And hark'ee—nay—but this way stand,
 Here, take a guinea in thy hand;
 Had I been in thy place, I see,
 You would have acted just like me.'

The Lady's Lap-dog and the Coachman.

(A favorite Recitation.)

Chloe, a fav'rite of a rich old dame,
 Was vastly delicate in all her frame,
 Could put down naught at last but nice tit
 bits;
 Nay oft, with much solicitation too,
 Her mistress was oblig'd to kiss and woo,
 For fear poor tender Chloe might have fits.

Fat was our Chloe—like a ball of grease;
 So round a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece:
 Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
 And sleep o'er Chloe's eye-lids did prevail,
 'Twas very, very difficult to say
 Which was her head indeed, and which
 her tail.

At length it came to pass, that Chlo
 Did sullenness and sickness show;
 So heavy, leaving off her wanton capers;
 Gap'd stretch'd and lethargy she likewise
 shew'd;
 Was sick at stomach, (nay, I dare say,
 s—d!)
 And seem'd, poor dog, afflicted with the
 vapours.

My lady took her pining to her arms,
 Hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, full of sad alarms,
 Fearing her poor little soul would die:
 Chloe was all stupidity and lumpish,
 Scarce lick'd her hand—so sullen and so
 mumpish,
 Nor scarcely rais'd the white of either
 eye.

The coachman's call'd. "O, Jehu, Chloe's
 ill—

Quite lost her appetite; she has no will
 To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing.
 Jehu, what can the matter be—d'ye know?"
 "I think, my lady, I could cure Miss Chlo."
 "Dear Jehu, what delicious news you
 bring!

Take her, then—take her, Jehu, to your
 room,
 And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
 And get her pretty appetite again."
 "O good, my lady, never, never fear;
 I understand her case—'tis very clear;
 By Heav'n's assistance, I sha'n't work in
 vain."

Now to his room the coachman bore Miss
 Bitch,
 Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
 To go with Jehu; still he bears her on;
 Arriv'd, kind Jehu offers her a bone.

Miss Chloe in a passion seeks the door;
 In vain—'tis shut; she lays her on the floor,
 And whines—gets up, all restless—looks
 about—

Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears,
 So pleas'd and nimble at each sound she
 hears,

In hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

Chloe, like lightning, no resolves to pass,
 Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of
 glass,

And, by a leap, no more in prison groan;
 But, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,
 Nay, break her neck, by chamber-window
 hops,

Chloe most wisely let the leap alone.

Jehu now offer'd her a piece of liver,

"Chloe, do you love liver?" Jehu said.

"The devil take," she seem'd to say, the
 giver,"

So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her
 head.

"Well, Chloe, well—heav'n mend your
 proud digestion!

To-morrow I shall ask you the same ques-
 tion."

The morrow, (ah! a sulky morrow) came:
 Chloe scarce slept a wink all night,
 Whining and groaning, longing much to bite,
 Calling in vain upon the lady's name.

"Well, Chloe, can you take your liver?"—

"No;

No, thank ye, Jehu."—"Leave it, pretty
 Chloe."

The day pass'd on—no eating not a crumb.
Miss Chloe crawl'd about the room, so sad,
Sulky, and disappointed, angry, mad;
Now moaning, now upon her rump so
dumb;
At times around on barb'rous Jehu squint-
ing;
Such looks! not much good-will to Jehu
hinting.

Another morning came—a liver meal.
"Chloe, how stands your stomach? how
d'ye feel?"

"Jehu, I will not eat."—Jehu goes out.
What does Miss Chloe? With a nimble pace,
Runs to the liver, without saying grace,
Gobbling away, with appetite so stout.

For now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,
And, not half satisfied she lick'd the dish!
Jehu returns, and smiles—Chloe grows good,
Takes civilly a slice of musty bread,
Rejects from Jehu's hand no kind of food,
Glad on the rind of Cheshire to be fed.

Jehu with Chloe to my lady goes,
And triumphing, his little patient shows,
Not discovering the rough mode of cure—
Jehu had lost his place, then, to be sure.

My lady presses Chloe to her breast,
Half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest
To see her fav'rite Chloe's chang'd condi-
tion.

"Thank ye, good Jehu—Heav'n's, what skill
is in ye!"

Then into Jehu's hand she slips a guinea;
And Jehu's thought a very fine physician.

On Bribery.

A poor man once a judge besought
To judge aright his cause,
And with a pot of oil salutes
This judger of the laws.
'My friend,' quoth he, 'thy cause is good.'
He glad away did trudge;
Anon his wealthy foe did come
Before this partial judge.
A hog, well fed, this churl presents,
And craves a strain of law:
The hog receiv'd, the poor man's right
Was judg'd not worth a straw.
Therewith he cried, 'O! partial judge,
Thy doom has me undone;
When oil I gave, my cause was good,
But now to ruin run.'

'Poor man,' quoth he, 'I thee forgot,
And see thy cause of foil;
A hog came since into my house,
And broke thy pot of oil.'

Justification.

(A Rural Tale.)

A Farmer once, who wanted much
A sturdy husbandman;
And one, well qualified as such,
To suit his thrifty plan:

One who was sparing at his meat,
And sparing in his drink;
And, daily task-work to complete,
Would never flinch or shrink:

Induc'd a clodpole to apply,
Commended by a neighbour,
As "never hungry, never dry,
Nor ever tir'd of labour!"

But soon, when hir'd, and set to work,
He prov'd, to crown the bam,
And lazy as a cross-legg'd Turk,
Yet, turkey-like, he'd cram!"

For bacon-rack was quickly shrunk,
So well he'd fill his dish;
And soon the cellar's stock was sunk,
He'd drink so like a fish!

Which made Old Squeezum rail and rave
Against his neighbour Muggs,
To bubble him, like a lying knave,
With three such d—d humbugs.

You "never hungry! ne'er athirst!
Of working never tir'd!"
I wish that both your skins had burst,
Ere such a pest I hir'd.

Hold, zur, says Hobnail, doant ye vly
In such a deadly twoddle;
If Measter Muggs have told a lie,
Then varily crack my noddle.

Vor I do never hungry be,
Before my guts I vill;
And drowth do never trouble me,
Before I gets a zwill;

And I did never work pursue,
Till tir'd or overheated:
Zo Measter Muggs have tould ye true,
And you have not been cheated.

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THE BATTLE.

(A favorite Recitation, Written and Recited by W. H. Freeman.)

Now with redoubled fury rag'd the fight,
The thund'ring cannon dealing death
around;
Many an eye is closed in endless night,
And dying heroes press the ensanguin'd
ground.

Here, among heaps of slain, unheeded lie
Many a husband, father, son, and friend,
No relative is near to close his eye,
Or from th' uplifted sword his head de-
fend.

Now through opposing armies rides a knight,
His proud plume streaming in the passing
blast;

He seeks his foe where thickest roars the
fight,
Dealing destruction as he rushes past.

His helm adorned with plume of sable dye,
Revenge, the motto borne upon his shield;
The lightnings flash from his indignant eye,
As with stern courage he surveys the field.

The opponents meet—what fury guides their
blows—

Sword against sword, — shield against
shield resound,

The rivets of the sable helm unclose,
And horse and rider tumble to the ground.

"Now yield thee, knight," his foe exulting
cries,

"My pris'ner, thou in chains shalt grace
my train;"

But he beholds St. Clyde again arise,
And dares him to the combat once again.
No. 24.

Think'st thou I'll yield, traitor! I still defy
Thee and thy threats; dismount, and thou
shalt feel,
That like a knight I am resolved to die,
Or pierce thy heart with my avenging
steel.

The stranger knight dismounts in dire de-
spite,
St. Clyde with lion heart springs on his
foe,
And with one mighty stroke, his falchion
bright
Cleaves his opponent's brazen helm in two.

The stranger's followers imbibe despair,
And "Brave Sir Reginald," they feebly
cry;
Whilst loudest acclamations rend the air,
And "Clyde, St. Clyde!" is shouted to the
sky.

But, ah! Sir Reginald has pierced his side,
And gash'd with scars he sinks upon the
ground
Breathless and fainting, whilst the crimson
tide
In torrents gushes from the gaping wound.

But see, the stranger's banner waves and
falls—

Now waves again—now falls to rise no
more;

The sight of this his daunted heart appals,
Forward he spurs, his honour to restore.

the dying man to rise again essay'd,
 He saw the pennon sink with bright'ning
 eye—
 Then o'er his head he waved his broken
 blade,
 And thrice he feebly shouted victory!
 Clos'd is that eye that lately beam'd so
 bright,
 And pale the visage that with ardour
 glowed;
 The shining star is set in cloudless night—
 The soul to heaven on wings of glory rode.
 Thou hadst no sable hearse,—no waving
 plume,
 No fun'ral knell for thy departure toll'd;
 Yet though no gorgeous marble marks thy
 tomb,
 Long shall thy deeds of chivalry be told.

The One-legged Goose.

(A celebrated Recitation, written by Mr.
 Planche.)

A wealthy gentleman in Hertfordshire,
 Not troubled with an overplus of brains,
 Like many a worthy country squire,
 Whose craniums give them very little
 pains,
 Liv'd quietly upon his own estate;
 He was a bachelor, but whether that
 Argues in favour of his understanding,
 Or militates against it, is a question
 That I would wish to have no hand in,
 But leave it to your cool digestion.
 He ne'er perplex'd his pate
 With the affairs of state,
 But led a calm, domesticated life,
 Far from the noise of town and party strife.
 He loved to smoke his pipe with jovial souls,
 Prided himself upon his skill at bowls,
 At which he left his neighbours in the
 lurch;
 On Sundays, too, he always went to church,
 (As should each penitential sinner)
 Took, during sermon-time, his usual snore,
 And gave his sixpence at the door,
 And then walk'd comfortably home to
 dinner.
 As there are many, I dare say,
 Who into such affairs have never look'd,
 I think I'd better mention, by the way,
 That dinners, ere they're *eat*en, should be
cook'd!
 At least our squire's were so, before he took
 'em.
 And consequently he'd a cook to cook 'em.
 Now, as I shall have work enough
 For this most gracious queen of kitchen-
 stuff,
 It may not be amiss to tell you, that
 (Of lusty beauty quite a master-piece)
 This modern Maid of *Fat*
 Surpass'd the famous ancient dames of
Greece.

Of course, then, she had lovers plenty—
 Aye, that she had, sir, nearly twenty!
 But none did she so doat upon
 As our squire's lusty gard'ner, John.
 It chanc'd one year, as almanacks can tell,
 St. Michael's day on Sunday fell;
 The squire, the night before, as was his use,
 Gave Peggy orders to procure a goose;
 Then went to church next morning cheerfully,
 And order'd dinner to be done by three.
 'Twas half-past two—the cloth was laid,
 Peggy the apple-sauce had made,
 The bird was done, and she for master
 wishing;
 When, lo! attracted by the luscious gale,
 And somewhat elevated with strong ale,
 John popp'd into the kitchen.

"What, cookee, got a goose! well, come
 that's nice,
 Faith, cookee, I should like to have a slice;
 And apple-sauce, too! there's a darling Peg,
 Do take a knife and cut me off a leg."
 "Cut off a leg? that would be pretty fun;
 What, serve it up to squire with only *one*?"
 "Aye, to be sure; why, master durstn't kill
 you;
 I'll cut it off."—"Adone, you fool! now will
 you?"

What arguments he used, I cannot say;
 But love, whose sceptre's all-commanding
 sway,
 Cookmaids, as well as countesses, obey;
 Ordain'd it so, that, spite of all her reason-
 ing,
 John stole the leg, with lots of sauce and
 seasoning.

Though Peg, poor wench, was rather vex'd
 At this unlook'd-for, sad disaster,
 She was not quite so much perplex'd
 As you may think; she had been used to
 gull
 The squire, and knew the thickness of his
 skull;
 And consequently this conclusion fell,
 They who could do a goose so well,
 Would not be troubled much to *do* her
 master.

Home came the squire, to the moment true,
 And rang for dinner in a hurry;
 She brown'd the mutilated side anew,
 And put it on the table in a flurry.
 Soon as it met his eye, the squire
 Exclaim'd, with wonderment and ire,
 "Why, what the devil do you call this, Peg?
 Zounds, hussy! where is t'other leg?"
 Peg curtsied and replied, in modest tone,
 "An't please you, sir, it never had but *one*!"
 "Only *one* leg! where did you buy it, pray?"
 "At Farmer Grain's, sir, across the way;
 And if to-night, sir, you will go with me,
 I'll pledge my life that you shall see
 A number of the farmer's geese,
 Which, like this bird, have only one a-piece."

"Well, prove it, and that alters quite the case;

But, if you don't mind, you shall lose your place."

He ate his dinner, and began to doubt it,
And grumbled most infernally about it;
The place was brown, like all the rest, he saw;

"D—n it, she surely never ate it raw!"
Ev'ning arrives, Peg puts her bonnet on,
And with her master to the farm is gone;
With expectation big, they softly creep
Where Farmer Grain's geese are fast asleep.

Now to your recollection I would bring,
That when these pretty creatures go to roost,
They draw up *one* leg close beneath their wing,
And stand upon the other like a post.

"There, sir," cries Peg, "now pray cease your pother;

There, sir, there's one; and there, sir, is another!"

"Pooh, nonsense, stuff!" exclaims the squire,
"now look ye—

St, St—there, now, they've got on *two* legs, cookee."

"Aye, sir," cried Peg, had you said that at home!

Nor you, nor I, had e'er had cause to roam!
But recollect, sir, ere you think I'm beaten,
You didn't say *St, St*, to the one you've eaten."

Love and Hatred.

(Original, by J. A. Hawkins.)

To what a state of wretchedness am I reduced, through the falsehood of one I loved next my very soul! Willingly would I have given up life itself to have made her happy, yet she deceived me, cruelly, bitterly deceived me. Had man e'er dared to tell me she was false, I would have struck him to the ground; and spurned him for a liar; but 'tis too true she is false, and now I hate the whole sex—nay, all nature; for the whole world is one huge mass of treachery and deceit. For her I thought the fairest flower that e'er the sun, in its course, had shone upon, has proved to me more deceitful than the serpent which first tempted man. Seek constancy in the wind, in the rude waves, or where you will, but seek not constancy in woman—woman, who is false as hell itself, who smiles but to deceive; and, when she has gained your heart, will laugh and triumph like the wild tempest, at the wreck which her beauty has made. My brain's on fire, my soul seems writhing in the red hot pincers grip; all the man seems to shrink within me, when I think upon her baseness; never was man upon the rack half so tortured as I am, to see her who had sworn to become my bride, and mine alone, wedded

to the man of all others I detest. Oh, heaven grant me reason for a few moments longer, and then I leave her and him to perish in their infamy. I'll seek, in some far distant clime, that peace and quiet which is for ever denied me here. Scenes of my boyhood, scenes in which I have spent so many happy hours, farewell—a long a lasting farewell to thee—I leave my home, country, kindred, all, perhaps, for ever. And even in the battles heat, that hatred which has taken possession of my heart against all mankind, will nerve my arm with more than double strength to slay and massacre all that I, in my wild career, may meet. Not even the lion of the forest shall be more terrible or more feared than I will, for here I swear by that great power which gave me being, soul, and heart, bitter hatred against all mankind—hatred that shall cease only with my life.

Bristle and Lapstone.

(A favorite Burlesque Parody on the Quarrel Scene of "Edward and Warwick.")

Bristle. Let me have no spunging coves above all, keep Lapstone from my sight!

(Lapstone entering, throws off an old ironing blanket) Twig him here! (putting his thumb to his nose.) No velcome guest, it seems, unless I axes snub-nose Suke, our housemaid's leave; there vos a time when Lapstone vanted not her aid to get admission to your cobbling crib.

Bris. There vas a time, when Lapstone more desired and more deserved it.

Lap. Never! I'm been a foolish faithful slavey all my seven years; the morning of my life has been devoted to your shop; vot are now the fruit's?—rags and hunger. My spotless name vich never yet the chandlerkin refused to trust, made the mock for other snobs to chaff at; but 'tis fit that they who trust in petty masters should be thus treated.

Bris. I thought, my cove, I had full vell repaid your services, vith *wittles*, drink, and clothes, unlimited.—Thy *awl* directing hand guided so nicely every move of business, and vorked the whole consarn. Lapstone vos *awl* in *awl*, vhile Master Bristle sat on his seat and did as much as come to—*nothink*.

Lap. Who got thee *strap*, and *occasioned* for thee for a new seat o' vork? thy undistinguished name had been unnoticed, and lingered in obscurity, had not Lapstone been bound to thee, and brought thee five bob to set thee on thy legs again; thou knowest thy cobbling tools, doomed perhaps like some to be seized by the broker's hand, going *fe+* so many weeks vithout paying your rent, but for me had morrissed. In von cloudy night I fetched a truck, bilked the old Charles in the street, and steered your shattered sticks safe into the alley. You may despise that

useless aid which you no longer want, but know, old boy, he vot forgets a friend deserves a foe.

Bris. Know too, that chaff and cheek for benefit received, pays every debt and does the obligation brown.

Lap. Vy, that's indeed a nice way to get out! when a debt grows burdensome, and cannot be viped out, kick up a row, and then it vill cost you not a mag.

Bris. When you have numbered over the rigmarole of jobs that you have done for me, you may recollect the *valloppings* I have *gued* you; let me know all, and I vill give you satisfaction.

Lap. Thou canst not—thou hast robbed me of a *voman*, it is not in thy power to restore; I vas vone, shall *futur* coves say, vot bilked the chandlerkin to serve a *ramping snob*. Moonshiners in arter nights, mere instruments perhaps of cheating lodgers, shall recall my name, to vitness that they want not an example, and plead my bolting the moon to sanctify themselves. Among the lot o' ragged rascals vot haunt your shop, could none be found but Lapstone to do your dirty work?

Bris. And wouldst thou then turn *snitch* on me? If I have broke my nob and bilked my landlord, thank thy own advisings, that urged me to it and got me into sich a line.

Lap. I've been gammoned, diddled, and done brown; my hungry belly cries aloud for *wittals*; it never vill be filled.

Bris. These rappings out vill but make it vorser, and if I have been right informed, besides the daily goings vithout *grub*, you have wants as bad, tho' not so fatal, which none but *red-haired Bet* can cure.

Lap. Red-haired Bet!

Bris. Nay, start not, 'tis I have cause to rap out most. I little thought when Lapstone told me I might learn to chaff, he vas *himself* vide awake to put me fly—but I've diskivered all.

Lap. And so have I! too vell I knows you has been nutty there,—thy base endeavours to cut me out.

Bris. I turn up my nose at it, sir. Red-haired Bet has blunt, and I have equal right wi' you to try for't; nor see I ought to come over me in the mug of gin-drinking Lapstone, that he alone should hang his hat up there, and collar all his browns. I knowed not on your love.

Lap. By jingo, that's a crammer, you knowed it all, and meanly had the cheek to tipple vith a weak unguarded voman; to tempt her appetite, to treat her vith hot peaspudding and cold faggots, and basely smugged a jewel which your shop could never buy.

Bris. Who put you fly? but be it as it may, I had a right, nor vill I like a spooney yield my claim—cogg up the chance to choose a covess for my shop and dab:—look at my sign board?

Lap. Your sign board? what! that ere! a

borrowed deal beard hanging over the door, vith whitevashed lustre,—you have it, sir, and hang it out to gull the people.

Bris. And, therefore, do I prize it. I would cobble for 'em, and they shall pay me for it: but when a covey, vith his cheek, chaffs at his master, treads on his toes, and works for less, the people in justice to themselves, vill pay full price, and have 'em done vell.

Lap. Go and gull the people, for soon, if I mistake not, 'twill be needful; see if one of 'em vill send a shoe if I forbids 'em.

Bris. Is it so, my cock? then take a chalk—I have been a raw too long, and you have queered me in a pretty way, but henceforth know, my cock, I vas thy master, and vill be so— the snob that lets another gull him, but ill deserves the tile he wears.

Lap. (*bonnets Bristle on the hat.*) Look vell, then, to your own, it sits but loosely on your nob, for know the cove that diddled Lapstone, never passed unpummelled yet.

Bris. Nor he, vot gammoned Bristle. You may snivel for this, sir. Ulloa! votchman! collar this cove, take him to the votch-house, there let him learn good breeding.

Parody on "Norval's Speech."

(Original, by J. S.)

My name is Tim, on Saffron Hill
My father feeds his sootty flock,
A lushy blade, whose only care was to increase his pelf,
And send his only kid, myself, to cry out
"soot;"

For I had heard of Peeler's, and long'd to follow to the Station House,
Like some Raw Lobster, and Heaven soon granted vot my sire cented.

My Sal who flared up t'other night
Had not yet passed the Court, when by her sight

A band of fierce and barbarous willians from a cellar

Rushed like a torrent down upon our lane,
sweepin' my Sal afore them—

The Church was fled for safety and for succour.

I, alone, v' shovel strong, and bag of soot,
Hovered about the enemy, marked the road they took,

Then hastened to my Sal, whom vith a troop of fifty chosen Chummies

I met advancing the pursuit I led,
Ve fought and conquered, and ere a blow vas given,

A knock from my shovel had floor'd their chief,

Who vore that day the togs which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdained the Chummies slothful life,

And having heard that the varlike Peelers vere to be drilled in Scotland Yard,

I left my father's home and took with me a
chosen pal to lead the way:
You trembling coward vot forsook his mas-
ter;
Journeying with that intent, I passed this
place,
And Heaven directed, came this day to do
The happy deed vot gilds my humble name.

The Legend of the Harper.

(Original, by S. T. S.)

The Harper sat in Urien's hall,
And deftly touch'd the string,
And blithely answered every call,
To talk, carouse, or sing.
Rich was the meal, the revel high,
His cheek, each hour, took ruddier dye;
Thick coming fancies in his head,
By birth equivocal were bred;
Till like volcanic mount, his brain
Was fuller than it could contain,
And overflowed in varied rhyme,
Of many an age, and many a clime,
While lest his genius should be crippled,
The more he sang the more he tipped,
For nature as the schoolmen tell us,
Is of a vacuum mighty jealous.

Super turrene at length was he,
When closed, full late, the jubilee,
And quitting the monarchal dome,
'Twas time to think of wending home,
A staff that ne'er by night or day,
In pilgrimage, or sport, or play,
Had failed its master at his need,
Served him in lieu of car or steed.
The storm was high, the wind was cold,
And tales by crone or grandsire told,
Had murmured that beside his road,
The fays and fairies made abode.
But having buried care and fear,
Full fathom five in royal cheer,
Flushed with metheglin, flushed with ale,
He plunged into the haunted vale,
Where none but bards, (and they not sober)
Would brave the midnight of October.

Soon as he enters on the glen,
Voices, but not of mortal men,
On all sides gibber and proclaim,
In mockery and in wrath his name;
High on the rock down in the stream
The fen-torch flits, the corpse-lights gleam,
The headless fiend come forth to ride,
The death-car creaks, the hell dogs chide,
With note when to mortals nigh,
Is like the beagle's puny cry,
But further off is deep and loud,
Halloo—halloo—they run, they leap
From gulf to gulf, from steep to steep,
The horn is winded with a blast,
As if all pandemonium past;
And in blue flame the goblin throng,
Like a night-meteor sweep along;
Yet went the minstrel on outright,
Nor paused, nor deigned a thought of flight.

The tumult dies away; the moon
No longer like a shamed faced loon,
Absconds, nor like a grim duenna, shrouds
Her venerable face in veil of clouds,
But walks abroad in majesty serene,
From eve to morn nights delegated queen
And leads the planetary choir on high,
Around the mystic altar of the sky,
While mask and merriment beneath,
Frolic in circles o'er the heath.

Troops advancing,
Coursers prancing,
With closed vizors, knight and peer,
In aerial joust career,

Lords gallivanting,
Ladies flaunting.
Decked in moth wings fine and furry,
Dance fandango, hurry skurry,
Till Oberon leads the saraband,
With Titania hand-in-hand.

Health and pleasure,
Tread the measure,
A thousand warblers vie in song,
A thousand beauties gild the throng,

Cressets gleaming,
Bright eyes beaming,
Health all streaming,
Such revelry hath Elfin court,
Such wildness of pomp, such labyrinth of
sport,

But pomp and sport were tried in vain,
The weary minstrel to detain.
Nor would he turn to left or right,
Either for banquet or delight.

Then changed to grief and rage their mirth,
This baffled by a child of earth;
And as (impatient of delay)
He sturdily pursued his way.
The gambools vanished with a groan,
And left to him converse alone,
With tempest and the mountain stone,
Or in the mist and falling stars,
Prognostics read of plagues and wars.
The moon is tinged with circle pale,
And sounds as of sepulchral wail,
Swell on the melancholy gale.
The sea complains along the shore,
In hollow and presageful roar;
The valleys, with a cry of woe,
Give note of an approaching foe.
And on the hills, in sullen mood,
The birds of wrath are seen to brood,
Gloomy as thunder-clouds that hang o'er
The precipices of Nant-Frangor.

If possible for mortal eye,
Their shapeless horror to descry,
Or trace them in the thickening storm,
A scorpion winged might seem their form.
Silent awhile they sit, but soon
Spread out their pinnon o'er the moon,
Scattering confusion and affright,
And double darkness through the night.
Earth heaves and shakes at their descent,
Beneath them groans the firmament;
Their cry is like the winter's wind:
Fear goes before them, death behind,

And if no guardian interpose,
The race of men is at the close.

He comes—he comes—son of the wave,
He starts, he rushes from the cave,
Where, under a lethargic spell,
The champions of the Cymry dwell,
Till Merddin beckons with his hand,
Or Cambria's need their help demand.
He comes—refulgent as of old,
In mail of adamant and gold;
He hurls defiance on their host,
Like Finn M'Coúl, on Loda's ghost;
And with unutterable din,
The tumult and the fight begin.
Wielding all weapons, blow on blow,
He sabres right and left the foe;
And with the whirlwind of their wing,
With venom'd talon, bite or sting,
Fiercely they batter him again;
Half in affright, half in disdain,
Their beaks upon his buckler dash,
His scymiter's like furnace flash;
They stretch their pinnons, and 'tis night,
He waves his falchions and 'tis light,
So passing storms the desert mark,
With an alternate bright and dark,
Hour follows hour, stroke follows stroke,
The least of which would fell an oak,
And such the screaming and the rattle,
The hurly burly and the battle,
As if the lightning and the thunder,
Were rending heaven and earth asunder.

At length indignant that so long,
The skirmishing should have no song,
And nothing loath to make display,
E'en unrequested of his lay,
The bard began: "What tongue can tell
The wonders of Nant-Frangor's dell,
I saw the birds of wrath sustain,
Against the champions of the main,
Dire combat there." But as he spoke,
The vision like a bubble broke,
The monsters hasted to their lair,
The warrior melted into air.
The contest, late so loud and sharp,
Fled from the twanging of his harp,
And he was left to chaunt at leisure,
Unheard the remnant of his measure
To feel as slighted author feels,
To cool his head to cool his heels,
While day-dawn o'er the welkin steals,
And by experience learn how rare is,
Metheglin's power to raise the fairies.

Tythe in Kind:

OR, THE SOW'S REVENGE.

Not far from London liv'd a boor,
Who fed three dozen hogs or more;
Alike, remote from care and strife,
He crack'd his joke, and lov'd his wife.
Madge, like all women, fond of sway,
Was pleas'd whene'er she had her way;

And, wives will think I deal in fiction,
But seldom met with contradiction:
Then stubborn as the swine she fed,
She never would be driven nor led;
And Goodman Hodge, who knew her whim,
Was kind, nor row'd against the stream.

Subdu'd by Nature's primal law,
Young sows are ever in the straw;
Each week, so genial fate decreed
Produc'd a new and numerous breed.
Whene'er they came, sedate and kind,
The vicar was not far behind:
Of pigs, the worth and prime he knew;
And parson like, would have his due.
He watch'd the hour with anxious ken;
His heart grew warm at number ten:
The young pigs he vow'd the sweeter,
And scarce allow'd them time to litter.

One morn, with smile and bow polite,
From Hodge he claim'd his custom'd right
But first enquir'd in accents mild,
How far'd the darling wife and child;
How apples, pears, and turnips grew,
And if the ale were old or new.

Hodge, who from custom, took the hint,
Knew 'twas in vain a priest to stint;
And, while his reverence took his swig,
Hodge stepp'd aside, and brought the pig.
"Humph!" cried the parson, "let us see
This offering to the church and me:
I fear, my friend, 'twill never do;
Methinks 'tis lean and sickly too.
Time out of mind 't has been confess'd,
Parsons should ever claim the best.
This said, he ey'd it o'er and o'er,
Stamp'd, set his wig, and all but—swore.
"Such pigs for me! why, man alive,
Ne'er from this moment hope to thrive;
Think yoh, for this, I preach and pray?
Hence! bring me better tythes, I say!"

Hodge heard, and, tho' by nature warm,
Replied—"kind sir, I meant no harm:
Since what I proffer you refuse,
The sty is open, pick and choose."
Pleas'd with the offer in he goes,
His heart with exultation glows;
He rolls his eyes, his lips he licks;
And scarce can tell on which to fix:
At length he cries, "Heaven save the king!
This rogue in black is just the thing!
Hence shall I gain a rich regale,
Nor more; but seiz'd it by the tail.

Loud squeak'd the pig; the sow was near,
The piercing sound assail'd her ear!
Eager to save her darling young,
Fierce on the bending priest she sprung:
Full in the mire his reverence cast;
Then seiz'd his breech, and held him fast.
The parson roar'd; surpris'd to find
A foe so desp'rate close behind.
On Hodge, on Madge he calls for aid,
But both were deaf to what he said.

The scene a numerous circle draws;
Who hail'd the sow with loud applause:
Pleas'd, they beheld his reverence writhe;
And swore 'twas fairly tythe for tythe.

"Tythe!" cried the parson, "Tythe d'ye say,
See here, one half is rent away!"

The case, 'tis true, was most forlorn;
His gown, his wig, his breech, were torn:
And, what the mildest priest might ruffle,
The pig was lost amid the scuffle.
"Give, give me which you please!" he cried;
"Nay, pick and chuse!" still Hodge replied:
"Chuse! honest friend: alas: but how
Heaven shield me from your murd'ring sow.
When tythes invite, in spite of foes,
I dare take Satan by the nose;
Like Theseus, o'er the Styx I'd venture,
But who that dreadful sty would enter?
Yet, while there's hope the prize to win,
By heav'n! to leave it were a sin."
This said, he arms his breast with rage,
And half resolves the foe to engage.
Spite of the parson's angry mood,
The fearless sow collected stood:
And seem'd to wait the proffer'd wai,
With—Touch them, scoundrel, if you dare!

His last resource the parson tries,
Hems, strokes his chin; and gravely cries—
"Ye swains support your injured priest;
Secure the pig, and share the feast."
Staunch to his friend was every swain;
Strange tho' it seem, the bribe was vain:
And Hodge, who saw them each refuse,
Exclaim'd, in triumph, "Pick and chuse!"
The parson's heart grew warm with ire,
Yet pride forbade him to retire.

What numbers can his spleen declare!
Denied, for once, his darling fare.
How shall he meet the dreadful frown,
Of madam, in the grogram gown:
Who, eager for his promis'd treat,
Already turns the useless spit?
"Wretch!" he exclaims, with voice profound,
"Can no remorse thy conscience wound?
May all the woes th' ungodly dread,
Fall thick on thy devoted head!
May'st thou in ev'ry wish be cross'd;
May all thy hoarded wealth be lost!
May'st thou on weeds and offals dine;
Nor ale, nor pudding, e'er be thine!"

Hodge, who with laughter held his sides,
The parson's wrath in sport derides:
"No time in idle preaching lose!
The style is open—pick and chuse!
Loud plaudits rose from every tongue;
Heaven's concave with the plaudits rung:
Impatient of the last huzza,
The tytheless parson sneak'd away.

The Haunted Tower; or, Cumnor Hall.

(A Pathetic Recitation.)

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall.
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies,
(The sounds of busy life were still)
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.
'Leicester,' she cried, 'is this thy love
That thou so oft have sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immur'd in shameful privy?

No more thou com'st with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear (stern Earl's) the same to thee.
Not so the usage I receiv'd,
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me griev'd,
No chilling fears did me appal.
Yes, now neglected and despis'd,
The rose is pale—the lily's dead—
But he that once their charms so priz'd,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

For know, when sick'ning grief doth prey
And tender love's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay,
What flow'ret can endure the storm?
At court, I'm told, is beauty's throne,
Where every lady's passing rare;
That eastern flow'rs that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.
Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the bed
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shade
Must sicken—when those guards are by.

But, Leicester, (or I much am wrong)
Or 'tis not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.
Then, Leicester, why, again I plead,
(The injur'd surely may repine)
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?
Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave to mourn the livelong day?

The village maidens of the plain,
Salute me lowly as they go;
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.
The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy's their estate—
To smile for joy—than sigh for woe—
To be content—than to be great.
How far less blest am I than them?
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that from its stem
Divided—feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl, can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns or pratings rude.
Last night as sad I chanc'd to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag—my hopes decay—
Still that death-bell smites my ear:
And many a boding seems to say,
Countess prepare—thy end is near."
Thus sore and sad that lady griev'd
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring
An aerial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing,
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.
The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green;
Woe was the hour—for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen,
And in that manor now no more
Is cheerful feast and sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient mossgrown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance,
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.
Full many a traveller oft hath sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wand'ring onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

The Peasant and his Ass.

(A Fable.)

As on the road a peasant drove his ass,
He spied a meadow rich in grass;
And, tho' he had no right to do it,
He dar'd the pound, and turn'd the beast
into it.
The jack-ass, charm'd at such a treat,
With choice to crop, and time to eat,

Graz'd here and there, the field all over;
Then pranc'd, and rear'd, and toss'd his head,
And in the thick on't made his bed,
Like one that's nurs'd in clover.
Amidst this jubilee the foe appears,
The clown cries out, haste, haste away!
At which our ass prick'd up his ears,
And bray'd, no, friend, I choose to stay:
Will those folks load a double pack
Upon my back?
Why, no.—Then, what is it to me,
If I belong to them or thee?
You may by flight your freedom save,
If you disdain to be a slave:
For me it is no new disaster;
Nor do I know
The thing that I can call my foe,
Except my master.

The Disappointed Husband.

A scolding wife so long a sleep possess'd,
Her spouse presum'd her soul was now at
rest;
Sable was call'd to hang the room with black,
And all their cheer was sugar-rolls and sack.
Two mourning staffs stood sentry at the door,
And silence reign'd, who ne'er was there
before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs
prepar'd,
They march'd in solemn pomp to the church-
yard;
When see of narrow streets what mischiefs
come!
The very dead can't pass in quiet home;
By some rude jolt the coffin lid was broke,
And madam from her dream of death awoke!
Now all was spoil'd! the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine, quite thrown
away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again,
The tender husband took especial care
To keep the passage from disturbance clear;
Charging the bearers that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May men leave roving, and the women deceit.
May those we love be honest, and the land we live in free.
May the polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.
May every smooth face proclaim a smoother heart.
May the judgment of our benches never be biassed.
May the blossom of liberty never be blighted.
May we live to see and bless the day, when we've neither armies to
dread, nor taxes to pay.
All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy.
Happiness to those who wish it to others.
A merry heart and a sound constitution.
A heart to feel and a hand to give.

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THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE GASCON.

(A Popular Recitation.)

At Neuchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheese that sets us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer's wife, famed for her
rare

Skill in these small quadrangular delights,
Where they made, they sold for the immense
Price of three sous a-piece:
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England the fix'd rate was eighteen
pence.

This damsel had to help her in the farm,
To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant with a sturdy arm
For digging or for carrying logs;
But in his noddle weak as any baby,
In fact a raby.
And such a glutton when you came to feed
him,
That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns
and churches,
As if they were geese and turkeys,"
(Vide the ballad) scarcely could exceed him.
One morn' she had prepared a monstrous
bowl
Of cream like nectar.
And wouldn't go to church (good, careful
soul!)
Till she had left it safe with a protector;
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
To watch it while his mistress was to mass
gone.

No. 25.

Watch if he did—he never took his eyes off
But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
Begrudging them the smallest sip,
Which if they got,
Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
And cried—"O happy, happy fly,
How I do envy you your lot!"

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
His bowels yearn'd;
At length he could not bear it any longer,
But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
And finding that the coast was clear, he
quaff'd
The whole up at a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
Flew to the dairy;
But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
One sentence mutter,
Until she summon'd breath enough to utter—
"Holy St. Mary!"
And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
Upon the varlet,
Asking the when, and where, and how,
and who
Had gulph'd her cream, nor left an atom;
To which he gave not separate replies,
But with a look of excellent digestion,
One answer made to every question,
"The flies!"

"The flies, you rogue!—the flies, you guttling dog!

Behold your whiskers still are cover'd thickly;

Thief—liar—villain—gormandizer—hog!

I'll make you tell another story quickly."

So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,

Two stout gens-d'armes.

Who bore him to the judge—a little prig,

With angry bottle-nose,

Like a red cabbage rose,

While lots of white ones flourish'd on his wig.

Looking at once both stern and wise,

He turn'd to the delinquent,

And 'gan to question him, and catechise

As to which way the drink went:

Still the same dogged answers rise,

"The flies, my Lord; the flies, the flies!"

"Psha!" quoth the judge, half peevish and half pompous,

Why, you're *non compos*.

You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,

And so kill'd the flies, you stupid clown."

"What! is it lawful, then," the dolt inquir'd,

"To kill the flies in this here town?"

"You silly ass—a pretty question this!

Lawful, you booby! to be sure it is.

You've my authority where'er you meet 'em, To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat 'em."

"Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it;

Constable, catch this thief; may I go hang, If yonder blue-bottle (I know his face)

Isn't the very leader of the gang

That stole the cream—let me come near it!"

This said, he started from his place,

And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows

At a large fly upon the judge's nose,

The luckless blue-bottle he smash'd,

And gratified a double grudge;

For the same catapult completely smash'd

The bottle-nose belonging to the judge!

The Murderer's Lay

(A Fragment, written by Mr. Isaac Bass.)

There stood on yonder heap of earth,

An eccentric building, an asylum for those

Who obtained an existence by the sharp-set knife,

Whose victims were allured by magic lay

Into the path which led them to the murderer's grasp.

No lyre swept by mortal hand

Could sound such fairy-like music,

The air of which so enchanted the traveller,

Was not one failed to visit this fatal spot.

On a beautiful summer evening, when the dusk of night

Had spread the tinge of darkness o'er the earth,

The silvery moon was darting forth her beams,

Illumining the earth with brilliant light,

A lovely girl in costly dress was seen to cross the heath,

Frequently halting on the road, listening at intervals

To the wild and magic air; so swiftly she hurried o'er the plain,

Overwhelmed with joy, as if the sounds she heard

Were heavenly; with unusual rapidity

The girl was seen to glide, pausing at times,

And then proceeding to this home of death.

As she drew near, she made a sudden start,

Beholding a cottage from whence the sounds proceeded,

Surrounded by a wood, and clots of blood had not then faded

From the path which led to it. With terrific gaze

At the crimson gore, she faltered, and was just retreating,

When a relapse of the fatal music erased the fears

She had indulged; again she listened with pure attention;

A withered hag came from out the hut, whose ghastly

Visage betokened that she was the authoress of murder;

Excited with the enchanting lay, she entered the hut;

A shriek soon burst from the spot, for she was

The Murderer's victim.

Parody on the Description of an Apothecary in "Romeo & Juliet."

(Written by J. H. J.)

I do remember a queer old bachelor,

And somewhere here he dwells, whom once I noted

In suit of rusty brown, with care-worn brow Mending his inexpressibles; meagre were his looks;

A single life had worn him to the bones,

And in his silent attic hung a coat,

Not worth a groat—a very Jew would spurn it—

A broken table, and an old gout stool,

Two rush seat chairs, with bottoms nearly out,

Made up his furniture; and on his mantle-piece

Lay an old night-lamp, two pill-boxes,

A tumbler, and a broken looking-glass;

Odd numbers of odd works, now out of date,

With here and there a dirty newspaper:

He had no works complete, yet history

And fiction too were thickly scattered round,
To tell the peeping eyes of pitying strangers
This man had no wife.
His tattered coat did look most piteously;
And ever, as he paced across the room,
Bent in abstraction; his coarse skin
Would through his worsted hose peep on the day.

Noting this wretch, thus to myself I said,
That if a man could covet single life,
Reckless of joys that holy wedlock gives,
Here lives a man that could shew it him,
In such most horrid colours, that the sharp,
The termagant, or gossip spouse
Were heaven itself compared to such a life.

The Actor and his Landress.

(Written by E. H. Mal—, and spoken
with considerable eclat, by Mr. G. Rees.)

In a noted crib, not a hundred miles
From Thespis' and Terpsichore's charms;
Arena's for our tears and smiles;
Music's sweet tones, and wars alarms!
There were once congregated round
A blazing hearth and well-stored table,
Some votaries by Thespis drown'd,
And chained right taughtly to his cable:
Sat they with faces flushed, and sparkling eyes,

Heated by sundry jovial Spirits,
Satirists now of Tragic sighs;
Now loud applauding comic merits,
Or rattling glasses to the jocund song.
The best of aiders to a boozers throng.
Now for awhile the sweets of quiet reign,
Now pops a pun from some eccentric brain;
And loudly boisterous is the happy roar
That drowns the tap vibrating of the door.
M——y speaks—"What's that?—may I come in?"

One enters, meagre form, dull eyes, lank chin,
The anti-episode to social glee—
Replete with empty pocket's misery.
Look on our merry hearts, they can't repress
The giggling laugh that would their features dress.

A chair is offered to our buskin'd bones,
He sits, and rolls his eyes—deep groans;—
"Waiter!"—Ess Sar!"—"A half a pint o stout!"
The Times,"—"In hand,"—"I'll have it when it's out."
"Ess sar,"—Says Black—"dost keep the Age?"—
"No, Sar; we can no keep ourselves!"—In rage

Our Thespian rises with a pompous mein,
And gives full vent to the continued scene:—
"Oh, happier men than I, list to my tale,
O joy not, Sirs, but for its ills bewail.
Know that at night I've played with kingly frown,

And begg'd for bread next day of stalest brown;
Reclined on gilded ottoman with princely pride,
But left it in a cold damp shed to hide;
Thrown off my regal sceptre, and my splendid dress,
To creep in broken breech and coat of dire distress,
Whose elbows grinn'd, a brown'd black threadbare thing,
Too bad for one who only mimick'd Wing!
Then if for days I've starv'd on turnip tops,
O! sympathize—and sigh me tenderest drops;
Ye can do this, for here there grin some few
Who know, alas! they've starv'd on that meal too!—

Gold-headed Cane his luck who fortune's trick

Has chang'd for what was once a boorish stick,

Your planets have proved fair, and made you stars!

While mine scarce gives me half a loaf a day;
Thus an old stager still fights, bleared with scars,

Nor asks for place but ever finds a 'nay.'
Blockheads are plentiful—egad 'tis good!
To make an actor of a clump of W——d!
I see not one face here—may be, my Lord—
My thoughts are—Fleet—all know a ward's a W——d (e)!

You sneer my friends—I prithee laugh, 'tis fun,

To pick the currants out of a stale bun!
(B——n)

Nothing's intended, gents, 'pon honour! I would rather

Swallow a Bak—r, than offend King Arthur!
Who is he that's a stick of celery (salary)? will none

Answer the queræ?"—"I will."—"You?"
—"Then done (D——nn)?"

I've trod on grounds as far as one can tread,
Let's finish with a word or so, on Manfred—
I do deny, defy, spurn back, and scorn,
D——l's M——d—It isn't to be borne—
For Byron's poetry how much I shivered—
For it was d——d by D——l—really
'withered!'

This made our hero friendly guest of all:
He in his turn obeyed the general call
For some odd story of his by-gone life,
Or song with humour, or with pathos, rife!
So taking off a tumbler at a start,
And taking off a silver spoon for—Uncle!
He took off all his brothers in the art,
From D——l to loud F——y, of carbuncle!

(IMITATIONS.)

These imitations over, 'tis my cue to tell
Of facts, alas! which told not half so well!
A tap again was heard upon the door,
A female voice our Thespians' to bore—

"Is Mr. Boswell here?"—"Who calls so loud?"

"It's me, you wretch; to summons you I've vow'd!"

"You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate!"

"Come in and speak what you've to state."
Enter a Laundress, 'gainst all reason sinning,
Holding aloft a certain piece of linen!
Strip of its "fair proportions," most unclean—

My hearers, doubtless, know well what I mean!

"Oh! my prophetic soul!" what do I see?
The last dull emblem of my misery!
Aroint thee, witch!—away, foul fiend!—away!

My little bill you wile deceiver pay!"—"Mark me!"—"I will."—"My hour is almost come!"

"I know it—quod makes people werry glum! Alas! poor ghost," our hero tender sighs,
"Poor ghost, look at yourself," the Laundress cries,

But that I am forbid, I could a tale unfold;
"A tail!—not one—your best shirts are all sold!"

Bursts out the Laundress. "And for this here tail,
It an't fit, any one can see, for sale."

"Thou harrow'st up my soul!"—"I wish you'd harrow up my bill!"

"Freeze my young blood!"—"So I should think 'twould kill

Any poor wretch to go about with neither
A blessed shirt to shield him from cold weather!"

"List—list—O, list!"—"What list?"—the Laundress shrieks,

"A list of shirts, one calico, worn seven weeks;

Alas! so old, 'tis threadbare, worn quite out,
And wouldn't suit a scullion for a dish-clout!"

"Woman, didst ever thy dear debtor love?"
"Love you without a tail—I'm no coy dove!"

Thus in recapitulation loudly wrangling,
The Laundress exits with her—linen—dangling—

While our poor Thespian by subscription pays her

The little bill, which she says quite allays her;

All part good friends—yet stay, is't so with me?

At least I've done my best—do so by me!

Reminiscences of Friendship.

(By Sappho.)

You ask of me her portrait! Can we paint
The glorious hues of the aerial bow,
In their contrasting shades, and varying, too,
With each inconstant light, but blending all
Into a beauteous whole? Or can we trace

Those floating mists that wreath the crescent moon,

Or the real tints of sunset, or give shape
And tangible existence to those tones
By music drawn from her enchanted lute?
It was not in form or feature, voice or mien,
That you the charm had found, altho' 'twas there

Pervading all, a thing indefinite;
She dwells within mine heart, and in my mind

She rises on my vision as a clear
And lovely star, that lights its silver lamp
At the red altars of expiring day.

I never saw her in her prime, ere years
Of harrowing sickness had impaired the grace

Of what was once so beautiful; but still
In that pale shadow of the all she was,
Lingered a fascination and a spell,
Which time or grief could not annihilate.
How oft, at this lone hour, I've watched with her

The evening shades fall o'er the distant hills,
While on their loftier outlines lambent gleams

Of day's reluctant light did radiate, still
Around us rose the redolence of flowers—
Of flowers, the pure and passionate delight
Of her as pure existence. With the sigh
Rent from the virgin lily, and the tears
Wept by the violet's blue eyes, there came
A thousand mingling odours; some breathed through

The slender tribes of the fair jessamine;
The woodbine flung her fragrance on the air,
In fond profusion stealing on the sense,
And to the soul made audible; 'twould seem
As tho' some Peri wound her howled horns,
'Till perfume grew to music. Many a bloom
Of summer's evening, when the gale is rife
With flowery exhalations, spirit-like they come forth

With the stars, and o'er my mind in soft
Æolian melody

They steal. And she is gone!
She dwells amid the dead!

A grey stone, reared amidst the house of prayer,

Her resting-place describes. Around—above—

Stirred by the wind, the tall and stately pines
In melancholy grace their branches wave;
And tho' no sculptured tomb her dust protects—

And tho' the spot be lonely and obscure—
Unmeet for one whose haunt in early life
Was with the great and gay; yet sleeps she calm.

There, where the daisy lifts her modest head

Above the trefoil green, where glides the lune,

Lapsing away in liquid music, far
O'er that romantic land she loved so well.

A Devil of a Waistcoat.

(Written by Mr. John Kerr.)

Are you a man of fashion? no matter whatsoever your quality, whether noble or simple, merchant, or manufacturer, shop-keeper, mechanic, or of no profession, you must undoubtedly have heard of Jeremy Stitchclose, the celebrated tailor, who resides near the court-end of the town. He fits the human body on anatomical principles, with those garments that give so much grace and elegance to the person, and are the universal admiration of the fashionable loungers of Bond-street and Rotten-row. Had Richard the Third come under the hands of this skilful artist, he would have made him look like a perfect Adonis, in spite of a crooked back, withered arm, and bow legs; for it is a well-known fact, that when the famed Hot-tentot Venus visited the House of Commons, disguised in male attire, that every article of her apparel was the production of this man of genius; and, notwithstanding the enormous bulk and rotundity of her nether part, the lady's breeches were so artfully fashioned, that she was universally received as a delicate young gentleman! Mr. Stitchclose was one day seated in his parlour, taking his wine after dinner, when Tim Measurewell the foreman (*vulgo*, the cutter), ushered in a French gentleman, who appeared to be in want of some of their commodities, but had vainly endeavoured to make himself understood. "He says something about his waist," whispered the foreman.—"Yes; *vest c'est ça, veste*."—"Oh, I comprehend! a waistcoat is the article the gentleman is in want of."—"Oui; yes, sare, waiste-cottes; and de coloure—de coloure—blanc; dat is vite."—"White; yes, sir. And of what material would you be pleased to have it?"—"Ah, de material, dites moi; tell me de name of de different fabriques donc vous faites vos waiste-cottes."—"Marseilla?"—"Non."—"Cassimere?"—"Non."—"Cloth?"—"Non."—"Toilinette?"—"Non."—"Dimity?"—"Non."—"Jean?"—"Non."—"Silk?"—"Non."—"Shag?"—"Non."—"Plush?"—"Non."—"Corderoy?"—"Non."—"Patent Cord?"—"Non."—"Flannel?"—"Non."—"Still it was, 'Dat is not dat! non, non, non!'"—Mr. Stitchclose shrugged up his shoulders; Tim scratched his pole; Monsieur was all animation—the Strasburgh paid frequent visits to his nostrils. "Diable aidez moi! ah, oui, c'est bien! vat you call de diable—de devil in your tongue?"—"The devil, sir, is the general appellation we give him."—"Ah, oui, vraiment; but you have many more names for de devil, comme nous?"—"Oh, yes, sir; he's a character well known in London; we call him Beelzebub."—"Non."—"Lucifer?"—"A shake of the head."—"Old Nick?"—"The same."—"Infernal spirits."

"Enfer! dat is the devil's locataire!—non, non."—"Serpent?"—"Dat did seduce Eve—Non."—"Appolyon, Davy Jones, Dragon, Rabel, Satan, Demon, Monster of the Bottomless Pit, Asmodeus?"—"Oui, oui, oui, c'est dat—c'est Satan, fabriques de Satan, dat I require for my waiste-cottes."—"A satin waistcoat, sir; I shall be proud to serve you."

My friends, when you see a courtier adorned with a waistcoat of the devil's name, do not ungraciously presume to think, that, although the wearer may be hankering after the loaves and fishes, and the candle-ends and cheese-pearings of office, that he is in the slightest degree a worshipper of his Sannic Majesty, although he wears his court livery.

The Generous Goth.

(A Fragment of a Scene from a Play of the same name, by Sam. Joyce, Esq., Author of "Alzorndan," "Henriquez L'Rouge," &c. &c. &c.)

ACT III.—SCENE I.

L. QUINCII AND M. MARCINAUS.

Marc. The senate in deliberation sit, and desperation marks
Their arguments. Certes, 'twould seem a second Pharsalia did sit before their eyes;

For although the fate of Rome hangs on their breath, fear and doubts

Of the power pressing without staggers their sober judgment,

Lucius, have they decided?

Quin. As I heard of old Curio,

Friend to Manlius, surnamed Torquatus, who in the senate

Of our imperial city holds his seat, we shall have peace.

Marc. So then they will sell and bargain for the capital, and all within

The rubicon; a race of glory, those silent mementos of the world's heroes

To the first chapau who dares to thunder at our gates. For what?

Paltry drivellers—Peace! *Ptolé deum atque hominum fidem!*

Quin. Your reasoning is wrong.

Marc. Are we not sold at a price?

Quin. But the bargain runs not hard;

Some paltry million talents of true weight and metal.

Marc. Tush, man! they will not leave it. Gold is but a sorry substitute

For pleasure. These Gauls, and Osric, their leader, are barbarians—a horde

Of locusts—whom the bleak and distant north spur us up to chill

Our northern blood, and freeze our hearts with fear.

Quin. They gain pleasure, then; for surely that is the goal of happiness
Which wins the means to achieve its eminence.

Marc. They are uncivilized.

Quin. But sense to know the wondrous witchery the metal hath.

Gold! 'tis the world's harlequin, the magic wand, giving the possessor power
To raise your slender-pated fool to Parnassus' heights, while

Humble merit, wanting that, must linger at the mountain's base.

Marc. They abhor the trickery!

The gods bear witness; golden contamination fetters us.

While their ranks are rugged, rough hewn plants of nature

Bound in bands of steel.

Such were our fathers, Lucius.

Quin. What else would the cravens ask?

Marc. Revenge! shall blindly lead them into desperate acts;

Will make the indolent blood of our puerile citizens spring forth to action;

And the destiny which guides the warrior's sword then to her adopted city

Shall give a certain victory, or, in her fall, she'll shake the universe!

Quin. Revenge! the act would imply a cause; No cause of action, then the act were base, fitting the herd.

Marc. No cause! Let us be just, or I'm no Roman.

Listen. Was it no cause that the brother, sire, and son,

To please the eye of noble Rome, should in the arena strip

To an unnatural collision—deadly strife? Think thou the gods

Will wink at justice, play pander to the creature's appetite,

Or leave the gods no ear to hear a sufferer's curse?

The gladiator, whose soul brooks not the bonds he wears—

Hast not seen when death does fell him, how he will writhe? And think'st

Thou the shout all Rome does upward send, will drown the low curse,

Come thrilling from the lips of the gladiator's quivering corse?

Hark! the senate breaks up behind yon column;

We'll watch them unobserved.

Quin. See old Manlius how he does press them.

[Several Senators pass through.]

Enter MANLIUS TORRUA.

Manl. They are all mad. Oh! my poor country!

Thou art lost—thy senate's fled—

Decapitation in the body politic leaves thee dead;

Sure they are stricken with a palsy. Riches hath sapp'd the virtue in their hearts.

Parley with a wolf! Bind, old Rome, the patrimony of the Cæsars.

Oh! would they were dead—we could but die—

But they would make us live in worse death—slavery!

Freedom, 'tis the destination between the man and brute; 'tis life—

'Tis to die losing liberty, which gives to the commonwealth vitality.

Greatness is not in temples, or Rome would be free!

Her consul forgets his dignity; the sictor hath shamed the Fases.

Where is the prætor? Fled; and the toga prætexta flung to the vile keeping

Of some low plebian. The ediles! Gone. And the tribunes,

Who once could hush the murmur, or raise the tumult of the people—

Degenerate race—now mixes in the confusion of the unlettered slaves.

No leader at the helm, the unwieldy vessel, foundering o'er a shoal of ills,

Must wreck! Oh, Gallicia, prince of the north, exult!

Since old Rome so soon becomes thy ready slave, ye Alpine heroes,

Scions of the stock once the jest and playthings of our Roman youth—

Shout! No more lash'd to the wheel a Cæsar drags thy children!

Up sword and torch! Let slip thy bolts, mighty thunder!

Launch thy lightnings!

Rip up old Rome, nor let her live, ye gods, unless to be free!

My utterance is choked. Oh! would I'd die, nor see the last of Rome!

Enter LUCILLIUS.

Ah! Lucillius, my youthful friend, I'll bribe him to the cause of Rome.

Soho! my youthful warrior, Rome's help, thy patrician blood

Crawls chilling in thy veins, with fears of thy country's fall!

Lucillius, arm thy clients and thy friends in the victorious cause;

Thy arm uplifted, and thy friends, against the barbarous horde,

Will, victorious, bury the rude, unarmed mole, in fell ruin,

Making the queen of cities a new Thermopolæ,

And the world's heroes free! You doubt— and wherefore?

There are more bodies in the heart of Rome Will fill each widened breach with their distended corpses—

Will make a barrier with their soulless frames,

Ere our foes do trample on our hearths.

Lucillius, boy, look towards the capital. See How the noble sire gazes upon his recreant child!

He lived. Marble hath changed its fixed,
unconscious look,
To a wild, ungoverned flow of action. The
eye, brilliant orb,
Would burst its socket. The feet do tug at
the pedestal,
And would be free. He waves his hand; he
would be free.
He cries, "Rome shall be free!"

[Exit LUCILLIUS.

Gone!

Then Rome's fled too. I would not have
seen, or seem'd to see,
What I have been seeing; the sight hath
blasted mine eye-balls.

Oh! I could tug at my heart, and rive it out
with malice!

Such poltroon slaves—are ye the hope of
Rome?

Oh, Gods! for a pestilence to uproot such
poisonous plants

From out the soil of Rome! [Alarm.

Beat down our walls, Alpines, a Roman bends
his knee;

Crack winds—confusion roar—since Rome's
not free!

(Enter a Roman Matron, with her Dead Child.)
Mat. Hush! When will the bloody work
be done?

Marcus, could they not spare thee, boy?
There's virtue in the hand that helps the in-
nocent,

But honour flows from a strange source, since
murders become honours,

And assassins heroes. Call the priest; they
have murdered my child!

The laurel shall grace the brave, and the—
but he comes not—

So they in pity grant us mercy—Since I do
hate that name,

Let sacrilege be holiness, and the priest at
our altars venal!

Let the world's diurnal course cease, and
exhumed chaos

Receive the drunken load into its troubled
tomb—

Nor peace do come to earth, for Rome's not
free!

Maul. Rome still lives!

Mat. But in the memory of by-gone years.
See my boy—the healthful stream of life
once gushed in his veins;

And, like he was wont to be, so was Rome!
See there, my boy is changed—and so has
Rome!

Look not so strangely upon me—goodly halls
were once the home

Of Illuminæ! Why, fool, when the brain's
parched,

And senses severed, we go mad. Reason's
chains were better liberty,

For madness is slavery! A Roman matron
in bonds—the rubicon does blush!

You doubt me, sure—but hark! the eye may
start its socket—

The brain's moisture, exhaled by the fever
of a troubled memory,

May grow dry as rot—misery may tug at
hope, and still

A mother goes not mad!

See, the work is brewing! See how they
suck at the fount!

They go drunk—they revel in the blood of
Rome!

Old man, hast thou seen a son? Was't like
Marcus?

Did he die? May the thunders of Jove light
on the head of him

Who propelled the accursed burden! It
hissed i' the air,

Red hot, from hell! The fell load hurrying
its flight,

Alighted on my boy. Crushed, he fell, a
mangled victim

To pusillanimous Rome! It was a noble
offering, for Marcus was

The picture of my loved lord Gracchus. Oh,
my dear beauty!

Boy, the loss of thee would drive a mother
mad!

Manl. Child, seek some place of refuge:
And when in some holy ground the object of
your love is laid,

Contentment, fiercer pangs of wrongs will
hush with gentle

Hopes of future happiness.

Mat. They would rob me of thee, Marcus,
but they shall not do it. (Aside.

Ah! look, they carry the capital! Where
art thou, Rome?

See! they stoutly press, and onward trample
o'er the chivalrous

Remnant of old Rome! Would'st save thy
patrimony,

Look thee to Rome, Grey-beard! I'll with
my child!

[Having drawn his attention to an opposite
direction, with an idiotic exclamation
she exits.

The Son of Wine.

(A Comic Parody on Goldsmith's "Edwin
and Angelina," a favourite Recitation, by
S. Wilkinson.)

"Turn! lovely; prithee turn,
And guide me on the way,
To where yon gas-light cheers the court
With an inviting ray.

For here, as one forlorn, I seem,
While reeling to and fro;
And as I've taken too much lush,
Boys jeer me as they go."

"Forbear! young man," a Charley cries,
"To tempt yon dang'rous gloom,
For this here frail one only plies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to a drunken son of wine,
My box is open still,
And if you have a mag to spare,
I'll share it with good will.

No one who takes a cup too much,
To durance I condemn;
For as I'm often drunk myself,
I learn to feel for them.

Full often to me in the night
My wife some max will bring;
And when I have a drop of that,
I envy not the king.

Then turn aside—such thoughts forego,
Or you'll be in the wrong;
Sleep sound until the cocks do crow,
The night will not be long."

In vain the Charley's accents fell,
Tho' honest his design;
The stranger takes the lady's arm,
And says, "My dear, I'm thine."

The house was painted out quite fine.
The curtains look'd quite fair;
The door, that open'd with a latch,
Receiv'd the wandering pair.

Their tricks in all metricious mirth.
The girl's companion tries;
A cunning set surrounds the hearth,
While beer and whiskey flies.

The frail one trims the blazing fire,
And gaily prest and smil'd,
While many a low and flashy song
The passing hours beguil'd.

All this did many a charm impart,
To soothe away fell woe;
The stranger felt quite light at heart,
And cash did freely flow.

At length, unconscious, he fell down,
With drink his brain oppress,
The frail ones, and their bullies vile,
Soon got rid of their guest.

Sans coat, sans watch, and all his cash.
They took, while he did sleep;
While cold and shivering he awoke,
Upon a dunghill heap.

Bought love he found an empty sound,
That vanish'd in a trice;
And oft he wishes he had took
Old Charley's kind advice.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May our wants be reduced and our comforts multiplied.
However obscure we are by birth, may we never be renowned for crime.
Heaven to those who wish for it, repentance to those who do not.
Hastiness in doing good, and horror in doing evil.
Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.
Charity without ostentation, and religion without bigotry.
May we always be able to draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.
May our virtue be healthy without the physic of calamity.
May we always miss the eldest daughter of fortune.
May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.
May the feeling heart be blessed with the power to exercise a liberal hand.
The lass, and the glass, and the merry good fellow.
Who's always good company when he gets mellow.
May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are sober.
May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.
Long life to the happy.
Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.
May the chilling blasts of adversity, prejudice, and ignorance, never blight the early dawns of merit.
May the pleasures of youth afford us consolation in old age.
May health paint the cheek, and sincerity the mind.
May every virtuous woman be happy, and every vicious one penitent.
May our injuries be written in sand and our friendship in marble.
May every man be just as happy as he wishes his neighbour to be.
May the heart that sympathises in the distresses of others, never sorrow over its own misfortunes.
May the morning of prosperity shine on the evening of adversity.
The man that feels for sorrows, not his own.
May we look around us with pleasure, and upwards with gratitude.
May the bud of sincerity ever blossom in the bosom of friendship.
May liberty never degenerate into licentiousness.
May we never swear a credulous girl out of her virtue, nor an honest man out of a just debt.

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BUDGET OF RECITATIONS.



THE COTTAGER'S GHOST !

(A Favorite Recitation.)

It was a dark and gloomy night,
In cut-throat damp November,
When Edward at her cottage door,
Cried "Phillis, love, remember!"

"Remember, aye!" a solemn voice
Within, replied full quickly;
"I will remember thee, my Ned,
Although I'm very sickly!"

No sooner said, than open flew
The door, and there stood Phillis,
And she was clothed in robes of white,
Aye white as any lillies.

Then off they went, and Edward joked,
With many also and therefore;
But answer none the maiden made,
Which made him wonder wherefore.

Save once, and then she whisper'd thus,
"We'll take the river side, love;
There is no harm 'twixt thee and me,
For we're like groom and bride, love!"

Now Edward smiled—for he was pleased
To hear the lady's frankness;
But when he turn'd to take a kiss,
He started at her lankness.

She look'd so thin, so pale, so cold,
Indeed she look'd quite funny;
From thence he drew this inference,
She'd surely lost some money.
No. 26.

For she was fond of dice, and cards
Were all her night's employment;
Save when with her fond swain she took
An hour of calm enjoyment.

So thus the youth accosted her,
When close beside the water—
"Art thou not well?" "Behold!" she cried,
"Behold my father's daughter!"

Now Edward knew not what to think,
Yet gazed where Phillis pointed;
When lo! he saw her mangled corse,
With blood and mud anointed.

"What's this?" in frantic cue he cried,
"Is't thee, or thy app'rition?"
"It is my body, I'm the ghost,
Last night I got dismissal!"

Oh, listen to me, here I came,
To meet thy fond embraces,
And clamber'd up that fatal rock,
To listen to thy paces!

"When lo! a most inhuman brute,
Which vulgar folks call donkey,
Affrighted kick'd me on the sconce,
And smash'd me like a monkey.

I fell a dreadful sacrifice
For love of thee, my Edward;
And now instead of wedding thee,
My soul must toddle bedward.

My body's bed is there, but I
Sleep in yon starry blue, love;
The cock doth crow, so I must go,
Inter me—and adieu, love!"

She ceased, and in a moment flew,
Just like a rook affrighted;
And Edward's senses since that night,
Have ever been benighted!

The Miser's only Child.

(An Original Recitation, written by T. Prest.)

He was a meagre pale old man,
With wither'd cheek, all parch'd and dry;
Grey locks fell o'er his wrinkled brow,
And frenzy lit his hollow eye!

He had no wife—though once he had,
His cruelty had broke her heart;
She left him but an only girl,
Beauty and virtue's counterpart.

Alone the miser and his child,
Dwelt in a mansion old and drear;
No mirth within its walls was heard,
No charity gain'd entrance there!

But such as dwelt in Marie's breast,
Which ne'er allow'd was to unfold;
For all her father worshipping was
His secret hidden heaps of gold!

She never saw a parent's smile,
She never felt a sire's caress;
Yet loved she him, with tenderest flame,
And pray'd she for his happiness!

Alone he'd sit by midnight lamp,
And count his treasure o'er and o'er;
And as he view'd the glittering pile,
How oft he'd wish that it was more!

Thus time flew on with rapid pace,
And Marie into woman grew;
'Twas then poor Marie's tender heart,
First love's emotion fondly knew.

The youth she lov'd was brave and good,
And in return did her adore;
Grace turn'd his limbs—vice was his hate—
Virtue was his—but he was poor!

But yet in fondest hope they basked,
And of their union talked with joy;
For little thought they Marie's sire,
That dream of bliss would e'er destroy.

But he had fix'd his mind on one,
Haughty and proud, though rich his 'state';
Who'd made proposals for her hand,
And soon poor Marie heard her fate.

With streaming eyes and bended knee,
She pray'd for mercy, but 'twas vain;
The austere miser bade her yield,
Or dread his curse and endless pain.

Thus time elapsed—the awful day
Arriv'd—and Marie's fate was sealed;
But where was Edgar—gone to seek
For death upon the battle field.

The bridal day—the guests caroused,
And boisterous mirth its influence shed;
That day saw Marie Adolph's bride—
That night beheld poor Marie dead!

Her sire had thirsted still for gold,
Nought else could joy to him impart;
He'd gain'd his wish—he'd got more gold,
And broke his only daughter's heart!

Low in a little flowery dell,
Her grave clad with the primrose wild;
There sleeps poor Marie—hapless maid,
The miser's pretty, only child!

But say—what was the miser's fate?
He died a wretch—dread was his fall;
Starv'd—lock'd with his treasure under
ground,
Unpitied and despised by all!

Dusty Bob and Molly.

(A Comic Recitation, by J. W. F. Burden.)

Now stood poor Molly, shaking with affright,
On Primrose Hill, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bleary eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the man who called her wife;
Who on the plain was milling with his foe,
Brave Dusty Bob, the pride of Pleasant-row.
Moll's husband, Tommy, on the day before,
Upset young Bobby's beer upon the floor,
Who, big with rage, kick'd up a precious dust,
Hit Tom a blow, so fight it out they must.
Now toe to toe, they meet on Primrose Hill,
Intent on what they call a 'jolly mill';
Pleased with the sight, around her eyes Moll
throws,

Watching their hits and stops, their guards
and blows;

With anxious haste she rises on her toes,
First wipes her eyes, and then her urchin's
nose;

(For fortune, with her favours, was not coy,
She'd bless'd their union with a thumping
boy.)

But soon a contest 'twixt the seconds rose;
About the time, or else some unfair blows;
One from the other quick a bottle took,
And high in air the threat'ning missile shook,
His rage now fierce, left reason in the dark,
He flung the bottle—but he miss'd his mark,
'Some demon wings it, and some fury guides,'
The bottle swift 'amid the airy tides.'
Quick, quick as lightning then the bottle flies,
And hits poor Molly slap between the eyes!
The blood in torrents rushes from her nose,
Strains her brown bosom and besmears her
clothes;

'O, Tommy, Tommy!' cried she, as she fell,
'Give him a hiding, lace his jacket well.'

'Ah, me!' she cried, and feeling for the wound,
 She blubber'd, roar'd, and fell upon the ground.
 Tom ain'd the vict'ry, leaving then the strife,
 He sought his better half, his precious wife.
 His little son came running to his pa,
 'Oh, come,' he cried, 'and look at poor mamma,
 Yonder she lies as stiff as if she'd froze,
 And lots of blood comes running from her nose!
 Quick in his arms Tom took the bawling child,
 And blowing his nose between his fingers, smil'd.
 'My boy,' he cried, 'thy mammy only sleeps,'
 And cautiously towards the spot he creeps.
 'Moll! are you dead, my dear?' her husband cried,
 'Not quite, my duck,' she snivelling replied.
 'Come, rise, old girl, then on thy stumps get,
 At Tottenham Court, we'll have some heavy vet.'
 Moll smiled with joy, and wiping off the blood;
 As quick as lightning on her legs she stood,
 Forgetting soon the blow upon her pate,
 She march'd off home with victory elate.

Dumb Motions; or, More Meanings than One.

(A New Comic Recitation, by James Holt.)

To England once there came, in Charles's reign,
 (King Charles the Second of right merry fame,
 An Ambassador from the court of Spain,
 Who called himself Don Sanctibos by name;
 At least, so I've been told, forsooth,
 By one who vouch'd it as a truth:
 But whether true or not, I'll tell it you,
 And then when you have heard it through,
 Yourself can judge if it be false or true.
 Well, to my story—this said mighty Don,
 From the King of Spain, brought certain lines
 Which told King Charles, that he now look'd
 upon
 A grand professor in the art of *signs*!
 Who would be glad to meet on English ground,
 (Before again to Spain he should depart)
 A grand professor, if one could be found,
 To hold a converse in the self-same art.—
 The merry monarch much enjoy'd the sport,
 And made the Don quite welcome at his court.
 Meanwhile he sent to all the colleges around,
 (But no professor was there to be found),
 Who would attempt to have communication,
 With this *wise doctor* of the Spanish nation.

* * * * *
 The king sends messengers to both the Universities.
 * * * * *

The messenger from Oxford did soon his steps retrace,
 With face as long as Oxford-street, or near;
 For well he knew he'd surely lose his place,
 When Charles the king his *fruitless tale* should hear.

In vain had this poor man by fear or bribe,
 Been able to select from all the tribe
 Of learned doctors, students, and the towns-
 men too;
 One person who the king's command could do.
 So then reluctant (as the truant school-boy
 trembling stands

Before his master on the following morn,
 And thinks he *feels* the *ferule* smarting on
 his hands,

His punishment from school for having
 gone.)

Did this same messenger stand before the king,

And told him what *bad* news he had to bring.
 But scarcely had he time his story to relate,
 When the other messenger was at the gate;
 Who straight from Cambridge had per post
 been sent,

(As swift as a race-horse in a heat)
 To say that if this Spanish Don now thither
 went,

An English professor of the same art he'd
 meet.

The monarch now with smile upon his face,
 Rewarded both the messengers full well,
 Quite pleas'd to think that *now* without *dis-*
grace,

An English professor of the art of *signs*,
 Might make reply unto the Spanish lines;
 And Sanctibos go back to tell,
 That whatsoever science, art, or skill,

There may be practis'd on a foreign shore,
 Whene'er they try, most certainly they will
 In England find their match or more.

* * * * *
 The Don goes to Cambridge, and the stu-
 dents of the University introduce him to
 their *new* professor, and after [the interview,
 the students enquire of the Don how he
 liked their English professor.

* * * * *
 Don Sanctibos replied, with great delight,
 I'm fully satisfied, indeed sirs, quite:
 And to praise him well my heart inclines.
 His skill and talent, on my first reception,
 Were sublime and grand beyond conception:
 For, gentlemen, you must know, when first I
 went

Into his presence, I one finger raised on
 high,

And he directly knew what 'twas I meant,

For he held up *two* fingers in reply:
 I then held up *three* fingers to this grand
 And learned professor, who quickly *cks'd*
 his hand.

Now, gentlemen, by the *one* finger I meant
to say,
That but *one* GOD o'er all this world has
sway ;

The answer that he made, indeed was *true*,
For by his fingers he shew'd me there were
two ;

The *Father* and the *Son*, I then supposed he
meant,

So then *three* fingers in reply I sent,
Meaning (according to the Litany)
That *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost* were *three*.

And then to *close* his hand he quick begun
To shew me that all *three* are join'd in one.
I, then an *orange* from my pocket drew,
And held it forth unto this wise man's view ;
Which he on viewing, merely shook his head,
And then exhibited a *crust of bread* !

Now, gentlemen, the orange you must know,
Was meant to shew how fertile Spain
must be,

Where such fine fruit doth grow,

But this did not content your learned man
you see ;

For he directly shews a crust of bread to me,
(As far excelling sweet delicious fruits.)

It being the *Staff of Life* and emblem too,
Of what an English harvest home could do.

But, gentlemen—if your will it suits,
I'll now take leave of this most classic ground,
And bid you all farewell !

The *new* professor turned out to be the
cobbler of the town, named Bob, who had
lost an eye, and who undertook for the sake
of a certain sum of money, to *hold his tongue*
for a little while, and wear a wig and gown.
And after he had done playing at *dumb motions*,
the students ran to know how he had
succeeded.

Well Bobby—how did you succeed

With this *professor* grand ;

And did you really, indeed,

His *dumb motions* understand ?

Oh yes, says Bob, and if I might have spoke,

I'd soon have told him what I meant,

And black'd his eyes before he went,

Or else his head have broke.

Why when he first come in, he held *one* fin-
ger in the air,

Then gave a grin, and look'd so sly,

As much as to say, *there*,—

You've only got *one* eye.

What did I do ? why immediately I held in
sight

Two fingers—to let him know, just out of
spite,

That my *one* eye, was as good as his *two*.

The rascal then, he thought to come o'er me,

So he held up *three* fingers before me.

And if you'd have seen us.

You'd have thought, as well as me,

That he held up fingers *three*—as much as to
say—

We had but *three* eyes between us.

I then was so exasperated,

At what he by his signs had stated,

That I clench'd my fist tight,

Meaning to say—if he went on that way,

We should soon fight.

At the sight of my fist—he began to desist,

When he put his hand in his pocket and
from it he draws

An *orange* out—and held it in his paws.

No doubt he thought himself fine,

In making a sign—that he had something to
eat,

But soon I let him know, I wasn't to be beat,

Thinks I it's no go—

To let you have your own way.

Then it came in my head,

All in a second, as a body may say,

That I had some bread ;—

So I pull'd it out of my coat, in a pet,

And held it right before his nob,

As much as to say, you don't cheat Bob,

He's not to be easily outdone yet.

And so with that, away walks master Don,

And precious glad I am he's gone.

Sunday Scenes in St. James's Park.

(Original by J. Hasler.)

'Tis the Sunday scenes in St. James's Park

Upon which 'tis my intention to rhyme,

So now I will try a few to impart,

Tho' I fear they'll not be found very prime.

'Tis from eight o'clock I commence the
scene,

And it is at eight o'clock I'll close it ;

Those sights before or after to be seen,

Can be by all who may choose it.

The shrubbery gates, at eight are open
thrown,

When, if it should be a clear and calm day ;

Those who visit this Park I think will own

That it does many pleasing scenes display.

When the time arrives, two hours have fled,

And when the clocks have struck ten,

Are seen waiting without, by music led,

(To wit) divers of females, boys and men.

"Music hath charms" it is pretty well known

That will, it is said, "soothe the savage
breast ;"

It also charms many men from their home,

Who you see here in their Sunday best.

Charms also many of the musical,

For the overtures are sublimely good ;

So good, that by many, they're very well,

And perhaps as many, not understood.

'Tis half-past ten when the band retire,

And then towards the palace make their
course

With the soldiers, whose march people ad-
mire,

And their captain mounted on his horse.

And 'tis here till eleven the band doth play,

In the old palace yard it does sound again ;

It then breaks up, and many walk away

With the intention of coming again.

And during this time the shrubbery scene,
It is found by now very much increas'd;
Now that part of the community's seen
Perhaps not long from their breakfast re-
leas'd.

Here pacing to and fro the gravel walk,
You find some engaged in conversation;
And there are some alone who do not talk,
But to reading turn their inclination.

'Tis about two, when some of those within
Are to be seen leaving at a slow pace,
While others are seen to be coming in,
Who do very quickly fill up their place.

This company, as the other one did,
Have come to the park for a walking;
Most of whom, having just their dinner had,
Suppose we call it their afternoon stalking.

The park's open *pro bono publico*.
But not for all the public's followers;
For you see at the gate, wherein you go,
That your dogs are considered intruders.

It is written thus, "no dogs admitted,"
But instinct teaches them, and thus it
shows,

That men by a dog are here outwitted,
For tho' not at gate thro' the rails he goes.
Nurses may here be seen, and not a few,
For it is about this time of the day

Young masters and misses (no matter who)
Are brought out for a little air and play.
It is here you'll find variety much,
In different sizes, shapes and colours,
Here you'll see short and tall, showy and
neat,

Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers.
Here you see friend meet friend with "how
d'ye do?"

And there's some who thus address each
other:

"Bless me, who would have thought of meet-
ing you,
How have you left your father and mo-
ther?"

Altho' the paths they are both long and wide,
You have sometimes scarcely room to pass;
So some for want of room and some for pride
Are to be seen walking upon the grass.

Cockney's in general, I think will own,
To them the green grass it appears quite
sweet;

For the London smoke 'tis very well known,
To be free from, it is more than a treat.

In bye walks are seen lovers who have hearts,
Perhaps aching thro' love's fondest pas-
sion,

You see nymphs of the pave, in crowded
parts,
Many drest up in the height of fashion.

And here and there is a soldier in sight,
Who you mostly see much above the rest;
For with a hat of an enormous height,
Most of them gentlemen are blest.

After a walk or two under the sun,
There are many who will a seat require;
You'll find plenty for almost every one,
Some are free, and some to be let on hire.

The seats that are for hire are found the best,
As you can station them where'er you
please;

Either in solitude from all the rest,
Or where'er you can fancy the most ease.

It is oft the case with many a swain,
Who supposing the seats all to be free;
They often sit them down and rise again,
On their being ask'd for the usual fee.

And many there are who oft take a seat,
Quite unseen by the man for collecting;
Often rest their legs and will then retreat,
And even walk themselves off *sans* paying.

Here on these seats, with a cigar in view,
May be seen many a fine youth reclin'd,
Old maidens, batchelor's, and lovers too,
Both short and tall, with old and young
combin'd.

The water here hath great attraction,
As well for the big as the little boys;
For the ducks and swans to such a portion,
They here cove for very amusing toys.

These fowls are tame and a good reason why,
Is because they are often being fed;
By the boys and girls and the passers by,
Who are very often giving them bread.

In this water, fish you may also see,
And there's many a boy passes his time,
By creeping under either bush or tree,
And from hence will stealthy cast in his
line.

This must be done unknown to the keepers,
As the commissoiners decree it a crime;
So if they capture these angling poachers,
They will then certainly loose rod and line.

Such like are the scenes in St. James's Park,
During the time of the summer season;
'Tis thought, if the gates were shut before
dark,

It would to many be almost treason.
'Tis at eight o'clock the gates are put too,
When many, if it were in their power,
Would have them kept open, if not for two,
Most certainly at least for one more hour.

The Arab's Farewell to his Horse.

(A Favourite Recitation.)

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest
meekly by,
With thy proudly arch'd and glossy neck,
and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy
winged speed,
I may not mount on thee again, thou art sold,
my Arab steed.

Fret not with that impatient hoof, snuff not
the breezy wind—
The further that thou fliest now, so far am I
behind.

The stranger hath thy bridle rein—thy mas-
ter hath his gold—
Fleet limbed and beautiful, farewell, thou'rt
sold, my steed, thou'rt sold.

Farewell! these free untired limbs full many
 a mile must roam,
 To reach the chill and wintry sky, which
 clouds the stranger's home.
 Some other hand, less fond, must now thy
 corn and bed prepare—
 The silky main I braided once, must be ano-
 ther's care.
 The morning sun shall dawn again, but never
 more with thee
 Shall I gallop through the desert paths where
 we were wont to be.
 Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er
 the sandy plain,
 Some other steed, with slower step, shall
 bear me home again.
 Yes, thou must go, the wild free breeze, the
 brilliant sun and sky,
 Thy master's home, from all of these my
 exiled one must fly.
 Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud,
 thy step become less fleet,
 And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck, thy
 master's hand to meet.
 Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye
 glancing bright;
 Only in sleep shall hear again that step so
 firm and light;
 And when I raise my dreaming arm, to
 check or cheer thy speed,
 Then must I starting wake, to feel thou'rt
 sold, my Arab steed.
 Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel
 hand may chide,
 Till foam wreaths lie, like crested waves,
 along thy panting side,
 And the rich blood that is in thee swells in
 thy indignant pain;
 Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may
 count each started vein.
 Will they ill use thee? If I thought—but no
 it cannot be—
 Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle,
 yet so free.
 And yet, if haply when thou'rt gone, my
 lonely heart should yearn,
 Can the hand which casts thee from it, now
 command thee to return.
 Return, alas! my Arab steed, what shall thy
 master do,
 When thou who wert his all of joy hath
 vanished from his view;
 When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and
 through the gathering tears,
 Thy bright form for a moment like the false
 Mirage appears,
 Slow and unmounted will I roam, with weary
 foot alone,
 Where with fleet step and joyous bound,
 thou oft hast borne me on.
 And sitting down by that green well, I'll
 pause and sadly think,
 It was here he bowed his glossy neck when
 last I saw him drink.
 When last I saw thee drink? Away! the
 fevered dream is o'er,
 I could not live a day, and know that we
 should meet no more.

They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's
 power is strong,
 They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have
 loved too long,
 Who said that I'd giv'n thee up, who said
 that thou wert sold?
 'Tis false, 'tis false, my Arab steed, I fling
 them back their gold;
 Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour
 the distant plains,
 Away, who overtakes us now, shall claim
 thee for his pains.

John Spriggins.

(A Popular Recitation.)

I'm apt to wish—my wishing you shall hear
 And do not laugh, I mean not to be funny;
 I would be Rabelai's vast physitere,
 As rich in fat, so would I be in money.

As people, when they buy a scarce book *cheap*,
 Are apt to value it so much the *dearer*;
 So I, when lying authors make me weep,
 Am apt to think the novelist sincerer.

Therefore, I beg you deem *my* story true,
 Because it smacks of true love, and of
 weeping;
 Therefore, I dedicate the tale to *yew*,
 Dripping its dew drops where the dead are
 sleeping.

Now, silence! that my story I may tell,
 'Tis of a man, who, eke an undertaker,
 John Spriggins hight, the clerk of Clerken-
 well,
 Dear to Elizabeth Maria Baker.

John Spriggins lov'd his country and her
 trades,
 Respected 'tuum,' and ador'd his 'meum';
 He lik'd the grave digger, that knave of
spades,
 He lov'd his *coffee* though he sung 'te deum.

He lov'd the rector, curate—hated hells,
 Gambling, the devil, though I cannot tell
 why;
 He feasted on the sound of parish bells,
 And so, it may be said, he liked a *bel-fry*.

He also lov'd his fiddle, and his *kit*,
 Detested *cats*, and children, and their
 biggins,
 John Spriggins lov'd, and thought a little bit
 Of making dear Miss Baker, Mrs. Sprig-
 gins.

Now, when folks think a little, somehow
 they
 Next think a little more, which is a more
 little,
 And, as your lover's vows are soft as clay,
 John found the clay he kneaded just as
 brittle.

Miss Baker, fairest maiden of the fair !
She danc'd at fair Bartholomew in London !

Summer's red cabbages could ne'er compare
Her lips, nor eke a round of beef when undone.

Her eyes that vied with gooseberries for green,
Saw not the heavy havoc they were making,
But roll'd, in consciousness of lovely sheen,
Taking no notice of John's sorry taking.

Yet, those bright eyes two little blabs of love,
Shone to the *sole*—I mean the *single*,—
thinking,
Sure as a gun, they might a some one move
To love their lustre better than his drinking.

And so her eyes she cock'd—tho' not cockey'd,
Produc'd her net, a husbanding to angle,
And the net produce of her hopes defied,
Other good fish than worthy *Jack* to tangle.

John and Elizabeth first met at tea,
And jolli-ty, the people say, was present ;
For John did so behave him, she might see
How, on *occasions*, he could be most pleasant.

And she upon her best behaviour sat,
And show'd such learning, did the fair Maria,
That John in compliment, up yielded that
If not in thought, in person he was higher.

They chatted—it was evident to see
The heart of John was in a way to soften ;
He grew so happy that he vow'd the tea,
None of those tea-zing bouts that comes so often.

This led them to the marriage altar straight,
Wedlock is like the lock of patent coffin,
'Twill all so quietly and patient wait,
Till either male or female death go off in.

They married—easily they jumbled on,
Her mind was stored with learning's ample riches,
She wanted one thing that belonged to John,
Which was to wear his bran new leather breeches.

But John persisted she should not, because—
With ladies of the day 'tis very common—
He thought it opposite to nature's laws,
His *small*-clothes were too *large* for any woman.

He preach'd from Scripture, how the woman should
Never array her in a male apparel ;

And cited documents and reasons good,
More than enough to fill a six-hoop'd barrel.

But woman will and, *ever* will persist,
An' perseverance were there only riches,
She long'd so much, that Spriggins fear'd I wist,
His future hope mark'd with a pair of breeches.

But he was wise—contrarywise his wife,
Who wanted in her husband's robes to flaunt it ;
He had but *one* pair, and it caus'd some strife,
To know what *he* should do, if he should grant it.

So John resisted—e'en her eyes, those rogues,
And very proper he, sirs, to my thinking.
Finding her spouse would not give up his brogues,
She gave it up, and *then*—she took to drinking.

She tippl'd till she hadn't tip to pay,
Then landlords, an' she were a porker, scor'd her,
While *private* bills to John came ev'ry day,
For *public* debts, where she liv'd *parlour* boarder.

Clothes too she bought, without consulting John,
Flannels and shifts, her body to adorn it,
Then they departed, and so quickly gone,
John said, she only made a shift to pawn it.

He took this ill, but bore it very well,
And cared not for the smirking of his neighbours,
Because he hop'd to hear the merry bells
Ring for the product of their nine-month labours.

Elizabeth was put to bed, and then
She crav'd for gin—John Spriggins plac'd a bottle
Down by the bed, that she might find it when
'Twas most inviting to her throttle.

Elizabeth continued to grow worse.
Tugg'd at the gin, which John had plac'd beside her,
Then snor'd, and wak'd to drink, till e'en the nurse
Blush'd for thy cask, Geneva, that supplied her.

At last Elizabeth produced a child,
Mark'd with the leather-breeches of her onging.
It drove John Spriggins 'pretty nation' wild,
That folks to see his breech-born babe were thronging.

The bed-side bottle was the other's joy,
 And when 'twas gone her John would re-
 imburse it;
 She nurs'd the bottle, as for John's young
 boy,
 She left him and his grandmother to
 nurse it.

She drank, and talk'd, and talking made her
 dry,
 'Twould seem an' she was ever at her
sup-per,
 John found his meals were nothing but *ton-*
gue-pie,
 And look'd as gloomy as the crust call'd
 'upper.'

Her last gulph came one day—Alas! 'twas
 such,
 It flush'd her cheek, and set her eye-lids
 winking,
 Like souls at Newgate by a *drop* too much,
 Or, like a *Rosamond*, she died by *drinking*.
 'Ah, John! John Spriggins! it is over,
 past,'
 Down came the nurse, her sorrow'd eyes
 so wet,
 Crying, 'Good John! thy wife has breath'd
 her last!'
 'Huzza!' bawl'd John, 'I never heard
 that yet!'

The Careless Couple.

Jenny is poor, and I am poor,
 Yet we will wed—so say no more;

And should the oairs you mention come,
 (As few that marry but have some)
 No doubt that heav'n will stand our friend,
 And *bread*, as well as *children*, send.
 So fares the hen, in farmer's yard,
 To live alone she finds it hard;
 I've known her weary every claw
 In search of corn amongst the straw;
 But when in quest of nicer food,
 She clucks amongst her chirping brood;
 With joy I've seen that self same hen
 That scratch'd for *one*, could scratch for *ten*.
 These are the thoughts that make me willing
 To take my *girl* without a shilling;
 And for the self-same cause, d'ye see,
 Jenny's resolv'd to marry me!

The Barber & Chimney-Sweeper.

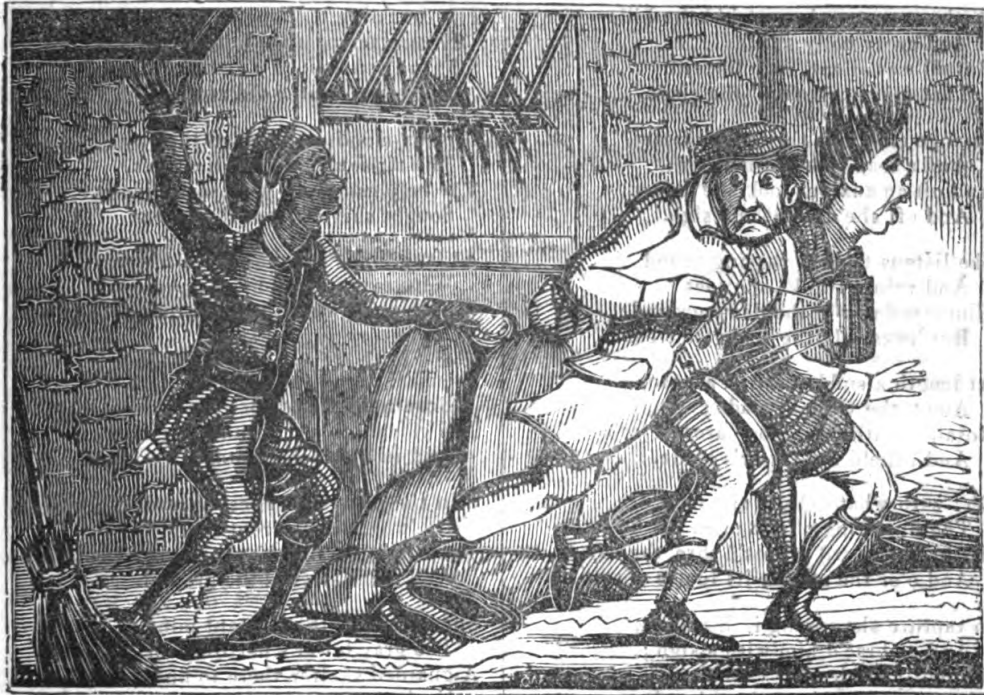
Young Nick, within a barber's shop,
 A chimney had been sweeping,
 And, having done his swarthy job,
 Again was downward creeping.
 While tying up his bag of soot,
 A waggish shaving blade
 Exclaim'd, "May I presume to ask,
 What was your father's trade?"
 "What trade?" quoth sweep, why, to my
 shame
 And chagrin be it spoken,
 My father was a barber, sir!
 How cursedly provoking!
 "I might have been a barber too,
 And his own sphere have play'd in,
 But did not like, to say the truth,
 A business so degrading."

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May we never want a friend, though we have no bottle to give him.
 May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.
 May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.
 May hope be the physician, when calamity is the disease.
 May the fruits of Mother Earth never be denied to any of her children.
 May the best day we have seen be the worst we have to come.
 May the fiery roads of adversity lead us to scenes of bliss.
 May the honey of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.
 May poverty never stare us in the face, without presenting hope as her suc-
 ces-
 sor.
 May our wants be sown in so fruitful a soil as to produce immediate relief.
 May we never envy those who are happy, but always strive to imitate them.
 May we derive amusement from business, and improvement from pleasure.
 May we never make a sword of our tongues to wound the characters of good
 men.
 May industry be always rewarded as the favorite of fortune.
 May the prison gloom be cheered by the rays of hope, and liberty fetter the
 arms of oppression.
 May we strive to avoid the law as we should do the devil.
 May we never cease to deserve well of our country.
 A speedy union to every lad and lass.
 A broadside of comfort to every distressed soul.

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THE SWEEPER AND THE THIEVES.

(A celebrated Yorkshire Recitation.)

A sweeper's lad was late o' th' neeght,
His slap shod shoon had leeam'd his feet;
He call'd to see a good awd deeame,
At mounny a time had trigg'd his weame,
For he wor then fahve miles fra yam :
He ax'd i' t' lair te let him sleep,
An' he'd next day their chimlars sweep.
They supper'd him wi' country fare,
Then show'd him tul his hool i' t' lair.
He crept intul his streeahy bed,
His pooak o' seat beneath his heead,
He wor content, nur car'd a pin,
An' his good friend then lock'd him in.
The lair frae t' hoose a distance stood—
Between 'em grew a lahtle wood :
About midneeght, or nearer moorn,
Two thieves brack in te steal ther coorn :
Hevin a leeght i' t' lantern dark,
Seen they te winder fell te wark ;
And wishing they'd a lay te fill.
Young Crush, whea yet had ligg'd quite still,
Thinkin' 'at men belang'd te t'hoose
An' that he noo mud be o' use,
Jump'd doon directly on te t' fleear,
An' t' thieves beeath ran out at deear ;
Nur stopt at owt nur thin nur thick,
Fully convinc'd it wor awd Nick.
The sweeper lad then ran reeght seen
T' t' hoose, an' tell'd 'em what wor deean ;
Maister an' men then quickly raise,
An' ran to t' lair wi' hawf ther cleas.
Twea horses, secks, an' leeght the fand,
Which had been left by t' thievish band :
These round i' t' neybourheead they cry'd,
But nut an owner e'er apply'd,
No. 27.

For neean durst horses awn or secks,
They wor so freghten'd o' ther necks.
They sold the horses, and of course,
Put awf o' the brass i' Sooty's purse ;
Desiring when he com that way,
He'd awlus them a visit pay ;
When hearty welcum he sud have
Because he did tner barley save.
Brush chink'd the guineas in his hand,
An' oft to leek at 'em did stand,
As he came he wistling teak his way,
Blessin' t' awl deeam wha let him stay
An' sleep i' t' lair, when late o' t' neeght,
His slap-shod shoon had leeam'd his feet.

Rosaline.

(An Original Recitation, by G. White.)

Far in a wild sequester'd glade,
Where the streamlet winds its way ;
There dwelt a beauteous cottage maid,
Far brighter than the day.

'Neath the shade of a lofty oak,
Her humble cottage stood,
And oft the awful raven's croak
Would echo thro' the wood.

Rosaline, in white array'd,
Sat beside the dazzling stream ;
Her graceful figure was display'd
In the placid crystal stream.

Her Oscar was a soldier gay,
The most valiant of the train ;
" But, alas ! where is he to-day ?"
She cried, in mournful strain.

With eager eye she watch'd the hill,
And every holly shade;
But all was silent, save the rill,
That murmur'd thro' the glade.

Strange emotions thrill'd her heart,
And a tear bedew'd her eye;
And oft an anxious look she'd dart,
And oft she'd breathe a sigh.

She listens to each passing sound,
And vainly thinks she sees
Him stealing o'er the dewy ground;
But 'twas only the spangled trees.

At length a sudden sound arouse,
Along the verdant glade;
Rosaline with fresh hope arose,
And beheld her Oscar's blade.

Oh! with what delight she view'd
The fluttering plume upon his head;
His bright sword glitter'd thro' the wood,
And o'er the stream its lustre spread.

In rapture she sprang in his arms,
And embrac'd him with a sigh;
He gently chides her vain alarms,
And kiss'd the tear from her eye.

The maiden smiling, sweetly said,
"How anxious have I gaz'd
At yonder blue rigg'd mountains head,
Where so oft we have stood amaz'd."

"Alas!" the dauntless youth replies,
"I am come, dear Rosaline,
To bid adieu unto those eyes,
And yonder murmuring stream."

"Oh, why, oh, why, must we thus sever,
Have I not lov'd thee true?
Oh, any pang could I endure,
Rather than part from you."

"My king and country need my aid—
To battle I must go,
Soon will this solitary glade
Be encircled by the foe."

"Oscar," she cried, "I'll to the field,
And join with thee the strife;
With these fond arms I'll form a shield,
To protect thy treasured life.

At length the trumpets piercing cry
Resounded thro' the glade,
And Oscar, with a plaintive sigh,
Embraced his gentle maid.

The lofty hills, with warriors crown'd,
Pursued their dreary way;
Inspir'd by the martial sound
Of the trumpet's glorious bray.

Down the silent shadowy glade,
The maiden fled forlorn,
And vainly sought, amid the shade,
To behold her Oscar's form.

The deaf'ning cannons hollow scund,
Struck terror upon her ear;
Still the sad maiden o'er the ground
Her eager course did steer.

Gloomy clouds now veiled the sky,
The rain rushed thro' the trees,
The helpless maid, with searching eye,
Sought shelter from the breeze.

At length she spied a ruin'd tower,
With cypress and moss o'ergrown,
Whose walls were shook by tempest's power,
And every rugged stone.

Trembling, pale, and disconsolate,
Rosaline with terror view'd
The gloomy tower's crumbling state,
And in melancholy stood.

Still the pitiless tempest spread
Its 'whelming torrent round;
The turret's walls shook o'er her head,
And ruins strew'd the ground.

She enter'd with reluctant mind,
The gray tower's narrow door,
A guarded shelter there to find,
Until the storm was o'er.

And louder roar'd the cannon now,
Thro' the ivy shatter'd wall;
The maiden's bosom heaved with woe,
As she enter'd the dismal hall.

With steadfast glances she survey'd
The tower's mouldering spot,
Where once the haughty Baron's sway'd
In pomp—but now forgot.

The bright moonbeams now shone serene,
Thro' the towering trees;
Peace again reign'd o'er the scene,
And softly sigh'd the breeze.

The maiden left the gloomy shade,
Again her path to tread;
Bright genial drops bedew'd the glade,
And every flowery bed.

Anon, and she beheld the field,
Where breathed the dying strain;
The moon shone brightly on each shield,
And o'er the ensanguined plain.

Terror thrill'd thro' every vein,
Whilst she survey'd the dead,
A solemn gloom reign'd o'er the plain,
As each gallant spirit fled.

Amid the awful, deadly heaps,
She wildly sought his face;
And ever and anon she weeps,
Such horrors there to trace!

She saw his form, beheld his breast,
All crimson'd with his gore;
And to his pale lips he press'd
Her lily hand, till life was o'er.

"Oh, Rosaline, I care no more,
Farewell, farewell," he faintly cried;
She kiss'd, embraced him o'er and o'er,
And with a smile the hero died.

Tom Filch's Noration.

(A Parody on "Norval's Speech," by E. Mackey.)

My name is Tom Filch, ne'er St. Giles's
Pound
My daddy keeps a crib—a rummy cove,
Whose constant *hidea*'s to pick up a crust,
And keep his hopeful chick, myself, at home,
For I had heard of prigging, and I long'd
To follow to the scratch some filching cove;
But good luck guv'd me what old dad denied.
That moon what was last night round as my
hat,
Hadh't not hardly rose, when by the gas,
A lot of lushy covies from the west,
Rush'd like a gutter down t'ward Billings-
gate,
Playing old Harry loose, with all before 'em.
I alone—with knowing look and noddle full
of summat,
Dodged 'em through court and alley,—I
twigg'd the way they went,
Then bolted to my pal,
Who, with a crew of chaps on the look out,
I met a coming—the scent I led,
Till we cum'd up quite to the lushy blades;
We hustled, queer'd 'em, e'er a click was
drawn,
These mawleys here of mine had prig'd one's
wipe,
Who wore that day the fogle that now I wear.
Returning home in pocket, I look'd blue
At daddy's humstrum life, and having heard
As how a chap had ax'd his pals
To help him to a nibbling bout,
I left old daddy's crib, and took with me
A knowing covey to lead on the way,—
That *are* queer kiddy who peach'd on me
arter.
Toddling with that *are* view, I pass'd the
Bailey,
And, luck-forsookn'd, in the Redbreast's
view
I prig'd the wipe what fix'd me here in quod.

The Soldier's Return.

(A Serious Recitation.)

My untried muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor sustain arms,—farewell my cap and
plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power,
I tell my feelings in one happy hour.
But what an hour was that, when from the
main
I reach'd my native village once again;

A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shocked, half-waving, in a field of light.
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down, as in life's early morn.
I gaz'd around, but not a soul appeared!
I listen'd on the threshold—nothing heard!
I call'd my father thrice, but no one came!
It was not fear, or grief, that shook my
frame,

But an o'erpowering sense of peace and
home;

Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide,
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! the same old clock
Struck the same lull, and gave my heart a
shock

I never can forget; a short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my
tongue,

Caught the old dangling Almanacks behind,
And up they flew, like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down and down they
went,

And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold—tho' so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful—almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
Seeming to say (past friendship to renew)
'Ah, ah! old worn out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprisoned
humble bee,

And boom'd, and bounced, and struggled to
be free;

Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the
floor—

The floor clean sanded, where my fancy
strayed,

O'er undulating waves the broom had made,
Reminding me of those of hideous forms,
That met us as we passed the Cape of
Storms,

Where high and loud they break, and peace
comes never,

They roll, and foam, and roll, and foam for
ever.

But here was peace, that peace which home
can yield,

The bee, the partridge, and the field,
And striking clock, were all at once become
The substitutes for trumpet, fife and drum.

While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window sill;

'Twas many years since my eyes had seen
Any thing so lovely, fresh and green;

I guess'd some infant hand had placed it
there,

And prized its hue most exquisite and rare!
Feelings on feelings, mingling, doubling
rose,

My heart felt every thing but calm repose;

I could not reckon moments, hours, nor
 years,
 But rose at once, and burst into tears;
 Then, like a fool confused, sat down again,
 And thought upon the past with shame and
 pain.
 I raved at war, and all its horrid cost,
 And glory's quagmire, where the brave are
 lost:
 On carnage, fire, and plunder, long I mus'd,
 And curs'd the murdering weapons I had
 used!
 Two shadows now I saw, two voices heard,
 One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd;
 In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
 And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
 Close by him stood a little blue-ey'd maid,
 And, stooping to the child, the old man said,
 'Come nither, Nancy, kiss me once again,
 This is your uncle Charles, come home from
 Spain.'
 The child approach'd, and with her fingers
 light,
 Strok'd my old eyes, almost deprived of
 sight.
 But why thus spin my tale, thus tedious be,
 Happy old soldier—what's the world to me?

Comical History of Othello.

(A celebrated Recitation, written by John
 Taylor, Esq.)

Othello was a black,
 Renown'd for martial slaughter,
 And by heroic clack
 He won Brabantio's daughter.

A senator was he,
 When Venice erst was fam'd—
 A lovely maid was she,
 And Desdemona nam'd.

The senate then was sitting,
 Debating with decorum,
 Brabantio thought 'twas fitting,
 To bring the black before 'em.

For lo! enrag'd with pride,
 The Sire was much offended,
 Othello speechified,
 And so the matter ended.

The senate then decreed,
 Othello that same night,
 To Cyprus' Isle should speed,
 With Ottoman's to fight.

Averse alone to lie,
 His dame with fondness stor'd,
 To Cyprus too would hie,
 To join her sable lord.

When met, Othello swore,
 So much our passions sway us,
 When he lov'd her no more,
 Again there would be chaos.

A wretch, Iago hight,
 With ev'ry hellish trick,
 In guilt took such delight,
 He seem'd to be Old Nick.

There was a silly chap,
 His name was Roderigo,
 Iago laid a trap,
 And in it soon did he go.

He sold his house and land,
 And follow'd like a lackey,
 For he could not withstand
 The pretty wife of blacky.

His purse Iago drain'd,
 Took costly gems to boot,
 Swore blacky's wife had gain'd
 The whole to grant his suit.

And hence the loving lout,
 To Cyprus led from Venice,
 Iago dash'd about
 Just like a ball at tennis.

One Cassio was a man
 To make the ladies false,
 By picking up a fan,
 Or joining in a waltz.

Iago form'd a plot,
 Of him a little jealous,
 To make him prove a sot,
 So drew him to an alehouse.

Then fill'd him many a glass,
 From wine though Cassio shrunk,
 Till so it came to pass
 That he was very drunk.

To shew he was not quite
 Of reason then bereft,
 He said his left was right,
 His right arm was his left.

A quarrel then arose
 'Twixt Cassio and Montano,
 And soon they went to blows,
 With accents not piano.

The bell alarm'd the town,
 When all in sleep was still,
 And brought Othello down
 In bed-room deshabelle.

He bade Iago tell
 The cause of this foul rout,
 Who told the tale so well
 That Cassio was turn'd out.

Iago, cunning elf,
 Bewail'd his hapless case,
 Yet soon contriv'd himself
 To get in Cassio's place.

But favours could not bind
 This most flagitious fellow,
 Besides the rogue design'd
 To tempt Madame Othello.

For long he thought the black
 With horns had deck'd his brows,
 And felt as on the rack
 Till he had spouse for spouse.

A handkerchief most rare
 Black gave his nuptial sleeper,
 To guard with anxious care,
 E'en as her precious peeper.

It was his mam's, he said,
 Who, just before she died,
 Enjoin'd him if he wed,
 To give it to his bride.

The work he said was made
 By fortune-telling gipsy,
 With magic's potent aid,
 When she was wild and tipsy.

In Mummy it was dy'd,
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts,
 And therefore, well supplied
 With soft and yielding parts.

He spoke in awful terms,
 And said the silk was spun
 By none but hallow'd worms,
 As sure as is a gun.

But, what was somewhat strange,
 He bade her always wear it,
 As if, without a change,
 She ne'er could dirt or tear it.

He swore if giv'n away
 Her bed he should forsake,
 And to bad women stray,
 Like any other rake.

This napkin so much cried,
 With strawberries was spotted,
 Poor Desdemona sigh'd
 'Twas e'er to her allotted.

For ah! upon the ground,
 She dropp'd this handkerchief,
 'Twas by Emilia found,
 Who seiz'd it like a thief.

She was Iago's wife,
 He us'd her like a Turk,
 And she, to soften strife,
 Gave him the mystic work.

What did this wicked wight,
 Who, troth, would any sin do?
 Seek Cassio's house at night,
 And threw it in his window.

Then made Othello rave,
 To jealousy not loth,
 To think his spousy gave
 To Cassio that dread cloth.

This shocking lie, alack!
 Soon rais'd a direful pothor,
 And made the furious black
 Resolve his wife to smother.

A candle in his hand,
 He sought her while in bed,
 But first he made a stand
 And to the candle said:

"If I put out thy light,
 Thou friendly tallow taper,
 I still can make thee bright,
 By brimstone-match or paper.

But if by drug or knife,
 Or smoth'ring, I'm unmated,
 I can't revive thee, wife,
 When thou art suffocated."

He then arraign'd the dame
 Of crimes which she denied,
 And quench'd her vital flame,
 Because he thought she lied.

But when the whole was found
 Iago's wicked fibs,
 Othello made a bound,
 And stabb'd him in the ribs.

Thus hearing that his chuck
 From guilt was really free,
 In grief his heart he stuck.
 And died *felo de se*.

MORAL.

Then hence each spinster fair,
 Then you may live allegro,
 Of handkerchiefs take care,
 If e'er you wed a Negro.

A Comic Ode on the Passions.

(Written by Mr. Talbot.)

When the author of nature first form'd fickle
 man,
 To endow him with passions, 'tis plain was
 the plan;

From the nurse to the sexton, throughout
 life's routine,
 Nought but folly and passion fill up the sad
 scene.

When first we came here, or the nurse tells
 us lies,

We came in a passion, 'twas plain by our
 cries,

From passion and squalling they can't obtain
 rest,

Till the poor Sans Culottes safely shelter at
Breste.

The youth creeps to school, but 'tis plain by
 his looks,

That boys have by nature no passion for
 books;

But let the stern master proclaim holiday,
 And they quickly evince a strong passion for
 play.

At length by experience and precept grown
 wise,

And taught by his master instruction to
 prize;

The scholar pedantic chops logic with Locke,
And *propria que maribus, hunc, hic, hoc, et hoc.*

In learning and science half finished, or so,
'Tis odd, but his next ruling passion's a
beau,
Learn to dress, be short-sighted, talk loud at
the play,
Interrupt the best scenes with—'Ah, how
d'ye do t'day?'
Quiz the natives with glass operatic in hand,
And mouth out each sentence, because it is
grand.
'Vastly fine!—I say, Tom! let us kick up a
row;
I'm ripe for all fun and row—Bow, wow,
wow!'

With the ladies, a red coat has powerful
charms,
And the ardour of youth gives a passion for
arms,—
Then view our young hero dress'd *en mili-
taire*,
Britannia's guardian, as well as the fair.

(Business) AIR—"Duke of York's March"

But here a strong passion ne'er fails to in-
trude,
A passion, whole armies have never subdued;
A passion inspired by angels above,
The sweetest of passions—sweet passion of
love.

'Oh! fie, sir,—get up sir—I vow you're quite
shocking,

Mamma's at this door—don't you hear how
she's knocking?

If ma finds you here, she'll make such a riot;
Now don't sir,—pray don't—now can't you
be quiet!

In the knot hymeneal the lovers are tied,
And he leads from the altar his beautiful
bride;

Then the smiles of content may be seen in
each face,

And a numerous offspring his fire-side grace.
But as every passion must have some alloy,
For even our sweets without bitters would
cloy,

So in wedlock commingling passions will
burn,

And love, rage, and jealousy, take it by turn.
The bottle and glass draw the husband aside,
And nocturnal revels afflict his sweet bride.

'Well, wife! here am I—I say here I am!
What silent my dear—well, who cares a
d—n!

'Oh, you vile wicked wretch! kept up here
all night,

My poor babes and I—almost dying with
fright;

Undress yourself quickly—put your cap on
your head,

Say your prayers, you vile wretch, and come
into bed.'

The next passion we paint—is the passion of
gain!

Which oft supersedes either glory or fame.
In the mysteries of traffic, there view him
involved,

To procure or preserve a large fortune re-
solv'd;

Night and day he his plodding to add to his
store.

And finds that old Cocker says twice two is
four.

'Tis his duty, if ever in trade he would
thrive,

To learn how to make his twice two into five;
Receive cash with a smile, but pay with a
frown,

There's interest and discount, commission,
bills down,

But in technical terms, none in trade were,
are meant

To equal those syllables—sweet cent per
cent.

But mark the reverse—bad times, living
ills,

Bad trade, bad payment, bad debts, and bad
bills.

Despair now lengthens each line in the face,
Like a person preparing to sing "Chevy
Chase."

(Business) AIR—"Chevy Chase."

Grown old, avaricious, and shrinking with
care,

While time bends his body and silvers his
hair,

To secure safe his wealth now fills up his
mind,

Little thinking how soon he must leave it
behind;

While stuck in his sleeve full many a pin is,
And instead of his prayers, he will prate
about guineas,

'How hard the times are;—how expensive
small beer!

A pin in a day is a groat in a year—
(Imitating an old man taking up a pin.)

(Business) AIR—"An old Woman clothed in
Grey."

To conclude this sad scene comes the great
tyrant death,

And his weeping relations receive his last
breath:

'He's gone! and his like we shall none of us
know,'—

To his grave with loud grief his sad relatives
go;

With handkerchief white and steps very
slow,

But quickly returning on sprightly tip-toe;
As if some great secret they all wish'd to
know,

'Now he's buried,' cried one of his griev'd
legatees,

Getting rid of his sorrow with wonderfu
ease;

'Now he's snug—this instant examine the will :
'Aye! the will,' they replied, and the long codicil;
There's a thousand for each, and ten thousand for me,
Then a fig for his death! and sing fiddle de dee!

The Clothes Bag.

(A Popular Recitation, by P. T.)

When the streets were all throng'd with the short and the tall,
And crowded beyond human reason,
Like the first sunny morning in April, when all
The beggars turn out for the season—
Then swift by Petticoat Alley he steer'd
I know it was Mo, by the cut of his beard.

'What Moses! come hither!' I hailing him, cried,

'The weather is not of the coldest,
And throats, on such land-parching days may be dried,

As mine, by my tongue thou beholdest;
So into the sign of the Lion we'll trot,
And wet the discourse with, of porter, a pot.'

'Then Moses look'd cheerful, and pull'd with such glee

At the porter, I fancied, od rot'em!
He wanted, self-love like, his features to see
In th' bright shining pewter at bottom!
So checking, I ask'd my old Mo for a quid,
And he open'd his merchandize, light as a kid.

He tumbled and offer'd each trifle to view,
Relating partic'lars as wholesome as true.

(Moses loquitur.)

This now dingy wreath, as a proof of his passion,

A libertine gave to his wench:
This now tatter'd dicky, a dandy of fashion,
Wore three months unwash'd in the Bench:

How faded the wreath, like Dicky its brother,
As smiles of the wench, and the fame of the other.

And here, by an op'ra hat's comical form,
Are pairs of stage boots without number—
I mean the stage boots that players' feet warm,

Not those for coach passenger's lumber:
And here is a quizzing-glass used by a drone,
Because the fool had such good eyes of his own.

This gown, deck'd with lace, of a Cantab, a gemman,

I got in exchange for some cash,
When he, having squander'd his own on a leman,

Was just saved from making a smash;

For knowing his body was useless, he goes
And raises the wind at expence of his clo'es.

He sigh'd, as he handed for traffic the gown,
Which oft in his college had cover'd much sin,

Like Charity and in the rows of the town,
Had been his protector 'gainst kicks on the shin

He handed it over for barter, and sigh'd,
While I only thought it a true donkey hide.

The rags, linen rags, and a beautiful pack,
Consid'ring I purchas'd them cheap,
I know not their owner, but, as they are black,

Perhaps they belong'd to a sweep.
While this was a chift, hiding sins, it is said,
Of one, who, unwed, for herself was in trade.

This case, like his carcase as empty, I trow,
I bought with some phial, an hour
Agone, of one worthless in physic, I know,
Though not so in physical pow'r;
For boxing up pills he left, rhubarb and all,
To box with his shadow all day on the wall.

Behold this eccentric and beautiful jazez,
And none of your wonderment grudge,
Tho' looking more fitted for Corporal Casey,
Belong'd to a pun-making judge,
I lend it, whenever the gentlemen ask,
To Templars, who go as Tom-fools to a mask.

This clothes-bag itself, ah! you scarce will believe it,
By Solomon's seal it is true,
So brown and decayed, that you ne'er will perceive it

Has ever been purchas'd as new;
Was gown to a worthy old curate, I hear,
Who starv'd on a badly paid fifty per year.

'But hold! what is here? O, thou son of a Turk!

Old Mo, I'll proclaim thee a sinner!
Where got'st thou this elegant quarter of pork?'

'Twas got—for my Saturday's dinner.
As Protestant puddings their sabbath board streak,

I order my bowels to sin once a week.'

'Ah, Moses! if wert not a brazen faced gut,
Thou'dst blush at a crime so forbidden;
Thy clothes-bag, like double entendre of smut,

Has ever a mystery hidden!
Thy fair looks are false as thy clothes-bag, od rot'em!

Like truth in the well, all the pork's at the bottom.'

The Resurrectionists.

(By B. Gough.)

'Twas on a clear December night,
 The air was bleak and cold,
 And the moonbeams shed their gentle light,
 When the midnight bell had toll'd;
 When slowly, fearfully, and still,
 Three men came up the church-yard hill;
 They look'd around with cautious eye,
 Beneath the spreading yew,
 And wish'd there was a darker sky
 To screen their deed from view.
 'Twas not a night for them to tread
 The sanctuary of the dead.
 They trembled—but the boldest flung
 His shovel on a grave,
 And swore an oath, and then he sung,
 A wild unhallow'd stave,
 And bade his comrades not be loth,
 And then he swore another oath.
 Then they threw the turf aside,
 Under which Death's tenants hide;
 When the mould in careless heaps,
 Where the mortal slumberer sleeps.
 Deeply is the treasure hid—
 Hark! they touch the coffin lid;
 Then, a rope around it, soon
 Brings it forth to midnight's noon.
 One with sacreligeous hands,
 Rends apart the iron bands,
 Which enwrap the coffin round--
 Ah! how thrilling is the sound!
 Then the second and the third
 (Neither of them speak a word)
 Draw the nails without delay,
 And fling the coffin-plate away;
 Loose the shroud, wherein, aghast,
 They see a living corse at last!

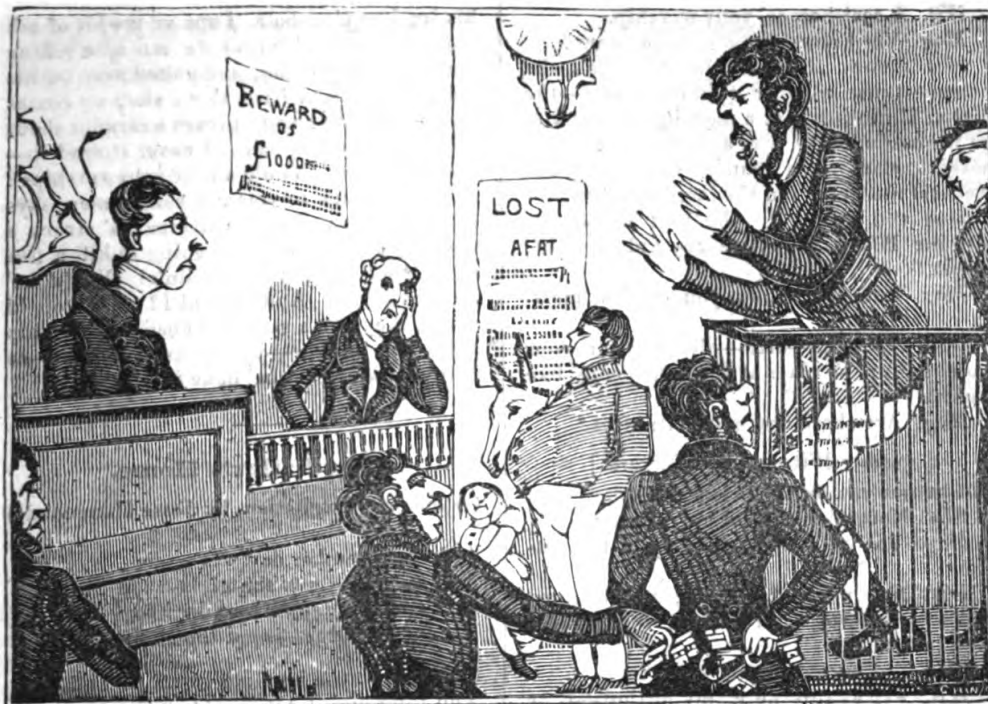
A living corse! a moment prov'd—
 They heard it breath—they saw it mov'd
 A living corse was wrapt therein,
 To paralyze those fiends of sin—
 For, as aside the shroud they drew,
 A gaze of terror met their view.
 They look'd, and quiver'd—cold as stone—
 What heard they then? their victim's groan!
 A hollow groan, that made them start,
 And chill'd the throbbings of each heart.
 They look'd, yet doubted—was it true?
 A living corse brought forth to view!
 A moment more—the villains fled,
 In horror deep, and a speechless dread,
 Leaving corse and coffin there,
 To the winter's midnight air.
 Down the village steep they ran,
 But met one solitary man,
 Who asked them if some idle boys,
 Disturb'd the hamlet with their noise;
 And why, at such an hour of night,
 Within the church-yard was a light?
 They answer'd not, but still purru'd
 Their flight in guilty solitude;
 And though they had been there before,
 They never trod that church-yard more.
 The moon broke forth, and brightly shone
 As the solitary man went on;
 And, as he ope'd the church-yard gate,
 The animated corse he met—
 Who ask'd in hoarse sepulchral strain,
 "The nearest way to College-lane!"
 Where liv'd the new-made Widow Lance
 Whose spouse was buried in a trance;
 But Providence had sent to save
 Her husband from a timeless grave.
 Home went the ghostly man, (his guide
 With cudgel quivering at his side,)
 And liv'd, in spite of rustic jeers
 And village jokes, for twenty years!

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Love, liberty, and length of blissful days.
 Love without fear, and life without reproach.
 May the joys of the fair give pleasure to the heart.
 Pretty frigates, well rigged, and jolly boys to man them.
 May the blush of conscious innocence ever deck the faces of the British fair.
 May our commanders have the eye of a Hawke, and the heart of a Wolfe.
 May the enemies of Great Britain be destitute of beef and claret.
 May the sins of our fathers descend upon our foes.
 Short Parliaments and unbiassed Freeholders.
 The Queen, and may true Britons never know the want of her picture.
 The single married, and the married happy.
 Sincere love, or none at all.
 The maiden's blush, and the virgin of fifteen.
 Plenty to the generous mind.
 May war never be among us.

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A PARODY ON THE TRIAL SCENE IN BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Characters—MAGISTRATE, BILL, AND WITNESSES.

Mag. Prisoner, as your donkey is almost bent double with the load o' mackerel on his back, and it am been thought proper that your pals, the drovers and slaughtermen, should be vitnesses-of votsundever penalty we may exflict upon you, in case ve finds you guilty on the crime that you am charged vith; it will be necessary to receive the dispositions of the vitnesses vithout bringing the donkey into court, because, you see, the hampers vould perwent. Von of the vitnesses, I grieves to say, is your voman—howsomdever, out of marcy to your sittiwation, we isn't brought her up.

Bill. Thankee, your vorship, thankee—my voman Sarah, standing here afore me pattering vords vhat'd send me to the mill, vould be laying on too thick for a covey to bear. I thanks your vorship—if I must mount the wan agin, I vouldn't have it in sight o' my voman.

Mag. Prisoner, you am charged under Muster Martin's hact, vi' almost killing your donkey to death. Answer—am you guilty or not guilty?

Bill. I vants your vorship to mind vot your arter atvixt the questions. If it should go for to be axed if I vanted to kill the donkey, I could prove, if I vanted to be bounceable, that ray donkey vas sitch a rum 'un, I could ha' sold him to a knacker for five hog—all's von for that ere. I ain't guilty of an attempt to kill the donkey to death; but if it's guilty for a costermonger to strike his moke

No. 23.

when he von't kemarp, vy then I says guilty, and think I've no cause to cry stinking fish.

Mag. You pleads guilty, then? Let me, as a jolly good trump of a beak, vot I is, advise you to eat your vords. At all events, chance our luck on a proper hexamination.

Bill. I leaves that ere chance to your vorship's own breasts; if they have not a vord for poor Bill, vy I ain't got dimmock to employ a lawyer!

Mag. You von't go back, then?

Bill. I'm fix'd to it, back and edge, and no gammon.

Mag. Brother Beak, nothing more is left for us to do nor to consider on the amount o' the fine. Although the case o' the unfortunate costermonger admits of a little pity, still, for the proper diffusion of the milk of humane kindness—as the immortal Blackstone says—amongst the bullock-boys and donkey-men of the metropolis, any woodwinking or leaning for'ard on our parts, vould set a bad hexample, and I fears can't be yielded to. Gennemen, am you made up your minds as to the verdict? Guilty? It remains, then, for me to force the penalty. Prisoner, does not von of your cronies come for'ard to speak to your carrotter? Am you no von?

Bill. Not von, your vorship; I didn't go for to think to ax em; but let them *ohoick*, and, may I never die in child-bed, if from one end of Kent-street to t'other, you can find a kid to say nothink agin me.

Mag. Sing out for vitnesses!

Enter First Witness.

What am you?

Wit. A coal-heaver, your worship.

Mag. Vot knows you on the prisoner?

Wit. Know, your vorship! that he's the humanest man as ever skinned a heel—the first at Billingsgate in a morning, the last to go to roost at dark; von as never vos thought nothink else nor a trump; he deals in the freshest mackerel and the largest sprats; for buying and selling to the best advantage, give me Bill Finch afore any kid in Kent-street.

Mag. But vot knows you on his moral carrotter?

Wit. His maw—maw—ale carrotter, your worship? vy, he plays at shove-ha'penny like a cock.

Mag. Are there any more vitnesses?

[*Another Witness comes forward.*]

Vot knows you on the prisoner?

Wit. Nothink but good, my lorthur.

Mag. Vas he never lock'd up in the vat-chus?

Wit. Not never but once, my lorthur; and that ere vos for a shindy, when ve vos both lushy.

Mag. Vot else does you know?

Wit. Vy, as this here, my lorthur—if he goes to the mill, they von't make him vork hard.

Mag. Am you nothink else to show? Did he not never do no great nor mag-nanny-mous action?

Wit. Do any who, my lorthur? Ye—yes. He twice floored his old grandmother, and twice put his old blind father into a vater-butt!

Mag. Am there any more vitnesses?

Bill. Your Vorship, I feels as if I had the barnacles on, or stood in the stocks, to stand here and listen to yarns about a carrotter, and all that ere. If you doesn't think I'm a trump, vy it's no more use than taking coals to Newcastle to patter here.

Mag. Gennemen, is your opinion still unshook'd? Prisoner, what am you to say vy the full penalty of forty hog should not be levelled a-top on you? If you is got nothink to offer, now is the time to launch out.

Bill. In a moment, your vorship—in a moment. (*Blowing his nose.*) Damn it, my nose is rather troublesome. Your vorship, I had been three months to the mill for a 'sault, and my donkey—as good a von to go as ever was seen—had not done no vork all that ere time. I had come home as frisky as a fly in a treacle-pot. I found Sarah—that's my voman, your vorship—with all her toggery up the flue, but rummy all other rags. Vell, your vorship, I invited my pals to a bit of a blow out, and when ve vos all as merry as a lot o' chummies on a May day, there comes in a cove to say there vos a glut o' mackerel down at the Gate. I hampered my moke, and set off vi' the bags to lay in a dollop. I hadn't got further nor the t'other side o' Smiffel, when my donkey got

his leg in a plug-hole. I ups vi' my bit of ash—(*showing a stick about the size of a rolling pin*)—run up to him, and velted away on his behind as long as I vos able; when up comes a covee, and begins to preach a sarmint about cruelty to the hanimal. I never stowed it—never stopped. Vould any o' your vorships? Jolly good luck to you and your vomen, says I! Vould any o' your vorships ha' struck a donkey, as if you'd been going to kill a flea or a bug? No, you wouldn't! You'd ha' done as I did. And vot did I? vy, I vopp'd the donkey like a sack; and had your vorship been the donkey—you're ass enough—so help me tatur, I'd ha' done it!

The Sailor's Home.

(A Favorite Recitation, by Jesse Hammond.)

A dark December day was gone,
And mournful was the night-wind's moan,
While with a deeper hoarser roar,
The sullen surges swept the shore.

Soon howl'd the hurtling storm on high,
And the rough blast rush'd rudely by,
Which Susan heard and in dismay
Thus wept for William far away.

"I would not change this little tear,
'Which memory prompts to trickle here,
For her proud joy whose careless kiss
Transports a monarch into bliss.

"I would not change this couch of care
For all the pomp that tempts the fair,
For, though the winds awake my woes,
'Twas here they rock'd him to repose.

"I would not change this cup of horn
For all the gems by monarchs worn,
For that he fill'd, his faith to prove,
And pledg'd me with a lasting love.

"Yet couch and cup, and all I see,
Alike look mournful now to me,
And seem in silent grief to say
Remember William far away!"

Scarce had she bow'd her suppliant form
To Him whose voice can still the storm,
When the rude gust that pass'd the door
Her William's well-known accents bore.

"Arise, my love, 'tis heaven's decree
My cot shall once more shelter me.
Though merciless and wild the wave,
Yon yawning gulph is not my grave.

"Arise my love, the storm that blows
Shall once more rock me to repose,
From the cold grasp of death I come
To Susan and The Sailor's Home."

The Nabob and his Relations.

(A Serio-Comic Recitation, by E. H. Mal.)

Not long ago, an Indian Nabob
Revisited his native land; his nob
Was ever hatching on the happy thought
Of quitting India wealthy:

And now joyful he his connexions sought,
Rich, fat, and healthy.

His native town was one yclept Devizes,
So when he landed, off he goes;

Inwardly chuckling at the surprize his
Company would give to all of those

Dear fond relations, nephews, cousins,
nieces,

He left behind. "Gad," says he, "they'll
tear me all to pieces."

And he was right;

When he approached his native mansion,
What his delight!

How his heart throbbed in fond expansion:

To hear what boist'rous mirth, what merry
song,

Proceed from those he yearned to be
among.

That mansion, lit with a right cheerful
aze,

That succoured him in younger, happier,
days.

He knocked one only rap—an old servant
came.

"Pray do the Browns live here?" "Yes,
sir; your card!"

"My card! what's that?" "Well, then,
sir, your name?"

"Brown—Brown, you dog; 'tis hard
That you don't know me."

The servant started—"Brown! why Lard!
It's my old master, blow me!"

The porter would have welcomed his "old
master"

Sans ceremonie, but for a wink. "Avast,
sir,"

Said the Nabob, "now hold your blab, old
boy,

(Shaking his hand) "Pray don't my plans
destroy."

The Nabob entered the arena of convivial
mirth,

And made his bow.

All stared. "My name is Brown by
birth,

A near relation of some of ye here."

'Relation! how, sir, how!

You a relation? a distant one, I fear."

The one who spoke was nephew Jack—

(He didn't expect his Indian uncle back)

The next who tittered, overmuch the
dandy,

A tongue clip—e'en a lisping fop,

And as he sipp'd affectedly his brandy,

Let a few words thus drop:—

Ah, I say, old fellow! damme 'tis very
rude,

Excessively, I may say, thus to intrude;

Ah, and talk your nonsense about being
a Brown—

No doubt you are, but there are so many of
that name,

And—a—all relations! Strike me dumb!
I'll bet a crown

You're poor, or else you wouldn't kindred
claim!"

The Nabob grew passionate, hot as the
Indian clime;

His blood began to boil:

"You milksop, I'm your uncle, and 'tis
time

I clear my native soil

Of all such chaps as you, who, tho' I've
dandled on my knee,

And set up in the world, speak so unci-
villy."

All are surprised. "Your uncle! turn him
out,

The man must sure be mad—

Call Jacob to the ignorant old lout—

He's too much liquor had!

And now a lady speaks—"Sir, upon my
word,

Your conduct here is truly most absurd;

I don't dispute your near relationship, but
then,

What, after all, are uncles? merely men!

And you're a very rude man, let me men-
tion."

The Nabob stares! "Madam, I think you're
my niece, Bet,

Who was, before he went to India, uncle's
pet."

"India!" his kindreds mouths open in
wide distension—

"Our uncle Brown from India! oh! dear,
uncle Brown!

Excuse our rudeness—pray now do sit
down—

Do have some wine—some cake—don't pray
be offended—

We didn't know you quite at first—but now
the matter's mended."

"Not so, good gentlefolks, the uncle
cries—not so, indeed;

I entered these doors as a friend—rela-
tion—

You hardly noticed me—a heart will some-
times bleed

At insult, after years of separation!

I told ye, ye were all my kindred—knew
every face,

And you acknowledged it—but, for your own
disgrace,

You couldn't greet with kindness one ye
thought was poor,

Tho' that was all he sought at his own door.
Had I begg'd bread, I should have hardly

got it—

Snakes! ye would hardly give it, save your
venom shot it.

Shame on ye, kindred! Jack and you—Harry,
Bet,

You've acted parts you will not soon for-
get:

I came not here in poverty, but wealth immense—
 Could give ye each ten thousand pounds a year—
 I will not lend ye now as many pence.
 Still there is one, I think my latter days will cheer—
 Jacob, old boy, (*enter the porter from the hall*).
 I'll live with you, good hearted lad, and when I die,
 You or your kindred shall have my gold—aye all!
 As for these kindred here, a long good bye."

Eily, the Banshee.

(A Favourite Scene from the Drama of that name, written by Mr. T. Prest, and now performing at the Royal Pavilion Theatre.)

Characters—M'Dowlan, Mr. DIBDIN PITT.
 Lord Murdoch, Mr. FORDE.
 Lady Agnes, Miss COOMB.

Scene—CAVERN.

M'Dow. Thus far success hath crowned my daring efforts, and the cavernous abode of the outlawed bandit M'Dowlan, holds within its rude dungeons the mighty Lord Murdoch, and Ruthven's hated ward, the beautiful Lady Agnes. Their fates rest in my hands, and at a nod Lord Murdoch will be a breathless corse at my feet, and the Lady Agnes my fair bride. 'This is a glorious triumph—my soul exults at it, and I am resolved to indulge to the very acme of revenge. O'Riley, bring hither the prisoner, Lord Murdoch. (*Exit O'Riley*.) I will glut on his misery, laugh at his helpless rage, and load him with irony and reproach.

(*Re-enter O'Riley, with Murdoch in chains.*)

M'Dow. (*Ironically.*) Well, my Lord Murdoch!

Mur. (*Contemptuously.*) Well, robber! slave!

M'Dow. Slave! ha, ha, mighty fine indeed; methinks he looks the slave, who wears the shackles; thou dost forget thou art fettered, my Lord?

Mur. No! but of what avail are these chains, when they are put on me by such a thing as thou art? A bandit! a murderer! My freedom scorns to truckle to the fetters of "Black Wolf."

M'Dow. And yet thou wilt find them sufficiently strong to keep thee in my power, and from the soft embraces of the sweet Agnes.

Mur. Villain!

M'Dow. Better language, my Lord Murdoch; remember thou art not master here, and M'Dowlan is not used to be bearded thus.

* Mur. Detested reptile! take from my limbs these damned fetters, made only for culprits such as thou art! give me a sword, and with my single arm will I cut a passage through thine abode of crime, to liberty. But thou darest not!

M'Dow. Ha! ha! I dare not! 'Tis not for striplings such as thee to cope with the daring of the "Black Wolf!" But, 'shaw, I waste my breath on thee; remember, sir, we have dungeons!

Mur. I scorn them!

M'Dow. We have tortures!

Mur. None that can make me flinch!

M'Dow. No! not if thy sweet Agnes—

Mur. Ah! Agnes! but, no, no; surely, monster as thou art, thou canst not harm that beauteous innocent!

M'Dow. Oh, no; I would not harm her—that is if she acts right.

Mur. What meanest thou?

M'Dow. Why, if she behaves well after her marriage, I

Mur. Her marriage, with whom?

M'Dow. Why with no less a personage than myself!—I mean to make her my wife!

Mur. Thy wife!

M'Dow. Aye! thou seemest surprised! I say she shall become my wife, and considering the name I've got, my person and accomplishments, she will have an enviable consort!

Mur. (*Aside.*) I—I can scarce contain my boiling passion. My insulted honor will burst these galling shackles. (*Aloud.*) Bare-faced scoundrel, abhorrent in mind as thou art detested by name, if thou darest—

M'Dow. Tut, tut, tut! What I dare do thou knowest well! I dare meet danger in any form, be it ever so terrible, and methinks it would be strange indeed if I dare not take a wife! Ha, ha, ha! but thou shalt see what courage I have for a wooer—I will let thee witness the preliminaries to my marriage. Bring forth the girl Agnes!—(*Exit robbers.*) (*Aside.*) My irony galls him! Oh, revenge! thou art sweet!

(*Music—Re-enter robbers with Agnes—upon seeing Murdoch she rushes towards him.*)

Agnes. Murdoch!

Mur. My dearest Agnes! (*They are about to embrace, when M'Dowlan prevents them.*)

M'Dow. Hold! fair Agnes, in future that is my exclusive right—thou must look upon me as thine husband!

Agnes. Thine—thine husband! Wretch! thy very sight is more odious to me than a fiend's could be—thy name is horror, with murder stamped upon each character—that forms it! Monster, restore me to my friends, or dread their vengeance!

M'Dow. Nay, nay; be cool my pretty fair, for passion has little effect upon my mind! To be sure, this is no very genteel wooing apartment; it is not quite so romantic or odoriferous as shady groves, and flowery

arbors, nor are its inmates quite so rural and simple as *turtle* doves; but it is *my taste*, and I trust thou wilt excuse it, my sweet Agnes. (*Ironically.*)

Mur. Can I stand thus, and tamely listen to the villain!—Fiend in human form.

M Dow. Nay, nay; I must have more courteous language, my Lord Murdoch.—Methinks, indeed, 'tis somewhat vexing too, to have to listen to a rival wooer, and therefore I do excuse thy passionate remarks!

Agnes. Detested wretch! who thus presumeth to taunt and wound the innocent and defenceless; if there is an infinite power, thou wilt not go unpunished for this. For myself, and Murdoch's Lord, I warn thee, release us from thy power, and restore us to our friends, or depend upon it they will inflict upon thee a terrible and speedy vengeance!

M Dow. In vain you threaten, fair lady, no mortal eye, save those well acquainted with the spot, can ever track the way to my retreat; its security, and thy safe custody, therefore, are irrevocable! Here the Black Wolf reigns supreme and mighty, as your noble chieftains in their castellated mansions, and boasts a host of dependants, as free as they are bold! Hear then, my decree, and prepare to obey it—to-morrow M'Dowlan, the Black Wolf, claims thee for his bride! Oh! you start, but 'tis even so; and for that purpose I sent for thee, lady, and also to convince my Lord Murdoch, who doubted my asseverations!

Agnes. Wretch!

M Dow. Wretch! Yes, I am a wretch, but who made me one, lady? Thy father, whose heart's blood in revenge I glutted on! I am a villain, a robber, a murderer, but what has made me so—the villainy, the treachery of that monster who gave thee being! It was he—the seducer, the deceiver, that tore from these arms all I ever sincerely doated on; it was he that drove me from that path I had ever before trodden with virtue and integrity; it was he that cursed the prospect of my fate; and oh, may bitterest maledictions blast his detested memory, and wither his soul for ever!

Agnes. Oh, forbear! forbear! for mercy's sake! If thus thou wert injured by my wretched parent, why should'st thou wish to unite thyself to his child!

M Dow. Because I would be revenged!—Because I would bring disgrace, infamy, and misery on the hated race of that man that brought them on me; I would wed thee, lady, only to shew thee better how much I loathe thee! Remember my decree, and prepare to obey me! Take away the prisoners! (*To Robbers.*)

Agnes. Oh, mercy, mercy, M'Dowlan.—(*Falling on her knees.*)

The Mother, Daughter, and Chronologist.

(An Original Recitation, by M. G.)

In March of 1835,
A fondling mother did contrive
To scan the genius of her child,
Which was most great, and temper mild.
Mark, at nine she knew her alphabet,
At ten could either read or write,
Eleven play the piano forte
Quite as well after as before tea.
At geography was most clever,
Could tell each country whatsoever;
That England it lies in the North,
In Leeds there flows the Firth o'Forth;
That Scotland it lies in the South—
When the winds from thence sure sign of
draught;
That Wales it lies upon the right,
And Ireland is quite opposite.
At twelve, which is her present age,
In wisdom she's a learned sage;
Can tell you where the planets lie—
They sometimes like a meteor fly.
Of genius great, and temper mild,
She is indeed her mother's child.
In ologies the mother's clever,
Chronology she studied never.
Right well all others does she know,
At least she did some years ago;
But to a man who knows the art,
She did apply—he play'd his part
Uncommon well, he was a cit,
A man of learning, and of wit.
He knew full well, not to prolong,
Then told the burden of his song.
The mother gaz'd, and seem'd surprised;
The man's a fool—they call him wise.
Abscond ye fool, of folly's wits,
The shock it drove her into fits.
But should she ne'er attain them more,
The loss we greatly must deplore,
If common sense she had before.

MORAL.

In th' many optics of tuition,
First study what's the true condition.
As their genius seems inclined,
(Years strengthen) so increase the mind;
Imbibe not follies—rather chide
Such as may increase the pride.
The slightest fault conspicuous show,
As the smallest speck is seen in snow.
Too freely on its own accord,
'Twill beam at times, and then discord
'Mongst those of learning—sure reward.
Too apt in others faults to find,
But to our own we're really blind.
Mark, as above, the mother's shock,
Which makes her child a laughing stock.

Funeral at Sea.

(An Original Recitation, by S. Bartlett.)

The sun had just risen, and not a cloud appeared to obstruct his rays—a light breeze played on the bosom of the ocean—the stillness of the morning was only disturbed by the ripple of the waters; it seemed as if the calm and noiseless spirit of the deep was brooding over the waters—the national flag, displayed half way down the royal mast, played in the breeze, unconscious of its solemn import; the vessel seemed tranquil as the element on whose surface she moved—she knew not of the sorrows that were in her own bosom, and seemed to look down on the briny expanse beneath her, in all the confidence and security of strength. To the minds of her brave crew it was a morning of gloom; they had been boarded by the angel of death, and the fore-castle now contained all that was mortal of his victim—his soul had fled to its final audit. They grouped around the windlass, and were left to their own reflections. The hardy sons of the ocean mingled their sympathies with each other; they seemed to think of their own mortality—conscience was at her post—they spoke of the virtues of their deceased messmate, of his honesty, his sensibility, his generosity; one remembered to have seen him share the last dollar of his hard earned wages with a distressed shipmate. All could attest his liberality—they spoke too of his accomplishments as a sailor, of the nerve of his arm, and the intrepidity of his soul; they had all seen him in an hour of peril, when the winds of heaven were let loose in all their fury, and destruction was on the wing, seize the helm, and hold the ship securely within his grasp till the danger had passed by.

They would have indulged longer in their reveries, but they were summoned to prepare for the rites of sepulture, and pay the last honours to their dead companion. They the work of preparation commenced with heavy hearts and many a sigh—a rude coffin was soon constructed, and the body was deposited within it—all was ready for the final scene. The main hatches were his bier, a spare sail his pall; his surviving comrades, in their tar stained habiliments, stood around; all were silent; the refreshing breeze moaned through the cordage, the main topsail was hove to the mast, the ship paused on her course, the funeral service began; his body was committed to the deep—the knell of the ship's bell was heard—I heard the plunge of the coffin—I saw the tears start from the eyes of the generous tars—my soul melted within me, as I reverted to the home scenes of him whom we had buried in the deep—to hopes that were to be dashed with woe, to joys that were to be drowned with lamentation.

The Honest Jew.

(Original, by H. H.)

A Christian from his bag once drew,
A snuff box, which an honest Jew
Could not without surprise behold,
For it appeared of solid gold!
When first he saw the metal shine,
Said he, "I wish that box was mine;
And if to sell it you'll be willing,
I'll give to you some six score shilling,
Provided—vat I tink be fare—
You take a part in silver ware!"
The bargain closed, each was content,
Away the well pleased Christian went;
But soon a friend to Moses told,
The box was not of purest gold.
"Not fine? ne'er mind, I'll not lament,
I calculated shent per shent."
"But then you lose," his friend replied;
So Mo' his box 'gain rub'd and tried,
And to his cost he found alas,
'Twas only well-gilt tink'ling brass!

The Dream.

(An Original Recitation, written by Mr. Thos. Humble and Mr. E. A. Conway.)

'Tis past—the fond, the fleeting dream
Of love and hope is o'er;
And darkly steals life's troubled stream,
Unto the silent shore.
But still this broken heart of mine,
Shall be thy memory's mournful shrine,
Till it is laid at rest with thine,
Where grief is felt no more.

My sorrow seeks no lonely spot,
In some far desert placed;
To me each scene, where thou art not,
Is but a joyless waste;
Where all around is bright and fair,
I only feel thou art not there,
And turn from what thou canst not share,
And sigh to be at rest!

I bow no more at beauty's shrine—
For me her charms are vain,
The heart that once hath loved like mine,
Can never love again.
The wreathing smile, the beaming eye,
Are pass'd by me, unheeded by;
And where thy ruin'd relics lie,
My buried hopes remain.

Life's latest tie hath sever'd been,
Since thou hast ceased to be.
Our hearts the grave hath closed between,
And what remains for me
In this dark pilgrimage below?
A vain regret—a cherished woe—
And tears that cannot cease to flow
Whene'er I think of thee.

The Ci-devant Member of Parliament.

(A Recitation, by E. H. Mal—.)

Paul Briscoe! Jolly Paul! his Erin brogue,
His knowing phiz! his noted drab great coat!
Speak well his nomen. Paul's an honest rogue,
If there be such an animal afloat.
Bon mot, or song, or e'en a recitation,
Paul spouts with all the spirit of his nation.
Per se! I've heard him call the waiter of an inn,
And ask the question, with his knowing grin,
"Whether his celery was good"—(meaning of course the plant.)
The waiter answers, with much nonchalance,
"it an't!"
"Then damn your salary, would Paul reply,
Have you a calve's head handy?" "No, not I!"
Boniface says, "my head, sir's, not a calves!
Or if so, we'll put our heads together, and go halves."
But to the point. That which I have to tell,
Is something of a scene political,
In which Paul cut a parliamentary swell,
Out of his seat most critical!
One night, electioneering mad,
Paul was a draining, Pat-like, o'er his brandy,
When up he starts in merry thought,
"Egad!
The thing is trite, faith, for my pocket's handy,
The Tory shan't be member—I'm the man,
And, by my soul, I'll set about the plan."
To explain this, 'tis as well to mention,
For every *quid nunc's* comprehension,
That the candidate, (who was a Tory)
For a borough that it matters not about,
Was most unpopular, so from an upper story
Stood a great chance of being bundled out.
Moreover, he was much in need of brains,
To get him through his canvassing affair:
Paul knew this well, and took no little pains,
To shove himself into the empty chair.
Paul made a speech, address'd the bumpkins,
Gave 'em some Dublin gammon, pitch'd so thorough,
He quite amused the "Tony lumpkins;"
In short, ere long they chose him for their borough!
This was right flattering, but then, alas!
Paul had empty pockets, tho' his brains were rich:
And for "the member," sure he couldn't pass,
Without the rhino "to behave as sich!"
The Tory was of course infernally offended,
At the return he'd met with from his tribe,
And seem'd inclined to get his seat recommended.
Could it be done by any sort of bribe!

The fellow was a Scot, who'd let the nation rot,
So that the place he sought, he got.
He was a place hunter against the country's weal—
Time he was brought to book,
A scavenger, or worse, to ratty Peel!
Served the Dictator Duke.
The sons of Paddy are adepts at gammon,
And Paul had got the face
To propitiate this corruptive mammon—
This hydra of place.
Our hero call'd upon this pandarus of gold,
And glad he was to get his mission told,
"I ken," the Tory said, "Ye're come to console me,
Aboon the fause man that ha' turned me out,
But tho' ye seem so fair, I ken ye'll rate me,
When ye get back, to every clumsy lout!"
"Arrah," says Paul, now that's a plumper,
It's not a vote I mane, but jist a thumper!"
"A lie! a lie! och, by my sowl a lie!
Faith it's another thing I've in my eye!"
"And wha' may that be?" slowly drawled the Scot.
Paul hinted, that he wanted blunt!
A thing of which he had but little got,
The Tory stared, then spoke with servile grant,
"I ken that's just a very common need,
Fra' which 'tis very few are safe indeed!"
"Ah, then you're right," said Paul, "for 'tis that same
That makes me bold enough
To give up seats in Parliament, and Fame,
Jist for the shiner stuff!"
The Tory gazed astounded! "wha' may ye mean?"
"Mane, why jist this, och, blood and oons!
I'll give the 'lectioneering job up clane,
Jist for the sake of your two hundred pounds!
The Scot, near panic struck, seized Briscoe's paw,
And said, "Ye wull? then ye shall have it aw."
"Arrah!" says Paul, "I'll undertake it straight,
The rustics each shall you their member call,
Take my word for't, I'll do't clane and nate—
You shall be member, Tory, brains, and all!
The cheque was drawn, the money turned,
Paul cut his lucky stick!
The Tory member was of course returned,
The field being open'd thro' the trick,
It was "rale Irish," worthy of Pat's nation—
Sure you'll hear again this Recitation.

The Parson and the Dumplings.

From a low village, near to Norwich town,
A parson us'd—dress'd in hat, wig, and gown—

To trudge each Sabbath day across the lawn;
The church, which stood from home about a mile,

Had on its road full many a lofty stile,
Which made it tedious walking on a Sunday morn.

One Sunday he'd all o'er the village ran,
To see if he could find a learned man
To act as clerk—of genius somewhat bright;

For he whose duty 'twas the place to fill,
Was to his bed confined at home quite ill,
Through getting tipsy on the over night.
After a while he to and fro had sought,
A sly old bumpkin in the mind he caught,
And soon on terms together they agreed:
Quick, then, a barber's shop they tumbled in,
Got the razor drawn across his chin,
And away they trudg'd together with great speed.

Now on the road a public house there stood,
Famous for selling ale, both strong and good;
The "Punch-bowl, Glass, and Ladle" was the sign.

The clerk, a thirsty soul, here made a stop—
The parson said, "Come in now let us pop,
And taste a drop of something most divine."

So in they went—and when they look'd about,
They saw that all the household were gone out

Except the landlady—a crummy dame—
Who by herself was left, for she had got
To mind the meat and dumplings in the pot,
And get the dinner 'gainst her old man, came.

The old clerk, being hungry, wish'd to see
What in the boiling pot might chance to be:
He knew the landlady was forc'd to go
Down to the cellar for to draw the beer,
So said, "Let's have two full mugs brought up here,"

And peep'd into the pot while she was gone below.

Cries he, "A leg of mutton, I declare!"
"What else?" the parson said, "Do you see there?"

"A score of dumplings, sir, as well."
"Dumplings!" the parson cried, "If that be true,

Damme! suppose you fork out one or two,
No one is here who robbed the pot—to tell!"

The clerk, who loved a dumpling as his life,
Quick from his pocket drew a good-sized knife,

And brought a couple out quite piping hot.

The landlady now from the cellar rose,
But didn't once within herself suppose
That they had been dipping in her pot!

The dame's approach now put each in a flurry,
They tried to hide the dumplings in a hurry;
One in his gown's loose sleeve the parson whipp'd;

The clerk put his in his bosom snug,
And when of beer they'd taken each a mug,
Away they both together tripp'd.

The cunning rogues went forward now with glee,
Smiling to think how struck the dame would be,

When she should find the dumplings gone!
But although they had so great a treat,
No time had they to stop and eat,
For it being late, compelled them to keep on.

At church arriv'd, with nob's amazing queer,
Through drinking on the road so much strong beer,

They scarcely knew what 'twas they did or spoke.

Each took his station, but had quite forgot
That they'd been robbing the old dame's pot
Of dumplings—which continued still to smoke!

The congregation were in great surprise,
To see so beautiful a steam arise,
From Mr. Parson's gown!

Raising up his arm, he said, "Thou shalt not steal!"

When out a dumpling flew—fit for a meal—
And struck the poor clerk's nose in going down.

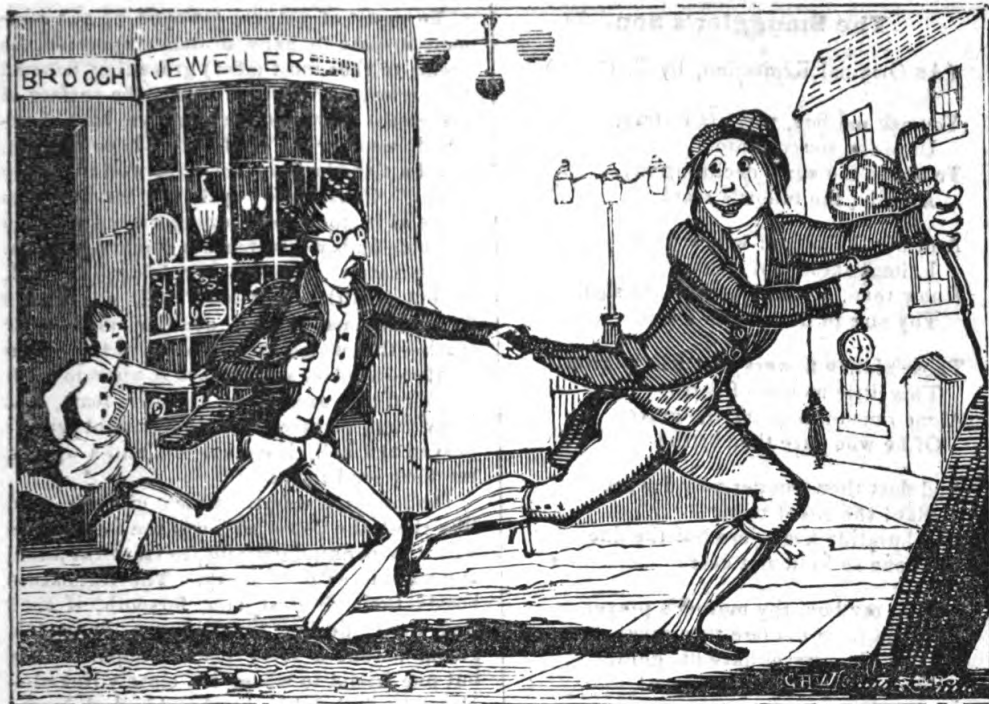
He had, poor fellow, being drowsy, got into a doze,

But when this sad dumpling came across his nose,

He started up, and in a rage he said—
"Tell me I shouldn't steal! upon my soul,
At your request, sir, I the dumplings stole!"
And threw the other at the parson's head.

Now, when the tale had right been told,
To the surprise of young and old—

For such a scene was never known before—
The parson, by his getting in disgrace,
Got, with the clerk, turned out of place,
For none would ever go to hear them more.



TAKE IT ; OR, THE YORKSHIREMAN AND THE JEWELLER.

(An Original Comic Recitation, written by Isaac Bass.)

A country joskin not blest with too much sense,
Had safe arrived from Yorkshire by the mail;
To gratify his eyes with wonders rare,
To carry to his friends a London tale.

Soon from the coach this joskin was put down,
Who quickly scuds, new wonders to explore—
Which to the hero of my tale was new:
For he in London ne'er had been before.

A jeweller's shop soon met his clownish eye,
He ope'd his mouth with wonderment alive!
For in the window was displayed to view,
A silver watch marked 'one pound five!'
'One pound five,' exclaimed he, with surprise,
'Dang it, that's a bargain, if it's sound;
At any rate I'll buy the watch,
If he will take the value of a pound.'

So saying thus, he soon was in the shop,
His business to the jeweller quickly told;
And bringing forth a purse long as my arm,
He offered for the watch one pound in gold.

'One pound,' replied the jeweller, 'tis not enough,
One pound one or two, pray make it;
But finding Yorkshire not inclined to give
One shilling more, he cried 'well, take it!'
No. 29.

'Take the watch!' exclaim'd he, with delight,
'By gum a friend you are indeed!'
So without losing time—he left the shop,
And bolted with the watch at furious speed.

'Stop thief! stop thief!' the jeweller loudly bawled,
Who kept the chace up at a furious rate—
Until they grabbed the Yorkshire wit,
Who soon was taken 'fore a magistrate.

'Well,' said the judge, 'this case is clearly proved,
'Prisoner, what have you in defence to say,
Why you should not for three long years,
Be sent abroad—perhaps to Botany Bay.'

'Botany Bay!' the Yorkshireman replied,
'Dang it, for what, my lor, is this disgrace,
You're wrong, you're wrong, by gum,' he cried—
'And if you'll list, I'll state the case.'

I saw the watch, my lor, mark'd one pound five—
And on my life, my lor, I'll stake it—
If he did not, when I pull'd out my purse,
Say, "never mind, well, take it!"

The Smuggler's Son.

(An Original Recitation, by T. Prest.)

You ask me boy, why oft I stray,
Unto the rocky shore,
To watch the sun's declining ray,
And list the billow's roar!

And why by yonder willow tree
I silent stand and weep;
Know then, my boy, beneath its shade,
Thy sire in death doth sleep!

Those simple flowers that wildly grow,
This little mound of earth,
Alone remain, to mark the grave,
Of he who gave thee birth!

And dost thou wonder why I weep?
Alas! the silent tear,
And bursting heart, are but the due
To one so kind and dear!

But oh, my boy, thy mother's prayer
Would from his fate thee save;
Oh, may thou never have his guilt,
But may'st thou be as brave!

May'st thou be resolute as bold,
And paths of vice e'er shun;
Nor cause contempt to point and say,
"Behold a smuggler's son!"

The Informer.

(An Original Recitation, by A. F. Staples.)

What abject wretch is that who yonder walks, shunning the steady gaze of honest men who ever and anon cross his path? 'Tis a being who bears the form, but disgraces the name of manhood; 'tis one deadened to virtue, honour, shame—a hated thing, to whom the thief is spotless, when compared unto—the hangman's office to his is virtuous, so base is the reptile's damning work.

An adder's sting is in his touch—a devil's guile lurks beneath his fawning smile—for gold he sacrifices the widow, fatherless, and needy, who strive a scanty sustenance to gain, by warring against oppression's grinding laws. Their cause is glorious, although opposed to kingly power; but mark the coronetted villain, trampling as naught each law, human and divine—the blasts of shame ne'er mantle o'er the betrayer's cheek, to let unscathed such traitors escape with indigence. 'Tis doubly just a deadly war to rage—little wealthy knaves, none but fools, (unlike to thee) would scourge to check their dark career of crimes, unwatched, unheard, unsought, by a slavish multitude, whom custom has taught to reverence their superior vices, hallowing them by the perverted name of virtue.

Ye pests of nature, (swayed by one common purpose to hang or damn mankind, as seems to thee most meet) grovelling beneath the veriest worm which crawls the surface of the earth, by hell alone must ye have fashioned been, or ne'er, for the hope of gain, could a slave be found to do so well its handy work. Conscience! pshaw! its sting to those akin to thee is unknown. Perjury a welcome finds whilst truth is laughed to scorn. What matters oaths blacker, falser than hell, so but wealth's accrued? 'Tis a coward's fear which makes men quail to pledge for truth—that which the inmost soul tells them is false—a nobler aim ye have in view, to teach mankind how groundless are their fears, that array themselves with all their might against heaven and hell, if counselled, and a willing ear they lend to thee.

Dishonoured country which gives to men like these the power to crush the fairest gem which to mankind pertains, to store the mind, and walk in wisdom's path. The legislature boasts their chiefest aim, forsooth, if such was their design, methinks a dungeon's gloom is but a sorry place. Sophistry has but one friend to whom it's closely linked—Deceit! So hand in hand in his dark career of infamy, shunned, loathed, hated, and despised, walks the spurned and contemned informer!

The Old Clothesman and the Lawyer.

(Recited by Thomas Humble.)

Through the Temple, as Moses was crying,
Old clows, old clows, old clows sell, old clows;

It chanced that double fee that way was prying,

In other words was following his nose.
Under his arm was slung the trusty bag,
The blue deposit of his briefs and speeches;
Which made Moses cry—(a merry wag)

Any old clows to sell—shoes, hats, or breeches.

Old clothes, quoth double fee, fury flashing
from his eyes,

Snatching his papers from his bag he cries,
Old clothes, why thou worst of brutes,
Mischievous monkey, they are all new suits!

The Faded Flower.

(A favorite Recitation, by Jesse Hammond.)

'Twas the still evening hour,
The rose bloom'd in the bow'r,
And homage ev'ry flow'r

Seem'd paying;

Woo'd by the gentle dew,
Kiss'd by each breeze that blew,
She blush'd, a brighter hue
Displaying.

Soft o'er the green alcove,
The night bird sang above,
His dying notes of love
 So moving;
While many a pretty flow'r,
Confess'd the amorous pow'r,
And own'd 'twas nature's hour
 For loving.

A thistle grew hard by,
Beneath the rose's eye,
And heav'd a tender sigh
 Unto her;
Long had he hugg'd his chain,
Oft had he wept in vain,
And thus he tried again
 To woo her.

"'Tis hope, most lovely rose,
That lightens all our woes,
And o'er the future throws
 Its hue, love;
Yet hopelessly I pine,
To call those blossoms mine,
And round the bow'r to twine
 With you, love."

"Nettles for me have sigh'd,
And virgin daisies died,
With poppies in their pride,
 Imploring;
But all I now resign,
And turn to charms like thine,
As pilgrims to their shrine,
 Adoring."

The haughty rose replied,
"Mate on the mountain side,
With some black heath-born bride,
 Bold suitor;
Since known my rank and worth,
Since Eden gave me birth,
I'll spurn the weeds of earth
 " In future."

Say not in Eden born,
That rose had ne'er a thorn
So piercing as thy scorn,
 Proud flow'r;
Thou false, and fair, and vain,
Thy beauty 'll be thy bane,
Contempt and cold disdain
 Thy dower."

He said—the pang was past,
With grief he wither'd fast,
And soon he breath'd his last
 Sigh for her;
The rose look'd on the dead,
Whose faith with him had fled,
Yet not a tear she shed
 Of sorrow.

But ah! though bright her bloom,
Though fragrant her perfume,
Her temple was her tomb,
 Poor flower;
Pluck'd in her solitude,
When all her charms were view'd,
Her wither'd beauties strew'd
 The bower.

So many a stricken heart
May feel love's poison'd dart,
Nor time can heal the smart,
 No, never;
So many a blooming maid,
By her own charms betray'd,
Like a pluck'd rose may fade
 For ever!

The Village Murder.

(A Scene from a Popular Play, by I. Bass.)

Characters—WOODBURN, a Gambler, and
MARY WILLIAMS.

Wood. Still, still do they continue their pursuit after the guilty—the county magistrate is apprised of the murder by those village clowns. Would that I had dispatched them ere I quitted the spot—but have I not shed enough blood? Yes! and now they seek mine—for retribution. What has been the cause of this misery? Gold! for paltry and cursed gold, have I stained my hands in innocent blood—a murderer! The thought maddens me, and if I am grasped by these blood seekers, what will be my fate? an ignominious death, perhaps suspended on a scaffold, for a crowd to say there hangs a murderer! But no, they shall not have that pleasure. [*discovers a cottage*] At that cottage I may secrete myself until I have an opportunity to leave the village. [*knocks at the door.*] They come.

Enter MARY WILLIAMS.

Mary. Your pleasure, sir?

Wood. I would ask shelter for a few hours in your humble cottage, having travelled far, I require some refreshment, and have ventured to ask it here.

Mary. Such as our humble dwelling produces you are welcome to. [*Mary recognizes him.*] Woodburn!

Wood. [*starts*] Mary Williams?

Mary. Yes, Mary Williams,—call me the heart-broken Mary. Why do you still haunt me with your villany?

Wood. Villany! 'tis you that brought it on me, and steeped my hands in this hellish deed—'tis you that led me to crime.

Mary. I led you to crime! what horrid deed have you again committed?

Wood. Would that I had not crossed this path, for I have sworn I ne'er would leave it until I had revenge,—had not you divulged the cursed tale, I should have been a guiltless man.

Mary. The burden was too heavy, I could not rest until I had freed my breast from that weight of crime. Could I endure hate of those around me, when I knew I had—no, no—you had caused that hellish estrangement? What did I condemn the innocent for? to rid me of dishonour, which you, villain,

by your base art, had obtained o'er my virtue.

Wood. [*drawing slowly a pistol.*] Peace. woman, or I'll—

Mary. Fire, if you will—revenge yourself on one whose happiness you have destroyed, one who fears not your threats nor your hate. Fire, your valour tempts you to it—you cannot haunt me, when in my grave.

Wood. I haunt you? you that has proved such a foe—you that has cast me into the abyss of misery!

Mary. Misery! and I the cause! what mean you?

Wood. Did you not divulge the damn'd secret! Was I not thrust into the world as a felon? discarded by my uncle, looked on as a criminal by the villagers, scorned by all that knew me, deprived of every pleasure and fortune, and can you ask me what I mean? You were the author of my poverty, and what has that led to?—Crime!

Mary. Crime?

Wood. Yes; hunger forced me to it.

Mary. Hunger! Gracious heaven; but tax not me as the source of your misery, you cannot say that I am the author of it—did I not shudder when I was rehearsing that cursed tale? imploring of you to recal so false a condemnation. [*sorrowfully*] Had not that fatal revenge entered your breast we might indeed have been happy.

Wood. [*Dejectedly.*] Speak not of happiness—'tis many a day since I knew it; when a child I ne'er partook of it—I drank then of the cup of infamy, and I have not changed the liquor. From a boy I loved those fatal pursuits that have completed my ruin.—Gambling! oh what has that fatal house made me, a mur-mur- I cannot give it utterance, the word nearly chokes me, but my career is nearly finished—I fancy I hear the demon summoning me home for retribution.

Mary. What fatal words rush in my ears; is it delusion? or do I hear that Woodburn is a criminal?

Wood. Delusion! would that I could call it delusion! Oh, no, no; the fiend that is gnawing at my heart, tells me 'tis not delusion. [*He is supposed to be insane during the remainder of the scene.*] See you not blood on my hand?

Mary. Blood!

Wood. Look, are not my fingers clogged in the dead man's gore? My hand quivered as I pointed the fatal instrument to his heart. Ah! 'tis done, and I have got the gold. [*Tragically.*] See, see, he falls—the blood gushes from the wound—he gasps, he curses me. Oh, horror! I cannot bear the curse of man. Look, 'tis finished—[*sorrowfully*] He cannot curse me now—he sleeps ne'er more to awake in this world. Look at the pallid corse—the crimson liquid has ceased to flow, and I the villain that has deprived him of existence. What will they call me? a mur—a mur—a murderer! But

the gold! ah, ah, ah! 'tis mine—I wrenched it from his clammy hands, while struggling in death. He called for help. [*A pause.*] Hark! they come, I must away—they seek the guilty, but the mask that will out-wit them. They approach—[*Going cautiously*]—they come.

Mary. Woodburn! Woodburn!

Wood. [*Presenting a pistol.*] The first that offers pursuit dies. Ah, ah, ah! [*Exit.*]

Mary. Wretched man, what has the gambling house brought him to? To commit murder. [*Looking anxiously.*] He hurries o'er the path that leads to the mansion. Now he turns, as if he was going to the festival. Should he meet the glance of the villagers. There was a time when I could join in such revelry, but that is now forbid me. Oh, Woodburn, 'twas you that tempted me to that deed which has blighted the happiness of us both—we might have been happy, but fate decreed otherwise. [*Villagers without.*] The murderer fled this way.

Mary. A murderer! In his fit of delirium then, he confessed his crime. I'll in to the cottage, for I cannot hear this tale of horror. [*Exit.*]

An Address to Married and Single.

Cur'd of her folly, I knew a scolding wife,
"Sir John," said she, "shall lead a quiet life."

Ye henpeck'd husbands—ah, I greatly fear,
That many of that gentle class are here—
Attend a while, and I'll inform ye,
And shew why wives rebel—how women rule ye.

When first, in artful blandishment array'd,
You court with smiles and prayers th' un-
guarded maid,
How full of wit each word—of charms each feature—

She's angel—goddess, then, celestial creature!
While she, poor silly maid, takes all forsooth,
What female heart can doubt such charming truth?

The wedding o'er, how soon these high notes fall,

This angel proves mere woman after all.
The great discovery made, how chang'd the tone,

The husband cold—the wife indifferent grown.

'Stead of "my dear—my love—my treasure prize,"

"Damme, my dear!" and "zounds, my love!" he cries.

While she soon grown by disappointment cold,

Replies, resents, and ends a downright scold.
Now comes her triumph—for you'll all allow,

When women choose to rule, they well know how,

For where's the man who dares, or old or young,
 To take the field against a woman's tongue?
 Yonder I see a lady, by the bye—
 She with sharp nose and little scolding eye—
 And—or his looks have very much belied her—
 Her *cara sposa* there sits close beside her;
 That round fat gentleman, who looks so blue—
 You needn't hide your face—I don't mean you.
 Now, as I take it, this harmonious pair,
 Can prove what man and wife in general are.
 Married for love, in youth's impetuous hour,
 They dream'd of endless joy in Hymen's bow'r;
 But long before the honeymoon was o'er,
 A quarrel rose, which lasted—evermore!
 "My love," said he, one evening, "I don't choose
 That you should wear, my dearest, so much rouge."
 "Not rouge!" cried she, in agony, "I vow,
 My love, that's quite provoking now!"
 Tears 'gan to fall, and with the rouge to mingle—
 "You ne'er found fault with rouge when I was single."
 "Zounds, ma'am!"—"You brute! would I had longer tarried!"
 "'Sdeath, ma'am! you never rouged before we married!"
 In short, ye men, before ye wed, forbear
 Of everlasting truth and love to swear;
 But married—fan with care the nuptial flame,
 Nor think that bear and husband mean the same.
 Win them by love—if that wont do alone,
 Die!—like *Sir John*, in "*Riches*"—and then
 the day's your own!
 Ladies, a word to you, and then I've done—
 A word to tell you what you ought to shun.
 Shun contradiction, worst of all disasters—
 You should be mistresses—not masters.
 Win by affection, by persuasion rule;
 Thus gain your end—and so I shut up school.

Cockney Sportsmen; or, Flash versus Pan.

(Recited by Mr. Mathews.)

The report of a musket from Wandsworth Common excited our attention to the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and presently two sportsmen hove in sight, whose garb and dialect evinced their residence to be by no means out of the ear-shot of Bow-bells; one of them was forcibly pulled forward by a large dog tied by means of two pocket handkerchiefs from his collar to the leg of his sporting master. The wind setting our way, wafted the following dialogue:—"Twas your fault." "Vy then, I say it var'nt then." "And I say it vas then,

and you'll pay for't." "Phoo! my eye, a'nt a jack-daw game?" "Vell, and suppose it is, 'twas a jack-ass you shot." "Vell, how could I help it, vasn't possible to see through an *nedge*, how could I see vhat vas in the ditch?" "Quiet, Dido, vill you? quiet, I say; the dog'll pull me into the river presently. O, ve'll appeal to this gentleman; beg pardon, sir, but pray, sir, is'nt a jack-daw game?" "Not *fair* game, sir, I replied, if we may judge from his colour." "Colour, O, aye, that's very vell for a joke; but that's not vhat I asked, sir: an't a jack-daw game? that's vhat I asked?" "Why that, said I, has been recently settled, I believe, in the case, *Flash versus Pan*." "Vy he's a lawyer, Kit. Pray, sir, an't you a lawyer?" "Yes," said I, "in what Shakspeare calls a "brief chronicle of the times." "Brief—O, I see, he is a lawyer, I tell you—brief—chronicle and times. What did you say, sir, about the *Chronicle and Times*? "To revert, sir, to the law case of *Flash versus Pan*; you will find in *Blacklock upon Poaching*, page 59, Chief Justice Ramrod ruled as follows:—*Quando, aimas at Jack Dawem, non licenced hittery Jack Assem.*" "Ah! there, Kit, that's all of my side I can hear, *animas—hitt-e-ry non*—Beg pardon, say it once more, if you please, sir, and a little slower, I vas but six weeks at Marchant Taylor's school; ma took me avay, 'cause a big boy inked my finger von morning." "*Quando, aimas at Jack Dawem, non licenced hittery Jack Assem.*" "There didn't I tell you, he that shoots *Jack-Daw-um* is himself *Jack-Ass-um*, that's the meaning on it, I know." "Pray Mr. — I beg pardon, what's your name?" "Cripple-gate, there's my card, sir." "I see, *Cripple-gate and Carraway, Grocers, &c. Bishopsgate Without, enquire within.*" "Be quiet, Dido—damn the dog, be quiet, I say; he'll pull me in the river presently." "To be sure he will," says the major, "tie him to my leg, see if he'll pull me in; a teem of oxen couldn't pull me in: there's muscle; 'pon my life it's true." "I am very anxious, sir," said I, "for you to explain, why you have that dog tied to your leg; I have heard of tying tin canisters to a dog's tail, but I never saw one tied to the leg of a sporting man before." "Vhy then, I'll tell you all about it, sir, from the beginning, and then ve shan't make no mistakes: you must know, sir, Tom Treacle and I agreed to meet a t'other side of Blackfriars Bridge—no, this side—no, not this side, t'other side—no, this here side vas the other side yesterday, but now this side's t'other—no, no, if we were in London this would be t'other, consequently this would—vhy I am right, 'cause this is t'other side now ve are here on this side—no—vell, sir, you know vhat I mean:—vell, Tom Treacle and I agreed to go into Surrey, 'cause it would be no use to begin shooting afore you get a good vay, 'cause the birds are nation vild, till you've passed the Circus; so just as

ve got over the bridge, I heard somebody say, "There goes the Cocknies."—My eyes, Tom, says I, that's a slap at us. Presently I heard some one say agen, "There goes the Cocknies." So says Tom, says he to me, says he, "shall we lick 'em." so says I to Tom, says I, that depends upon how big they is, says I. 'There's a covey, a covey.' 'Where?' 'No, sir, no, he knows nothing of a covey, sir! that's only Mrs. Simpson's infant Academy taking an hairing. Presently I heard some one say agen, There goes the Cocknies. When I looked up, sir, what do you think it vas, it vas no more than old Axletree the coachmaker's Poll parrot, a corner of Vebber-row; so says I, blow me, but I'll have a slap at you marm, says I, so just as I vas going to fire, and cocking my gun, and shutting my eyes for fear of the flash—"Stop," says Tom, says he to me, What? says I, "Your ramrod's in your gun," says he; and so it vas; so I takes it out, and just as I vas going to fire agen, "Hollo!" says Tom, says he, "what are you arter," says he to me, says he. "Be quiet, will you," says I to him, says I, you're always baulking a one so, says I. So says Tom to me, says he, "Don't you see the sarvent girl?" And there she vas sure enough, a giving Poll some white o' negg for breakfast; so said I to her, said I, get out of the way, marm, says I, and put yourself in a safe place, says I. So said she to me, said she, "I am in a safe place," says she, "you fool," says she; "a safe place," says she, "is where you fires at," says she. Did you ever hear such himperance, sir? but being a gentleman, I determined to act as sich, and not on no account not to say nothing to a lady." "Stop, sir," said I, "what are you about? you vill shoot us all: and are you aware that your gun is upon the full cock?" "What then, sir? "Now do turn it the other way, pray, towards the river; aye, that's better, if it should go off." "No, it isn't (says Mr. Twaddle,) it's a great deal worse." "Vy so, sir?" "Frighten the fish." "Pray, sir, didn't you say my gun vas upon the full cock, and it vas wrong?" "Certainly." "Vy then, sir, I'll maintain it's right: look here, sir, musn't this here bit of flint hit this here iron thing over this brass pan afore it goes off. "Certainly." Vy then, sir, look here, (*showing the gun*) if it is as close as that 'ere, it might go off of itself, when you least expect it; vhereby if you pull it as far back as that, sir, it is twice as far as it vas afore, sir; and can't possibly go off at all. "That's admirable logic, said I, although I am not convinced; but you have not explained to me why that dog is tied to your leg." Why, sir, I'll tell you; all day yesterday she wouldn't do nothing, but run first and frighten the birds, and when she found any, she vas more frightened than the birds of the two; for the moment she saw 'em, she stopped dead still, and stood vith one leg up so, sir, and her tail sticking out so stiff, like the lion upon the

top of Northumberland House; so you see sir, she yasn't no use at all; so I tied her to my leg, that ve might have better sport than ve had the first of last September.'

Timothy Popps.

(A Favorite Recitation.)

Of scolding wives there's been many stories told—

One I'll relate;

A woman's tongue, though, may be borne—
if she have gold—

Early or late.

This story, nevertheless, is curious,

And never, I believe, was told before;

It's of a woman, whose tongue was fast and furious—

Who was, in fact, a very shocking bore,

A humble man—not known to fame—

He was cobbler—Timothy Popps by name—

Was he that wedded her—Oh, hapless chance!
She led the man a devil of a dance.

E'en on the wedding-day she broke his head—

A proof to him her arm was very strong—

And when the night came, ere they got to bed,

She gave him a lecture fifty minutes long,

About a girl he kiss'd—

One of the wedding party—

In fact it was a very sounding kiss,

Given with a will right hearty.

Poor Timothy Popps! his life was wretched,

And often gazing steadfast on the wall,

He thought he'd best, to get out of her clutches,

Run his heart through with his little awl.

She hammer'd his head harder than he hammer'd lapstones,

And when she drank a little nearly broke his bones,

But all misfortunes must come to an end—

So report says—and she's oft been tried;

If that and patience does not stand your friend,

Why in that instance, then, report hath lied.

But Timothy Popps certainly in this was blest,

Though his wife kept him to his work close tied,

He one day found he could take a little rest,

For after her dinner his poor creature died.

Oh, happy day! oh, happy hour for him!

Oh, lucky chance, for little cobbler Tim!

Right lustily did he and all his friends rejoice,

No longer routed by that dreaded voice,

Which us'd to spread dismay to all around.

Little Tim had the coffin painted brown,

And then for safety had her tight screw'd down,

And in procession march'd to the burial ground,

And she was buried.

Now be it understood that Tim was poor,
 And though his creditors were always civil,
 His wife's voice always kept them from the door.
 So little Tim thought—'How! what the devil!
 'I'm my own-master now—can do just what I like!
 'And I'll be damn'd, if—a thought did then him strike—
 As she'd his money spent in whiskey toddy,
 He'd to the doctors go and sell her body.
 Ten guineas was the price—the bargain struck—
 The body-snatchers fetch'd, and brought her in a truck.
 Now little Tim was very glad to hear,
 The guineas loudly jingling in his pocket,
 And thought—for he had got another dear—
 He'd buy a bran new double-guilt brass locket.
 And turning to the doctors quite profound,
 Gave a receipt, and bowed down to the ground;
 And thus addressing them in a broken tongue,
 Which would tears in a tiger's eyes have wrung:
 'Best wife—good woman—husband truly blest,
 'Pleasure—home—labour—and, to be carest,
 'Good—gone to heaven I trust,
 'Alas! we are all mortal—all are dust!
 'Excuse—tears—say no more—my tongue now ceases,
 'In fact—I should like to see her cut to pieces.
 To such a mere trifle the doctors consented,
 And in appearance Tim deeply lamented.

To work they went, and in a trice,
 The knives were ready;
 And from her arm began to cut a slice,
 All regular and steady.
 Oh, Timothy Popp, you was a fool
 Money to try and save;
 Why did you not let Mrs. Popp lie cool
 And snug in the grave?

No sooner the doctors their knife began to stick in,
 Than Mrs. Popp jump'd up alive and kicking!
 She'd only been in what the doctors call
 A trance, or sleep of death;
 And long and loudly did she 'gin to bawl,
 As soon as she'd got breath.
 The doctors fled dismayed—
 Poor Popp was struck!
 Wishing himself a thousand miles away,
 To meet with better luck.
 She seized him by the ear and led him home,
 Determined that he should no longer roam
 In peace about—but go to work again,
 A poor heart-broken, simple, foolish swain.

The Gamester.

(A Serious Recitation.)

'Tis done!—the last, the fatal throw is gone!
 And with these spotted instruments, have I
 Heap'd ruin on myself. Myself!
 What matters that?
 What tho' I had Jove's fiercest lightnings
 down,
 Or ope'd Pandora's present in my mind—
 'Twere nought;—it were not more than I
 deserved;
 But my wife—my wife!—my tender babes!
 Why should ye suffer for my hated crimes?
 Why should thy breasts be fill'd with endless
 woe?
 Scorn's finger pointed at thee—and revilings,
 "Thy husband was a gamester!"
 Knelling in thine ear—he was thy ruin;
 Robb'd thy helpless babes,
 And, for a painful sport, heap'd ruin on thee.
 Oh, 'tis too much!—can I have heart to see
 Thee droop and perish for the very meal
 Which, in my pow'r, I wanton flung away?
 Oh, can I view the track of desolation in my
 home—
 The touch of famine shriv'ling up thy forms—
 The barren hearth by fuel unsupplied
 To guard thee 'gainst the rigour of the cold—
 The fever raging in thy boiling veins,
 Yet not a drop to cool thy parching lips,
 That open, ever and anon for pray'r,
 In which thy hope's destroyer—faithless
 prop—
 Has greatest share?
 It is too much to bear the dreadful thought!
 It must not be these hated eyes should see
 The dreadful havoc of a home I've made.
 Oh, heaven! have mercy!—spare my helpless
 wife—
 My tender babes, and take them to thy care:
 It is my last request. My soul
 Is eager now to quit this loathed clay,
 And self-destruction is its only road."
 Thus spake the gamester; and the fatal tube,
 Too swift, deliver'd from its fatal womb
 The awful summons to another world.
 Oh, dreadful vice! that ruin heaps on man;
 That in an instant robs him of the means
 To keep his helpless family from want!
 Man, shun the scene, nor seek the earth-
 born hell.
 Dash from thy touch the instruments of play;
 And when thou rushest from temptation
 strong,
 Fall on thy knees, and heaven thank, that
 thou
 Hast 'scap'd life's foulest dark malignant foe.

The Murderer Convicted.

(An Original Recitation, by E. F. V.)

A church-yard, in the silent hour
 Of midnight to pass through,
 Refilled a traveller's guilty mind
 With thoughts alas too true.

The stranger boldly steered his way,
'Till musing on a tomb,
He quickly passed, but little thought,
That Fate demands his doom.

Firmly did he thus advance,
Until a stone stood forth,
Which reminded him of former times—
The object of his wrath.

His stifled groans assailed my ear,
With the screech-owls deadly noise;
And the rustlings winds re-echoed near,
Some spirit life doth prize.

Drawing near, I him beheld,
Wring his hands, and rend his hair;
Advancing, I distinctly heard him
Cry aloud, despair! despair!

His trembling limbs, and ghastly looks,
Bespoke the man's dismay;
By his rolling eyes I soon perceived,
His mind was led astray.

On coming up, I softly asked,
The mystery of the case;
When starting back, his glaring eyes
Looked wildly in my face.

With quivering lips, and faltering voice,
The stranger thus replied:
I murdered him who's buried here,
Jealous of his bride.

Deadly horror came o'er my mind,
Wishing I'd never been
The witness of such a direful
And appalling scene.

With maddening grief he shrieked aloud,
I've death, I've death to brave.
The murderer fell—the murderer died—
Upon his victim's grave.

The Orphan Beggar Boy.

(An Original Recitation, by T. Prest.)

The wild northern blast fiercely howls o'er
the heath,
And dense rifted clouds darkly chequer
the sky;
Each hollow wind-gust seems the murmur of
death,
And houseless, exposed to its fury am I.

Life's flowers are crush'd by the mildew of
care,
In vain do I search for one bright ray of
joy;

I sip but the poison of hateful despair,
No hope can e'er solace the poor beggar boy

Fast falls the chill snow, and I shake with
the cold,

While oft press'd with hunger the lone
wood I roam;
No mother can me to her bosom enfold,
No father have I, no relation—no home!

My mother no more her poor boy shall caress,
No more her warm kiss on my cheek shall
be laid;

Each way that I turn, nought appears but
distress,
For my parent's cold relics are under the
shade.

Ambition's proud wretches so pompous and
vain,

Survey my poor garments, and rudely they
sneer;

But still, with contempt I can mark their
disdain,
For spotless, indeed, is the heart which
beats here.

Oh, Providence! grant me a happy release,
Oh, take me, and soon, to thy realms of
joy:

For there, only there, I may hope for that
peace

Which *here* is denied to the poor beggar boy.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Friendship without interest and love without deceit.
Friendship in a palace, and falsehood in a dungeon.
May the hinges of friendship never rust.
May justice overtake oppression.
May our kind performances always keep pace with our kind promises.
May the folly of those who ape the manners of the great be held up to
ridicule.
May opinion never float on the waves of ignorance.
May we look forward with pleasure, and backward with sorrow.
Honest men and bonny lasses.
Harmony all over the world.
Health of body, peace of mind, a clean shirt and a guinea.

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THE MONK AND THE JEW; OR, THE CATHOLIC CONVERT.

To make new converts truly bless'd,
 A recipe—*Probatum est*.
 Stern Winter clad in frost and snow,
 Had now forbade the streams to flow;
 And skaited peasants swiftly glide,
 Like swallows o'er the slipp'ry tide;
 When Mordecai—upon whose face
 The synagogue you plain might trace—
 Fortune, with smiles deceitful, bore
 To a cursed hole, but late skimm'd o'er!
 Down plumps the Jew; but, in a trice,
 Rising he caught the friendly ice.
 He grasp'd; he yell'd a hideous cry:
 No friendly help, alas! was nigh;
 Save a poor monk—who quickly ran
 To snatch from death the drowning man!
 But when the holy father saw
 A limb of the Mosaic law,
 His outstretch'd hand he quick withdrew—
 'For Heaven's sake, help!' exclaims the Jew.
 'Turn Christian first,' the father cries.
 'I'm froze to death!' the Jew replies.
 'Froze!' quoth the monk; 'too soon you'll
 know,
 There's fire enough for Jews below.
 Renounce your unbelieving crew,
 And help is near.'—'I do, I do!
 'D—n all your brethren great and small.'
 'With all my heart—Oh d—n 'em all!
 Now help me out.'—'There's one thing
 more:
 Salute this cross, and Christ adore.'
 'There, there! I Christ adore!'—'Tis well;
 Thus arm'd, defiance bid to hell,
 And yet another thing remains,
 To guard against eternal pains.

Do you our papal father hold
 Heaven's vicar, and believe all told
 By holy church? 'I do, by God!
 One moment more, I'm food for cod!
 Drag, drag me out; I freeze, I die!
 'Your peace, my friend, is made on high.
 Full absolution, here, I give;
 Saint Peter will your soul receive.
 Wash'd clean from sin, and duly shriven,
 New converts always go to heav'n,
 No hour for death so fit as this:
 Thus, thus, I launch you into bliss!
 So said—the father, in a trice,
 His convert launch'd beneath the ice!

The Slave.

Wide o'er the tremulous sea,
 The moon spread her mantle of light;
 And the gale, gently dying away,
 Breathed soft on the bosom of night.
 On the forecastle Maratan stood,
 And pour'd forth his sorrowful tale;
 His tears fell unseen in the flood,
 His sighs pass'd unheard in the gale.
 'Ah, wretch!' in wild anguish, he cried,
 'From country and liberty torn!
 Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
 Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne.
 Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
 Love and hope made my bosom their home,
 Then I talk'd with my favourite maid,
 Nor dreamt of the sorrows to come.

From the thicket the man-hunter sprung,
My cries echoed loud thro' the air;
There was fury and wrath on his tongue,
He was deaf to the voice of despair.

Accursed be the merciless band,
That his love could from Maratan tear;
And blasted this impotent hand,
That's severed from all I held dear.

But, hark! o'er the silence of night
My Adela's accents I hear:
And mournful, beneath the wan light,
I see her loved image appear.'

Oh, Maratan! haste thee,' she cries,
' Here the reign of oppression is o'er;
The tyrant is robb'd of his prize,
And Adela sorrows no more.

Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view,
O! stay thee, my Adela, stay!
She beckons, and I must pursue.

To-morrow the white man, in vain,
Shall proudly account me his slave:
My shackles I plunge in the main,
And rush to the realms of the brave.'

Black, White, and Red;

OR, THE COMBATANTS.

A chimney sweep and baker went to fight,
The baker beat the chimney sweep white;
The chimney sweep, though laid upon his
back,
Took wind, and quickly beat the baker black.
In came a brick-dustman, with porter fed,
And beat both chimney-sweep and baker red.
Thus red, white, black, in clouds together
lay,
And none could tell which party had the day.

Showing the Devil.

(A Popular Recitation.)

A mountebank once, it is said, at a fair,
To make the wise gentry who crowded it
stare,
Protested, in spite of the church's decree,
Whoever chose it, the devil should see.
So uncommon a sight, who could think to
forego?
The devil seem'd in them, they all scram-
bled so.
While with mouth very wide, an old purse
very long,
Was held by the sorcerer, and shook to the
throne.
"Good people," he halloo'd, "your eyes
now unfold,
And say if within any thing you behold?"

When one who stood next, straight replied
with some gall,

"What is there to see, where there's no-
thing at all!"

"Ah! that is the devil!" the wag said, "I
swear,

To open one's purse and to see—nothing
there!"

The Origin of Women.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam call'd her *wo-man*;
But when she woo'd with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-men*!
But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husband's pockets trimming;
The ladies are so full of *whim*,
That people call them *whim-men*!

Life of A Sailor.

(A Favorite Recitation.)

I like a sailor—he is the oddest boy that
wears a jacket; frank, generous, playful, and
brave. After landing, his first object is to
spend his money. But his first sensation is
the strange firmness of the earth, which he
goes treading in a sort of heavy-light way,
half waggoner and half dancing-master—his
shoulders rolling, his feet touching and
going. He lets his jacket fly open, and
his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long,
to gather into a pigtail; but when full
dressed he prides himself on a certain gen-
tility of toe: and a white stocking and a neat
pump issuing lightly out of the flowing blue
trowsers. He is proud of appearing in a
new hat, a bandanna handkerchief flowing
loosely round his neck, and another out of his
pocket. Thus equipped, with a whole hand-
ful of tobacco in his mouth—not as if he
were going to use it directly, but as if he
stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican
does fish, to be used hereafter—he salutes
forth with Bet Bungeye at his side, and a
rattan under his arm, to take possession of
all lubber land. He buys everything he
comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples,
shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles,
knives, a watch, (two if he has money
enough) gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet,
and his mother and sisters; check, for shirts
(though he has got too much already), bear's
grease to make his hair grow, several sticks,
and all sorts of trinkets. A leg of mutton,
which he carries somewhere to roast, and for
a piece of which the landlord makes him pay
twice as much as he gave for the whole leg.
Then when he gets home, to hear him spin
long yarns! A good lie to do him justice, is
no labour to him. It was he who saw the
man hunted by devils into Vesuvius, or Etna,
as it is written in his log-book. He will tell
you how the niggers dance, and the monkeys
pelt you with cocoa nuts, and how King Domy
would have built him a mud hut, and made

him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trowsers. Tell him that sparrows may be caught with salt on their tails, and he will believe you, for he knows that codfish are so taken. Some, at least, of his wonders he can show you. He has a flying-fish in his chest, and a young dolphin! besides the blue shark, which he has given to a friend, and the mermaid's leg, which he found in its maw, and which the doctor at quarantine smuggled. It is amusing to hear how he made Christians of the savages—and some of them damned good ones, too, he says.

The Alderman Caught.

There was a wight of some renown—
Who lived, not quite a century since, in
London town—

He was an Alderman of mighty power;
In debate
Always great;
At a feast
Never least;

In, short, of aldermen almost the flower.
To tell the brilliant things he said,
Had I ten years ago begun,
The task too mighty for my head,
Would even now be not half done.
So not to dwell on minor facts,
We'll merely take one of his noblest acts.
The sun had hid his burning face,
And Cynthia now, with modest grace,
Like a young beauty wishing to be woo'd,
Peep'd o'er the hills, and saw the stream,
Drew back—then glanced again—as it would
seem

To say, "Shall I intrude?"
'Twas then a nymph was seen to glide
Beneath the modest roof
Where *horses* rest, whate'er betide
Or chance for their *behoof*.
In plainer terms, to get the story o'er,
A wench passed cautiously the stable door,
What she sought there, I don't incline
To ask;—'tis no affair of mine.

Manger perhaps—mind, *manger's* French,—
She thought of, what will not a wench?

A wretched punster here would choose
To say she craved a certain *noose*!
Or that she felt no spinster's awe
Of being early in the *straw*.

Such quiddities I'm sure would pall
In tale like this, historical.

How many minutes passed ere then,
I can't exactly say,

They might be five—they were not ten,
When coming by that way

Who should be seen? no clod, nor Guelph
Could guess—the alderman himself!
And strange to tell, but still more true,
He slunk into the stable too!

Sly hostler Dick, who came up next minute,
Turn'd the key round on all that might be
in it.

We take no note of time but by its loss,
Says Doctor Young—the fact is true, though
shocking,
Our alderman took none, nor felt he cross,
Till a good hour had pass'd since this said
locking.

How 'twas he did not find it out before,
And why he then tapp'd softly at the door
I cannot tell, nor even form surmise;
He soon knock'd louder—that did not suc-
ceed—

His worship then knock'd very loud indeed,
And, patriot like, for liberty he sighs.
The hostler and the groom enjoy'd the joke,
At length the former thus humanely spoke—
'Why, what's the matter—who the devil's
there?

A decent horse, I guess, can't make this
rout.'

'No horse am I, if I was once a *Mayor*.'

'But that you are an ass there's little
doubt,

So loiter till my master can repair,
Not to escape old Nick shall you get out.'

'I am your master!' frantically he roar'd,

'And, fellow, instantly I would go hence;'

At first he threaten'd, but he soon implored,

And tried the most persuasive eloquence;

Used words, which coming from even one in
pain,

But seldom fall on human ears in vain.

'Open the door Dick, make no row,

Your master's a good-natured ninny,

Has always been, remains so now,

And means to give you half-a-guinea.'

'But Tom, sir, Tom is with me, sir,

A whole one we should much prefer.'

'Well, take it then, without more ado.'

'A guinea for the lady too!'

The muse will not tell how his worship
started,

But, anxious to preserve a virtuous name,

At last he paid two guineas—broken-hearted,

'Did good by stealth, and blush'd to find it
fame!'

The Field of Battle.

(Penrose.)

Firstly bray'd the battle's roar,

Distant down the hollow wind;

Panting Terror fled before,

Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend cursed the sunken day,

That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;

While, scarcely lighting to the prey,

Low hung and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,

Was now with various carnage spread;

And floated with a crimson tide,

That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,

Abandon'd all to horrors wild,

With frantic steps Maria flew—

Maria, sorrow's early child.

But duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame,
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main,
She, lovely, faithful wanderer came.

For well she thought a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart.
The warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,
(The torrent bursting from her eye),
She heard the signal for the fight—
While her soul trembled in a sigh :—

She heard and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confest—
Then broke the charm, and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breathed to tell,
That, foremost in the strife of swords,
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd;
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze,
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her on to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
Of comfort glad, the dear caress,
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled,
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half buried with the hostile dead,
And bored with many a grisly wound.

She knew, she sunk, the night-bird scream'd;
The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair, though fall'n, she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

The Stoic and Gallinipper

A hunting party once there met,
(A strange and heterogenous set)
So mix'd a group was never seen before,
The day was hot, they made good cheer,
And, should my reader ask me where,
I'll say, on the Musquito Shore.

The dinner o'er, the wines about,
And many a bottle quick went round,
And many a merry tale was told:
At length, the subject graver grown,
And taking quite a different tone,
On ancient metaphysics roll'd.

A learned traveller took the lead—
A doctor, who had fill'd his head
With maxims most heroic;
He swore, that what the world call'd pain,
Was but a phantom of the brain,
And never yet was felt by Stoic.

And added—' I am ready, since
My arguments will not convince,
An hour in yonder swamp to lie;
Stripp'd naked there, I'll bear the sting
Of every insect you can bring,
Both those that crawl, and those that fly.'

Each one was anxious, when he heard
This speech, to take him at his word;
And 'mongst them all it made a bustle:
And now a rump and dozen is the bet,
Which he must forfeit to this merry set,
Should he but speak, or move a muscle.

Flat on his face the naked doctor lies—
And on the swampy ground his patience tries,
Of which our stoic would so often boast.
Musquitos, ants, and gnats begin,
With fire-flies, to assail his skin,
Of gallinippers, too, a monstrous host.

These gallinippers are a noble breed,
Sent down on earth to buz and feed,
With monstrous paunches, and with wings
of lace;
Who toil not for themselves, or earn their
food,
But suck the hungry peasant's blood;
'Mongst tiny gnats a giant race.

In vain they sting, and bite, and buz;
Our hero stood it like the man of Uz;
And like the man of Uz had held it out,
Had there not 'mongst them been a wicked
wight,
To put his school philosophy to flight,
And all his bright-blown fancies to the rout.

The wag, who this way hoped to cozen
The doctor of his rump and dozen,
Snatch'd from a neighbouring forge a red
hot nail,

And placed it where it chanced to reach
A nerve that pass'd along his naked breech;
And now his patience could no more avail.

Touch'd to the quick in his most tender part,
No longer able to endure the smart,
Behold him, active as a high rope skipper,
Make from his marshy bed a monstrous jump,
And roar—' I've lost my dozen and my rump,
Curse on the fangs of that last gallinipper !'

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