Wm. H. Thomson Esq.
from Tim Billyan
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Baal: and other Poems.

BAAL:

OR,

SKETCHES OF SOCIAL EVILS.

A Poem,

IN TEN FLIGHTS.

"In hoc est hoax,
Et quiz et joax,
Cum gravity for graver foax."

LONDON:
WILLIAM FREEMAN, 102 FLEET STREET.

MDCCCLXI.

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MINOR POEMS.

BAAL.

Flight the First.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

Does fate command, or do the Heavens assign
  The various tasks that bring men bread or fame?
Is one foredoom'd to work in loom or mine,
  With pauper's scanty meed and pauper's name;
To wear the world's rude frieze, and feel its pinching cold,
While others reap its smiles and wear its cloth of gold?

Ambition guides our pens and prompts our swords:
  If genius gives the vivifying fires,
Imparting hues to thought and grace to words,
  Ambition still the higher aim inspires,—
And bounds aloft, like eagle soaring to the sun,
With plumes unfurl'd, until the burning goal is won.

For various reasons men their thoughts indite,
  And send their lucubrations forth in books ;
Some write for money, some for love or spite,
  For pedlars some, or ballad men and cooks ;
While thousands wield their iron pens from day to day,
Content if printer's ink their trifles shall display.

Wisdom's elect, regardless of themselves,
  Through dreary piles of learned volumes toil ;
And make their cheerless homes 'midst dusty shelves,
  Hiving from every nook their precious spoil,
They rear their pyramids of ever-during mind,
Triumphant masonry, where spirit is enshrined.

Some sketch their plans and on the future wait,
  Their hopes to gain on some auspicious day,
And schemes and efforts thus procrastinate,
  Until the time for work has slipp'd away ;
The fool who waits till fortune's tide shall pass his door,
A bootless task hath got, or waits for evermore.

Its seer hath every town, its Sachem rare,
  In every science skilled from branch to root ;
A talking index to all bookish ware,
  All Latin knowing and all Greek to boot ;
A second Solomon of universal knowledge,
A human cycloped, or peripatetic college.

How oft we see those poetasters poor,
  Who, crossed in love or mildewed by distress,
Mistaking dross for true poetic ore,
  Commit their spavined ditties to the press,
Until with iron teats the critics disabuse,
And wean those sucking bards that lug the jaded muse.

May I not blow my reed among the rest,
  Or fiddle to amuse the giddy times,—
And though by no imperious impulse prest,
  Before the world rehearse my uncouth rhymes!
To Mammon, Judas, Belial, or to Baal,
My rugged verses chant, and dedicate my tale?

No tender nestling now his carol sings,
  Or warbles to the balmy airs of June,
Or aims at lofty flight with unfledged wings,
  Though sometimes out of time or out of tune;
A man of fifty years and used to have his say—
When call'd to sing may surely do it his own way!

The man who now this doggrel stanza writes,
  May be a vulgar clown or country gaby;
Though foolish things he now and then indites,
  He is no lubber-lout or new-weaned baby;
Although he hopes some kindred process may begin,
And gently wean him from his daily course of sin.

He writes to scourge no foe, to please no friend,
  For honour's wreath or more substantial pelf;
With honest aim, although with selfish end,
  He writes these versicles to please himself;
And should the mountain high his lifted hand disdain,
He'll wield his homely pen to thrash the vulgar plain.

The house he rears hath no especial plan,
  Composed of clay, or stone, or stucco gilt;
It boasts no showy rear or gaudy van,
  At many times and different seasons built,
It vaunteth no beginning, neither hath it end,
A thing which none can spoil, yet many hands might
    mend.

The mountain rill attests its upland source,
  Where distant hills in mantling heather sleep,
Nor leaves its impress on its foaming course,
  But bears its bubbles on with joyous leap;
No purposed bed confines its ever-varying stream,
That devious runs and starts as madman's fitful dream.

As fitful as the rill the poet toils,
  As waywardly his course and purpose changes,
Quick, gathering on his path the hoarded spoils,
  Which with the lightning's speed his thought arranges,
Albeit with little of the dry logician's skill,
But oft as fancy drives the current of his will.

Is not the poet the appointed priest,
  Who tells the season, and elects the time
To celebrate the hymeneal feast
  Of pleasant thoughts, with words in sounding rhyme,
Together links the two in sad or merry verse,
And marries them for aye, for better and for worse ?

What knots the parson ties that are no joke
  To those who jar within the galling noose,
Who groan beneath the matrimonial yoke,
  But cannot Hymen's knot so well unloose ;
How true it is of things that ill assort together,
They live like cat and dog, and often wear like leather !

While unions that promised nought but good,
  Are doomed not long their precious joys to wear—
And perish in the blossom or the bud ;
  For life too fragile, and for earth too fair,
By mercy early summon'd to her courts divine,
To ratify their vows before a holier shrine.

But time it is all foreign points to waive,
  And end this empty prefatory din,
That ill accords with matters deep and grave,
  From which our lectures we intend to spin ;
And which we shall adorn, each with its text and head,
Besides its special warp of permeating thread.

Who write poetic canons, may be vexed
  That we disdain their stiff exacting code,
And give each jingling verse a novel text;
  Or spin our tangled yarns in lazy mood,
And cast our progeny of stanzas on the earth,
As if contending winds and storms had given them
    birth.

But why should men the critic's scourge uplift,
  The shrinking hides of helpless bards to baste?
The poet sings according to his gift,
  And would do better, had he better taste;
But bards who cannot weave their songs to given plan,
Must sing what kindly nature wills, or what they can.

Ill-starr'd and shunn'd like other men of spirit,
  We nothing have to give, and naught to heir,
Except the common heathen we inherit.
  Nor grumble we at this our vulgar fare;
But even now our ruling planets we might bless,
Had they of the heathen more, or e'en a little less.

Our purpose was, when first we tried a stave,
  To rhyme in sober reason and good sense,
And, as we dealt in matters deep and grave,
  With foolishness and banter to dispense;
And long with this intent we worked our fitful way,
At first on matters grave, and then on matters gay.

We cast, like tiny masons of the deep,
  Our atom thoughts, as artless fancy willed,
Without a rule their order due to keep,
  And thus our shapeless song began to build ;
And reared our verse, by daily rhyming, mite on mite,
As from the sea the insect fabric springs to sight.

The wise may talk from love, or think from choice,
  Or, as the spirit moves them, wield the pen ;
Ten thousand things may lift the poet's voice,
  That scarcely stir the souls of vulgar men ;
Ingratitude or slander, contumely and wrong,
Will prompt his burning thoughts, and vivify his song.

Few men the weight of fifty years have borne,
  But of injustice long have felt the goad,
And reap'd an average of the world's cold scorn,
  And uncomplainingly endured the load,
Nor in the world's dissembling face have dared to laugh,
When in the balance weighed against its worthless chaff.

Cruel it is, and hard, when thou hast earned
  A benefactor's, and a good man's name,
To hear thy deeds impugned, thy merits spurned,
  By sycophants, whose perjured lips disclaim
Thy honours, and whose venomed tongues, in accents rude,
Basely abjure their former creed of gratitude.

If from abundance, thou hast alms dispersed
  Among the poor and homeless sons of men;
Or, if by gentler hands hast kindly nursed
  The abject sufferers of some dolesome den;
How sweet it is their voiceless gratitude to feel,
To watch the eyes' mute prayer, and quivering lips'
    appeal!

When from thy slender means and narrow store,
  Thou strain'st with frugal hand some kindly mite,
Or cull'st some garment from thy wardrobe poor,
  In lowly guise to clothe a wretched wight,
Though mean thy largess be, and short of thine intent,
Thy gentle words shall add the lacking compliment.

In wanton waste abundance often ends;
  Then let thine alms with care attempered be.
A welcome home the roughest fare amends,
  And kindly words are full of charity;
He who is poor, and yet his fellow poor doth feed,
Is of the angels watched, while God records the deed.

When vice her ancient homily repeats,
  Or rogues and vagabonds thy bounty ask,
Beware of hypocrites and counterfeits,
  From falsehood's face strip virtue's borrowed mask;
From baneful head to heel sin's guilty features brand,
That hate, with justice armed, may scourge her through
    the land.

Of parasites and servile sneaks beware ;
  Let no such scum contaminate thy bed,
Let no such offal on thy bounty fare,
  Near leper's lips trust not thy children's bread ;
The cherished snake the gentle husbandman beguiled,
Then spurn'd his succouring hand, and stung his darling
    child.

To truth the glozing tongue can add no gloss ;
  The phrase adroit, and the obsequious smile,
Are dust upon the gem, or worthless dross
  By which the juggler clothes his fulsome guile :
Virtue affects no aid from meretricious show,
But wears heaven's bullion mark upon her radiant brow.

In angry haste no suppliant's prayer repel,
  Nor spurn the vagrant who thy mercy craves ;
In garb repulsive highest worth may dwell ;
  Nor know we what our bounty serves or saves ;
E'en lowly visitants may change thy humble fare
Into an angel's banquet, blessed by angels' prayer.

The sins of avarice never yet were told,—
  Abundance whets the appetite for more :
Gold never quells the burning thirst for gold,
  And avarice lives by adding to her store;
She sits and gloats in silence o'er her treasured wealth,
And ever counts, untired, her shining hoards by stealth.

And avarice is an unpropitious soil,
  That viler grows with sun and pleasant shower;
While common weeds confess its power to spoil,
  Its sterile surface withers every flower;
It feels not warming sun nor thrives with freshening rain,
And on its surface Hermon's dew would fall in vain.

The avaricious man hath nought to spare
  For orphan, beggar, friend, or worn-out kin;
Beyond his sordid self he knows no care,
  No empire owns outside his selfish skin:
He daily worships self by every act and deed,
For self his country is, his kingdom, and his creed.

Our early hopes, alas, false prophets are,
  Flowers that sweetly bud but never bloom;
Man sees on heaven's face but fortune's star,
  And yet disasters haunt him to the tomb;
As swiftly onward hope's delusive shadow flies,
Untired, he dogs the beckoning phantom till he dies.

We drink of pleasure, yea, we deeply drink,
  Repeating o'er and o'er the pois'nous draught,
Till habit floats us on some whirlpool's brink;
  So to the cataract drifts the severed raft—
Slowly and sure it leaves the ever lessening land,
As moves unseen, unheard, the dial's shadowy hand.

He is an insane reveller who sips
  Of every sweet in pleasure's wanton bowers,
Or drinks the poison of the harlot's lips,
  Loading with heavy guilt his midnight hours,
Sowing, with random hand, a seed in youthful years,
Which infirm age shall reap in bitterness and tears.

Of misspent days, oh, could we tell the cost!
  'Twere better far they'd ne'er been spent at all,
In slumber wasted, or for ever lost,
  Than cry against us at the Judgment call,—
When swift uprising, at the trumpet's quivering blast,
Aloft they 'll point their shadowy fingers to the past.

Oh! could we ever read the deep disgrace
  We bring upon our home and honoured name,
Or wipe the furrows from a parent's face
  Too early graven by our deeds of shame!
To present hours it would a golden lesson be,
If by some spell we could our life's last chapter see.

Abandon sloth, and lift thine heart to heaven,
  E'er from its blackening roof be swiftly hurled
The shivering bolt, the all-consuming levin,—
  To bring red vengeance on the guilty world,
And quickly rend each inmost sense with dread and ruth,
Until the smitten soul shall tremble round to truth.

In wanton mirth we spend our morning's prime,
  Light as the giddy insects of a day,
Heedless of warning voice and wasting time,
  We gaily laugh the jocund hours away,
And twist our careless wreaths for folly's dismal shrine,
Wherein with present joys our future woes entwine.

Romance and fable fill our youthful age,
  Chanting their airy scenes in flowery verse ;
While prose records the feats of manhood's page,
  And shriller notes the deeds of age rehearse :
If on the closing scene death drops his sable pall,
A dread hereafter holds the moral of it all.

Destruction marks us, even from the womb ;
  Our early passions wear our vigour down ;
Both youth and age are tenants of the tomb,
  And with diseases fell our path is strewn ;
Contention, woe, and all our very being's strife
The axle strain, and taint the avenues of life.

We sleep, we wake, we live among the dead,
  Whether at morn, at eve, or noontide heat ;
Their very ashes mingle with our bread,
  Each step we pound their bones beneath our feet :
The countless motes that in the summer sunbeam play
Are but the powdered ashes of our brother's clay.

Old Time away hath all distinction swept ;
  The prince and beggar mingle at our feet ;
The weeper sleeps with those whom once he wept:
  Their graves are lost—their names are obsolete ;
The marble proud, and humble stone, are lost and gone,
Or in long years have slowly mouldered into one.

Our being's inmost life is rank of death,
  Our days are never free from death's assail ;
'Tis mocked of sleep, it mingles with our breath ;
  The very dead from out their graves exhale,
Invisible, equip't with arms of potent might,
They wage on man a fearful and a fatal fight.

Fever and plague infect the sullen air,
  And o'er the earth a vengeful havoc make,
Harrowing the stricken soul with fierce despair,
  Till scathed the smitten nations start and quake,
And mercy yearning ask, with heaven-directed gaze,
While through earth's holy fanes the kindled altars blaze.

In covert guise consumption steals abroad,
  Her ambush planting in the fairest breast,
And laps the treasures of the vital flood,
  Till nature droops beneath her high behest,
While deeply coil'd, unseen, in beauty's damask cheeks,
Corruption's worm exists and dainty revel keeps.

We come and go as wave succeeds to wave,
  One moment quick with life, another dust,
One generation digs the other's grave;
  We mount life's stage, and from its brink are thrust
By races new, who, eager, to its margin strain,
To live and fight the tragedy of life again.

In life we live to fight and fight to live,—
  From first to last it is a fearful fray;
We truce nor quarter ask, nor quarter give;
  As morn begins it so we end the day,
We toil and struggle on to gain a footing sure,
And keep the gaunt wolf, famine, from our cottage door.

Our passions are the ministers of pain,
  That strew life's path with many a weary throe,
Or with deep anguish wring the o'erwrought brain,
  Till reason stricken, staggers to and fro,—
The mind becomes the victim of the madman's prank
Or 'tis for ever lost and sealed an idiotic blank.

A thousand airy shapes ambition takes,
  A thousand modes adopts to gain her ends,
Mole-like now grovels, now the beggar apes,—
  Now scales the heavens, anon to baseness bends,
Assumes all shapes and hues, and every effort tries,
To gain the end in view and grasp the fleeting prize.

The bigot hugs his self-sufficient sin,
  Nor leaves his tether wheresoe'er he walks,
The dullest clown that works in folly's gin,
  He evermore in stubborn circle talks,
His paradise he enters with his little corps,
His apotheosis he chants and locks the door.

All are not friends that come in friendship's guise ;
  All is not pure that bears the virgin's name ;
Both good and bad prepare their sacrifice,
  And minister before the altar's flame :
Virtue no guerdon gains of orders named divine,
Nor is the claimed prerogative of men of noble line.

Shun fawning sneaks who in thy favour bask,
  And who proclaim thee friend in trumpet key ;
If fortune on thee frowns they drop the mask,
  And dumb their lips to all concerning thee,—
Thy name and former benefactions are forgot,
Thy hospitable hearth becomes a cancelled spot.

Arm'd each with Sunday and with weekday face,
  And on their supple lips a double creed,
If rich, with oil they hail thee and grimace,
  But doomed art thou shouldst thou those riches need ;
Traitors and knaves accursed, vamp'd up of straw and
    paint,
Who hail great Judas as their king and patron saint.

Man deems his present state a present curse,
  Destroying hopes and pleasures with its blight,
And hence he sweating labours to reverse,
  His providence and get his fates set right,
To trace anew the river to its fountain head,
And channel courses fresh for its meandering bed.

One scheme begets a thousand schemes that fail,
  And failure brings to harassed souls mistrust ;
Expedients are tried without avail,
  Till man gives up life's struggle in disgust,
At fickle fortune sneers, abandons each new plan,
Mong disappointed men to herd a disappointed man.

Wayward and fickle, vain and discontent,
  Men change their fashions as snakes change their skins ;
The youth affects the man ere youth is spent,
  As one vice palls another he begins ;
Thus substance shadow courts, while shadow mocks at [shape ;
The monkey apes the man, while man assumes the ape.

Man makes the sum of changes here below ;
  He is the woof that each historic sage
Weaves out with finished and elaborate show ;
  He colour gives and grace to every page ;
His deeds and words outrolled like royal ingots fine,
Give life and eloquence to every burnished line.

Like summer's gladness or like winter's blast,
  Cycle on cycle vanisheth away,
Nor leaves a bubbling vestige of the past ;
  Kingdoms and kings depart like parting day,
The lustrous baubles of the early morning's breath,
Whose glittering pomp and pageantry exhale in death.

The gold and unctuous flatteries of the great,
  Our freedom purchase for a servile fear ;
I'd rather with the dog and beggar mate,
  Than be the pendant to a rich man's ear,
And bound to yield him all my faith and all my trust ;
To paint his hollow sepulchre and gild his dust.

With pomp imperial, with wealth and power,
  Proud sons of earth their fellow-worms invest ;
Yet crowns are worthless, and a worthless dower,
  If conscience wrings the guilty wearer's breast ;
The tyrant's purple, and the monarch's gaudy plume,
May vainly deck the brow that scorching cares consume.

Should man those premonitions hold as vain,
  That, prophet-like, within his bosom rise,
Portentous shadows casting o'er his brain !
  Or, as the guardian convoys of the skies,
By heaven designed in friendly mode to intimate,
His coming happiness, or his impending fate ?

Whence come those gentle whispers, small and still,
  Whose fascinations bow the human mind?
That to their purpose win the wayward will,
  Though biassed wrong, and stubbornly inclined?
And like our guardian spirit hovering near,
Would guide with better aims, with brighter hopes
    would cheer.

A man can never give his sins the slip,
  Or hide from what presiding fate ordains;
For conscience, sin pursues with brandished whip,
  And penalties exacts with cruel pains;
A guilty conscience keeps the harassed soul at bay,
And at each step beholds a lion in the way.

A guilty conscience is the worst of foes,
  The living recompense of living sins;
Its victim knows no respite from its woes;
  Where one hell ends, another hell begins;
While guilty thoughts and memories bind him to the [stake,
His load of hoarded sins the blazing faggots make.

Contempt and want, and sorrows, rather brave,
  Or waste an useless shred on lumber's shelf,
Than to thy burning conscience be the slave,
  Or play the cruel despot o'er thyself,
Than wield thine arms thy iron manacles to forge,
Or lift the knotted lash thy naked limbs to scourge.

Day after day the heavy cross is built,
  Which sinful man in wasting sorrow bears;
And slowly twisted from his hoarded guilt,
  The thorny wreath his bleeding forehead wears;
And link by link, unseen, are forged those galling chains
Which through the night and day inflict their ceaseless
    pains.

Piecemeal our sins accrete, bit clings to bit,
  Till from below upheaves the fatal rock,
On which life's argosies for ever split,
  And shivering, sink beneath the fatal shock,
With wealth, and hopes, and honours to the tempest tost,
And in destruction's boiling gulph for ever lost.

Flight the Second.

DRINK.

Is not strong drink the gauge, the spirit-level,
That all men bindeth with its fatal spell,
Receiving patronage from man and devil,
And its prerogatives from lowest hell?
Three bottle imps I trow are brandy, rum, and gin—
The trinity of wickedness, the Cerberus of sin!

At times familiar spirits will appear,
And whether of a sort that's bad or good,
Or from an upper or a nether sphere,
They 're much at home in tenements of wood;
While Boniface his spirit draws from wooden kegs,
Our modern wizards tap them from their tables' legs!

By gifts corporeal many men are blinded,
  Admiring grace of limb and bloom of face ;
While others, who are spiritually minded,
  May scorn the charms that human features grace,
And even shun the spirits light of earth and air,
And give to spirits bottled their peculiar care.

Of mortal men how few there are who think,
  While full of joy they drain the purple bowl,
Of snares that lurk beneath their sparkling drink,
  Or deem the chaliced gem a traitor foul,
That loudly boasts of freedom as it brands them slaves,
And lifts the cup to health while pointing to their graves.

Has Satan turned to infidel or Turk,
  That men forget their patron great to praise,
For heavy service done and special work ?
  Or is it left to friends of future days,
Who 'll name their patron in the peans which they spin,
And laud the greatest saint in the calendar of sin ?

Think'st thou yond scented stripling, gay and smart,
  Whose dainty hand just now a drunkard spurn'd,
The thought could realize in head or heart,
  That he by drink and sin might soon be turned
From dandy gay to sot despised, with frowsy head,
And all his wealth an empty purse and pauper's bed ?

Let coxcombs vain and proud their friendship pledge,
  Or joys applaud of nightly festive board
They see not at their feet the pit-fall's edge,
  Or o'er their necks old Damocles' fell sword,
Nor counsel take, nor care for warning words or blame,
But heedless play like moths around the candle's flame.

Taverns are schools where men the base begin
  On which their future characters are built;
Where mortals learn the alphabet of sin,
  And steep their budding virtues to the hilt;
Where villany and fraud their fatal doctrines preach,
And graduates in sin their young disciples teach.

With guilt these dens of vice mankind infect,
  Yet still they thrive within the legal pale;
Nor do our laws the knaves they make protect,
  But headlong thrust them in some yawning jail:
And thus our country's pride would plainly seem to be,
To early train her children for the gallows-tree.

Such thoughts as these had long my soul oppress'd
  And tired, I felt my mind o'erpowered with sleep,
At last, unconsciously, I sank to rest;
  While fancy wrapped my couch in visions deep,
A spirit weird arose from out my troubled dream,
And spoke in accents wild, and thus prolonged my theme.

"Behold, before thee now a victim stand,
  An offering burnt, self-made, self-sacrificed;
The altar reared, I cast the flaming brand;
  Nay shudder not, nor at me be surprized,
But my confessor be while I my fate rehearse,
T'will serve as record rare, or legend for thy verse."

"It were in vain, a bootless task, indeed,
  To tell thee how I wept and how I vow'd,
How in deep woe my inmost heart did bleed,
  And how into the dust my head was bow'd,
Or how my wretched soul seemed wrapt in flame,
And scorched beneath the quenchless fires of grief and
    shame."

"I cursed the very day that gave me birth;
  I sank beneath the weight of my disgrace;
I wished for blackest night to fill the earth,
  To hide my trembling limbs and haggard face;
I fell abashed, for nought my struggling hopes availed,
And writhed my stricken soul, by keen remorse
    impaled.

"I raved, I vowed again, I deeply vowed,
  I cursed the bowl that caused my needless guilt,
And to the earth its poisoned lips I bowed,
  And all its red blood on the dust I spilt;
And evermore I fixed the deep resolve to hate
This cruel tempter of my life and bitter fate.

"Quivered my limbs, and shook my soul through fright,
As crowding round my couch grim monsters paced;
A goblin brood of hell o'erwhelmed my sight,
Disease their eyes devoured, their cheeks defaced,
And yet with constant stare they to my pillow neared,
And in my shrinking face their eyeless sockets peered.

"Glared dusky figures from the paper'd wall,
My thoughts and fears were into being shaped,
I felt the slimy creatures round me crawl,
Until my smitten knees with terror quaked;
From every gaping pore out gushed the beaded sweat,
Till hair, and skin, and couch, and all were drenched in wet.

"Dark phantoms sprang from every secret place,
They seemed to grow where'er my eyes were cast,
And came in hideous nearness to my face,
Like pigmies some, and some as giants vast,
The bulky monsters stood with forms of towering height
As if from darkness carved, or cut from solid night.

"Quickly their aspects changed, and went, and came,
As ocean's shifting surface comes and goes,
As faces shape from coal and flitting flame,
Sometimes a lip was gone, or eye, or nose,
But all most sadly blurred, and every feature marr'd,
As if by vermin gnawed or foul diseases scarr'd.

"And serpents big their glittering scales unrolled,
  Viewing their shining mates with fiery glare;
I saw each snake its bulky coils unfold,
  And heard their hellish hisses through the air;
While darting adders deadly chill, and lithe, and slim,
Their icy circles loop'd around each trembling limb.

"From morn to eve, from eve to dismal morn,
  Spectres their vigils kept and o'er me bent,
Phantoms of death they seemed from tombs upborne,
  Robed in funereal guise they came and went;
As though the grave had yielded up its buried dead,
They came in mockery's robes to jeer around my bed.

"What dismal horrors seized my sinking soul;
  What ceaseless terrors held my stifled breath;
Startled by fears, by demon elf and ghoul,
  I hugg'd the grave and supplicated death;
I hourly begged for sleep, it burthened all my prayers,
But begged in vain—for heaven will laugh when sin
despairs.

"More reptiles fill'd my couch, and insects vile,
  Than men in philosophic mood describe,
Ranker of life than mud from Egypt's Nile,
  A nameless, shapeless, and a loathesome tribe,
Which if I tried to spurn from off my sorry bed,
They followed, closely squatting to my cheeks and head.

"From visions drear my startled eyeballs turned,
  To other things and thoughts my soul I bent,
But still the grisly fates those efforts spurned,
  That weaker left me and my vigour spent,
While to my fearful doom I, reckless, all resigned—
Resigned my body haggard, and my wretched mind.

"Into a gulph I and my couch were cast;
  From eager hold my clutching hands were riven;
I felt the gusts around and roaring blast,
  As down we flew, to deeper ruin driven;
Of mad pursuit I heard the deaf'ning din and swell,
Of demons howling, and of horrid shouts from hell.

"My senses reel'd, my eyes were stricken blind;
  I grasped at shadows but I grasped in vain;
I called for help but could no succour find;
  I tried at last to clear my reeling brain,
When lo, full near, above, beneath, on left or right,
Swiftly the goblin hordes pursued my breathless flight

"As lightning fleeth swift and swifter still,
  As Life by Death pursued, we onward flew;
The piping winds tore past us wild and shrill;
  Yet on the hell-hounds sped and nearer drew;
In pealing chorus full came on the straining hosts
Of fiends all madly howling and of shrieking ghosts.

"Still down, nor halted we, nor yet recoiled;
A lurid sea its angry fires outspread,
And far beneath its surges madly boiled,
And thitherward my couriers swiftly sped;
But ere I felt its fiery sheets of folding flame,
A death-like stupor seized my soul and quivering frame.

"How long my senses reel'd they best can say—
The hovering friends that watched my parting breath,
Oh, that my harassed soul had stol'n away,
And never broken more the chains of death!
Then had I filled an outcast's lowly grave and slept,
As bondsmen sleep, unknown, unhonoured, and unwept.

"I dreamt that death flew by in horrid haste
On steed that threatened space at every bound;
Beneath his shadow earth became a waste;
He glanced, and slaughtered armies filled the ground;
With menace proud, on high he shook his yellow hand
And woe and desolation filled the mourning land.

"If my tormentors disappeared awhile,
In factious throngs they came again at last,
And arm'd with terrors new I watched the dismal file
As arching round and round my room they passed,
With magic incantations working fearful spell—
As if the dead to rouse, or call the fates from hell.

"Into a coffin huge my couch was changed,
In which I tortured lay with gasping breath;
And on each side a dreary corpse was ranged,
In all the stiff proprieties of death; [bands,
And when I rose to leave those things of shrouds and
They quickly held me down with cold and clammy hands.

"If terror ope'd mine eyes with timid glance,
With tenfold awe that inmost terror grew,
To see a dismal hall of vast expanse
Whose walls were grinning skulls of ghastly hue;
While through each row of eyeless sockets stretch'd and bar'd,
Ten thousand living horrors ever wildly stared.

"With snakes and reptiles vile the roof was lined,
To which by hellish quirk they closely hung;
While serpents from the arch their volumes twined,
And down their heads in darting horror flung;
And blent their hisses wild, with piercing shrieks and groans,
That issued from the floor inlaid with blood and bones.

"The skeletons of monsters gaunt and grim,
From end to end, strode o'er the bony grave—
From mongrels form'd, from brute and human limb,
Or wrecks of ancient charnel house and grave;

And dangling from their hands grim skulls like censers
swung,
That far around both light and smoking incense flung.

"Array'd in all that superstition dreads,
They came like images of hell and death,
And when they downward turned their hollow heads,
Their yellow jaws gave forth a lurid breath,
And as their visual orbits shook with hideous grin,
I saw the fires of hell that blazed those orbs within.

"Uprose long tables through the gory ground,
With dainties weird, in order strange outspread—
From yawning hell and opening grave around,
Foul demons rushed, and walked the uncoffined dead,
With loud and jabbering din, they moved, and stately
bows,
Then slowly stretched them out in long and dismal rows.

"In purple clad, and crowned with iron crown,
The king of terrors held the royal chair,
And quickly to and fro, and up and down,
The vassals to the feast the viands bare;
While guest with guest their touching goblets pledged
and quaffed,
And held their blazing beakers to their lips and laugh'd.

"Their heads, slim adders and huge serpents reared,
And hissed aloud as roared the motley rout;
And things of aspect strange and figure weird, [shout,
Howl'd forth their joy and shrieked with frantic
All yelled and joined the chorus mad of uncouth dins,
And laugh'd the untombed dead, and wagged their bandaged chins.

"With devil devil joked, and ghost with ghost,
Their goblets—often charged and often drain'd—
Brimm'd every song, and quaffed to every toast,
Till blue and dim the midnight torches wained;
And as some neighbouring cock its early clarion blew
Through rifted gulphs the shrouded dead and devils flew.

"A moment's darkness—then I upward looked;
I with a monster back to back was bound,
My puny arms in bulky paws were hooked;
It started, roaring off with thundering sound;
With raking wings the reeling gusts it tore to shreds,
And roused the slumbering demons from their fiery beds.

"A moment's darkness—I was all alone:
But whence I could not tell, or how, or where:
Revolving stars like lamps above me shone,
And dreary structures rose that filled the air,
As rolling vapours from the scorch'd far-off sands,
To cities shape, to palaces and temples grand.

"A spacious vault above me quickly rose,
With dais filled, and thrones from front to rear—
On which my judges sat, and cruel foes,
Whose looks inspired my breast with deadly fear:
I trembling viewed the awful place with panting breath,
The judgment-seat of sin, the Sanhedrim of death!

"I saw by lights that shed a lurid glare,
Ten thousand hideous shapes of death and sin—
While wingless monsters glided through the air,
And screamed aloud, and hissed with frightful din:
Engines of torture stood with crimson horrors crown'd,
And mangled victims lay like lumber on the ground.

"Before the conclave vast I stood arraigned,
In hopes to hear my final doom announced;
Awhile I dumb and motionless remained,
When swiftly on me my tormentors pounced:
With anguish loud I shrieked and roared with cruel pain,
As at my limbs the demons tugged with might and main.

"I fought like men who only fight for life:
I fought with fiends, by fiends was dragged and torn,
Till but the passive victim of their strife;
When suddenly away my foes were borne:
Beneath the trembling ground upburst a fiery flood,
That blew to dust and shreds the earth whereon we stood.

"'Midst flame and fire with fierceness upward driven,
Still fought the fiends, and wrangled o'er their prey;
And limb from limb my mangled form was riven,
E'er yet my smitten soul had passed away:
Then on the lifeless dust their demon rage they spent,
And into shreds the shapeless wreck and ruin rent.

"One flash of lightning quivered o'er the scene;
One blast of thunder bellowed long and loud;
The pageant paled, as it had never been;
With clattering wings uprose the goblin crowd,
Aloft they soared, and wheeled on high, with wild acclaim,
Then downward plunged beneath the gulph of surging flame!

Flight the Third.

PHYSIC.

It may be wrong, it may be fair and just,
  That doctors' merits, wayward and unstable,
Should night and morning be right well discussed—
  When viands good are placed upon the table—
When portly wives and misses sip their scalding tea,
Or get excited on their neighbours' real Bohea :—

But, right or wrong, it doubtless is their fate
  To have them canvassed, whether false or true ;
And, like a personage of great estate,
  They get a little more than is their due ;
For neither moral right nor moral wrong avails
When one-eyed justice holds the balanc'd sword and scales.

It is enough to make the dullest laugh
  To see how earnestly their time they spend,
When asked of neighbours out, their sweets to quaff;
  How keenly each brings forth some valued friend,
And, right or wrong, they forward thrust their favourite man,
And, right or wrong, they proudly place him in the van.

On such a time, deliberately set
  O'er tea and cakes, and conserves rich and rare,
Twelve stately dames and damsels fair were met,
  Adorn'd in all the trappings ladies wear,—
And, as from flowery cups the fragrant steam upsprung,
It joined the incense loud of many a noisy tongue.

Betwixt a gander's note and owlet's screech,
  Miss Giblets first upraised her mournful voice—
" Good ladies all, attention I beseech,
  " While I commend the doctor of my choice,—
" Not merely as a man that can your molars draw
" And use with grace his amputating knife and saw :

" The arts he knows, and all the sciences,
  " From pure arithmetic to hydrostatics,—
" With all their grand and new appliances,
  " By astral compasses and mathematics ;
" And recently has made, by his unaided skill,
" The Ikra Pykra drops and cockolorum pill !

"That Sodham has his failings, I confess,
"And somewhat is to grog and beer inclined,—
"Although he never takes them in excess,
"Or in a way to cloud his noble mind:
"But surely man, at times, his ardent clay may leaven
"With toddy warm—which is a creature good from heaven."

"Through all your learned mud I could not wade,"
Said Mrs. Hobbs; "but now I see it clear:
"It is that jaunty clown—that sing-song blade—
"'Tis Doctor Sodham whom you hold so dear,
"Well known to all as bragging Jack the famous rattle,
"Who gives to all things drugs—to men as well as cattle.

"A man who sets all study at defiance,
"And all his moments spends in sing-song haste,
"Can never know so very much of science
"Nor scarcely have acquired for it a taste:
"Arithmetic he may have read, yet it doth seem to me—
"He more of 'Rule Britannia' knows than rule of three.

"O'er bales of books a man shall daily pore,
"And twenty years shall spend at some great college;
"O'er arts and sciences shall nightly snore,
"And still he may not be a man of knowledge;
"The learned phrases, study, and voracious reading,
"Are not synonymous with intellectual feeding.

"Some likeness Sodham bears, in face and mind,
"To nobler men with whom he daily herds,
"Some form and trace preserves of human kind—
"As sparrows likeness bear to nobler birds:
"Yet both are low and vulgar, pilfering and pert,
"And prone to noisy insolence and common dirt.

"But why should we our doctors' sins recount?
"They are not things for which their patients pay;
"Nor are they matters which when sick we want—
"But ease and hope, and these without delay:
"What doctors' virtues are, I know, and what are not;
"But when their help I need, their morals are forgot.

"Employing others, I my stars may thank
"I know not Sodham or his stubborn will;
"His costs alone would break a common bank;
"When widow Tinman got her husband's bill,
"She fainted at each item, with its frightful charge,
"Enough in all, to build a street or city barge!

"And be it in, or be it out of reason,
"Their pills and potions take his patients must;
"With conscience little and with less of reason,
"Between their teeth the nauseous trash is thrust;
"He cares not whether what he gives may cure or kill,
"But how to multiply the items of his bill.

"You've heard of Mrs. Buxom's sorrow wild,
"And how her health and understanding failed,
"When suddenly she lost her favourite child;
"The fact to me in secret was detailed, [slaughter,
"How they, the little dear at once consigned to
"And murdered it outright, by baths of tepid water.

"A fact like this an useful lesson teaches,
"And I with many facts like this have met;
"I lost a child myself from nasty leeches,
"And neither child nor doctor can forget:
"How at each nigger snail the little angel shied,
"And when it felt the third it cock'd its toe and died!

"I'm not to silly rumours much inclined,
"Nor given to tales of vengeance or of strife;
"But when dear Mrs. Turnpots was confined,
"We all know how she lost her valued life;
"But why upon such men our words and patience waste, [haste!
"Who such a worthy lady killed with their outrageous

"How careless doctors are, both great and small,
"Enough to make one's passions boil with hate!
"When rudely at our homes they puffing call,
"Our little pets to scrape and vaccinate; [fright,
"And while the darlings scream with ugly cuts and
"Their lordships carve away with evident delight.

"By stringent laws I would all doctors bind,
"Or have them from their calling disconnected :
"You know my eldest sister's child is blind—
"Which springs from matter carelessly selected :
"The heavens she cannot see, nor yet the earth below,
"Because the lymph was gathered from a purblind cow!"

"If I a family had," Miss Flyjaw said,
"No man alive their arms should vaccinate ;
"And sooner than defile each limb and head,
"To small pox I would leave them and their fate :
"No man alive whate'er his boasted skill or cunning—
"Should on them fix a piebald spot or nasty running.

"Give me the man who secrets can unravel,
"Who every sceince knows, and is refined
"By education's power, or foreign travel :—
"And this brings Pillybags into my mind :
"And I remember well, 'twas in the evening late,
"When first he went on board the good ship Blatherumscate.

"He travelled into many distant lands,
"Where nature over her own canon's tripp'd :
"And where the earth wore equatorial bands,
"And trembling needles in the compass dipp'd :
"Where vulgar gravitation laws were all my eye,
"And folks slipp'd off the earth and tumbled on the sky !

"The zodiac he saw, where bright stars burn ;
"And all the puny beasts that round it ride ;
"Also the twins that in its circle turn ;
"With crabs and goats that live in its inside :
"He saw the virgin fair uplift the glittering scales,
"And all the little fishes wagging their young tails !

"Once, as a joke, or for a trifling wager,
"He paid a visit to the great North Bear—
"That rum old codger called the 'Ursa Major'—
"At which our country friends through glasses stare :
"In solitude he dwells deep laid in snowy holes
"And takes his nightly walks around the wheeling poles !

"Rare Pillybags ! ev'n from the very first,
"Propensities he showed for pills and blister ;
"And at old Galen's feet was duly nursed,
"Till competent to bleed and give a clyster :
"For every human ill he could compound a bottle
"And knew by heart the Master Piece of Aristotle !

"He knew geology and all the rocks—
"The names of pebbles by their stony features—
"'Twas he who found, below some quartzose blocks,
"The funniest of all the funny creatures—
"A sort of cock and bull stuck queerly *dos-à-dos*
"And once by Owen called the Sodderumbumchuckybos !

"One day, when deeply boring underground,
"Like any collier or black-skinned mole,
"A wondrous curiosity he found,
"And dragg'd it from its home of shale and coal:
"No lizard fish was it, or geologic poodle—
"But 'twas the genuine thing—a native Clickmadoodle!"

"And pray, Miss Flyjaw, what on earth is that?"
Miss Cantrip ask'd, with doubtful toss of head,
"Is't black or white—or like a pig or cat?
"Is it on chalky soup, or sandstone fed!
"And what on earth could give it such an ugly name?
"I guess for this its godmother must bear the blame."

"'Tis neither this nor that, nor these nor those—
"Nor yet a creature of the prying kind—
"Nor into secrets does it poke its nose—
"Nor to its native habits is confined—
"But instincts vicious prompt its restless legs to roam—
"As those of miscreated things much nearer home!"

And here the waxing conflict might have closed,
And matters doubtful formed a doubtful end,—
If then the hostess had not interposed—
"Myself I would young Cocksy recommend:
"He cured Amelia and our dear Alexandrina
"When they both had measles and the scarlatina.

"In him a paragon you'll surely find,
"With graces supple, and with manners easy;
"Besides those gifts so sweet to womankind
"A flattering tongue and lips well-oiled and greasy—
"At church he chants in tones so clear, so sweet, and soft
"You'd think it was a cherub singing from aloft!"

"Cocksy!" exclaimed Miss Dorothea Flam,
"Cocksy! that living type of knaves and fools!
"A wavering cockatrice in garb of man—
"And one of nature's blanks or ill-made tools:
"A thing all legs and arms, like painter's lofty easels—
"Who more of crotchet knows than hooping cough and measles!

"On such a hypocrite must I rely,
"And suffer him, with smothered scorn and hate,
"Upon my frame his luckless wits to try?
"No! sooner mountebanks shall seal my fate:
"The hypocrite I hate—the extra pious blade!
"The sinner sly done up in Christian masquerade!

"In all he does he is a servile screw—
"In every action scrubby, vile and mean,
"A greedy leech, and sordid as the Jew:
"Where others sow the crop he'll reap and glean;
"And with unholy spoil his house and carcase store,
"Whether from friends 'tis filched or cozen'd from the poor!"

"Hush, hush my dears!" exclaimed sly Mrs. Chops;
"And let us lull those feelings of the heart—
"Our hostess kind prepares some brandy drops,
"To thaw our cramps and joints before we start
"If others pledge their friends in water butts and pumps
"In cups we pledge that cure the pthisic and the dumps!"

And now commenced the dim, the roar and flurry,
When every one did on the servants call—
Who ran about, like lightning in a hurry,
To fetch a bonnet lost or misplaced shawl;
And up and down these limber damsels ran
Answering quick to Bet, or Bess, as well as Mary Ann.

Arm'd with umbrellas and with clogs and pattens,
With lanthorns—albeit they dimly burn'd—
Midst rustling silks and noise of crumpling satins,
To different homes they all their features turned—
While each aloud screamed out their twelve good nights
apiece
Scaring the slumbering bats and rousing the police.

That ladies take the lead and go the first,
A proverb was in schools where I was bred:
I mean not infant schools, where I was nursed,
But colleges where things polite were said;
And having had their chance this preference to take,
The humble poetaster follows in their wake.

Ye men of physic, and ye men of drugs,—
  How little of your vaunted skill is real!
Ye well may blush and hang your burning lugs,
  If ye in truth reflect how few ye heal,—
How many ye consign to physic and its fury
That nature might have cured by her *vis naturæ!*

No doubt the people's brains are very dense,
  Or otherwise they never would have quaff'd
The loads of nasty puddle ye dispense—
  The tons of pills and hogsheads of black draught!
Besides those creeping things with names of dismal sound
Which with the blackest art ye mingle and compound!

What dirty things ye fetch across the seas—
  Things which in gallipots ye steam and churn;
Besides the cochineals and scarlet fleas—
  Which in your copper pans ye hash and burn!
And poke and trouble with a hundred artful tricks,
Before they will in hocus-pocus physic mix.

And is the story true, or is it all an hoax,
  That orders ye receive form buxom doxies,
When tired out of matrimonial yokes,
  Their husbands to prepare for churchyard boxes?
That fellow mortals ye fit up for mother earth
By doses sly, or pinches at the hour of birth?

And are ye bounties paid in golden fees,
  Or compensated by a noble gift,
By dashing heirs and urgent legatees,
  To give their ancient friends a gentle lift, [strife,
And safely guide them through this stage of woe and
By snapping through the film yclep'd the thread of life ?

By various ways the public ye deceive,
  With doses big and some with doses small,
By pumps and globules many play the thief—
  While others do the thing by naught at all !
May those content to rob the homœopathic way
Infinitessimal profits have for daily pay !

But why alone should men of physic blush,
  Since states imperial are arrant quacks ?
For senates have no shame, nor care a rush,
  If they can raise the wind by pill-box tax :
No matter whence the money comes, if well it fills
The nation's yawning purse and governmental tills.

Then, from this hour, a fellowship begin,
  And hands entwine as brothers of one trade—
As members of one commonwealth of sin,
  No jealousy display or be afraid ;
But work right joyfully, and in your mortars pound
Till all your factious friends are physick'd under ground.

Men may consult you for a thousand ills
  That waste them down like splinters, thin and limber;
And, despite all your balsams rich and pills,
  Still bear within the taint of churchyard timber :
Perhaps, those patients whom your physic fails to save
It may invest with earlier titles to the grave.

Lucky 's the man, and doubly is he blest,
  Whose patients think they every ailment ail,—
Who take their physic with heroic zest—
  Be it sent in vial, kilderkin, or pail ;—
And when they're out of sorts, or feel a little dull,
They give the pail a longer and a stronger pull.

Happy art thou, thou man of draughts and pills,
  If patients such thou may'st esteem thy friends !
If each with bonus duly pays his bills,
  And each his physic takes and never mends : [long,
Long may'st thou happy live, and have such patients
With nought but coloured slop to keep them hale and
    strong !

I feel it ill becomes me thus to speak—
  A poetaster and a common man—
To counsel men to take their physic weak—
  At least to take it on a natural plan :
In what the learned homœopaths their globules call !
That is, in unknown quantities, or none at all

Abandon drugs, and take to something new ;
With honour gain your bread, and keep your breath ;
And never more for paltry pelf pursue
The doubtful game whose winning post is death :
Let small dose quacks, and homœopathic sinners,
Their creed attest by eating homœopathic dinners.

Ye patrons of the pump and water-butt,
Fail not to give your brawny hides a scrub !
When swarth as pigs, and soil'd with settled soot,
There's nothing like a sousing in the common tub :
For babes 'tis good, for unctuous wench, and sluggish lout,
And all the dronish crew who hire their washing out.

Aquatic Ichabod, cold water quack,
Who, banished far from physic and from drugs,
Dost live an ornament among the pack
Who tune their souls to turning taps and plugs,—
Each swarthy carcase may'st thou scrub till clean and plump,
And long thy noble hobby ride—thy faithful pump !

Oh, could the public know the gaby clowns
With powers equipp'd to patch their sickly frames,
Or, could they once but gauge their empty crowns,—
Soon would they cast their physic to the flames,
Nor longer trust their failing health to botching fools,
Scarce fit to wield a village barber's dullest tools.

The filthy hordes of knaves and bouncing quacks,
  And all the renegades from med'cine's ranks,
Of foreign spawn begot, or home-bred hacks,
  Deserve a leaded scourge across their flanks,
As meet requital for their grave and foul offences,
In multiplying sin through all its moods and tenses.

For pump or globule quacks why should we care—
Or less than knaves esteem the guilty lot?
Their books and thoughts are light as common air,
  Their roll of lustrous names are now forgot—
From Ikey Solomons, the Jew, to Joseph Ady—
Those patron saints so grand of noble Paddy Brady!

Would men could see the gammon and the rant
  Which quacks and knaves employ intent on spoil—
From truth could separate the spume and cant—
  Or clear from honest aim the artful oil!
But gloze, like bird-lime, glues them to their sickly beds;
While nature cures their weakly frames and aching heads.

Would we the depths of dullness could explore—
  The fountains foul of human folly reach—
And o'er them dews and healthful daylight pour—
  Or might the human spirit's darkness bleach—
Or could by antidotes to every man secure
His hands from evil deeds, his soul from thoughts impure!

In vain our words in kindled wrath we launch;
  Our efforts make the shallow boobies duller.
If spiritual niggers will not blanch,
  No ocean black or white will change their colour:
And, if the clods beneath scholastic pumps are tried,
It proves that folly's hues have every texture dy'd.

No doctor can his science teach to laymen:
  So dark are they, and so profoundly dull:
With ease young horses may be trained by draymen—
  But clowns are blank from crural shaft to skull!
Then better had we leave our dirty task alone;
Where folly dyes the skin, no doubt it shades the bone.

Yet, when these gudgeons to their neighbours talk'd,
  You would suppose they lived on nought but knowledge;
And when upon the road they strutting walk'd,
  That each at least esteem'd himself a college—
Or cyclopædia bound, that stroll'd about the street—
Or up and down career'd on common legs and feet!

As blind as bats are men, and ten times blinder,
  On common points of physic such as those:
And of two doctors grave select the kinder,
  Or choose the one whose tongue is swathed in gloze.
But why should we our souls and mortal bodies worrit,
If men of gammon clowns prefer to men of merit?

To human creatures 'tis a deep disgrace
  That men, whose mission 'tis to banish pain,
Should, with a fiendish heart and serpent's face,
  Lay prostrate all their gifts to gods of gain—
Or basely pander to the lowest tastes of earth,
And for their present profit sell eternal worth.

On humbugs huge great wealth the public spend :
  As through men's minds no laws can sense infuse,
They will not, or they cannot comprehend,
  But stoop to every form of low abuse :
And vain it is to strike the head, that flinty rock—
No water runs, though e'er so hard ye drum and knock!

So true it is the noisy world all round,
  That few can really plead their ign'rance of it—
That men are caught by vulgar rant and sound,
  By every common sham and homespun prophet,
Whose object is to make their hearers pay and wonder,
As they aloud their themes discuss in learned thunder!

On doctors' stilted words place no reliance,
  But shun them as the seaman shuns a buoy :
They merely are the chaff and husks of science,
  Contrived the dunce and novice to decoy :
The puffs that lead all simpletons to buy their pills,
And thus unwittingly to multiply their ills.

Then listen not to smiling twaddler's tongues:
  Continuous prattle is no proof of sense:
It may bespeak a greater power of lungs,
  For selfish purpose used, when they dispense
Their jars of mystic stew or vegetable hash,
And which with grins they mix whilst drawing out your
    cash!

We talkers have who never talk with reason,
  Or if they talk at all are sure to talk too much,
Or talk themselves and others out of season:
  Whole cargoes nature multiplies of such,
Or gives the world a sample of the noisy fellows,
By simply tying a mouthpiece to a pair of bellows!

Such marvels you might range upon a bin,
  Like barrels brand them with a piece of chalk,
With each a tap or spiggot to his chin
  In readiness to turn whene'er you wanted talk:
Besides, an apparatus soldered to the tail,
To pump them full of gas when native steam should fail.

Such miracles of eloquence or speech
  You might depute to govermental meetings;
And if they could not better manners teach
  They might their jeers receive, and scoffing greetings,
With cautions to the man who did the engines tend,
The taps he should not turn at the wrong or caudle end

Enough it is to make a parson vexed,
  And now the deed our reddening nose inflames,
To think that we have wandered from our text,
  Neglecting all those stunning words and names
Which medicasters grand, and doctors grave and cruel
Impose on bottled trash and sublimated gruel.

Hard words that make young spellers nervous feel—
  So cramm'd with ups and downs and hills and chasms,
That break pronunciation on the wheel,
  And throw the tongue into unwonted spasms!
The danger is, if on such words your jaws get hook'd
The task may give your eyes a twist like gimblets crook'd.

If men could have their lingual springs anointed,
  And hire a trainer to each glossal muscle,
Or have their grinders, ball and socket jointed,
  They might indeed then enter on the tussle,
And frightful words and giant syllables assail,
And cudgel at them, like a thresher with his flail.

Such words we try to spell by bit and bit,
  Dividing all their members into sections—
Each section from its neighbouring part we split,
  And thus break up its family connections;
Then slowly o'er our puzzling task we pore and bend
From back to front we spell, and then from end to end.

But harder words than these are to be found,
  In names that garnish foreign don and swell ;
In which so many churlish consonants abound,
  No crazy pantoglot on earth could spell :
Names with such creaks, and squeaks, and whistles in
    their middles,
That they are best pronounced by bagpipes and by fiddles.

Great words and names do half a doctor's work :
  They are the skilful instruments which blind,
While he plays off each trick and juggling quirk,
  Which magnify him in the patient's mind :
No less he looks than priest divine, to their frail eyes,
While they unwittingly compose his sacrifice.

Such talk profound all learning quite surpasses,
  And soars above the heads of vulgar quacks ;
Such zigzag names they give to ventral gases—
  To Benjaminic gums and fœtid wax—
Which noisy flatus cures, or gastronomic stridor,
And fitteth up the night-mare with a Jewish rider.

In phrases big a doctor's fame and might is ;—
  And hence a little soreness of the tripes
Is called a bad attack of *enteritis* ;
  And when their dupes have belly-ache or gripes
At home, or in the country of Bothynia,
They're said to labour under *gastrodynia* ;

How could our surgeons possibly succeed
  If all their names were open to detection ?
And hence, when friends or country louts they bleed,
  The operation 's called a *venesection :*
The word at once transports their patient's fretful ills,
And makes a handsome item in their Christmas bills.

A clown he was, and interested knave,
  Who dared to move in speech oracular,
That doctors should their classic baton waive,
  And write prescriptions in vernacular :
His words with groans they greeted, and derisive shout,
And angry crys of, "Gag the rogue !" and "Turn him out !"

Although the doctors of our modern days
  Fill not their shops with alligators stuffed,
And wear not broidered coats, and stiffened stays,—
  With lace and collars are not frill'd and ruff'd ;
Yet if they wear not tassell'd sticks and golden chains,
They are not wanting in apologies for brains.

If wigs and tawdry swords have disappeared,
  With furnaces, and alembics, and stills,
Think not the race refined or shorter ear'd,
  Because they've laid aside their ruffs and frills :
What then was done by gaudy dress and costly tools—
Is now achieved by oily tongues of bigger fools.

Some men parade the gew-gaws of their art,
  But how their tools to use they cannot tell ;
And merely buy and store them to impart
  Unto their learned selves a little show and swell :
Each doctor has his own peculiar taste and way—
Those gins and traps, unused, and gimblets to display.

A common weaver dressed in soldier's clothes,
  With trappings and accoutrements of steel,
A wisp beneath the eyelets of his nose,—
  At once a different creature he must feel :
In fact you make him quite another living being,
And render him worth a woman's and a general's seeing.

So doctors gain their credit from their traps—
  As beadles bigger grow when near their maces—
As ladies gather beauty from their caps ;
  All interchange by rule their special graces,
And each to each imparts by sympathetic action
What separately it draws by general attraction.

Arm'd *cap-à-pie* with gaudy paraphernalia—
  Of silver spigots bright, and golden runnels ;
And, for their gala days, a grand regalia
  Of gauges for the chest and wooden funnels,
And long claw'd traps and tools for blasting cystic rocks,
And pounding native stones by heavy blows and knocks;

Their *magnum opus*, or their tool of tools,
  The Blow-Boy is, or philosophic bellows—
For giving vital air to drowning fools,
  Or blowing life through suicidal fellows ;
And breath imparting to each frail and new-born cupid,
In case its native wind appears a little stupid.

Enema horns and mystic stethoscopes,
  Galvanic troughs for clearing dullard's brains ;
And which, accoutred with metallic ropes,
  Can clip the errant wings of flying pains,
And cause dead men to leap with heels extatic ;
Or, like St. Vitus, dance with attitudes dramatic.

And drugs for eating down excrescences ;
  And puffs and powders that, like charms, dispel
Mysterious growths and intumescenses ;
  And far more things than I can chant or tell—
For curing errors of the vital hydrostatics
So dire and painful to dysurious aquatics.

With india-rubber teats they babies wean,
  And patent gim-cracks boast to wash the brain ;
That makes it good as new, and quite as clean,
  And frees it well from madness and from stain ;
And when restored with care into its owner's pan,
He thence becomes a better and a wiser man !

Right down your throat they go, and through your bowels,
  And where besides no witch on earth can tell ;
And with them take their implements and trowels,
  In subterranean mazes deep to dwell ;
Each worn and failing place with skilfulness to sound,
And then to plaster up while working underground.

At times you hear the noise of bellows.
  As when in caves below they bore and blast
At stones and balls that grow in gouty fellows ;
  And round about their dust and rubbish cast,
Or into native drains the gathered litter throw,
And off with other filth the scraps and lumber blow.

With winch, and screw, and drill, they downward bore,
  To holes and gulphs unknown, of man's inside ;
Or entries make by front or rearward door,
  And search the quarters round both far and wide ;
And whether deep in wounded limb, or chest, or head,
For splintered bones they grope, or scraps of steel and lead.

You may at times behold their great delight,
  As when some fray ensues or railway smash,
And men about are tossed in woeful plight,
  To tatters split, or torn and crushed to hash ;
And though at every touch, some unknown sufferer groans,
They heedless laugh and talk the while they search their [bones !

When men are killed by lumbering cart or dray,
  Or meet their death by whirling shaft of wheel;
They off are borne in barrow, truck, or shay,
  And by those heroes watched, of tow and steel,
Who deftly sham and grin, with gammon and grimace;
And call each mangled man "an interesting case!"

I wish on some ensanguined field I'd been,
  Or safely near the crimson'd spot had stood,
That I the doctors' antics might have seen;
  As when, with hands and tools imbrued in blood,
They sought their mangled patients on the fatal plain,
And cut and chopp'd those slaughtered heroes up again!

How British laws as well as Theodosian
  They spurned, to give new vigour to their craft
By arts derived from Pandect's Talicotian,
  Which taught them legs and noses to engraft;
Or English arms and heads to fix on foreign shoulders,
And other marvels great, to fascinate beholders!

Mistakes and slips occurr'd, as one supposes,
  Among the rows and stirs that oft ensued,
And odds and ends of fingers and of noses
  Would be to errant points and quarters glued;
Whate'er the thing might prove of surgeon's art and skill,
A toe where grew a nose, would look both odd and ill!

With stumps and sprigs they toil'd away till dark,
  And fixed to aught their tools might touch or handle ;
And oft with slips and scraps they missed the mark,
  Which just like clothes pegs looked, or ends of candle.
The greatest wonder was, such things or spots were seen,
Where heretofore their noses or their eyes had been !

And some had legs that puzzled them full sore,
  As back by chance the grafted timbers twined ;
Where'er the native shanks their masters bore,
  To counter steps the treddles new inclined ;
Nor would they forward march in brotherly love together,
But just like sheep they tugg'd, when held by hempen
    tether !

A blow, from one his dexter arm had cleft ;
  The loss to mend the doctors soon endeavoured :
They found a limb, and, though it was a left,
  They stitched it on where erst the last was severed ;
But still the horrid drill, the shout of "left" and "right,"
The gallant man confused from morning until night.

All fragments great and small the doctors claimed,
  As well as segments queer of lame and halt,
And heads, and limbs, and bones, of killed and maimed,
  And had them homeward borne in tubs of salt ;
These scraps, and odds, and ends, you any day may see 'em
In boxes dried and tied, in Russell Street Museum.

The men of Waterloo, report hath said,
For extra jobs had bloody fights and scrambles ;
And that for weeks and months they had no bed,
But stood, as butchers stand, at stalls and shambles ;
And from the early morn they wrought until the setting sun,
And wept instead of praying when their work was done !

Far more than fame these men deserved, no doubt
(Fat pensions, fixed upon a handsome scale !)
Who, when their lint and tow were all run out,
Their cambric shirts they rent from head to tail ;
And though in tattered traps, with scanty diet starved,
They to their duties clung, and all their patients carved.

At doctors' slips and Talicotian blunders,
Longtime have critics sneer'd, and carp'd, and laugh'd ;
But why should they alarums make and wonders,
That human toes and fingers men should graft ?
May not such prigs, if still on doubts disposed to war,
Some pugilist engage, and o'er the matter spar ?

Is ought so foul as features drilled with holes ?
And though by bayonet done, or balls, or slugs,
They look like furrowed tracks of rats and moles ;
And toes far more beseem their place than plugs,
And brighter are than corks or bungs of common clout ;
Besides, they keep the mice as well as maggots out !

But men should not these glorious arts disparage—
  So deep with wondrous skill and science fraught;
Nor should they all condemn for one miscarriage;
  Nor blame the human genius great, who taught
Mankind the mighty principles of art, whereby
They might their fellow-men with noses new supply.

What marvels live and dead mankind will buy,
  Nor care at times to pilfer or purloin;
And round the things will hawk by hue and cry,
  In hopes their bread to earn, if not some coin!
What numbers fated are to stew in showman's van,
As it befell those things of which we've given the plan.

His gems of art, procured from sea and shore
  The showman advertised at various places,
And oft produced the men who features wore
  Improved by Talicotian graces;
And never failed with fun those samples to parade
Wherein the doctors rhinoplastic blunders made.

His nondescripts he took from fair to fair,
  And clowns and boors by scores and hundreds pleased,
Who at his things would boldly gape and stare,
  While he their cash from horny fingers seized—
As on the scraps they gazed that garnished all his shelves:
For they were pleased with him, as well as with themselves!

He lectures gave to youths in evening classes,
  And oft a sweet discourse to help the poor;
And well his van was filled with lads and lasses,
  Who loudly cheered the showman—troubadour—
As forth he launched his words with eloquence and might
On man the civilized, and man the the troglodyte!

And when his wonders died they kept their places,
  Embalmed and hung with written scrips and dockets;
And tightly screwed in glass and wooden cases;
  While cards, that hung upon their necks like lockets
Biographies detailed, as every one supposes,
Of ears, and toes, and thumbs, and individual noses!

But we from proper themes and texts are shifting,
  From solid land are moving off again,
And from our moorings safe, are slowly drifting
  To dangerous waters and to unknown main:
Our little craft so frail should no such perils court,
But wistful guard her helm, and keep an eye to port.

Engaged upon a vain and bootless task,
  We feel that physic themes we cannot sing;
And therefore of the muses humbly ask
  Our text to change, or other topics bring:
To sing the chapter out on doctors' tools and drugs,
Would wear down to their roots the very longest lugs.

Physicians have their meed of woes, no doubt,
  The heavy dross that mixes with their treasures;
And early find the common maxim out,
  That troubles ever mingle with our pleasures:
That smiles and tears, and light and gloom, and peace
    and strife,
For ever weave the chequered web of human life.

And now we write with slow and timid pen,
  Our subject prompts a just and wholesome dread,
As doctors are, we know, the very men
  Who down can nail us on a sickly bed;
And slyly can old grudge or pique at once repay,
By nauseous draught or dose in pill or potion way.

But why should every dunce presume to blame
  The very men whose books they cannot read?
The priests profound who trim life's vital flame,
  Are surely fit the common herd to bleed:
The men that splice our broken bones and gauge our
    bellows,
Are by the wise esteem'd right honourable fellows!

The weariest stages of man's life they tend,
  From verdant youth to manhood's slow decay;
And when the fates their fatal summons send,
  They lift the opening latch and point the way;
And then all further right to interfere they waive,
In favour of the ancient firm of Death and Grave.

Our children have their ailments and their aches,
  Which come of cramming far beyond their stowage,
Thus giving birth to little worms and snakes,
  Which call for vermifuge of tin and cowhage :
Indeed, no sooner are the little mortals born,
Than they take to grinding teeth instead of grinding corn.

The doctors, as our ministers at birth,
  Their humble character maintain through life,
Supplying aid, until consigned to earth,
  We rest from physic and from worldly strife :
But they maintain their race between the quick and dead,
And from the jaws of death they snatch their daily bread!

Their minds they bend to booby, lout, and boor,
  And are by each insulted and ill-used ;
They garments give, and counsel to the poor,
  And still their names and functions are abused—
While grandams garrulous, as well as ancient fogy,
Would make their brats believe they're brothers to old
    Bogie !

How long shall wealth and dullness govern mind,
  How long shall dunces, wits and scholars teach,
Shall lead to soaring ever be inclined,
  Shall dotards ever from the rostrum preach,
Shall blankest folly still presume to understand
The sage, who holds the lamp of life within his hand ?

Men never could by honourable dealing
  Exalt themselves by Esculapian art,
The genius grand, the power divine of healing,
  The skill new life and vigour to impart,
Were gifts of Jews reviled, when wielded by their God,
And surely they must fail when vested in a Gentiles' nod.

It is with medicine as with other cases—
  Success attends not honesty and thrift;
But cant, that genuine human worth debases,
  Affords to knaves adroit an upward lift,
Or elevates those counterfeits to fortune's van,
While struggling in the rear plods many a nobler man.

Before earth's big ones they must basely crawl,
  And deftly play the toady and the slink,
And ply their words with sycophantic drawl,
  And at the great ones' piccadilloes wink;
With every current thought and whim supinely creep,
And laugh when others laugh, and weep when others
    weep.

With burning cheeks the blighting fact is shriven—
  That men adopt the manners which they dread,
And to unworthy means are often driven
  To eke existence out, and earn their bread;
And by a grim necessity and iron fate,
Are bound to gain their food upon the terms they hate.

To herd with men for whom they cannot feel—
  With tastes as far asunder as the poles—
And yet before those pagods they must kneel,
  And lick the dust from off their vulgar soles:
Against convictions good or premonitions ill,
Must whine in prostrate plight subservience to their will.

This comes of all the busy fight for pelf,
  The stir, hypocrisy, and toilsome trouble;
And man to live must basely sink himself,
  Or if he thrives must be his patron's double:
To think not, speak not, till he knows his tyrant's choice
And then must wear and use his tyrant's eyes and voice.

Flight the Fourth.

MAMMON.

As life or soul prevades our mortal dust,
  Inspiring action, quietude, or health,
Men's lives pervaded are by golden lust;
  Till madly driven in search of lands and wealth,
By night and day all power they urge, and, sweating, strain,
The goal to reach, the golden winning post to gain.

His faith is chilled who puts his trust in gold,
  That blights the better feelings of his breast;
His dreams of gain increase as he grows old:
  He gives no blessing, neither is he blest;
And rather than to famished men a tribute spare,
He'd sell their very souls for less than Esau's fare.

And is it so ? and is the truth confessed,
  That poverty is guilt, and riches make the man ?
Wit and virtue in the market are depressed,
  For pride upon them both hath fixed her ban ;
While thunders loud proclaim, from hence to John
    o' Groat's,
That worth is made of gold—at least of paper notes !

Wealth by various ways itself applauds ;
  If Fame itself adorns with cord and star,
Wealth also hath its gewgaws and its gauds,
  And lands and parks its decorations are.
Thus man his gold exhibits on his own behalf,
And down in reverence falls before the molten calf.

Samaritans who go about by stealth,
  Far more effect by words than golden palms ;
Whilst others, cruel engines make of wealth,
  Exacting honours where they give their alms—
Or tacit compact make in league of golden terms,
And deep obeisance purchase from their fellow-worms.

The city nabob is a man of gold,
  'Tis gold that makes him look so big and stout ;
His port and majesty it doth uphold,
  It gilds his purse within, his slaves without ;
The scabbard is of gold, and gold the blade and hilt ;
And all his words are gold—at least, are double gilt.

Beneath the glowing sun's meridian blaze,
  With pomp, the rich man gives his princely sums;
And courts patrician glance, and vulgar gaze,
  While deafening clamour beats a roll of drums;
His gold he gives, then asks the thunders to proclaim
His bounteous gift, and name his no less mighty name!

To charm away the burthen of some curse,
  Imposed by conscience in her restless qualms,
Or blazon forth the virtues of their purse,—
  Some men a church erect, or house of alms;
The object is, without a doubt, to serve each end,
And moral themes with those of architecture blend.

Behold the rustic squire in vernal life,
  Unschool'd to think or act the hero's part,
His love divides betwixt his horse and wife,
  And tries to cherish both with all his heart:
But men whose souls are mated to their golden calves,
Betimes their horses spurn, as well as better halves.

A foolish man is he, no doubt, and vain,
  Who walks in honour's path, and free from sin,
In hopes thereby the world's esteem to gain,
  At least, an honest character to win;
Man sinks or swims according to his yearly rents,
His heavy doings in the stocks, and ten per cents.

His loss is great who loses social rank,
  Which neither wit nor virtue can repair ;
His pedigree becomes a nameless blank,
  His hoary honours blown to thinnest air ;
Heraldic pomps to public fame can ne'er restore
The luckless wight when battered down among the poor.

Come forth thou lout, thou simple pated loon,
  Unversed in creeds and liturgies of gold,
And soft as idiot stricken by the moon ;
  Well mayst thou gape and stare, when thou art told,
That mortals neither devils fear, nor gods believe,
Save such as teach them golden incomes to achieve.

The poet and the wit may toil an age,
  And only paupers pay and garments find;
May strew with unbought gems their country's page,
  Nor live to reap the homage of mankind ;
Tis Folly and her vulgar geese lay golden eggs ;
And dunces roll in ease and wealth, while genius begs !

Think ye, who down to golden idols kneel,
  And prostrate fall before your gods of ore,
Think ye, that poverty has ceased to feel,
  That men their senses lose when they are poor ?
Or, when by cruel want and indigence debased,
Their hearts henceforth become in iron mail encased ?

The poor have treasured thoughts they hold divine ;
And suffer, when their household gods are torn
In rudeness down from holy niche and shrine,
And to the noisy mart and auction borne ;
And there as lumber or as worthless rubbish sold,
To add another atom to the miser's gold.

'Tis hard to feel the woes of men in want,
Who know not whence shall come to-morrow's bread
Whose tattered rags and garments thin and scant,
Serve both for wardrobe and for wretched bed ;
Whose friends and hopes long since have fled to come
no more,
While poverty with bony hand knocks at the door.

What numbers feel the sin of being poor,
With griefs concealed, and yearning hearts that bleed
While former friends pass coldly by their door,
Nor give the boon that keen misfortunes need ;
By wealth and pride cast off, to both they pay the smart,
And reap neglect and cruel slight with broken heart.

I'd rather bear the beggar's name and badge,
And herd with knaves and vagabonds impure ;
Through courts and alleys for my living cadge,
Than patronizing pride and cold endure ;
With spirit high, though poor, to bear neglect and scorn,
From former friends who barely were mine equals born.

Grim want and poverty their thousands kill,
  And thousands perish whom no love could save;
Misfortunes cruel, though no blood they spill,
  Send unknown myriads duly to the grave;
And grief the number swells, tho' like the lightning's spark,
Its prey it mangles not, nor leaves a tell-tale mark.

Child of misfortune, gloomy is thy lot,
  Heir of sad sorrow and foreboding fear,
Forsook of kin, of former friends forgot,
  Bereav'd of all thou lov'dst and held most dear,
If gnawing care through day thy doubtful peace destroys
May nightfall bring the Eden of thy former joys!

Mendacity and cant are hateful twins,
  The ugly monsters of one parent shell;
Both end in lies, if one in truth begins,
  But who, beginning from the end, can tell?
By devils both were formed on purpose to deceive,
And did their maiden service on old mother Eve.

If ten devoted men their God adore,
  Ten thousand worship Mammon with their praise;
Ten thousand humbly bow to gods of ore,
  And duly to their gods their temples raise;
And duly night and morn aloud upon them call,
And worship high or low as markets rise or fall.

By fate, or some inexorable star,
  With scent of gain their spirits are embued;
The mart and desk their worldly kingdoms are,
  And thrones the wooden stools to which they're glued;
Mammon's the god to whom their daily prayers are said,
And Poverty the only devil which they dread.

Behold the ant, and thence thy wisdom draw;
  Exultingly the city's gods will say:
Unhappily, the magpie and the daw
  Ofttimes a pilfering love of gain display:
Say not the power to hoard reveals superior sense,
Since slyly poorhouse gabies store their gathered pence.

Lest gossips should his reputation taint,
  The nabob and his staff to church repair;
With solemn face he acts the Sunday saint,
  And swells the loud response to every prayer;
And wonders as he peals his penitential song,
Why longitude on Sunday is so very long.

His office is with cash and day-books graced:
  Therein pale clerks their listless calling ply,
Or prone before them ledgers huge are placed,
  With inks illumed, and at whose corners high,
For credit and for debt, two black initials stand—
Just like two grimy monsters guarding either hand.

The rich man's gold is stained by many wrongs,
  Tho' not the wrongs that sable slaves endure—
The exile drear, the cruel goads and thongs :
  But paltry hire. that barely can secure
Garbage and offal foul—his hungry bondsmen's food—
And dirty shreds of vestures for their famished brood.

Poor serf, son of compulsatory toil,
  Thou own'st the hardest lot beneath the sky—
For ever bending o'er the loom or soil
  Till worn out nature casts thee forth to die, [slave,
Homeless, and spurned of all, hard toil's dishonoured
Without the privilege to claim a felon's grave !

Is't not enough to drudge from early morn,
  And daily toil in thine allotted place,
Without being stung with hot rebuke and scorn,
  Or base reproach from fortune's favoured race ?
Whose supercilious lips upbraid the toiling mass,
And clepe them "swinish multitude" and "lower class."

Is't not enough that thou dost humbly bear
  The curse entailed by man's primeval sin,
That on thy carcase thou dost ever wear
  Its livery, and its sting of woe within,
Without the double scourge of man's exacting toil,
Who drains thy wretched sweat, and makes thee all his
    spoil ?

Enough it is to bear the double load
  Of toil and sin, through life's uneasy term,
Without being made to feel the scourge and goad
  By pride inflicted on a fellow-worm:
The heavy curse of toil upon man's head is set,
As witness well his horny hands and brow of sweat.

Mechanic skill is Mammon's money mine:
  The agile loom and automatic gin
May strike our wonder, but their chief design
  Is glittering gold from blood and bones to spin;
And by arch-chemic art to turn to yellow dust
The pauper's filthy rags and beggar's mouldy crust.

To all mankind is poverty a curse,
  A heavy millstone to their heels and neck:
Still wider grows the creed of bag and purse,
  And moves more millions to its pow'rful beck:
Its spell can change the right to wrong, and wrong to right:
It never fails to wash the blackest sinner white!

Trust not in honesty or wit to please,
  But both thy hands with cruise and feathers garnish;
And well the golden nabobs oil and grease,
  And over all lay on a coat of varnish;
And when some clown or stubborn turk thy guile withstands,
Fear not to ply the unctuous stuff with both thy hands!

Thy soaring wings curtail of pomp and pride,
  And grovel low if thou wouldst upward work ;
And let thine honours in abeyance bide,
  And basely stoop to every servile quirk :
Whatever taunts or insults time may heap on thee,
True to thyself and aim, serve time on bended knee !

The rich man's jibes and supercilious cuffs,
  With pious resignation must be borne ;
And when he on thee showers his hot rebuffs,
  In gentleness repress thy rising scorn ;
And though with kindling wrath thy smitten cheek may
    burn,
In love, the other to the smiter mildly turn !

From head and heart all silly scruples drive,
  And for the world thy worldly self prepare :
Humbug and cant are plants that always thrive,
  While truth and honour are exotics rare :
The world's a mart where men can souls and bodies buy,
Where brimstone figures low, though cant is always high !

With conscience pure a constant warfare wage,
  And talk as others talk, as others see ;
As second shadow thou thyself engage,
  For ever near thy master's side to be ;
To stand the supple creature of his nod and beck,
And as his footstool low to bend thy servile neck.

Thy manhood sell: a lying varlet be,
  To play the part thy earthly gods prescribe;
To act the toady on the bended knee:
  The slavish butt for every joke and jibe:
To wink at all they do—their vicious outs and ins—
And slyly jackal quarry for their private sins.

What clown art thou and whether dost thou come,
  Unversed in tricks the juggler's part to play?
Art thou some lumber from old heathendom,
  Or unearthed fossil of some bygone day?
Of knowledge loudly vaunting and of wisdom's rules,
As if the world was filled with college dons and fools?

Those idle lips seal up and end thy prate:
  Of blarney's sovereign aid thyself avail,
Or soon a debtor's jail will be thy fate:
  Fair flattery's salt bestow on fortune's tail,—
In lowly baseness stoop to dupe both friends and foes,
And to the world's huge grindstone hold thy patient
  nose!

By learning's march no longer be abused,
  But hale to garrets high thy dismal books;
By modern folks such things are never used,
  Being only fit for betting men and cooks:
The schoolmaster's abroad, at least so people say;
And for our kingdom's peace, we hope abroad he 'll stay

How varied is the fortune that attends
  On rich and poor, when on the bed of death!
One in some lowly hole his being ends—
  No gentle eye to watch his parting breath—
No sister's hand to mitigate his fatal throes,
His lips to moisten, or his dying eyes to close!

Some jaded victim of a workhouse bed
  All postures seeks to gain a moment's ease;
And prays in death to rest his weary head:
  No sooner comes the boon, the wished release,
Than jingling bell the old and double ditty tolls—
"A pauper's dead—a burthen's off the parish rolls."

To him life gave no social joy or charm,
  In death no kindly friend was at his side;
And e'en his limbs and carcase, lithe and warm,
  Were huddled in his coffin huge and wide;
Then to the nearest church the burial corps were sent,
All duly guarded by the workhouse regiment.

Behold yond lazaretto's towering walls,
  With dingy portholes pierced on every side,
Whose giant shadow dim and darkly falls,
  All other objects veiling far and wide! [shame,
There the world's orphans crowd unknown to die in
And fill the lowly grave that homeless outcasts claim.

Day after day, and night succeeding night,
  In its worn porch the dead and living meet,—
One sick to death, and one in deadly plight,—
  With grief the friends of each the other greet;
And bending low their precious loads they onward bear,
With lips compressed, and spirits broken with despair.

The wasted harlot, as her charms decline,
  Slow falters there to lay her down and die—
The boasted beauty once of her high line—
  The bow of love that spann'd the household sky—
Whose living arch, endowed with soft and genial showers,
Gave gladness to her home, and glory to its bowers.

He is the foulest fiend that roams the earth—
  The perjured wretch who tempts and then destroys
The fairest forms of youth, of rank, or birth—
  And all forsakes when his vile passion cloys:
More than poison rank is this base coward's breath,
Whose words corrupt, and all his doings tend to death.

Let fate's impending vengeance on him scowl;
  And all the guilt within his memory shrined,
With ignominious pangs reproach his soul;
  And when for peace he sues, no mercy find;
The grief and wrong he wrought may he unpitied bear,
And all his sins upon his blotted hatchments wear!

'Tis here the prodigal his parent meets,
  And o'er his sins in deep abasement wails;
With charity, his son, the father greets,
  And aids his child with all that best avails
To kindly wean him back to ways of honest men,
And trusting, place him 'midst his household gods again.

Beyond those latticed walls, where lights are ranged,
  Fond eyes keep watch while precious charges sleep;
Fond hearts are throbbing whom no fate hath changed,
  And mourners there their sacred vigils keep;
And there lament those vanished memories ever dear,
With many a bitter pang and many a holy tear.

Bland flattery reigns throughout the great man's room,
  And liveried slaves around him constant wait,—
To smooth his rugged pathway to the tomb,
  And every whispered thought anticipate;
And salvers, charged with drinks, and fruits, and spices rare,
Ofttimes, but vainly, to his fevered lips they bear.

Around his bed each friend in sorrow stands,
  While near his feet his poor relations creep;
And filled with thoughts of gold and wealthy lands,
  Each gracious legatee attempts to weep;
If hartshorn fails to thaw the stubborn wells of brine
Those icy fountains yield to potent draughts of wine.

The end arrives, and clamorous at the door,
  Both cooks and lackeys to his bedroom crowd ;
And each a blessing craves, or gift emplores,
  Or praise their dying lord in accents loud ;
In hopes of being remembered 'mongst his weeping heirs,
With misty eyes the parson prays his best of prayers.

Over the dead a feast the living hold—
  The tricked out hirelings brought to mimic woe—
The gorgeous plumes and scutcheonry of gold—
  The steeds and chariots marshalled to and fro—
Are pompous pageantries designed from day to hide
Those maudlin scenes where Death and Bacchus both
    preside !

To want and poverty your offerings give,
  Ye men who wish to act a generous part ;
Act now as in the future ye would live,
  And write your memories on the peasant's heart !
He spoke the golden truth, the sage profound, who said,
All splendid tombs their builders flatter, not the dead.

As life begins, so death our history ends,
  And lowly pilgrims o'er the earth we stray,
Each as he lists his weary journey wends,
  And hope the spell that lures us on our way ;
As one horizon's verge with weary toil we gain,
Another, brightening, tempts us o'er the rugged plain.

We hope for something better than the past,
  For joys that dimly in the future loom,
Till growing years their longer shadows cast,
  And loudly warn us of our coming doom;
Till eyes are dark and dim, and cheeks are wan and sere,
And boding spirits whisper that the end is near!

Our commerce is a giant scheme of chance,
  Of mankind worshipp'd, and by law endured,
Infecting nations with its fierce romance,
  With dreams of honour and of wealth secured,
Till all our chapmen talk of every age and quarter,
As if their noisy tongues could speak of nought but barter.

No doubt that trade hath got its special ailings,
  Which men of worldly wisdom should redress;
The lords of commerce, too, have got their failings,
  Which both on pockets and on stomachs press;
And all those laws, which trading principles they call,
Partake far more of Cocker's work than that of Paul!

Concealment vile, Mendacity and Cant,
  The favoured graces are of trick and trade;
Three hierarchs that other powers supplant,
  And reap the vows to worthless idols paid;
Three kings corrupt are they, as honest men agree,
Who all the world would subjugate by Rule of Three.

When Mammon first arose, and waved his rod
  From north to south, as by one thought inspired,
The nations fell before the yellow god :
  The yellow god the prostrate host admired ;
And twice athwart them all his golden sceptre laid,
And thus divided honest men from men of trade.

The first he spurned, the latter thus addressed :—
  "Uplift your prostrate selves, and now give ear,
"And let each sense your love to me attest ;
  "Dismiss from head and heart all doubt and fear,
"And to your tympanums accord their greatest strength,
"While to your listening lugs ye give their longest
    length.

"Children of trade, sons of the shop and barter,
  "Rulers of joint stocks, brokerage, and guild,
"To each I grant its privilege and charter,
  "On which your future fortunes ye may build ;
"And tables good of pence your ensigns hence shall be,
"With magic legend graced of golden £ s. d. !

"Ye masters of the circulating medium
  "Whose hands uphold the golden heart of trade,
"Oh ! may ye never feel financial tedium,
  "Till ye to Nature Nature's debt have paid !
"The stubborn fields are goods, and traffic is the plough,
"That man must ever drive with sweat upon his brow.

" Ye cambists and money-making sutlers,
" Ye who in golden dreams and sunlight bask,
" Of golden wines and vintages the butlers,
" Ye rule each golden bin and golden cask !
" Your privilege it is to tap the golden barrels,
" That form and give due fire to human broils and quarrels !

" Were 't not for you the world would go to smash,
" I do not mean the world of geologic stones,
" But that world real, that's made of banks and cash :
" Not orange filled with salamander's bones,
" But that great world of gold, the only world worth seeing,
" In which alike man wears his breeches and his being.

" Ye make and circulate the blood of trade,
" And but for ye no man his chops could fry ;
" The jackals ye to men of every grade,
" Who scent the food for which their children cry ;
" Then on their marrow-bones let men be ever thankful,
" That gold ye own, and have full many a beaming bankful.

" And is it nought that ye should send your ships
" To hostile continent and far off lands,
" To bring from distant isles their logwood chips,
" And from auriferous coasts their golden sands,
" And wooden kegs of oil of cods to make up physic,
" Which with the oil of gammon join'd will cure the tisic ?

"To wonder-working quack and mad Sangrado,
"Ye furnish slipslop broths and capillaire,
"And vapid dusts of which they make panado;
"And jewelled garlands for the young and fair—
"Forgetting not the cargoes fine of gourmand's joy,
"Of warm pilau, and kedgeree, or Indian soy.

"Then never from your glory bate an inch,
"Nor unto deprecating tongues give ear:
"For why should ye from drivelling lordlings flinch,
"Who are the suns to our commercial sphere?
"Your wonted pride maintain, and keep your lofty station.
"And round its orbit grand roll this commercial nation.

"Why should the scions of a favour'd race
"Your names revile, and your unwearied labours—
"Or how can common mortals wear the face
"To ape their aristocratic neighbours,
"Who all the trades taboo, as if the trades were Tophets,
"And all the while would finger every tradesman's profits.

"And members of professions learn'd and grave
"Will tilt their pompous noses in the air,
"And with such pride and surly scorn behave,
"As if your lives they could destroy or spare;
"Avoid the men whose gifts are circled by their throats,
"Who boast no household gods but pride and seedy coats.

"And parsons, too, will preach in sermons plain,
"About the brimstone birth you may inherit,
"Unless you quit your love of earthly gain:
"Beware of such, however poor in spirit,
"And if you have a cupboard near be sure and lock it,
"And keep your hand upon your breeches pocket.

"Never repine because ye have no titles,
"Nor hoary pedigrees of piercing root;
"For are ye not of trade the core and vitals—
"With all its powers and titled rolls to boot?
"And be it ever yours to read your titles clear
"To family mansions worth ten thousand pounds a year!

"Armorial bearings are not worth a groat—
"Unless some other props their claims uphold;
"And where's the use of being a man of note
"Unless it be a man with notes of gold?
"As well might mortals dream that physic leads to health,
"Or that a painted signboard is the road to wealth.

"Ye never should consult heraldic calves,
"But claim at once your origin from Noah;
"And steal your arms in quarters or in halves,
"From Moorish kings who built of old Bilboa;
"And then on friends and ancestors ye may enlarge,
"Who sail'd across the flood in captain Noah's barge!

" You then may add the necessary limnings
" Of argent cocks and Ninevehian bulls :
" With legends dressed from old historic trimmings.
" Or other chaff to suit armorial gulls ;
" As no one tests the truth of such heraldic flights,
" Nor cares whether you spring from frogs or troglodytes !

" On painted arms no hopes of honours build,
" Although of better things they are the symbols :
" They are the glare and flourishes that gild,
" And useless are as psssive thread and thimbles :
" Which of themselves are profitless as things inert,
" And could not stitch a button on, or mend a shirt.

" But something more than this your faith must hold,
" And greater fervour to your soul impart :
" The central loadstone and the idol gold
" Withtenfold charms must draw your willing heart,
" And give your ruling passion life and breath and health,
" With ingots golden and the muniments of wealth.

" Counts o' th' counter, kings o' th' desk and stool,
" Who chink the gold and live by golden chink—
" With wooden rulers ye the nation rule,
" And guide the markets with your pens and ink—
" Wherever pedlar roams, or dirty cadger ranges,
" Your golden fame they spread, and ring your copper changes !

"Stick to your desks and stools, likewise your books—
"Your ledgers thick—your sun and star—
"Your golden flitches hung on golden hooks—
"Your Shasters, Vedas, and Puranas are!
"Your sacred scrolls that point and guide to certain wealth,
"By nimble trick or trade, by barter or by stealth.

"No credit give, in credit put no trust,
"But stick to number one, and there be true!
"Shun charities, nor give a single crust—
"But I have said my say, and now, adieu!"—
And from surrounding friends the golden god upsprung
While to the golden god they loud hosannas sung!

Flight the Fifth.

CANT.

Bonnets and caps his godship scarce had cleared,
  With flight directed in an upward s'ant,
When to the crowd another god appeared—
  To wit the goddess or the god of cant :—
For, of the sexes two, it seems a go-between,
Or of that doubtful class the learn'd term *epicene.*

A salmagundi of the two, or mule;
  A hodge-podge queer, dressed up in all things quaint;
A nondescript kidnapp'd from farthest Thule;
  A cross betwixt a quaker and a saint;
A toady to the rich, a tyrant to the poor;
All things to men it seemed, and often something more.

I 'd rather hear the babblings of the dumb
  Than orators who snivel through their sneezers :
As if their bulbs were pressed by either thumb,
  Or else were tightly braced by iron tweezers :
And thus they talk, much like the hinges of a door
That's felt no touch of oil for fifty years or more.

If men would be content to crow or bark,
  We soon might o'er these serious matters pass,
But dins like Yankee snarl and drawl of clerk,
  Or finger sliding over moistened glass,
The conscience of our teeth destroy in fierce despair,
And wring in cruel spasms every learned hair.

Some men can chant or sing like lark or ouzel,
  While others crokers are like rook or daw ;
And such was Cant, the child of great Bamboozle :
  No more discourse had she than croaking crow—
Save that she always spoke in language full of guile,
And every word she oil'd with sycophantic smile.

Two open cruises on her neck were slung,
  By her commanded with the greatest ease ;
And on each wrist a wisp of feathers hung,
  Which ever and anon she charged with grease ;
While devotees who came the mystic goddess near
Were sure to get their bodies oil'd from front to rear !

The mystery spake, that all might understand,
  In language soft as ring-doves cooing plaint;
With unctuous trimmings rendered sweet and bland,
  Just like the accents of a coddled saint;
And at the name of Cant down went the recreant crew,
While o'er their heads the goddess cast her oily dew.

"List! ye who lately gave your ears to Mammon,"
  So spoke the riddle, and forthwith she said—
"I am the goddess, or the god of gammon,
  "Of hypocrites I am the guardian head;
"Of princples and laws I further will debate,
"Our decalogue unfold, as well as canons great.

"Who talks of reason is a simple fool,
  "A pedagogue, or philosophic clown;
"A well oiled feather is the proper tool
  "To progress with, and chop all logic down;
"To old and young it is a talisman that charms,
"And forms of hypocrites the badge and coat of arms."

Well pleased, the audience gave the god a cheer,
  And roared a chorus wild of madcap howlings,
That sent its grating notes upon the ear,
  Like symphony of cats and caterwaulings;
Although each tongue and throat were strain'd to do
    their best,
The nose its bugle sounded high o'er all the rest.

The very hubbub struck the goddess dumb,
  And set her handsome set of teeth a-jarring,
And beating loud rattats, as on a drum,
  As in her mouth they did a little sparring;
Anon, loud cries of "order" came from north and south,
While some their fingers spread athwart a bawler's mouth.

A tumult sprung betwixt the Drabs and Buffs,
  Which set the Scrubbs and Spiflicates on fire;
The first pursued a game of fisty cuffs,
  Which soon aroused the meeting's wrath and ire;
At length aloud a stentor cried, with nasal shout,
"Make silence there, or turn the noisy beggars out!"

The combatants gave up their boxing feats,
  And of the tussle seemed most sadly tired;
They shook each others fists and took their seats,
While younger Spiffs and Scrubbs their pluck admired;
And now all through the house a pleasant murmur ran,
Again the goddess rose to speak, and thus began:—

"It grieves my inmost soul—it grieves me sore,
  "To find that ye my maxims thus deride;
"To clownish louts can I impart my lore?
  "Or o'er this meeting's course again preside?
"Well may your sins suffuse your burning cheeks with flame,
"Well may you hang your recreant heads in glowing [shame!

"I hope this uproar now for ever ends,
"No more to vilify this sacred place:
"I hope your shame some coming good portends,
"That we may hear no more of this disgrace;
"Or once, and that for ever, I must quickly close
"This course of lectures, on the 'principles of gloze.'

"In streamlets gentle let your thoughts meander,
"And shun all fury and volcanic wrath;
"Nor scream and hiss like hydrophobic gander,
"Nor scatter far and wide your brimstone broth;
"But rather than your lips should utter oaths impure,
"For ever on your mouth a padlock fix secure.

"To grace of tongue and face you must attend,
"What little nature gives improve by art;
"With constant care you may defects amend,
"And to each trait the lacking style impart;
"For greater graces gracious poets never sung,
"Than charming gifts of smiling face and oily tongue.

"Erect your principles on models sleek,
"So far as human imitation goes;
"And educate your tongue in accents meek,
"And also train the accents of your nose;
"And walk with men pre-eminent for nasal twang,
"And learn with texts to interlard your oily slang.

"Peculiar virtues for our tools we claim,
"Which rarely fail their guerdon to secure;
"But, perseverance in one end and aim,
"Will ever for the brave a prize insure:
"The spider mends her web full fifty times a day,
"And to continued steps the Alps themselves give way.

"How various are the ways that men pursue,
"By glory prompted, or ambitious fire;
"And they who reach the glittering goal how few;
"And fewer still who gain their heart's desire!
"Some put in stiffest pride or gaudy wealth their trust;
"But Cant the higher flies the more she licks the dust.

"We ask you not from virtue to recoil,
"Nor try the voice of reason to annul;
"We merely recommend our wheedle oil
"To hinges rusty, and to locks grown dull;
"Where reason fails, the power of cant we would display,
"As serpents slime the birds they destine for their prey.

"Shrink not before the slanders of a fool,
"Nor wince when witlings ply their puny lash;
"But ever keep your head and judgment cool,
"Nor yield to angry feelings hot and rash;
"For why your teeth destroy by knawing at a file,
"When harden'd hate dissolves before the spell of guile.

"Behold how nature works on softest plan!
"O'er plastic brain she moulds the covering bone;
"Of softest pulp she makes the roughest man;
"By dropping water drills the hardest stone!
"Although her laws she turns and changes, oft and oft,
"The hardest of her works are founded on the soft!

"Molten is metal which the models hold;
"Fluid the wax before it takes the seal;
"Heated is iron which the smith would mould;
"And soft the clay when fashioned at the wheel:
"These constant types are to the point, and all imply
"That softness ruleth man, and not the hard and dry.

"When men with neighbours for a favour plead,
"They justly dread to raise the fatal, NO!
"With fowler's craft they to the subject lead,
"And slyly oil the pathway as they go;
"And, when with subtle touch man's interest they awake,
"With Gammon's oily tongue they lick him into shape!

"A dainty dish is gloże, that far transcends
"All other dainties, whether hot or cold,
"And to the meanest fare a grace it lends,
"As pleasant to the young as to the old;
"Tis never spiced too high, and never served too thick;
"Tis sauce for goose and gander, and mortar to the brick;

"A man whose tongue can fascinate with gloze,
"Although his gifts of brain be poor and few,
"May lead, just as he lists, the worldling's nose,
"And bid to labour hard a long adieu;
"And snap his fists when former friends look queer and shy;
"Or drag a rich man through a common needle's eye.

"I come not any secrets to propose,
"I simply would that ye should understand
"How far the bottle of Cant's varnish goes,
"In helping mortals through this toiling land;
"And would your minds impress, by precept and by line,
"That ye should ever use this remedy divine."

The goddess sneezed, and wiped her handsome nose;
Then, at one bound, the tenement she cleared,
And as upon her track the plaudits rose,
She waved her lily hand, and disappeared;
And as aghast her hearers stood, and undispersed,
They various thoughts revolv'd, and diff'rent themes rehears'd.

How universal is the love of praise!
On old and young it casts its spell of glamour;
And all men try the pleasant crop to raise,
And for that purpose make a din and clamour:
But few the bauble earn by fighting out life's battle,
Far more by feeding pigs and other kinds of cattle!

The soldier enters on his bloody game;
  An enemy he kills, by chance or fright,
And honour wins, if not immortal fame,—
  While all the gods proclaim his gory might;
But if another puts his thousands to the rout,
This bigger bubble blows the little bubble out!

The voice of praise some men divide by halves,
  And still the refuse find as trash and lead;
As sapless fingers suckle common calves,
  So men on rumour and on wind are fed;
And every toady plays the general purveyer,
And on his patron foists this grand chameleon fare.

In vain the dullest man its power withstands,
  It sifts through stupid head and stubborn hair;
And, like the summer's dust, or desert sands,
  It finds a lodgement there, and everywhere;
Or borne along the veins and life's arterial sluices,
It mingles with our blood, and tinges all our juices.

Gloze, as we've hinted, finds its way by halves,
  And fractions, to the very softest quarters,
And is commended as the best of salves,
  For mollifying roughs and undress'd tartars;
And, by those sympathetic powers that never fail,
It acts like common salt upon a sparrow's tail!

Most men protect the honours of their names,
  Thought built on stubble—raised by rotton rules—
And eagerly they hoard their trashy fames,
  Though reared upon the suffrages of fools: [head,
And both they guard with all they have of heart and
For fear the world upon their funguses should tread.

And parsons, when they preach against the sin
  Of worldly honours and of human praise,
In secret brook their glowing fires within,
  And warm beneath the ardour of their rays:
They speak against the sin in language strong and stout,
But leave the candle in while they sham to blow it out!

And deeply galled are foolish men, and pained,
  When told their names have lost their pristine shimmer,
Or hear it hinted that their stars have waned,
  And scarcely now emit a twilight glimmer;
Yet in their moulting plumes they put their wonted trust,
And flap their ragged wings to make a little dust.

I envy not the shallow soul of him,
  Who, for his soft exterior, is elected
To be the weather-cock of woman's whim,
  And for his servile manners is respected;
Who bounds his all, his every wish and earthly hope,
Upon his vulgar stock in trade of oil and soap.

And I am wounded to the very quick,
  To daily see the slippery knaves adored;
To know their every word and greasy trick,
  In woman's tender heart, is duly stored;
As if the world's great hope and destiny were hung
Upon the faithless hinges of a toady's tongue.

'Tis common now these vagabonds to treat
  With courtesy, or observations bland;
And not in wrath to brand them counterfeit,
  Or stamp their merchandise as contraband;
To hail the shuffling reptiles, if about your house they steal,
And not to stamp their venom life out with your heel.

In anger I, like other men, may err;
  But him I hate who wears a dozen faces,
The low-bred wretch, the scurvy, mongrel cur,
  Who hangs his every hope on woman's graces,
And as her elbow trinket, and her petty king,
Can gaily sit enthroned beneath her apron string.

These popinjays may be of heaven sent,
  Those duties to perform, which others vex;
To be the general guard and ornament—
  The human lapdogs to the female sex;
And each to gambol near them, as their constant pet,
All sweetly scented, like a sprig of mignionette.

Of order, Nature seems a little loath,
  And now and then adopts a random law,
Forgetting genders, yet bestowing both :
  Thus hens she makes, as well as cocks, to crow ;
And when, at sundry times, her errant genius wanders,
The human geese she makes are neither geese nor ganders.

Such nondescript I would essay to paint,
  My pattern take from life, and not from print ;
A blade compounded of the rogue and saint,
  A model hero of the neutral tint ;
A silly hybrid dog, a sort of feminine man,
For male designed, but finished on a female plan.

He comes, with trifles filled, with nothing—gay !
  In fine, a marvel of creative art !
The gaudy insect of a summer's day,
  He lives to play the fly's ephemeral part ;
'Midst gauzy dames abroad, at home 'mid scented snobs,
His shaky knees he bends, his little head he bobs !

Behold that head ! the pimple he environs
  With shaky curls, of full and flaunting figure,
Designed by barber's tongs, and curling irons,
  To make the pimple look a little bigger ;
Mark well the puny casque which daily he besmears,
With monkey's fat, or grease of newly-slaughtered bears.

Of pleasant gifts he wears the smack and trait,
  And either rules the roast, or hands the tea;
Or with surpassing grace can even wait,
  And make the useful with the sweet agree:
Indeed, he's Betty, Thomas, Cook, and Jane, and John,
Joined to the buttoned page, and all done into one!

Exhibit to his eye a piece of lace,
  And on his shoulders he will surely don it;
And surely will he yearn to close his face
  In each gay cap, as well as splendid bonnet;
He knows the puzzling names, the varying price they bear,
Of all the wondrous traps and gewgaws women wear!

He never sallies forth along the streets,
  Where everything he notes—save common man—
But knows the dress of every girl he meets—
  In fact could cut you out the very plan,
Each article could name, and tell you every shade,
Whether adorning minxing miss or ancient maid!

The names could give of artificial posies,—
  From orange flowers, to verdant shreds of myrtle;
Could improvise bouquets from leaves and roses,
  And trimmings fabricate for dress or kirtle;
And other things besides, and in another way,
But hardly suited for a catalogued display.

Although our hero was no witch or fairy,
  He could interpret signs of good or ill,—
From flying pips could tell how fortunes vary,—
  By dreams could read the contents of a will,—
And wisely augur portions from unsightly moles,—
And ghastly rumours set afloat from bouncing coals !

A book of science from a book of betting
  He scarcely knew, from in or outside look ;
Although he kept a little work on netting,—
  And could a pudding or a pancake cook ;
Nor was his knowledge of the architectural arts
Confined to building puffs or ornamenting tarts.

A connoisseur professed of dress and jewels,—
  Designs of frills and collars he could clip,—
Could sago coddle and imperial gruel,—
  Or possets sweet compound and luscious flip ;
And all the family he knew of all the slops
That waste the inward man and gratify the chops.

If light pursuits and aims his fancy filled,
  At times to higher gifts he made pretence,—
Assumed on various things to be well skilled,
  And though by crones esteemed a man of sense,
He could not tell you what might be old Charley's wain—
Whether a brewer's van or truck of railway train !

Say not the man that knows the outs and ins
  Of Berlin wool, of starch and crochet stitches,
And Birmingham can tell from London pins
  A 'mophrodite must be, or nurse in breeches;
In female eyes, no doubt, it smacks of downright sinning,
For gents to iron shirts and titivate their linen.

Small pots he had with common lard and fat in,
  And fancy bottles filled with scented oil,
Distinguished by their names of canine Latin,
  To keep his head from mildew and from spoil;
Or give the hair a curl, and beauty to impart,
By him esteemed the end of all æsthetic art.

His home-made grease all others far transcended,—
  Procured from porkers undefiled by farrow,—
And this with costly scents he finely blended,—
  And called it 'Suilline,' or 'Virgin Marrow':
The stuff he crammed in gilded jar and flashy cup,
Was made from fat of common sheep or mountain tup!

His church, if not the truest and divinest,
  He knew it was the richest in the land;
Its pews so grand were lined with cloth the finest—
  Two things which he could see and understand;
If common custom with it came and worldly good,
'Twas all the creature ask'd, no more he understood.

But here our category must be ended,
  And we must leave untold his arts and riches—
How gloves he neatly darned and stockings mended,
  With artful fingers and ingenious stitches,—
How cambric shirts he marked in letters rich and fair,—
Oh, not with vulgar marking ink—but ladies' hair!

But why should we exert our further toil
  On fops, whose claim to manhood are so slender,—
With dolls and manakins our fingers soil,
And other marvels of the neuter gender,—
Like counterfeits designed upon a female plan,
As prigs so fine, or popinjays, or lady's man?

Were mine the function justice to dispense,
  The customs of mankind I would reverse,
Disclaiming cant, I would reward good sense,
  And torture hypocrites with ban and curse;
And quickly humbug from its cozy quarters urge,
By reason's argument, or else by force of scourge.

Each hollow rogue I would tattoo and star,
  And send him off in brunt of roughest weathers,
With scourge from jailor's whip, and shirt of tar,
  And toggery made of softest velvet feathers;
Equipp'd and strapp'd and tied on donkey wild and hale,
With back its van to grace, and front the creature's tail.

I would not care to give a five-pound note,
  To see each silly knave well drubbed and hashed ;
And stripped of scented frills and dandy coat,
  By sinewy hands well whipp'd, and beat, and lashed ;
Himself and traitorous friends all put to shame and rout,
And all their shallow deeds and words turned inside out.

I would together call the dastard brood,
  Adrift to turn them on the king's highways—
Array'd in bonnet, mantle, skirt, and hood ;
  Or lightly girt in ladies' shifts and stays ;
Till hurried off to parish pump, or ducking stool,
Amidst the laughter loud and jeers of clown and fool.

When fashion walks with folly hand in hand,
  And each would be the warden to the other ;
No wonder if in sinking bogs they land ;
  Thus one blind man presumes to lead his brother,
And with their peering mugs salute each stony wall,
And lastly into gaping holes and dirty gutters fall.

Some truths may vex, but still it grieves us worse,
  To know that hypocrites, both sly and vague,
By colours false, mankind should lead and curse,
  As if the world had caught the lunacy or plague ;
But fools are often guided by the flimsiest thread,
And folly boasts no ballast in her shallow head.

When snobs or boobies snivel, men suppose
  Hypocrisy it is that makes them squeak,
And talk as though each spoke with lingual nose ;
  And that for gainful ends they play'd the sneak ;
So, as a rule, man's manner with his aim inclines,
And some achieve their end by grunts, and some by whines.

It seems, at times, as if mankind were made
  To take the drudge or servant for his chief ;
To cast away the substance for the shade ;
  To lick the platter, and to leave the beef ;
And still to act upon this principle insane,
To feed upon the chaff, and spurn the golden grain.

How shall such fools our general laws dispense,
  And still pursue such mad and random ways ;
Or with so small a fund of common sense,
  How rightly can they human worth appraise?
How shall they act as rulers, or as judges wise,
Or to the proper man award the proper prize ?

Or how shall foolish men, by gammon blinded,
  Presume aright a mortal's gifts to scan ?
Or how, if ignorant and feeble-minded,
  Distinguish genius from common man ?
'Tis thus the dray-horse takes the noble racer's part,
While doom'd the blood-horse is to shaft it in a cart.

Still honesty recoils at worldly ways,
  Where gullery and cant in glory shine ;
Where servile sneaks are crowned with verdant bays,
  And hypocrites and shams are held divine ;
Where vilest treachery and hypocrites determine
Who shall be dressed in rags, and who shall wear the
    ermine.

And is it true that love hath got no eyes ?
  And, in reality, is justice blind ?
Awarding honours, name, or place, or prize,
  Just as her trembling balance is inclined ;
Or, as the beam receives a puff, or downward tilt,
By breath of hypocrites, or dirty hand of guilt.

This comes of fortune working in the dark :
  She elevates the booby and the clown,—
Or, maybe, pitches on some barber's clerk,
  And decks the marvel out in wig and gown ;
And following up the whim, she, laughing, may, anon,
Upon his native calf judicial ermine don !

When man, in downright earnest, seeks for fame,
  And, at all hazards, is prepared to fix her—
A handsome tail-piece—to his honoured name,
  He never fails to ply the true elixir ;
And doubly arm'd, with golden palms and oily wiles,
He quickly wins her favours and her pleasant smiles.

Of human tastes depraved some men may doubt,
  Or give a vacant stare at what they hear ;
While others may our verse and theories scout,
  And turn to other themes with gibing sneer ;
But surely men at times deserve the cynic's laugh—
Who bullion gold far less esteem than common chaff !

If humbug darkens all our social scenes,
  Expunging moral lights of every sort—
From Sunday-schools to powder magazines—
  To whom shall willing mortals pay their court ?
If honour, honesty, and truth, and love delude us,
Who's worthier of our praise than rev'rend father Judas ?

Let rich and poor the God of heaven thank,
  That in the skies we all shall equal be,
In heaven's courts shall all claim equal rank,
  Both men of high and men of low degree ;
That, for the earth's ennobled and the earthly great,
There are no royal robes, or panoply of state.

To honest means and purpose men must cling,
  Nor seek to live by secret fraud or stealth,
Nor follow in the wake of those who bring
  The basest means to build their mounds of wealth ;
Who raise their tiny heaps by slavish scrape and bow,
Then clap their wings, and on their little dunghills crow !

On wealth shall men their flattering incense spend,
  And humbly at its golden footstool kneel ?
Or fall, and to its passing shadow bend,
  And cast themselves beneath its chariot wheel ?
In scorn and honest pride we shun the great man's doors,
Nor envy we the dogs that lick his festering sores.

From sycophants withhold thy patient ear,
  Nor unto hypocrites thy favours lend ;
But both regard with scorn or wholesome fear,
  If at thy feet in fawning mood they bend ;
Their cant and glozing words are but the treacherous bait
That tempt their unsuspecting victims to their fate.

When Slander's venomed spawn my vision greet—
  Those noisome things that swarm in swamp and sedge—
Or if those creatures of the mud I meet,
  Who cast their filth from nook or covert hedge,
Though words I spare, in my indignant heel I trust,
And grind the reptiles down among their native dust.

I hate a villain of the Janus breed,
  Whose perjured throat upon mine head doth pour
Both curse and praise as they may serve his need ;
  Whose heart is rotten to its inmost core ;
Though morning sees the reptile fawning at my skirt,
When night her covert spreads he soils me o'er with dirt !

Had I the power, such rogues should never slip
  Their due deserts ; their arrant hides should feel
The weight of loaded lash and knotted whip,
  And on their limbs the clank of galling steel ;
The scaffold's honours and the hangman's hempen tools
Are laurels meet for human sharks and knavish fools.

But how shall justice due the caitiffs catch ?
  Or how shall honest men with villains cope,
Who keenly all their worldly interest watch,
  And run whene'er they scent the hangman's rope ?
As noisy curs the lion's royal heels assail,
And, yelping, fly, when o'er them sweeps his brandish'd
    tail !

Some men are ever out of joint or place,
  And strive to be the things they never can ;
Yet on dame Nature cast the foul disgrace,
  If Fortune favours not their fancy plan :
Thus critics would be bards, while bards affect to paint,
And kings would play the god, while devils act the
    saint !

We shadows hunt until our passions tire ;
  On empty nothingness our lives we spend ;
We dust and mockery chase till we expire,—
  Nor find all counterfeit until the end :
On foibles light we dote e'en to our latest breath,
Nor find them shallow cheats, till in the arms of death !

The last new bauble ever is the best,
  Till sated passion casts it on the ground:
We with returning vigour gather zest,
  And then for newer baits we look around:
With gifts beyond our reach, real happiness seems fraught,
With joys that rarely are, or never can be caught.

Though pleasure cannot all our ills assuage,
  Nor free the burthened heart from guilt or fear,
We seek the tinsell'd straw, from youth to age,
  And hail the empty boon whenever near;
And still our bootless grasp the artful shade derides,
And when we deem her safe, from our embrace she glides.

The loves and hates of man are prone to change,—
  His gifts that win him fame, his griefs that burn,
A longer date may have, or shorter range,
  As through their zones they move or zodiacs turn:
On some auspicious day the lion shows his paws—
While on the next we start before the scorpion's claws.

A mournful truth compels us thus to speak,
  And thus with change our fellow-worms to brand;
But custom's power is strong, and men are weak,
  And human passions shift like ocean's sand;
Though after shams and idol gods men always run,
In modern times they favour most a rising sun.

No god of day but one of golden sort,
  Whose wealth might daily feed ten thousand jaws :
And down they prostrate fall to pay their court :
  His sins approve as well as slips and flaws :
To catch his glance and beck his neighbours all aspire,
His very sneeze they ape, and all his jokes admire !

The worth of friendship would you truly learn,
  From friend a guinea ask, or five-pound note,
And soon his icy nose he will upturn,
  As if you were a snake or stinking stoat !
If on his sympathies you further claims obtrude,
The workhouse he will name in accents cold and rude.

When fortune scowls or looks a little shy,
  Your flatterers will spurn you as a leper ;
And friends and neighbours quickly from you fly,
  As maggots from the touch of ardent pepper ;
Companions, too, will scout you as a vulgar bore,
If in their ears your heavy griefs and woes you pour.

Hear what a living poetaster saith,
  And once for all adopt it in your creed—
In merely human friendships place no faith,
  Except it be with men of greatest need ;
All other friendships—barring none of kin and kith—
Are baseless fictions all—at most a vulgar myth.

Choose not your friends from men of clubs and banks,
  From nabobs great who float in yellow riches:
But from the lowest poor and outcast ranks,
  Where men ferment in begg'rys bogs and ditches;
You soon will learn to love those friends above all others,
Because they truer are and closer stick than brothers.

What men with knaves would walk, or bankrupt-clown?
  Or who so noble, generous, wise, or good,
The hand or arm to take of one that's down,
  Or up to his poor neck in slough of mud!
Like others we can counsel give to foe or friend,
Although we practice not the virtues we commend.

Flight the Sixth.

MATRIMONY.

O Triple Charm, O Beauty, Youth, and Love,
  Whence came the Power, the Potency Divine,
That drew immortals from the spheres above
  To worship beauty, in its earthly shrine ?
Shall common mortals stand unconquered by the sight
That holy angles vanquished by its threefold might ?

While human loveliness the heart enthralls,
  And Beauty ever boasts her trophies won,
Shall sages start when man before it falls,
  Since angels on it gazed, and were undone
By looks of love, and aspects more than mortals fair—
For paradise had left its lingering glories there.

In truth, it must have been a royal sight
  To see those denizens of heavenly kind,
Their pathway flashing through the wilds of night,
  With tracks of glory blazing far behind,—
While from their holy heads, with dazzling halos, plumed,
A radiance shot that all the wastes of night illumed.

O ! that our Pegasus would now reflect—
  Nor rush against the adamantine bars—
That earthly homes from heavenly intercept—
  Nor lead a devious course among the stars—
Nor higher yet, to unknown heights and pathways soar,
Midst fields of heavenly blue with sun-dust scattered o'er.

On love's elastic pinions swiftly borne,
  With clarion's trump, and bugle's pealing swell,
Came angel visitants at early morn,
  Or when the evening's star-bossed curtain fell—
When sky, and sun, and moon, and glittering stars were dight,
And shone in all the glories of primeval night.

Met they near sacred grove, or murmuring shore,
  When night into the gladsome day expands,
When sun and cloud their double blessings pour,
  And diamonds glisten in the sunlit sands,—
When shrubs and opening flowers their garnered sweets unfold,
And dew-drops twinkle with their thousand lamps of [gold.

A holy priest in their deep love they found,
  And love their gladsome nuptials celebrated !
And love their hearts with lightning fillet bound ;
  And love their flighted yearnings consecrated ;
A wedding this in truthful and primeval fashion,
Where the true church was love and the true priest was
    passion.

It ill becomes the humble bard or sage
  On heaven to fix his speculative eyes ;
Or, with ambitious wings, to beat his earthly cage,
  As if by wishing he might scale the skies :
No doubt the poet's ardent fancy it may please,
To preen his wings for flight o'er heaven's cerulean seas.

But we must check the muse's fervid flame,
  Nor let ambition prompt her hasty wings :
While fifty subjects her attention claim
  Far more in harmony with earthly things :
For surely bards can want no philosophic thesis,
While love and wedding wait their special exegesis.

One says that Eden is the married state,
  When round it love's perennial waters flow,
And in life's early spring selects his blooming mate,
  With him to chuckle on the marriage bough—
Content, as turtle doves, to wear the amorous tether,
That like a magnet draws their loving souls together.

While others view all bonds with jealous eye,
  And deem them worse than hooks or brokers' pegs,
On which young men are daily doomed to dry,
  And waste the youthful looseness of their legs :
But men may wear their legs so loose, and lives so fast,
That worn out nature quickly casts off both at last.

Art thou a bachelor, esteem thy lot :
  Thy many pleasures, out of house and in,
Before thou tiest the hymeneal knot,
  And fill'st thy home with images of sin :
A lawyer it would vex to feed these little souls,
Unless Lord Chancellor or Master of the Rolls.

By home untethered, or domestic pegs,
  Th' unmarried man at liberty may range :
Why then the youthful looseness of thy legs
  For padlocks vile and apron strings exchange ?
With joys connubial and with honeymoons dispense ;
And leave all wedding vows unto the future tense.

Let once thy thoughts to marriage schemes incline,
  And thou art slaughtered, quartered, and undone ;
For, whether spun of love or hempen twine,
  All yokes and tethers thou must learn to shun,
Or emulate the snail upon its slimy track,
And hug thy home and all its troubles on thy back.

Wouldst thou avoid domestic care and strife,
  And all their vanities precarious ?
Walk in the flowery paths of single life,
  And revel there in pleasures multifarious :
For honeymoons diminish by a slow gradation,
And loose a little of their sweets at each lunation.

And what is wedding ? asks a voice most able :
  Philosophy replies with much ado,
And proof from problem, and statistic table—
  "A life of suffering multiplied by two."
But who can tell its suffering till 'tis duly tried—
Whether by two or ten the sum is multiplied ?

And of celibacy, you ask me what—
  A word that seems to rouse your indignation—
And so unlike our *domus* and our *cat*—
  The etymons of our domestication :
And all the deaf as well as blind may plainly see,
From *cat* and *ass* is found the word catastrophe.

But this I find is not my proper theme—
  And etymology is not my proper forte—
Such things require intelligence supreme—
  And shrink beneath the touch of fun and sport:
Besides, I'd rather chew the leather of my boots,
Than live on esculents like Greek and Latin roots.

Tis time your youthful oats should run to seed—
  Old dames will say, in verbal phrases nice ;
Such fancy flights your ears must never heed,
  Nor take such hints or sinister advice ;
And rather than submit to take a married station,
Sow oats both wild and tame another generation.

All rules, we know, have their exceptions got ;
  And some in youth though very early mated,
Seem to enjoy through life their double lot,
  With every wish and thought domesticated :
Such men with wedding thrive, and some get even fat ;
And hence they should their *domus* keep as well as *cat*.

As men who count their fish before the haul,
  So parents see their babes before their birth,—
Their functions they decide, their names they call,
  And see in unborn brats a world of worth ;
Or from incipient dawnings scarcely yet begun,
They count upon the glories of the mid-day sun.

Parental dreams that sweetly sketch and plan,
  From chubby cheeks and limbs of shapeless fat,—
And frame from puling babe the future man,
  Or see, in dirty loon, or slavering brat,
A genius doomed before judicial courts to plead,
Or o'er the battle field victorious legions lead.

How blandly on such thoughts the parent dwells :
  Unconscious that the while he sweetly dreams,
Grim time or circumstance the charm dispels,
  Or maybe robs him of his cherished themes :
How prone are men to cook their hare before the catch—
As others count their numerous chicks before the hatch !

But if with heirs the parent kind is blest,
  Too soon these heirs will act the usual feat,—
To soon will spurn the mother's anxious breast,
  And try at once the father's golden teat,—
With all the fervour of a bulldog's savage maw,
Or, maybe, what is worse, the cayman's serried jaw !

What things we hear that never are believed—
  What baubles wear the glare of virgin gold !
Ten thousand shams by which we are deceived,
  No books or author ever shall unfold :
For who the woe can gauge a wedded mortal feels,
With a dozen little cherubs trotting at his heels ?

When provender and funds are running low,
  Who'll soothe the sorrow in thy bosom pent ?
Who'll ward with kindly hand the dreaded blow,
  When angry bailiffs seize thee for the rent ?
When landlords and their minions fearlessly distrain—
Will thoughts of wedded love bring comfort to thy brain ?

By wedded love a house was never stored ;
  Nor will it keep the carcase warm and dry ;
Nor will it spread with food your scanty board ;
  Nor feed your hungry children when they cry :
For love, like wealth, abhors and shuns inferior stations,
And love, like wealth, dislikes or hates its poor relations.

And love, with its high rank and great appliances,
  Should ne'er be bound by vulgar vows and hoops ;
Beneath betrothals pledged and fixed affiances—
  To earth it bends its lovely head and droops :
The love whose orbit is a hoop and golden ring,
Is not the highborn dame that wits and poets sing.

The love that lives in songs and sweet romances,
  A thing it is of youth and beauty rare ;
And feeds on brightest thoughts and burning fancies,
  Or lives on some such-like chameleon fare :
It charms the human heart with sympathies and pities,
And warbles to the waning moon its love-lorn ditties.

Love-sickly maids of notes are the inditers,
  Which spare their blushes yet reveal their loves ;
And are of scented billets special writers—
  With symbols sealed of hearts and billing doves :
But I have neither time nor talent to report
Of all the laws that rule in Love's imperial court.

The time is past, though surely it hath been,
  When to a church old Vulcan turned his smithy;
And to him came fond hearts, both hot and green,
  To forge their wedding bolts upon his stithy;
Though Reason from the altar turned, with shrouded eyes,
Old Folly laughed, and aided at the sacrifice.

In every land and clime is love about the same;
  And still our nation boasts its love-sick fools;
Who, when they feel young Cupid's burning flame,
  They seek a lawyer's shop for splicing tools:
With ready ink and quill the lawyer strikes the docket,
Then wisely takes the fees, and puts them in his pocket.

Whether by parson or by blacksmith tethered,—
  By lawyer's tools, or sacerdotal glue,—
Having the wedding process duly weathered,
  The happy souls their various ways pursue,—
Plunged fully to the hilt in matrimonial sweets,
The beggars take to straw; patricians take to sheets

With charms unearthly youthful love is fraught,
  And Cupid's snares and hooks are deftly baited;
And men, like gudgeons, in his coils are caught,
  And, if the charm succeeds, are duly mated;
And doomed to wear a double load of earthly ills,
Or wriggle till they 're loose and tear their precious gills.

If round love's ardent flame your soft heart lingers,
  You to your passion add increasing fuel ;
And surely burn both character and fingers,
  And, maybe, bring a law-suit or a duel :
Companionship with love no fervent passion smothers,
But into catechists converts all prudent mothers.

The virtuous moralist this topic mentions,
  To put young neophytes upon their guard ;
That when by parents asked their true intentions,
  In things pertaining to their child or ward,
They may declare the sacred truth with honour due,
And then afresh their pilgrimage of love pursue.

Some maids by law and contract sell their lives,
  And plan like architects who build a church ;
And then their husbands cart them home as wives,
  And pitch them on the matrimonial perch ;
Where each a copper kettle has, and each a purse,
And doubtless each a "better" has, and each a "worse."

Of love you talk ! nay, talk of sale and barter !
  Where men may sell both human flesh and bones,
And when the loving husband acts the carter,
  And carts them home like common bricks and stones,
To yield a few abutments to the family building,
And where the shine is off to add a little gilding.

Some day, no doubt, it will the nation please,
  To pass a bill or law, with the intent
That men may take their wives upon a lease,
  And quarterly or yearly pay their rent;
And when they wish the rented premises to quit,
They may a daylight make, or e'en a moonlight flit.

When this enactment great shall come in force,—
  As by and by it will with greatest speed,—
What will become of marriage and divorce?
  No doubt these matters it will supersede;
And men will rent their wives for stated sums and times,
According to their customs, laws, and native climes.

Examine well your prospects front and back,—
  Think what in life you have to win and lose,—
Before you take to custom's beaten track,
  And thrust your wizen through the gordian noose:
If to the culminating point you make advance,
Remember still that wedding is a game of chance.

I knew a man, by Cupid's arts decoyed,
  Who loved his wife beyond the common measure;
And more than human happiness enjoyed,
  With his loved home and sweet domestic treasure:
A year had scarce elapsed when, horrid to relate!—
A pair of lovely twins aroused him to his fate.

We hope the ladies will not deem us rude,
  When thus we talk about the matrimonial yoke :
Our sermon both the sexes doth include :
  We warn them both that wedding is no joke :
And when by youths encountered in their early life,
It oft engenders untold woes and deadly strife.

And is it not of weddings oft reported,—
  Where age its hand to modest youth would tie,—
That such affairs are bann'd and ill assorted,
  And would both nature and her laws belie ?
For neither in a gilded or a golden cage,
Can youth and love comport themselves with hoary age.

Can youth in mockery at the altar stand,
  Nor blush to own a greybeard's chill embraces ?
Or waste on age her youthful heart and hand,
  Besides unnumbered charms and unknown graces,—
Nor will the priest's assuring words for sins atone—
That she is flesh of his and bone of his old bone.

A sorry sight it is for men, I ween,
  To see a dotard, at his history's close,
Attempt great Nature's laws to contravene,
  While to her fate his thoughtless victim goes ;
By impotent desires that crowd his itching head,
He libels Nature's laws, and shames the marriage bed.

A lamentable farce it is, indeed,
  As much as honest reason can endure,
To see an old man mumble o'er a creed,
  That to him binds a being young and pure;
While he no gift can boast that manhood's power be-
    speaks,
Not e'en the blood to raise a blush upon his cheeks.

Suppose a rake his constitution spends,
  And yet can boast a lining to his purse;
To seek a wife his tottering steps he bends,
  As if the feat could expiate a curse:
He, maybe, thinks that this redeeming act atones
For sins that early sucked the marrow from his bones.

Whatever to himself the thing may seem,
  A deed of sin it is, a work of self,
And never can past acts of vice redeem:
  He merely buys a sick nurse with his pelf;
And rather does another course of vice begin,
By tying youth and love to rottenness and sin.

It is, indeed, a lamentable truth,
  That age and impotence at times will drop
Upon a maid in all the pride of youth,
  And in her ear will soon the question pop;
And then to church will lead the victim of his choice,
And squeak "I will," with toothless gab and thready
    voice.

It is enough to make a saint ashamed,
  To see old men in dotage, grey and sere,
Or when decrepitude their blood hath tamed,
  In matrimonial garments gay, appear; [strew
As if by shamming youth, the goats with flowers could
The few short years which to the grave and death are due.

If, under Fate's or Cupid's ruling star,
  You feel inclined at times to love, or flirt,
Be sure you outward back before you go too far,
  And rather live unbuttoned in your shirt,
Or else a lawsuit stand, or fight a bloody duel,
Than lowly stoop at once to matrimonial gruel.

Gay Cupid's scouts assist him in his strife,
  As slaves that act just as the god may please;
And in the mart to bring a man or wife,
  Both far and near they scour the earth and seas;
And should they spy some rovers steering fore or aft,
They down upon them bear and board each little craft.

I come not forth new doctrines to propound,
  To say that early marriage is a curse:
No government constrains me to go round,
  Though government might do a great deal worse
Than start a model Malthus, cramm'd with recent knowledge,
To represent their anti-propagandist college.

This wondrous man should go about and preach
  To audiences of nubile lads and lasses,
That, in the end, they might each other teach,
  By duly forming catechumen classes ;
And propagate, by cheaply-printed slips and tracts,
Their doings apostolic, and their little acts.

And thus we would our model Malthus start,
  And thus our doctrines spread from land to land,
Disseminating truth by honest art,
  From Manchester's to India's coral strand,
Till nurses into matches split their cradle boards,
As soldiers into ploughshares beat their shining swords.

But states will by and by our bill install,
  Our anti-propagandist law and plan,
And all past legislation will recall,
  When comes, as come he will, "the coming man,"
The great incarnate good, or rather, Shiloh new—
By gentle prophets hailed, and late bespoke by Jew.

But, to begin again at the beginning—
  Who can divine how far a man may flirt,
And to his conscience give no sense of sinning,
  Or the affections sweet of others hurt ?
Where is the mighty Solomon that can divine
Betwixt the right and wrong, an equatorial line ?

When, at your houses, friends and neighbours call,
And one indifferently this subject mentions,
The answer is, " O, never love at all
" If flirting be the end of your intentions ;"
But when mankind ignore this great and crowning point,
They put both love, and time, and nature out of joint.

' What, cease to flirt !" some lovely damsel cries,
" And learn to walk about as cold as stones !
" I'd sooner cease to see with both these eyes,
" Or be a nun, or go at once to Davy Jones :
" A fig for all your ugly matrimonial laws,
" If this is of your modern bill a pattern clause ! "

Alas ! for love-sick minors and their wenches,
When some big magistrate of presence rare—
The mouth and wisdom of surrounding benches—
Assures his learned colleagues from the chair,
He'll get his friend Sir Peter to advise the Crown,
To let Sir Peter put all early weddings down !

Wise men esteem the head the softest part
Of all the living gimcrack called a man ;
And gather from the texture of the heart—
Yea, prove the fact upon a geometric plan—
That is by trigons, lines, and tangents, and by squares,
That men and women were designed to go in pairs.

And they can tell, for periods short or long,
  All ornamented with their proper headings,
How many children weak, how many strong,
  Shall be brought forth to every fifty weddings;
How many babies sweet shall see the world daily,—
How many thieves shall swing at the Old Bailey.

And with their mathematics bright and pure,
  Determine points of morals, time, and place;
And for them each statistic form secure,
  Or show which is the noblest instrument of grace—
A tory Churchman's or a Nonconformist's creed—
Which proves their mathematics very pure indeed.

They know what milk will make a full-grown calf,—
  How much of oats and beans a horse's power,—
What provender will build an ox, and half,—
  Or gauge the heat of single sacks of flour,—
And then explain why cellars warmer are than attics,—
Which nuts they crack by sanatory mathematics!

Important this to governments and nations—
  To have philosophers about them sage,
Who can reduce, by problem and equation,
  Each office and department to a page!
And who can sublimate, like mathematic cook,
The essence of a nation to a little book!

But science with these feats was not content;
  And as a sybil inspiration feels
So science felt, and on great purpose bent,
  Invoked the aid of cranks, and spokes, and wheels,
And thence produced, by lucky thought or lucky dream,
A sort of universal Cocker worked by steam.

Upon these subjects I for hours could write,
  But scarce could finish what I have to say,
If morning noon and night I did indite,
  And ran the matters on from day to day;
But as it is I cast away the magic load,
And end the theme in one admiring episode.

The press is wondrous, wondrous are its powers!
  It speaks not like to man, nor does it write;
And yet the thoughts of genius it devours,
  And shades them forth in hues of black and white;
And through the world proclaims, to men of every tint,
The world's great flag of freedom is a page of print.

Did Archimedes, called the wise and great,
  With incense much, and much of pride and noise,
Olympian gods assail, or ask from fate
  A fulcrum huge the world to counterpoise?
Did he not see the prize, was not a book the gift
By which with ease he might ten thousand worlds uplift?

Talk not to me of magic and its powers,
  But mark the ragman in yond squalid nooks,
The garbage gathering which the press devours,
  And by its magic turns it into books;
We ne'er enough can praise the talisman of iron
That turns our sheets of cotton into sheets of Byron!

Behold the spark, the bright Promethean fire,
  Encompass swiftly earth and sea and sky—
Inspire with soul and speech the silent wire,
  As through the world its lightning heralds fly—
And bear, on wings more faithful than the snowy dove,
Our raptures warm, fresh gushing from the founts of
    love!

Awake! awake! we loudly shout, awake!
  To all immortal dullards now asleep,
For fear some error, or some grand mistake
  Adown their aural labyrinths should creep;
Arouse, all inexperienced human pullets,
And keep a constant guard upon your mental gullets!

Have not great men immortal honours earned,
  By genius grand or intellectual force;
Or by their lucubrations, deeply learned,
  Set forth in polished theme, and sweet discourse?
And from the rise of woman, down to fall of man,
Have they not written books in every style and plan?

Yet authors far above their neighbours wise,
  And wits who weave their webs from day to day,
And pore athwart their work with open eyes,
  May shallow points and weaknesses display ;
In one unwitting hour, may sadly wreck and spoil
Whole years of laboured skill, and unremitting toil.

And shall not I, a man of no repute,
  Run up of sins an entertaining column,
To end all factious matters in dispute,
  And with it close this interesting volume ?
And shall not I, who both the work and verses plann'd,
Direct my readers, when they read, to understand ?

Have not great authors wise, of every age,
  From Johnson up to Socrates and Plato,
Apportioned to these points a special page,
  And on it built their columns of errata ?
Or piles of sentimental bulls and wonders,
With faults of style and thought, and orthographic
    blunders ?

Of all good books, those are the richest pages,
  And are by all esteemed as neutral ground,
Wherein our authors grand, and full-blown sages,
  Their errant thoughts and mis-spelt words impound ;
Or beat to quarters up the dregs or flagging rears,
Of files of doubts, and regiments of verbal fears.

You here may find, as on some door impaled,
  The heads and tails of sins, and flagrant error;
And here the skins of vermin thoughts are nailed,
  To spread abroad a salutary terror;
And which to authors hint, as plain as words can tell,
" Before you dare to print, be sure you learn to spell."

But really, now, we must again dispense
  With all our rambling follies and digression—
By reason disapproved, as well as sense—
  And of our faults make penitent confession,
And here record our vow to shun this mode of sinning,
And then, once more, begin again at the beginning.

Some stanzas back, our tocsin loud we sounded;
  And, in a manner wild, and harum-scarum;
So that, we fear, our friends we have confounded
  With uncouth noise, and folly's mad alarum;
And, like some parsons good, with horrid noise and din,
We've scared one devil out, to send ten blacker in.

Again we to our single friends appeal;
  And, while we speak, our honest heart it vexes,
To think how much of human woe they seal
  Who tolerate the early mating of the sexes,
And early yoke them to that serious toil and strife
Which only terminates in death or wedded life.

Can reason or philosophy approve
  Of laws permitting thoughtless babes to wed?
When youth and fancy blow the flames of love,
  When heart is full, and empty is the head;
Of love in kilts and nethers small, one understands,
But this we cannot say of love in swaddling bands.

The affluent may wed just when they please;
  And to such men my words are not addressed;
But more to those who boast not wealth or ease,
  Or with an ample fortune are not blessed;
For such, in early youth, their older friends should think,
And warn them when they rush to matrimony's brink.

Some men are made a double load to wield,—
  To earn with single hands a double fare;—
Such men I ask not to my thoughts to yield,
  Nor yet in solitude their lives to wear;—
Such man may keep himself as well as better half:
In time he lifts the ox who daily lifts the calf.

We speak to him who has but little pelf,
  And yet aspires to dress in garments gay,—
And, if he decorates his worthy self,
  Must pinch his wooden trencher every day,—
Who daily shuns his tailor in the lane or street,
And daily has the greatest art to make ends meet.

Canst thou thy single blessedness resign,—
  And keep intact thy reason and thy sense,—
And not recall the punishment condign—
  The after thoughts and each sad consequence,
With every shade and form of multifarious trouble,
That must o'ertake the man who runs in harness
    double?

Her former footsteps memory will retrace,
  And brood in sadness o'er departed treasure,
And conjure up each long-forgotten face,
  And long-remembered joys recall with pleasure,—
Lamenting, more than present state and vanished scene,
The matrimonial Styx that rolls its waves between.

The subject ponder well, think twice, and thrice,
  Before you lay your heart in Cupid's train;
Nor venture rashly on the wedding splice,
  Before you measurse what you can sustain;
And how proportionate truly is your stock of riches
To needed family stock of petticoats and breeches.

If these are not on some harmonious scale,
  Forsake at once your matrimonial plan;
Or your projected schemes will surely fail,
  And you will scouted be as ruin'd man;
And find alike your gathered pence and pounds unable
To cope with nature's law—the multiplication table.

And you will find yourself in sorry plight,
  With family cares and troubles quite unmann'd,—
With single hand to fight a double fight,
  Or feed a dozen mouths with single hand,—
To act through life's whole course, for better or for worse,
Mayhap, as washerwoman poor, or monthly nurse.

How different to the years of woe and strife,
  Will be the pleasures of the realms above—
When we shall enter on another life
  And live in one eternal round of love!
Without a care for provender, or house and bedding,
And where they neither take to wife nor give in wedding!

It must be so, my friend, my gentle Cato;
  And now, methinks, thou reason'st wondrous well,
Or heaven were worthless as a bad potatoe,
  If wedded loves and hates might in it dwell;
But heaven, in mercy, fits us for its happy climes,
And from our buried dust a purer love sublimes.

However sweet might be the pleasing hope,
  However fond might be the fond desire,
No man of earthly mould could with it cope;
  And Job of endless wedded love would tire;
That such a thing might be, we can with ease conceive,
And still bring nothing forth as easily believe.

Hast thou forgot the pranks of single life—
  Thou bachelor so happy, gay, and hale !—
That now thou takest to thyself a wife ?
  Or have its glories all begun to pale ?
Can'st thou the songs forget, each precious joke and pun,
When loud the table roared its echo to thy fun.

Oh ! how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
  Of joys, the single state is known to yield,
For those of married life so meanly poor,
  And one who shall the household sceptre wield ?
Alas ! hast thou the joys of single life declined,
Nor often cast thy longing, lingering looks behind ?

"All beauty fades," some lusty poet sings ;
  Would I could only sing in the same style,—
Upon some forty different sort of things,
  That form the matrimonial rank and file—
The morning star of love and courtship, bright and fair,
With wedlock's farthing candle light I would compare !

As year by year sweet Hymen's pledges come—
  Those living tendrils of a parent's heart—
You'll scratch your puzzled head, and twist your thumb
  And, as you play the anxious father's part,
And hug the little pledges in your arms, no doubt,
You'll wish them far away, or up your uncle's spout !

Great mystery, and greatest mystic puzzle !
  I wish some sage upon this theme would write ;—
Or that those men who speechify and guzzle,
  Would, after dinner, talk on things less trite ;—
Nor waste their precious wind and pulmonary leather,
On universal topics like the wind and weather !

I pray that all our philosophic sages
  Would let their thoughts upon this topic dwell ;—
That, like excisemen, with their traps and gauges,
  They would its secrets learn, and to us tell—
How plighted love should suffer such a sad miscarriage,
When by the priest transmuted into sacred marriage ?—

Perhaps some orator of stump or tub,
  Or parson, at our crazy questions vex'd,
May both ourselves and novel theories snub,
  Or floor us with a double-jointed text,
Or on some pointed doctrine quickly spear and stick us,
To ornament and grace his spiritual *hortus siccus.*

Encounter not the parrots of the earth,
  Or blackcloth blabs, renown'd for wind and talk,—
Or they will leave you struggling in the lurch,
  And over the arena proudly walk—
Or spurn you as the victim of their holy quarrels,
And o'er you pour their wrath in kilderkins and barrels.

Some priests, with sympathetic feelings deep,
  Ne'er from the pulpit blow the gospel trump ;
But o'er their hearers whimper loud and weep,
  And work with cunning hand the tearful pump,—
Till hearts and purses soften to the preacher's mould,
And mingle gracious tears with gracious gifts of gold.

I knew a zany who this knack had caught,
  And preached with optics filled with holy dews !—
This golden increase to his coffers brought,
  And filled with female penitents his pews ;
With whimpering voice and tears he swayed the fickle crowd,
Who with their preacher smiled, and with him wept [aloud.

But Cupid thither came to act his part ;
  And, in the borrowed semblance of a moth,
He wormed himself into each lady's heart,
  And there a portrait spied in blackest cloth !
And Cupid set himself his usual part to play,
And fret at heart and cloth from morn to closing day.

If quietude and pleasant sleep diminish,
  The pangs of love will not remain the same ;
And hence, we guide them to a happy finish :—
  Of sympathizing friends this is the aim :—
All this the priest beheld, with more of pride than pain,
And wiped his eyes and wept, and wiped his eyes again !

A puzzle still the man of God espied ;
  Among so many sisters, rich and fair,
He could not well his holy heart divide,
  Without some special hint vouchsafed of prayer ;
And hence he had a dream—but not of cock and bull,
Nor anything so trite—nor anything so dull.

Election to his midnight pillow came,
  And through his soul a holy fervour darted,
That gave a lustre to his amorous flame,
  And then the sweet intelligence imparted—
That unto him the richest heiress of that place,
Elected was by potent gift of special grace.

We feel constrained from this debate to flinch,
  As backward now it is too late to move ;
And on we dare not budge, a single inch,—
  For, such a labyrinth is human love,
No man its depths can fathom, woman cannot sound it,
Nor all the mighty thunders of old Jove confound it !

Flight the Seventh.

THE CHURCH.

No foeman England dreads around her coast,
  Nor on her sands the dent of foeman's keel;
Her honoured sons have ever been her boast—
  Their hearts of valour and their tempered steel;
In model barracks camp'd she hath her prison corps,
And on her battle roll nine hundred thousand poor.

The talk of England's *decadence* may please
  The weathercocks of France, who talk in vain,
And envious rate the Mistress of the Seas,
  Who treads in every land and scours the main:
While other states decline, her wealth and credit wax,
By county courts upheld, and by the income tax.

Her sons she keeps with governmental care,
  Dispersing in each breast all fear or hate,
She with maternal hands prescribes their fare,
  And for their good she toils to evening late;
Impartially her taxman calls at every door,
Forgetting not the starv'ling nor the parish poor.

Her public purse with cash is well supplied,
  And is a standing wonder in its way;
From which she pays her servitors with pride,
  Allowing to each soldier thirteen-pence a day!
All claims upon her funds are with due honour met,
She ballasts well her credit by a standing debt.

To those who faithfully her honour guard,
  She wealth and place assigns as they prefer it;
And may with church or stall a priest reward,
  If poorer far in pocket than in spirit;
Or easy posts allots to shiftless sons of peers,
When flat about the head and long about the ears.

Her holy church is founded on a rock,
  A base of which she seems a little proud;
And claims of heaven and hell both key and lock,
  And is with creeds and tenets well endowed;
Her vineyard orthodox, a piebald faith enshrines,
Where Calvanistic pruners trim Arminian vines.

In one straight line both church and priest descend,
  That is the Church and Priest as well as steeple;
And claim alone the power our souls to mend,
  That is of parliament as well as people:
For these especial claims no legal act she needs,
Since great St. Peter's hands endorsed the title deeds.

All sorts of books have many people got,
  Of reading light and dull have had their fill;
Yet, never has it fallen to their lot,
  To see or read the great Apostle's will!
And never would, if they all mortal aid could sommons,
From all our doctors royal down to Doctors' Commons.

We see not priests in rivers drenched and wet,
  Nor in such plight are prebends often caught;
We see no mitred bishops drag the net,
  Nor toil all night without a single draught;
Still Peter's own successors bishops claim to be,—
That fisherman despised, of ancient Galilee!

The fish with coin were long since symbolized,
  By gloss which had some worthy priest impress'd;
And bishops twain were happily surprised,
  By lucky hauls superior to the rest;
And Cantuar and Ebor are their pleasant names,
Whose fishing huts abut the Ouse and silver Thames.

Her priests the crook and shears of office hold,
  And guard their charges with a shepherd's care ;
Nor let them leave the precincts of the fold,
  So thick the world is set with gin and snare ;
Where vultures of Dissent on faithful lambkins scowl,
And nonconforming wolves for straggling quarry prowl.

But prying folks may say—as they have said,
  Who talk of things they do not understand,—
Whence come the loaves and fish whereon are fed
  These priests ? and whence their houses and their land ?
And by what tenor hold they all their goods and chattels,
For which no laws we find in Puffendorfs and Vattels.

The loaves and fishes are the Church's own,
  Some parsons say, and were to her conveyed ;
And though the acting lawyer wore a crown,
  A cunning hand was he and knew his trade ; [lands,
And thus her glebes were gained, likewise her pleasant
By queens who were her nurses gay and kings who were brigands.

Yet casuists, who hold no special creed,
  Will tell the tale in quite a different way ;
But we to silly cavils ne'er give heed ;
  While authors grand, and learned lawyers, say
That robbery, when done by parliament and nation,
Isn't common stealing, but is legal commutation.

Ye, vipers of Dissent! we do not fear,
  Nor fear your cunning nets so coyly spread;
And back we cast your laugh and angry sneer,
  And all your gibes we hurl upon your head;
Then us no longer taunt in words of bitter gall,
With robbing papist Peter to pay reforming Paul.

We long the measure of your hate have borne,
  And borne the sneers with which the Church ye greet;
The time will come to pay you back your scorn,
  When in the spirit world again we meet:
Ye then the wage will reap for all your naughty tricks,
When we shall lave in Jordan, ye shall boil in Styx.

All hail! imperial queen, thou good queen Bess,
  Thou who thy people rul'dst with gifts so rare!
Oh inexpressibles! I can't express,
  In truth and honour didst thou really heir—
Those noble graces great, as well as manly riches,
In virtue of one pair of intellectual breeches!

All hail! queen Bess, thou queen of manly deeds,
  Thou, who from scraps didst frame, by timely snatches,
Old England's famous liturgies and creeds;
  And by together stitching all the patches,
Narrow or broad, oval or oblong, square or round,
Did'st make one Book of Common Prayer complete and sound!

The Church records and keeps the people's faith,
  Of which she is sole judge of right and wrong;
So preach her clergy: so her canon saith,
  Which all believe who to her pale belong;
And so her chanters chant and so her singers sing;
While others say "Amen," who fear both Church and
    King.

In conscience bound her remedies to take,
  When heretics of old had made appeal;
The frigid ones she warmed around the stake,
  The rigid gave a stretch upon the wheel;
From sacred laws ordained, as pundits wise maintain,
By Pilate the apostle and the holy father Cain.

For nuptial rights divine, the clergy turn
  To texts especial, where St. Paul hath said
He'd wed those priests who otherwise might burn;
  Which means he'd burn those priests who did not wed.
A gloss so proper quite delighted royal Harry,
And thence he ruled that every clergyman might marry.

Of unity let churches talk no more,
  Which neither love nor union maintain,
Their unities are numbered by the score,
  And come and go by Fashion's whim and reign;
With benefit the pampered jade may hold her din,
Who for three centuries hath played the harlequin!

While charity and love the clergy preach,
  Those graces sweet that christian life adorn ;
Their daily deeds a different practice teach,
  And plant among themselves a mutual scorn ;
Eeach noisy sect becomes a fire and brimstone brand,
And pugilistic churches cover all the land !

The world is filled with dark religious mists,
  With priests that shun a brother Levite's door,
And in each others eyes they thrust their fists,
  And strive each others doctrines to ignore ;
While churches militant by fighting learn to thrive,
And sect on sect their holy go-carts madly drive.

Shall sombre hirelings, by the nation hired
  To preach salvation by the rule and year—
Shall men in silk and broadest cloth attired,
  Insure religious hope or holy fear ?
Shall worldly hypocrites preach out the god of sin,
Whose daily practice is to preach the devil in ?

What are the virtues of the men in black,
  Who round their throats display the spotless tie ?
If good they have, they many virtues lack ;
  If cards they do not play, or drink, or lie,—
Expert they are at other forms and ways of sinning,
And clothe the naked truth in garbs of their own
    spinning.

The busy beetles of the church and sects,
  In his own method each his battle fights ;
In his own method each his church affects ;
  Each hunts for converts less than proselytes ;
And often both for worldly ends religion barter,
Or make the church a lie, and every text a martyr.

The clergy know that men of every grade,
  To preach presume, and dare the scriptures search
But websters greasy and the sons of trade,
  Will never do for England's well bred Church ;
Whose calendar of fifty-two *rogueation* Sundays,
All week-day work abjures, twixt Saturdays and
    Mondays !

How deeply must those pious men repine,
  Whose churches thro' dissent grow weekly thinner ;
Beholding every error with its shrine,
  And every pulpit with its pagan sinner !
Whose sermon, round his rival standard, quickly rallies
All unconverted converts, from the neighbouring alleys.

Into their pulpits priests are not installed,
  By worldly choice or by their heart's desire,
But by a call, they are divinely call'd,
  And not by Mammon tempted to aspire ;
Yet parsons rarely listen to the calling power,
When from an upper post it calls to one that's lower.

When men have sons who prove both weak and shallow,
  As gifts upon her altars they are laid ;
As if a want of brains her fanes could hallow,
  Or churches were by dullards holy made;
And thus presumptuous men propitiate the skies,
While family dunces form their fitting sacrifice.

A surplice carried with becoming art,
  The neck encircled by a band of chalk,
As if by charm—can cleric grace impart,
  And give the meanest scrub the cleric walk :
And these are gifts that carve and shape the young divine,
Far more than holy learning gained in holy shrine.

It matters not to me a single rush,
  How parsons dress or how they choose to fare,
Whether in pants or breeches made of plush,
  For anything that I may say or care ;
In kindred black they may both soul and body deck,
And wear their coat of arms for ever round their neck

Experience, and not the garb alone,
  Can truly both the man and manners fledge :
The voice can shape, and give the cleric tone,
  And to the mind impart a polished edge :
Which, in its turn, against reports of good and ill,
Shall carve the people and the parish to its will.

Many an idle clown who hates to delve,
  Is quick transmogrified by bishop's firman,
Into a true successer of the Twelve,
  And then may preach a lithographic sermon ;
Such licensed priests, when warmed with opposition leaven, [heaven.
Would frighten fiends from hell as well as saints from

Behold yond pastor gliding thro' the crowd,
  Yond pillar grand of England's princely fane,
Whose every haughty act bespeaks him proud,
  As every drawling word proclaims him vain !
His holy skirts he gathers up, as if afraid
To touch some poorer brother of the gospel trade.

How altered now he meets his brother chips !
  At once the supercilious sneer gives place
To looks of love that play about his lips,
  As if those smiling lips were founts of grace ;
He snuffs the air in different guise to common man,
As if of holier stuff composed, and on a holier plan.

The pulpit best displays his native worth,
  Wherein at duty's call he tunes his voice,
From which the slippered words come tripping forth
  So soft and low, they fear to make a noise !
He tries no honest ranter's homely grunts and groans,
But deals in sublimated tropes and monotones.

Oh ! for old England's church the coming bliss,
  When Rome and she embrace as trusty friends,
And give and take a reconciling kiss,
  While to the dame the English doxy bends,
And smacks her toes, a privilege she takes upon her,
As if to scandalize the ancient seat of honour !

The Church would to her heart her children bring,
  Would fold them all within her loving arm,
Would shield them all beneath her ample wing,
  And in one haven guard them safe and warm ;
To pastures green, to covert cool, and shady rock,
She ever calls her errant sons and wandering flock.

That vessel good yeclept the stately Church,
  To Parliament and King was safely moored ;
And never swerved a line or gave a lurch,
  Till factious mutineers arose on board ;
And soon the cable cut and sundered every rope,
And tried to steer the ship by compass called a Pope.

The Church hath no desire, like dogs, to growl
  At every sound and cry—to start and fear :
She loves an easy mind—good natured soul !
  And cozily would sleep from year to year,
Were't not for naughty men like Newmans, Hooks, and
    Puseys,
Who stir her bile and irritate her slumbering juices.

What cares the Church for cassock or for cope,
  Those garments fine of spiritual Vandals!
Such things may please the lieges of the Pope,
  Who light the daylight with their spanking candles;
No special points the Church perceives in pointed gables,
Nor virtues great or good in monolithic tables.

Folk say the clergy for their washing beg;
  And thus they honest men and truth assail;
But true it is, where slander drives a peg,
  For certain, scandal there will hang a tale;
But those who on this subject wish to jar and wrangle,
May argue with the dame who keeps the parish mangle.

Some think the clergy holier than they,
  And bow and scrape to every priest they meet;
And hail those slugs of sanctimonious clay,
  As if in love they yearned to kiss their feet;
It is not strictly true that priests are free from sin,
Though true it is they toil not, neither do they spin.

Have doctors, lawyers, or divines, the lead?
  Or which the largest meed of honour claim?
The men of physic, creeds, or they who plead?
  Which blow the loudest through the trump of fame?
Some men assert, although it seems a fiction baseless,
That of the graces black, the blackest is most graceless.

But jokes and banter we must lay aside,
  In hopes that Justice, arm'd with iron might,
Will rase to earth those images of pride,
  That bind men captive in the bonds of night;
Whatever good or honest is, or just, or brave,
Will in itself a guerdon find that will it save.

Of vice the Church is one unmeasured gulph,
  Where battening sluggards feed and never toil;
And where, in lambskins clad, the fox and wolf
  Its plunder share, and gorge its sacred spoil,
Would revelations new that church's guilt avail,
Which sins can boast, if not salvation, in her pale?

Flight the Eighth.

JUSTICE.

WHAT hither comes? and whence this din and roar!
  And whither do the gaping yokels drift?
What brings the cackling grandams to the door,
  While smiling cuckolds up their beavers lift?
Asthmatic poodles bark, and tethered mastiffs bay,
And cats the concert join in amorous roundelay.

What means this hubbub wild of scream and rattle,
  Of men and women, and of boys before 'em,
Who ape the cries of various kinds of cattle,
  And women calling men, as if they'd floor 'em;
While evey donkey now emits his favourite sound,
As to his mates he brays, imprisoned in the pound?

Behold ! the parish magnate walks abroad,
  With port majestic and a soldier's tread !
One wonders how he carries such a load
  Of weighty matters, in a single head !
Assailed with reverential bow and flattering sound,
With self-important step he shakes the solid ground.

With conscious pride he casts his eyes askance,
  Where gossips lounge or friendly allies dwell,
To catch the courteous nod and kindly glance ;
  And as he walks the street with lordly swell,
With coat up-button'd, stiff and starched from heels to throat,
He scarcely feels contained in self-containing coat !

The parish nabob to the courthouse walks,
  At whiles with cozy friends he stops and chats ;
And on his post and heavy duties talks,
  While round, the blue-skinn'd jackals lift their hats,
Or follow at his heels as members of his court,
And various weighty matters to his ears report.

On sessions' days our hero is abroad,
  A full half-hour before his colleagues meet,
With gasconade and strut he takes the road,
  Or shows his majesty along the street ;
The public gaze he courts, and well the public stares,
Admiring both his mental and corporeal airs.

'Tis gold and not a plenitude of brains,
  That lifts the bumpkin on the justice bench,
To bring down vengeance on their jilting swains,
  When hearing each affiliating wench;
To balance well the merits of each beershop brawl,
And soothe disputes when country cuddies raise a squall.

Such men are blessings to their native towns,
  Advising suitors with their counsels clear,
Who mete out justice by their very frowns,
  And mercy temper with a holy fear;
And honoured be such justices throughout the land,
Who minister the laws they cannot understand.

When knotty cases come before their court,
  The knots depart as if by charm or spell!
And quirks and quibbles seem to them but sport—
  Their tasks they know so glibly and so well:
In wonderment both court and prisoners gape and stare,
So 'cutely come the posing queries from the chair.

When thieves are scant, and times are rather dull,
  They lounge and chatter with their cozy mates,
Or vagrant paupers o'er the coals they pull,
  And sign fresh warrants or new books of rates:
Most heavy work, no doubt, to men of leaden wit, [sit.
And heads more wooden than the chairs on which they

When vice and knav'ry both are out of vogue,
  And neither night nor day a villain brings,
In dreams they thief harangue, and cut-throat rogue;
  And in their visions do most noble things:
A burglary of note is quite a dainty treat,
And more esteem'd by justices than drink or meat.

But I such courts and justices have seen,
  As puzzled aptest tongue or readiest pen;
I wished such justices had never been,—
  With all their cavalcade of clerks and men,—
Where vulgar bullies badgered on their fiercest plan,
And where the coarsest bully was the biggest man.

And where the blustering chairman took the chair,—
  Where all the arguments both pro and con,—
Where all the bounce and stir, the chaff and stare,—
  And all the gasconade was done by one;
And where his minions sat as dumb as any brutes,
And humble silence kept like undertaker's mutes.

Our justices should never want for work,
  Because to toil they are so much inclined;
Enough it is to scare a savage Turk,
  And quite enough to shock the Christian mind,—
To think that they should through the court-house windows bay,
While blue-skinned jackals hunt them up their daily prey.

Auspicious is the time, and sweet the hour,
  When on some lucky trail the blueskins get,—
When some dull straggler falls into their power,
  Or some poor varlet sticks within their net:
With willing hands they haul their victim to the shore,
Nor think him safe till lock'd within the prison door.

And be it from a chair, or holy tub,
  Much as they list the judge and parson say;
And vagabonds and saints they bore and snub,
  Nor give the louts a chance or vestige of fair play;
And be it as it will, the justice rarely fails
To give his friends a billet on the county jails.

Should not our justices in cash be paid?
  And free from public jealousy and fear,—
And not by golden rules and incomes made,
  That yield them several hundred pounds a-year?
Although some sages say, as well as common ninnies,
That true respectability is made of guineas.

A home-spun justice may be good and cheap,
  And to the public look both grand and fair;
To thinking men it seems a wondrous leap,
  From spinning jennies to the judge's chair;
And where, without a single lesson, each begins
To wean his neighbour from his own peculiar sins.

A coat home-made, as well as home-made vest,
  Are naught to garments of the tailor's make;
And home-made judges, of the very best,
  Might make a court if not a jury quake:
If home-made wines have often proved a griping curse,
May not a home-made judge turn out a something worse?

A country squire may know his horses' breed,—
  The various crops that on his land abound,—
And tell a common turnip from a Swede,—
  Infected sheep may know from what are sound;
And easily the price cast up of yearling bull,
Or, by the touch, point out the short from longest wool.

He may the seasons note, and know the time
  His lands to pasture, and his fields to plough;
He may the nature know of soils and lime,
  And when his crops to reap, and when to sow;
But surely these no virtues give, or claims impart,
That he may legally assume the judge's art.

An empty-headed swell, or dainty spark,
  Who yearly heirs at least ten thousand pounds,
Besides a mansion fine and well-stocked park,
  And reeking kennels fill'd with noisy hounds,—
No doubt a justice is, by family tradition,
Whate'er may be his claims from mental inanition.

Let men, by vulgar barter, or by truck,—
  Or e'en by gambling, or by fraud or stealth,
Or, by the chance of accident termed "luck,"
  A fortune gather, or a load of wealth,—
Then may they boldly court the public voice and stare,
And with due lustre fill the magisterial chair.

In chairs of wood the passive puppets sit,
  Revolving questions intricate and dark,
As through their puddled brains the queries flit:
  Their patent lanthorn comes, their wondrous clerk,—
And with him all his books of calf-bound lumber brings,
That tell him when and how to pull the puppet's strings.

Sometimes their worships wince and pull long faces,
  As when with puzzling suits their wits are fast;
Or when they meet with hard and knotty cases,
  Or advocates that strike them all aghast;
And then his eyes, the lanthorn at the riddle strains,
Or opes some legal rushlight to illume his brains.

If, o'er his drowsy mocking-bird below,
  The parson poured his spiritual chaff
To many a sleepy, dull, and scatter'd row,—
  Would not his hearers soon begin to laugh,
If from his tub below, this man began to teach
The other man above, and tell him how to preach?

Suppose the doctor all his patients saw,
  And at his side a servile henchman near,
What jealous truth might not his patients draw,
  And at his boasted knowledge laugh and jeer—
If, turning on his heels, he called for number two,
His wisdom to consult, and ask him what to do?

From day to day our magistrates can meet,
  From vagabonds to guard the public weal;
And when a recipe or grim receipt
  They lose, unto their light they make appeal;
Dull as his wooden desk, this scribe consults his book,
That tells how rogues to polish, how a knave to cook.

Why do these men, so void of legal sense,
  With pompous phrases blow so great a swell,
And venture legal justice to dispense?
Since, surely, unto all t'would look as well,
When famished rogues they bring their sorry courts before,
To learn at least for once their legal battledore.

Such thoughts bring to their souls no sense of shame,
  Nor in their cheeks call forth the faintest blush;
If called to bear the judge's rule and name,
  All other things they value not a rush:
They learn to act the judge, and play their legal cards,
Upon their horses' backs and in their stable-yards!

With all the webs and coils that time hath spun,
  With all the forms that custom old hath made,
With all the wicked things that laws have done,—
  We hold that every man should have his trade;
Would not the brewer stare, if aristocratic flats
His barrels came to hoop, or tried to gauge his vats!

Would not the chummy kindle up with flame,
  And o'er his face and rusty carcase blush,
If to his house a jolly bishop came,
  Demanding harshly, blanket, rake, and brush?
Would not his white teeth grin betwixt his lips of smut,
To see His Grace walk off with all his bags of soot?

The smith would wink and jeer his dusky fellows,
  If to his smithy came a rural dean,
And with his hands began to blow the bellows,
  Or stoop'd to work as filthy and unclean?
And all the blackened throng would loudly laugh, of course,
When first the rural dean began to shoe a horse.

And doubtless all mankind would stand amaz'd,
  If men with men began to change their places,
Till all the world became a medley craz'd,
  With contradictions filled, and strange disgraces;
If governments were carried on by vulgar fudges,
And dunderheads and dolts were finished off as judges.

We hope, ere this, that we have clearly shown
  How men each others characters may wear,
And go about in garments not their own,
  Or anything may be save what they should appear;
Enough it is to scare a witch, or choke a poet,
When men attempt a task because they cannot do it.

Such mysteries Britannia seems to prize;
  Her laws with inconsistencies are fraught,
And idol gods she loves to patronize,
  From golden donkeys down to Juggernaut;
Her justices she makes from hoarded pounds and dollars,
And not from learned gentlemen and well train'd scholars.

When Custom's fetters circumvent the brain,
  And fashions of the ruling whim partake,
They with repeated blows unite the chain,
  And of the habit second nature make;
And thus our shams perpetuate and multiply,
From home-spun justices down to Fawkes the Guy!

I wish that honest men, both wise and sage,
  Were judges made to rule each petty court,
And not selected by a money gauge,
  Unless the thing be done in pleasant sport;
Most sure are we a female old, or rosy wench,
A greater ornament would be upon the bench.

When magisterial lips presume to stammer
  Their learned verdicts in an open court,
In language faulty, and in far worse grammar,
  It must indeed be just and lawful sport,
To take our seat beneath the magisterial quire,
While they on native tools perform with wonted fire.

But native wonders most the public draw,
  And throng and fast the swelling numbers come
To see a Living Lion, stuff'd with straw,
  Or gaze upon his humble allies dumb;
Lo! how they thrust and push the creaking court-house door,
But once his tail to see, and once to hear him roar!

If once the Lion shakes his horrid mane,
  Afraid, the people bolt right thro' the door!
The din and thundering roar of railway train
  Is naught, when forth he sends his angry roar!
And to the public mind it is a standing puzzle,
Why this grim king of brutes should go without a muzzle.

The wonder grows, and faster grows the talk,
  That brings from distant homes the bond and free;
And untold miles the gaping yokels walk,
  From moorland home and dell, they come to see
How magistrates on pestilential garbage thrive,
And how the Living Lion eats his man alive!

While to and fro the sweltering people rock,
  High o'er their heads the blueskins shake their wands;
And pale and haggard, trembling in the dock,
  A ready sacrifice the pris'ner stands;
Nor from his lips a single word the chairman brooks,
But seems to hang the culprit by his very looks.

But why should'st thou so loudly brag and boast,
  With all thy ancient saws and modern cuts!
Thou'rt but a common magistrate at most,
  And magistrates are plentiful as nuts:
More honest men than thee have felt the hangman's gripe,
And danc'd on the Newgate boards the Newgate horn-pipe!

It is thy joy a dragon's face to wear,
  To scare each ancient dame and modest wench,
To emulate the bull-dog and the bear,
  To be the Jove and Turpin of the bench;
To reign the vulgar wonder of all eyes,
The Ursa Major of the magisterial skies.

With manners curt and dry, and language blunt,
  Thy friends thou heap'st with dirt and foul abuse;
Then in their ears some dubious plea wilt grunt,
  And hope thy jaunty humour they'll excuse;
Both friend and foe thou splatter'st with thy dirt to day.
And all to-morrow spend'st to wipe that filth away.

Thou lov'st right well each vulgar rogue to twit,
  His counsel and his friends to bore and bait,
And better still poor varlets to commit,
  To meet the dungeon's or the hangman's fate :
No doubt, great man, it is thy noble aim to shine,
And rival Mister Ketch, the king of hempen twine.

Most surely thou hast miss'd thy name and calling,
  And come behind thy proper time and age ;
Thou should'st have been behind a tunnel, bawling—
  The great big showman of some country stage :
If bounce and bluster be thy aim, if lie thou must,
Stick to thy native trade, and cry thy "DEVIL'S DUST."

And talk till thou thy leathern lungs fatigue,
  Or noise abroad thy faith in linsey skirts,—
Till all the world admire thy "WOOLLEN LEAGUE,"
  And worsted wear in lieu of cotton shirts :
Loud sounds the empty cask whose sides are never full ;
And men who shear their pigs reap more of noise than wool.

Nay, louder bawl, if that may suit thy will ;
  To play the braggart seems to be thy fate ;
Like other things, it helps the time to kill,
  And may thyself despatch, or soon, or late :
As for thy brawling noise and dirt, they count for naught ;
Or, like their kindred filth, they go out at the draught.

Through force of wind, not wit, thou must have earn'd
  The name to men of genius ever due ;
And, from the painter's art hast surely learn'd
  To paint both friend and foe in darkest hue :
It seems 'tis thine especial forte, my blustering blade,
The very blackest imp to give a blacker shade.

And well it seems to suit thy liquorish lips,
  And well accords with thy unholy taste,
To show a blushing female's sins and slips—
  Or why the subject seize with such unholy haste ?
Or why dissect the thing, and lay it rudely bare,
To feast the public gaze, and glut the public stare ?

How changed thy honours great and greater name !
  Alas ! that doughty tongue is soft and mute,
That gave thy thoughts and wondrous wisdom fame,
  And roused the jealous notes of long ear'd brute ;
And wert thou not a liar proved, and brawling boor,
And nail'd like vermin to the House of Commons' door ?

Hast thou forgot the flourish and the din,
  The pomp obstreperous of warlike feat,
And how in fright thy coward soul gave in,
  And beat with random steps a quick retreat ?
And how before thy friends, thou play'dst the swelling
    frog,
Then to thy vomit turned like any meaner dog ?

With scutcheon and with arms if thou art blest,
  Or if thy shield of family folly tells—
Then add a snow-white feather to thy crest,
  As well as common dunce's cap and bells:
And thus the empty fool may meet his coward brother,
And on the family shield embrace and kiss each other!

Most worthy of thyself, and of thy age,
  That memorable act I ever deem;
And worthy of a line in history's page,
  And worthier still of poet's noblest theme;
And when some future sage shall pen the glorious feat,
Some mighty bard, methinks, will thus the theme repeat

"As thirst of blood his vengeful breast inspired,
  "And valour prompted to fresh deeds of fame,
"In dismal traps and scalplocks dread attired,
  "With tomahawk he to the warfare came;
"His red moustache he stroked, and then he smoothed his beard,
And then with war-paint red his eyes and chops he [smeared.

"From East to West the din of battle swelled—
  "From East to West the dusky squadrons wheel'd
"When high the angry chief his war-whoop yell'd—
  "And called his thundering legions to the fields;
"The brazen trumpets blaring, peal'd a dreadful sound,
"When lo! a snow-white feather fell upon the ground!"

Flight the Ninth.

POLITICS.

Are all our politicians gone stark mad,
  To play such jokes and antics rude before us,
While Freedom gay, in tattered ribbons clad,
  Her voice uplifts to swell the madcap chorus—
That celebrates the wild electioneering season,
The mighty carnival of Din and Great Unreason.

And Vanity and Pride appear more vain,
  And Folly wears an extra cap of bells;
And Laughing Madness mingles with the train—
  As onward through the noisy street it swells,
Intent on making all the necessary riot
For voting members to our noble British Diet.

And it is thus that Liberty rejoices,
  In hubbub wild and universal clatter,
In din and clangour loud of many voices,
  Which rampant winds take up and wildly scatter,
And rumbling echoes wake o'er vale and mountain far,
As well in beer-shop dingy as in tavern-bar.

Some wicked charm hath seized upon the people,
  Who seem resolved for once to lose their wits,
And rush, like demons, up the parish steeple,
  Which all its sounds right joyfully transmits
O'er street and lane, and far beyond, in swelling floods,
The hills and dales o'erwhelming, and the distant woods.

With spell of Idleness the air is fraught,
  And Labour laughs and casts away her tools ;
While men of years the spreading taint have caught,
  And play at Folly's game with common fools.
Her jolly guests have come, and Circe's feast is trimm'd,
While Reason pales, as fast her waning lamps are dimm'd.

It is no fair, or universal Sunday,
  No festive day or wake in village small,
Nor Whitsuntide, nor even Easter Monday,
  And yet a smack of each, a taint of all : [sin,
Defiled with hardened guilt, and leaven'd with grossest
That makes the roar, the noise, the tumult, and the din.

And sounds of every kind and grade are heard,
  From pigs that scream, to noisy dogs that bark,
From parrot's call to chirp of singing bird,
  With notes of brutes of nobler aim and mark,
In ferment hot and loud, and universal wrangle,
As if they were rehearsing Babel's ancient jangle.

The drivers drive at a terrific rate,
  Whether in cabs, or carts, or slow wheelbarrows ;
They racket and din all vie to create ;
  As fruitful sows they scare with dirty farrows,
And quickly send them off to homes and distant pens,
That now in charge are left of vagrant cocks and hens.

We mention now the deeds of olden times,
  The wars between the Blue and Yellow Roses,
When steeple-bells rung out their noisy chimes,
  And heads were split as well as shins and noses ;
And to and fro the freemen drunk were slowly steering,
As if their way they tack'd between the Straits of
    Beering.

While punch and ale were drank, and blood was spilt,
  And barrels tapp'd in every lane and street,
And voters voters thrash'd till nearly kilt,
  And fought their way by dint of fists and feet,
Where men their birthright pledged, or gave themselves for sale,
And their virtues steeped in grog and casks of ale.

When Freedom join'd the roar of Circe's feasts,
  And Reason laughed and bowed at Circe's shrine,
And quickly men were changed to slavish beasts,
  By touch of Circe's wand, or spell of wine;
When honour was debased, and manhood freely sold,
Alike for placeman's faithless smile or rich man's gold.

Each inn and hostel held its council great,
  Composed of publicans as well as sinners,
As round their board they met in mighty state;
  No time had they to eat or bolt their dinners,
But thrice a day a banquet held or dainty lunch,
And liquified the same with hot or frigid punch.

And clubs were formed of men of mark and note,
  Who knew electioneering ins and outs,
Could tell the price of every freeman's vote,
  And filled the streets wtth fuglemen and scouts,
Whose duties were the tactics of their foes to watch,
And straggling votes in Bacchanalian coils to catch.

Of course, each rosy Boniface invited
  His mates and friends to patronise his door;
And overjoyed they called, and seemed delighted
  As down their weasands dry his grog to pour;
And from the early morn to night they swigg'd
    their fill,
Enlarging well themselves to eke the landlord's bill.

The landlords all received their patron's thanks,
  Who urged them on to spend, and drink, and treat;
In fact, these men were rich as any banks,
  And gave away their gold, and drink, and meat,
And found the surest way to catch a freeman's vote,
Was first to gild his palm, and then to wash his throat.

Like men well versed in all election arts,
  They coaches hired, and cabs by tens and scores,
And waggons long, and traps, and four-wheeled carts,
  And trucks, wherein they yoked both clowns and boors;
To knowing knaves and prigs their agents gave employ,
To deftly act the sham or play the sly decoy.

"But why so many cabs and carts and waggons?"
  Methinks I hear some dunce or dummy ask,
Why, these were for the men of pots and flagons,
  And for the fish that lived in tub or cask;
And who when full as pigs, and dumb as common corses,
Were duly led to poll—all by their friends the horses!

And glorious times were these, and brave, and old,—
  And good beyond all other times, no doubt,
When politics enjoyed its age of gold,
  And taps ran wine, and common pumps ran stout,—
When evil knew no shame, and villains were defiant—
When Guilt the lawyer was, and Fraud his honour'd client.

Elections then were savage tugs and fights,
With black-eyed honours crown'd, and fractured heads;
Carousal deep for lengthy days and nights,
With little rest and naught of ease or beds;
And if the heroes won, they knew, by golden cost,
For flimsy baubles gained they solid fortunes lost.

And from the social deeps they roused the scum,
By rattling peals that shook the steeple's spire;
And led them forth by fife, and trump, and drum,
With cudgels arm'd as well as venal hire;
And thus were well prepared, at patron's nod or beck,
To steal a straggling vote, or break a freeman's neck.

And boxing men were fee'd with notes and pounds,
And blackguard troops engaged with spacious throats,
To give *eclat* to fights and sparring rounds,
And freemen bruise until they give their votes:
With these constrained, and freely plied with cash and bowl,
No wonder they were led triumphant to the poll.

All schemes and blows were right, as well as tricks,
From blackened eye or face to crippled shin;
And none disclaimed the use of feet and bricks,
But joined with might and main to help the din;
And ope'd their spacious mouths to swill, and throats to shout,
As Folly ruled, or Bacchus swayed the rabble rout.

No dodge appeared too low for men of wealth,
  No fraud too vile for fools and supple slaves,—
Who did their work by drink, or fraud, or stealth,
  And backed by scores of crimps and cunning knaves;
Who kept their watch from every hole and dusky den,
To trap unwary votes and gammon simple men.

For fear their rights they might have sold or bartered,
  The numerous votes they cabbaged, cribb'd, and stole,
Upon some public friend they soon had quartered,
  And into garret thrust or lumber hole,
With all that dainty taste or freedom could desire,
And pipes and pleasant ale for meat, and beds, and fire.

Of food and filthy beer the non-partakers,
  And those we sometimes call the well-behaved,
Concerted with a band of holy quakers,
  And got both bristled chins and whiskers shaved;
And then all din to shun, and vulgar oaths, and quarrel,
They walked up to the poll each in his wife's apparel.

And men were black'd and dyed, and clipp'd and painted,
  Or vizors wore, and dominoes, and masks;
And were with titles plumed, and sir'd, and sainted;
  And some, like goods, arrived in tubs and casks,
And some to dirty booths were dragged in chains and ropes,
  And some aloft were borne in boxes or in pokes.

A curious sight it was for men to see
  Their friends in stiffened stays and gowns impounded,
Yet move as though in their own garments free,
  With pillows big, or swelling rags surrounded—
So fat and rubicund, in bags so tightly pent,
  An index each appeared of some untold event.

From graves the dead arrived, or were exhumed,
  As all have read in books or local papers ;
Each privilege and vote at once resumed,
  With other freaks and deep election capers ;
And smoked, and sang, and swigg'd their bere, and coaches hired,
Then back again to earthly tombs and clods retired.

And men were driven about by changing posts,
  In search of dying aunt and death-bed friend ;
And some by charm were laid, like fickle ghosts,
  And low in stinking hole or kennel penn'd,
Or sent to distant spas, by dint of others wealth,
Their morals to improve, and reinstate their health.

And oh ! the row, the din, the oaths and clamour,
  When coffins huge were seized, and quickly tapp'd,
By sundry blows from heavy foot or hammer,
  Which roused the dead-alive, all swath'd and wrapp'd,
Who tried his uncaged heels as swiftly off he fled,
Nor cared the mourners now to seek their quicken'd dead.

When funeral trains and hearses filled the street,
  The folk were seized with horror, deep and vague,
Nor durst they common friend or neighbour greet,
  For fear they caught the pest, or fatal plague :
The parson laughed, and onward swept the churchway flags,
And to his face his book he held, and scented rags.

And while the mourners sobb'd, and cried amain,
  The parson coughed, and cleared his husky throat ;
The weeping sexton led the mournful train,
  And wiped his misty eyes upon his coat ;
And quickly from beneath the pall the corpse had hurried,
And by the grave he stood, to see his corpus buried !

What griefs befell the man of doubtful mind,
  Who had no settled thoughts about his vote ;
But first to left and then to right inclined,
  And rubbed his puzzled head, and nose, and coat ;
Or, if abroad he walked, was sadly jeered and called,
By knaves was dragg'd about, and pushed, and kicked, and mauled.

By skulking harpies huddled, nail'd and fixed,—
  By knaves and sharpers cuffed, and thrust and torn,—
With crowds of men and women squeezed and mixed,—
  And sometimes back and sometimes forward borne —
And forced at last, without a hat, or vest, or coat,
At every dirty booth by turns to give his vote.

The deaf, the dumb, the blind, the crippled man and scarr'd,
With eyes impierced, and ears and throats imbored,—
The scraps and sweepings out of doctors' yard,
Were tied like common sheep, and chalked and scored;
Or in some guarded cage were kept, or wayside fold,
As order'd by the rogues who bought, or knaves who sold.

And while the streets were thronged by men and carts,
And party passions madly seethed and stormed,
Not far away were other scenes, and parts,
And other acts by other men performed,—
Who proudly said they came not there by fate or choice,
But summon'd by that noisy god the people's voice.

A class were they who once had saved and earned,
Had toil'd, and reap'd, and thrash'd, and bought, and sold;
Whose copper coins by care and time had turned
To mansions built of stone and bags of gold;
From worm to chrysalis they changed by changing fate,
And panted still for higher birth or higher state.

And now their bonds they burst with pristine might,
As quickly other states and forms drew near;
Afresh their burnish'd wings they plumed for flight,
On higher realms resolved, and brighter sphere,—
Where debts and duns refuse to live, or writs endure—
So genial are its laws, its native air so pure!

Although but men of lowly name and birth,
  Enough they made of show and great parade ;
And seem'd, in hate, to spurn the very earth
  Of which both kings and honest men are made ;
And then their pedigrees they traced, as clear as day,
To that great realm of worms we name our common clay.

With them it was, as oft it is with others,
  And tho' patricians rich and peasants poor,
In early youth may love like any brothers,
  As years advance they seem to hate the more ;
And now with tinsel off, and stripp'd of cambric shirt,
They might their brothers claim in worms and common dirt.

But gems are scorned till artists rub and gild,
  The cloth's disdain'd, till dress'd, and trimm'd, and dye'd,
The ore is spurn'd till stamp'd, and vamp'd, and mill'd,
  The marble's naught till carved and glorified ;
And human flesh in rags is human nature's scoff,
With vulgar garments on, and golden tinsel off.

That circumstances quickly alter cases,
  A well-known proverb is throughout the land ;
And circumstances often alter faces,
  And also alter purse and grip of hand ;
And here, we hope, the circumstantial process ends,
That all presumes to alter, if nought it rarely mends.

A deal there was of fawning acts and scraping,
  Of flattering looks, and words, and fulsome show,—
Of doubtful quirks, and deeds, and shallow aping,
  Of virtues great above and meanness base below:
The field they took, and foxed, and grovelled, aped, and spent,
Till they themselves had wriggled into Parliament.

If truth unpleasant is, it must be stated,
  That men are for the market train'd and vamp'd;
Like metals base, are dressed, and washed, and plated,
  By spurious dyes, are mill'd, and drill'd, and stamp'd;
And when with tinsel gilt, or clad in gold or paint,
How few the hateful rogue can tell from holy saint!

And few there are in name and morals blest,
  Though labell'd real, and looking good and pure,
Can long the rasp withstand, or biting test,
  The wear and tear of time and change endure;
But soon some flaw will show, or deep defiling stain,
When brought to face the sun's all-searching light again.

If men our secret souls could introspect,
  Without inflicting cut, or pain, or ailing,
Our inmost hearts explore, our sins dissect,
  And open lay our every thought and failing,
Much would there be to raise our own indignant shame,
But more for heaven's Eternal King, and honest men to blame.

Where is the man that dares this search refin'd ?
  If such a creature dwells upon the earth,
He bears a more than common mortal's mind,
  Or owns a more than common mortal's birth ;
He never felt temptation's power, or sin's vile leaven,
Or is indemnified by gift from highest heaven.

Do not these thoughts at least the lesson teach,
  That mortals owe their faith to one another ;
That charity and love are due to each,
  To sister fallen and to sinning brother ;
That by forbearance men should heal the guilty past,
And kindly o'er each other Mercy's mantle cast ?

Then let not angry thoughts our breasts control,
  But let us live for love, or mercy more divine :
Love is the morning sunlight of the soul,
  And Love the porter is at Mercy's shrine :
He knows enough who knows the sweetest art of living,
Who daily lives to love, and ever lives forgiving.

Of bards and authors great where is the good—
  With all their books of prose, and sheets of rhymes—
If write they will on things not understood,
  Or subjects moot at inconvenient times ?—
And teaze your head, and heart with dull or bright reflection,
Or on their morals talk instead of our elections ?

That wit is strength, and knowledge power, I've read,
  And well great Bacon's words could understand—
If *wit* for *wittles* stood, like beef and bread,
  Which all men know our vital powers expand :
But every day we hear of men from some grand college,
Who naught of power possess but lots of useless
    knowledge.

The truth should ever grace the author's pen,
  Without additions fine of glare or gloss ;
And whether he may write on things or men,
  He should not thought indulge of gain or loss ;
But to his subject closely stick, and only think
That snowy white his paper is and black his ink.

If bards at times are deeply hurt and vexed
  By offers kind of bribes, from friends or foes,
And feel their souls by golden hopes perplexed,
  Or shrink afraid before the point they close,—
Their duty is both theme and bargain to consider,
Or sell their wares to him who is the highest bidder.

We this avowal make of men of note,
  And not of vulgar fool or scribe decayed,—
And who a month would write to earn a groat,
  And chuckle well if he the groat got paid ;
Though such an one might well have served as forage clerk
To all the fowls and brutes that lived in Noah's ark.

But bards are not what song or fable tells,
  Nor creatures framed of more than common earth;
They drink no draught from charmed Pierian wells,
  They boast no splendid gift of heavenly birth;
Nor inspiration breathe from fabled hills or gods,
But draw their draughts from earthly founts, and near
    the sods.

Like other men they work with fervent zeal,
  And earn their daily bread by labour's dint;
Like other men they crib, and prig, and steal,
  Or take their squibs and piebald rhymes to print;
Their Heliconian spring is nought more bright or chaste
Than are a pair of shears, or pail of common paste.

High time it is we should our steps retrace,
  And leave these long and dreary dull defections;
And of elections talk devoid of grace,—
  Or quit the grace, and speak of those elections [beg,—
Whereof the heroes cringe, and fawn, and scrape, and
As if the prize they sought were worth a dexter leg.

They visits made to farms of country gabies,
  And worked their way by dint of courtly grins,
As on their wives they smiled, and kissed their babies,
  And oft their girls cajoled with flirts and dins;
And whether man, or babe, or girls, the game commenced,
To each and all they shakes, and bows, and smiles,
    dispensed.

And on the Darbies call'd, and on the Joans,
  And shook the hands of all their better halves:
Their horses praised—the blacks, the bays, and roans;
  And rubb'd and pull'd the hides of bulls and calves;—
Which condescension kind, from men of high degree,
The Darbies and the Joans delighted were to see.

The streets they walked, and called at stalls and shops,
  And smiled, and bowed, and scraped, like dons and scholars;
And hats they bought, and tea, and malt, and hops,
  And skirts of wondrous scope, and ladies' collars;
No price or sum they ask'd that man or child might vex,
But paid the cost in gold, or else in printed cheques.

They called on each: in fact, they call'd on all—
  From yeomen brave to lowly basement dweller;
And courtly words they had for great and small—
  Were they in mansion gay, or lonesome cellar;
And soon these words of love constrain'd both rich and poor,
Aloud their noble patron's name to bawl and roar.

Thus men in rags will clothe, or eat a crust,
  And spurn both social bond and moral tether,
To hoard a heap of coin, or mound of dust,—
  To gather bags of yellow gold together;
And of this gold will spend, without its value counting,
Their vulgar names to mount with common M.P. mounting.

And if the game is won by merest pinch,
  Aloft their tinselled plumes they proudly bear,
And give their empty heads another inch,
  Their earthly man expand in tone and air;
An honourable strut impart to gait and walk.
And try their lips to dignify with statesmen's talk.

With wings and plumes untried, or scarcely fledged,
  They toasted were, as victors of the poll;
And by election friends, were deeply pledged
  In bumpers oft, and oft in flowing bowl;
While bands their weapons split, and cracked their drums,
So oft they played "Behold the conquering hero comes!"

Oh, what on earth is half so grand and sweet,
  Midst noisy buzz, and din, and general stare,
When summon'd at some public hall to meet,
  To be by friends compell'd to take the chair; [tone,
And while your ears are fill'd with words of flattering
The boards you mount and blushing fill your wooden
    throne?

A sorry fact it is—a woeful case—
  A baneful blot on fairest manhood's shield—
That men should oft their fellow-men debase,
  Or, with the social wealth and power they wield,
A carnival prepare, or some unholy feast,
The good in man to sink, and elevate the beast.

And why for tinsell'd plumes, and gauds, and stars,
  Should men their very souls and bodies bail ?
Their fortunes spend, or go to bloody wars,
  For bauble gilt, or alphabetic tail,—
When any day they might their names with titles set,
Or gaily wear entire the British alphabet ?

The speaker good may well be stunn'd and fixed,
  By nondescripts o'er which he oft presides,—
A racy mess of Whig and Tory mixed,
  With Chartists blest, and Radicals besides,—
A famous dish is England's House of Commons stew,
By Quaker garnish'd well, and spic'd with Wand'ring
    Jew.

And how they all got there no man explains,—
  Whether by nimble feet or active fist,—
Or by the force of bricks, or strength of brains,
  Or by the reflex power of babies kissed :
If some by sober men were sent, or honest votes,
Far more the tap return'd, and venal five-pound notes.

If men walked in by brandy, rum, and gin,
  Or went to poll their votes on legs of beer,—
With bodies stuff'd right well from heels to chin,—
  It now to me appears as plain and clear,
Although the beef did well that filled the peoples' chops.
The real returning powers were common malt and hops.

But what a motley gang, and piebald tribe,
  Of boor, and dandy sprig, and lady charmer,
With pharisee, and peer, and Jewish scribe,
  And Smut the sweep, and Mealytub the farmer,—
With other men of wealth, if not of wit and name,
All chipp'd, and dress'd, and set in House of Commons
    frame!

And some who seem'd on principles to vary,
  And daily rode about when others walked,—
And lived by rules as silly and contrary,—
  And well could speak at times, but never talk'd,
And if they wagg'd their heads, 'twas, verily, as vain
As wag of mandarin's, which comes from porcelain.

But why should not our squires and lordly calves,
  Contented stay at home to knit and nurse?
And send to Parliament their better halves—
  The nation's powers to wield and public purse?
But once this point to woman give, and thus afford her
An opportunity to keep her house in order.

But some one shouts—"The man is surely blind
  "Who crows so lustily, and talks so bold;—
"Behold the house is full of womankind!—
  "The most of whom are getting rather old;
"And present times appear to us the most befitting,
"To send them home to mind their nursing and their
    knitting."

A tailor feels ambition's restless spring,
  And swells to make himself a glorious name;
He scorns the geese that neither hiss nor sing,
  As things unmeet to share his future fame;
With swelling pride he turns adrift the unfeather'd stock,
And pants to meet the genuine birds in larger flock.

A tailor built upon the common plan,
  A snip of needles, and of thread a plier,
And nine of which it takes to make a man,
  Like other men may to the "House" aspire:
It does not prove a member of that house a failure,
Though twenty of such men it takes to make a tailor.

From summers dry and hot to cold Decembers,
  By funds political, or private bounty,
Both town and club are busy hatching members,
  To serve themselves, or else to serve the county;
And which till parties change, or times are queer and fickle,
In tubs and casks are stowed away, and kept in pickle.

And some with wit are stuff'd, and tightly ramm'd,
  And every day are drill'd by rule and test;
From morn till night are fill'd, and gorg'd, and cramm'd
  With saws political the very best;
In every art are taught—in every art expert,
Whether at reason's tilt, or throwing common dirt.

And some with care are trimm'd, and well-prepared,
  In cozy quarters kept, and hung on nails and hooks,
And like recruits are drill'd, and march'd, and air'd,
  With names and creeds inscribed on boards and books;
In various modes and ways for service are secured,
And to electioneering life by every test inured.

But harmless men, and men of neutral tint,
  Who form or sheet without remark would sign,
Or any other thing in shape of print;
  No matter what it was, or in what line,—
These men whose hybrid faith had no especial point,
On foes were set, to put their tempers out of joint.

If on the field some doughty knight should walk,
  Or some unseen event demands a fool,
His covert aim to fail, or scheme to balk,
  Then from the hooks they take a neutral tool;
And though he boasts no brains, or policy, or wit,
His end is well achieved, if he can make a split.

But chiefs political are cunning artists,
  And well automatons can cut from blocks,
And dress them off as vulgar Rads or Chartists,
  And wind them up until they go like clocks:
The thing is now achieved by Tory and by Whig,
By feint or quirk political, called thimble-rig.

If nothing new, we still may boast of change
  In creeds political, of many nations;
For naught in human life is half so strange
  As faiths political—with variations:
With thunder clouds their frowning skies are ever set,
And never knew a sunny time or rainbow yet.

Some wits assert that men are ruled by books—
  By which they mean their scrolls and parchment laws;
More wisely others say they're ruled by cooks,
  Or by the grist they furnish to their jaws;
Undoubtedly, most men are governed by the latter,
Which wits most truly call the government of the platter.

To jugglery and shams are men inclined,
  And fond of straws and visionary scenes—
Eschewing arts that cultivate the mind;
  In every form their folly intervenes,
And precedence assumes o'er things of higher rank,
And makes the future and the past a useless blank.

  Some men are pleased witery counterfeit,
  And whether built of rags, or wooden log,
Will boldly stare at every vamp'd up cheat,—
  At showman's woolly pig, or duck-legg'd dog,
Or weasel caught asleep, or living gander-squaw,
From undiscovered isles, in Tullymuthyhaw!

Philosophers may talk until they're hoarse,
  And do but little harm, and less of good;
But they who put their principles in force,
  Are more esteem'd, and better understood:
Some men adopt in life the precepts they propose—
As quacks dispense their pills, by taking the first dose.

Voters ne'er vote by virtue of their brains,
  Or from the fruits that learned study yields,
But by their incomes and their golden gains,
  Or from their numerous calves, and sheep, and fields;
And then the geese and owlets which the country polls,
To Parliament depute their ganders and their owls.

Great kings are not amenable to laws—
  At least to such opinions some incline,
Who think that princes move their royal jaws
  By rules that learned lawyers term divine:
As when they godly do, or even godless things,
They passive are while right divine tugs at the strings

Is not our Commons House a famous stew
  Of ins and outs, and angry party storms?
Of Whig and Chartist, and of Tory blue?
  With bills and creeds, and faiths and numerous forms?
For Quaker and for Jew, for each, and maybe both,
Whereby they each may swear, and never take an oath?

Our Parliament is full of paltry meddlers—
  Each faction has its pettyfogging plodder—
Its man of odds and ends—the party pedler—
  Who mends their creed with parliamentary solder;
Who looks about the state for petty sores and scratches,
On which to fix his plasters, salve, and motley patches.

But ills political and plagues of state,
  Are never healed by bits, or systems lax;
Tis better far to leave them to their fate,
  Or to the noisome care of fondling quacks,
Than to state physician, who full oft proposes
To cure them all at once by homœopathic doses!

Some men a grievance at its end assail—
  Which as the mode expedient they defend,
Away they cudgel at the evil's tail,
  In hopes at least to mend its nether end;
And e'en with this design some statesmen take the lists,
Because 'tis said a r***p hath neither hands nor fists.

Oh! that the men who represent the land,
  Would learn a little of the butcher's art—
For how can they its mysteries understand,
  Who through the tail would reach the vital part?
Then let us ever sing, "Confound their knavish tricks,"
That is, the men who deal in caudal politics.

A monster huge and foul is Vested Might,—
  Opposed to all improvements of the laws;
If men incline to do a thing that's right,
  Will Vested Might shoot out her selfish claws—
Her filthy wounds, and sores, and plague-spots, to protect—
Which sadly, round and square, the neighbourhood [infect.

Of statesmen great, we doubtless all have read,—
  Who boldly fought with evils hand to hand;
With justice arm'd they bruised each hydra's head;
  And spurned the slaughtered monsters from the land;
With ancient valour clad, they knew no dread or fear,
But thumped the brutes right well, from front to coward rear.

The world is full of pestilential fellows,
  Of St. Simonians—communistic quacks—
Who leave their native trade of mending bellows,
  To tinker tariffs, and the income tax:
Each class they would ignore, and raze each social mark,
And form this lumbering world into a huge Noah's ark.

How can it be that statesmen never try
  The wondrous schemes their cunning friends advance?
But let them run to seed, or rather die,
  Although they would our country's weal enhance!
And duly cultured in their native air and soil,
Would soon the land o'erwhelm with native wine and oil.

But senates move in one eternal round,—
  From which their members never swerve an inch;
But, bound to laws and forms, to routine bound,
  They keep their orbs, from which they never flinch:
Content they humbly lift their little lights on high,
To twinkle dimly in the senatorial sky.

From great Mahomet down to Joseph Smith,
  Our system-mongers are a selfish race;—
For ever hunting game for kin or kith,
  Or seeking for themselves an easy place;—
Well may they stare when men those silly plans assail,
Of which they formed the head and all the world the tail!

Great plans for filling empty bags with money,—
  For launching flitches on to empty hooks,—
And plans of bees for making wax and honey,—
  And, if you can believe the pundits' books,—
Millennial receipts embellish every page,
And secret forms for making up the Golden Age!

Flight the Tenth.

ELOCUTION.

In truth, from first to last, we were inclined
  To send our sermons forth in phrases plain,
Unlike the great logomachists, who blind
  Their readers with the puddle of their brain;
And neither wish to clearly write or clearly think,
But hide themselves like cuttle-fish in clouds of ink.

But what care critics for your works or name—
  With hearts unnatural as garden rockeries?
Your brightest thoughts they turn to open shame,
  And all your wit convert to cruel mockeries;
Or else expose the coddled offspring of your brains,
Upon the gallows hung or swung in gibbet-chains.

Let not uncertain hopes your heart elate,
  And ne'er by preface spun of dainty words,
Attempt great critics to propitiate,
  Nor yet by gold, or ev'n a brace of birds; [cross,
Such things may irritate their bile, and make them
And while they reap the profit you will gain the loss.

Long time were critics deem'd a spiteful race,
  Who bated neither ink nor vengeful breath,
To brand all authors' labours with disgrace;
  In garret homes to hunt them all to death;
And finish by a dip in Lethe's darkest waves,
To pen a black extinction on their lowly graves.

To this proceeding they were rather partial,
  And oft on authors' goodly tomes they pounced;
And haled them oft before their grand court-martial,
  To hear the cruel judgments they pronounced;
Then all at once their sacred flesh they would assail—
The honoured rear by kicks, the front by tooth and nail.

No longer to withstand those cruel drills,
  Or humbly bend before each coarse retort,
Some scores of authors left their inky quills,
  And lofty bards their highest flights cut short;
And both their papers burnt, and took the butcher's
    hint.
Nor dared to show themselves again in honest print.

To Gifford, doubtless, is the honour due ;
  His talents to the schemes he first applied ;
And first was he to sketch a grand review,
  When casting pen and reason from his side ;
And in his hand a lurid brimstone roll he took,
And wrote damnation foul on every author's book.

His rooms were graced with emblems of his art,
  With rows of authors swinging by the gills ;
And, not the worst or least instructive part,
  Was hosts of battered books and broken quills ;
And oft his shambles were with victims well supplied,
As critics at the bloody game with critics vied.

Departed now are all that cruel race, [wince ;
  Whose words were wont to make young authors
And thou, great Gifford, too, hast died apace—
  Their ruling chief, their leader and their prince !
And left behind a blank or questionable fame,
With scarce a deed to damn or sanctify thy name.

We have no men of the bravado sort—
  Those ogres learn'd, and ragamuffin Tartars,
Who held reviewing as the grandest sport,
  And made unlucky authors into martyrs ;
Or gaily swung them round their shambles and museums,
And o'er them chanted hymns and critical Te Deums.

In milder features Journals now appear,
  And wear an aspect heavenly and benign ;
If savage once, and wantonly severe,
  To opposite extremes they now incline ;
And common authors now, from sixpence to a shilling,
Their own books may criticise if they are willing.

Although old Gifford looked so fierce and big,
  And ne'er for friend or foe his wrath dissembled,
For love or pity cared a single fig,
  When at his bar imploring poets trembled ;
And tho' from authors' books, he made his book of martyrs,
He's on the peace commission now in churchyard [quarters.

As neither bard, nor philosophic sage,
  Can on the palm of bookish merit seize,
Nor at the market price their powers gauge,—
  Sometimes they write their selfish pride to please ;
And oft their rushlights deem the true Promethean sparks,
As wrens, in their own eyes, are nobler far than larks.

Great bards to every point are not awake,
  And oft their stature and their gifts o'ermeasure ;
And like far humbler men, they oft mistake
  Their glittering dross for gems and golden treasure ;
But critics grin and laugh when poetasters blunder,
Or deem their asses' notes the true poetic thunder.

To men who read and write, who speak and think,
  To men with heads and hearts, we yield our fate;
And pledge in brimmers, blushing to the brink,
  The monarchs brave who rule "The Fourth Estate:"
We wreath with bays the man of prose, and bard who sings,
While nature's trump proclaims them more than common kings.

Their kingdom is no dream—no fictious boast—
  No bauble new, or wonder of a day—
No toy for babbler's tongue, or tippler's toast;
  But empire proud, whose philosophic sway,
With gifts benign, shall spread from widening zone to zone,
Till kings barbaric bow before its mighty throne.

But this is not the point on which we write,
  Nor yet a theme according with our text;
But how can bard on given task indite,
  When head and heart by wandering thoughts are vexed?
But now the time has come to remedy abuses,
And not to mar our song by fibs or bad excuses.

With zeal and toil a man himself must teach,
  Who would for talk and sense be fully seasoned,
And cultivate the organs of his speech,
  As well as know the compass of his weasand—
Demosthenes to emulate in speech and wit,—
He must his pebbles suck, if not some Yorkshire grit.

Abandon all viniferous exotics,
  If thou with intonation clear wouldst speak,
And smoke, and all Nicotian narcotics,—
  Or in discordant sounds thy voice will break ;
And snuff and gin alike the wit and voice purloin,
Or make them ring like base—or rather, baseless coin.

If thou wouldst shine a magisterial star,
  Begin to speak or bray whilst thou art young ;
Be sure that naught this cherish'd object mar,
  Till deep mouthed practice lubricate thy tongue ;
And thou a sounding yarn canst spin, or wire canst draw,
As well on stolen sheep, as on some legal flaw.

The power to speak, that is to make a noise,
  Rules like a sceptre in the justice chair ;
And may be used by way of counterpoise,
  To rouse thy snoring mates, and make them stare :
Some men are startled if a common donkey bray—
As was the royal lion, when it ran away !

The man is wise, and wisely doth he preach,
  Who from his friends can tears and money draw ;
And shrewd is he who makes a telling speech,
  Although it ends in chaff and waggle-jaw :
Some men with ease can speak an hour, and some a day,
And some a dreary week—and very little say.

A court, without its complement of words,
  Would be a contradiction, and a bore;
And worthless as the whey without the curds—
  Or aldermanic sleep without its snore:
For untold miles will country bumpkins cheerful walk,
To see the honour'd bench, and hear their worships talk.

At times a man will on the rostrum jump,
  Who any day would talk a parrot dumb;
And as the water runs from parish pump,
  So from his throat the endless phrases come;
And yet his spume and froth, and all his toilsome trouble,
Seems like the painted wind enclosed within a bubble.

So Swilltub speaks, when at his house of beer
  His friends their creaming flagons deeply quaff;
And often greet his lugs with thundering cheer,
  Or curt "aha!"—or sneering hiss and laugh:
Although old Swilltub's pals receive no Speaker's summons, [Commons.
They make old Swilltub's house of beer a House of

It is enough to make a strong man quake,
  When stuttering bungler faintly asks your ear;
And while with shame his dental members shake,
  You fear for him who is himself all fear— [capsized,
Who talks as though his simple thoughts had just
And yet he fitters on, like sheep that's galvanized.

To wit,—when vulgar Caitiff Joseph speaks,
  The noise he makes is all hubbubs and troubles ;
You would not deem it came from human cheeks,
  But from a husky cuckoo blowing bubbles ;
And when he laughs aloud, he gives a regular whinney—
To which the steeds respond from neighbouring holt or
    spinney.

When duly freighted with a freight of gold,—
  The tongue becomes a talismanic tool,—
That casts alike its spell o'er young and old,—
  Although its master be a vulgar fool :
Then wonder not when noisy clowns to teach aspire,
Since Rome by cackling geese was saved from spoil and
    fire.

A title much improves a speaker's jaws,
  And takes the public fancy by the ears ;
And travel where it will, it surely draws
  The lion's portion of approving cheers :
"If dull and vain our heads, our caudal gifts prevail,"
A gaudy peacock said, and spread abroad his tail.

Great titles life impart to undertakings,
  And prestige give them, and inspiring zeal;
And titles play at navvies at our railway makings—
  Inaugural dinners eat, and barrows wheel;
Along with sods and mutton cutting saucy capers—
As all old codgers know who read the daily papers.

To projects which our country's weal advance,
  Great titles play the procatartick fiddle;
And ever and anon lead off those games of chance,
  Which prigs begin the public purse to diddle;
Till every spec can boast its roll of titled swells,
Of knights, and barrow knights, and gartered nonpareils!

You may with passions hot improve a speech,
  And from their founts the feelings upward buoy;
And he who would the heart's deep yearnings reach,
Ne'er fails their potent influence to employ;
And when his audience flags he waxes red and wroth,
As if on city turtle fed, or stallion broth.

From Slander's forge a libel red and hot,
  And brimming with Promethean brimstone full,
An audience rouses like a fifty shot,
  And wakes the very dullest of the dull:
Although it is the truth that carping men deny,
As condiment to speech, there's nothing beats a lie.

If not quite certain what you mean to say,
  No more for public talk yourself engage:
'Tis better for the drudge at home to play,
  Than act the donkey on a public stage; [chair,
And where, when asked to speak, by motion from the
You find your happiest thoughts have vanished into air.

If public speaking gives you fear or pain,
  Or if your voice be wheezy, rough, or hoarse,
From all attempts at talk henceforth refrain,
  Nor lecture undertake, or sweet discourse :
No more the swinish multitude can now be fed,
By men whose voiceless tongues are made of pigs of lead.

Most parsons preach in soporific strains,
  And seldom emulate the powers of Orpheus ;
But rather mesmerize their hearers' brains,
  As if dull journeymen they were of Morpheus :
The Reverend Dormouse is so heavy, dull, and prosy,
He'd preach a weasel fast asleep, and Argus dozy.

Is sleep the loss that some poor soul bewails ?
  His sleepless carcase under Dormouse place ;
And if to lull him well old Dormouse fails—
  Alas ! poor soul, his is a hopeless case !
Against all drops I'll back him, whether black or white,
Save and except that drop which is the Newgate hight.

With men I cannot do, who when they speak,
  Their words jerk out in cramps, and bubbling spasms,
Or strain their voices to a slitting squeak,
  And hence their speech is full of blanks and chasms ;
But jokes apart ! I ween that bubbling queer and
    squeaking,
Make up the saddest forms of all of evil speaking.

Is not our Commons House a famous school,
  Where adverse politicians strut and walk ?
Where philosophic sage and empty fool
  Begin the alphabet of public talk ?
Where Pigskin does his grunt, and Patter says his say,
While hook-nosed Hebrews cheer, and long-ear'd Gentiles
    bray.

And hath not every town its club of spouters,
  Who talk from July hot to cold December ?
At least it was so once, as, by their touters,
  I oft was asked to yield myself a member ;
And all the founders of this learned club were hight,
"The Snobs of Glory and the Sons of Pure Delight."

Three times a week our noisy conclave met,
  Our laws to make, and vote in members new ;
Each night we made additions to our set,
  Till we became a most gregarious crew,—
Composed of stuttering clown, and eke of snivelling tyke,
And tools for public speaking meant—the most unlike.

If Vargus talked of drink or vinous themes,
  And temperance meetings called a noisy curse,
And held the founders of such wat'ry schemes
  As for the madhouse fit, or something worse—
Old Dregs blew loud and long his huge teetotal trump,
In praise of water gruel and the parish pump.

Of moderation triumphs quickly shorn,
  His temperance foe old Vargus deeply eyed;
And, with a mingled look of hate and scorn,
  In fiery mood he to his foe replied,
"To other themes attune thy wretched scrannel pipes;
"In praise of Bacchus sing—the jolly god of swipes!"

And thus for many a week, night after night,
  Goosegrease and Dovetail took the wordy field;
And sometimes held the ground till morning's light,
  As neither side on mooted points would yield:
If Dovetail whined his notes in accents shrill and slow,
To higher airs old Goosegrease twang'd his nasal bow.

Had I the power, as now I boast the time,
  To tell how lawyers play the counsel's part,—
Then would I set it forth, in lofty rhyme,
  How they our nature and the speaker's art
Do honour; but my pen and theme must humbly halt,
While I in rugged verse recount a single fault.

Such legal counsellors as are inclined
  All witnesses to mystify and puzzle,
I would to peace and good behaviour bind,
  Or on their gabs would fix an iron muzzle;
Too oft by words and saws they persecute and pin us,
Or falsify the truth and nearly kill it in us.

Some men enjoy the stir and noise of law,
  As if it were a game of pleasant sport,—
And never seem to tire of counsel's jaw,
  And oft, as judges take their seats in court;
I well can understand their love of litigation,
If all their debts they pay by Laws of Limitation.

With little skill, and less of poet's art,
  The final verses of our song we twine,—
Till Nature shall some other theme impart—
  For bards may much acquire from Nature's shrine;
For all the wondrous things that fill the poet's eye,
Are but the gems reflected from her brighter sky.

Some petty victim, with his feelings hurt,
  Will irate wax and all his wrath display,—
And on us cast his stock in trade of dirt,—
  Or with complacent lips may proudly say,
"Both worthless theme and song confess their noxious source,
"As tainted springs are found by those who trace their [course!

"This babbler rude and vain dare none assail—
  "Or, fix a padlock on his rabid mouth—
"Or, bind the ruffian to a waggon's tail,
  "And scourge his recreant limbs from North to South!
"The fool, whose lying tongue is longer than his wits,
"A cutting gag requires—at least a curb and bits.

"But let the vicious scoffer do his best :
"By upright men his sneers are easily borne ;
"And though the world may laud his ribald jest,
"He'll reap at length the world's indignant scorn :
"Men may avoid the dirty path that's plain to all,
"For where the reptile creeps, he leaves his slimy crawl !"

If friends or foes will thus our theme enlarge,
We to the fight no shrinking front will show ;
Our naked head shall form the living targe
For whistling bolt, or shaft from twanging bow :
A coward he must be, or worse than vulgar clown,
Who runs the moment he has cast the gauntlet down.

While we can boast an arm to wield the whip,
We fear nor scowling guilt nor vengeful wrong ;
And from our hands no toady sleek shall slip,
Without a just requital from its thong :
But womankind may gyve such rogues with silken tethers,
And well their dainty limbs chastise with scourge of feathers.

But feints will never cure the scoundrel's sins :
Far deeper antidotes the culprit lacks :
And hence our telling treatment first begins
With whips that score remembrance on their backs :
If razors fail to smooth the varlet's ancient jaws,
We scrape the culprit's rugged cheeks with common saws.

MINOR POEMS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO ——.

Is worldly fame the goal of the mind?
  Waste not thy hours, nor count thy labours loss,
Nor be to ease and luxury inclined, [cross;
  Nor hope to wear the crown unless though bear'st the
Man's fortune flows not like the river's onward pride,
But gains by flux and reflux as gains the ocean's tide.

From guilt's entanglement thy pathway clear,
  And if the heavens vouchsafe one solitary ray,
Thy feet to safely guide, thy heart to cheer,
  And shine the earnest of a brighter day;
To Him address thy hopes, to Him confide thy cares,
Who marks the sparrows fall, and numbers all thy hairs.

From Duty's call let not thine hands recoil,
  Nor flinch when storms prevail or heats oppress,
But lend thy gifts to honourable toil;
  Though few those graces be, they might be less:
The talent hid, received the chastisement and rod,
The talent multiplied, the benison of God.

Repine not at thy lot, tho' lowly thine estate ;
  While persevering thought and strength remain,
No wizard ask to tell thy coming fate,
  An oracle is Toil that few consult in vain ;
And labour, health, and wealth, are tenants of one bed,
And yield the worker sleep, and blessings on his head.

Nor shrink when days of trouble intervene,
  And shadows dark thy prospects overcast ;
If bitter storms obscure the present scene,
  Emerging suns shall brighten all at last ;
The jewel from its secret bed, the ore from the mine,
Are by the furnace tried before their glories shine.

To evil tongues and counsels never bend,
  But all thy foes with hopeful heart withstand ;
Nor seek the smiles or aid of sympathizing friend,
  Whilst thou can'st toil with earnest head and hand ;
For Health with beaded pearls in many a shining row
Her brightest coronet entwines for Labour's brow.

For worldly strife be ever well prepared,
  Nor let thy foes deceive thee into rest ;
For by mischance or loss the man is ne'er ensnared
  Who sleeps with armour bound to head and breast ;
Nor conflict ever shun, nor shrink from Guilt's assail,
For he who daily fights keeps the lustre on his mail.

To every form of good thy soul incline,
  And to the poor award thy kindliest meed;
Good counsel with thy charities combine,
  And Heaven will sanctify both words and deed ;
Engaged in Virtue's work from morn to evening's chime
Thy deeds like golden threads, shall grace the web of Time.

When minted from the bullion of the heart,
  The sterling coin of kindness through the world prevails,
Esteemed in every clime and every mart,
  It bears the stamp of Heaven's approving scales !
Unbound by nation's type or miser's griping hands,
It speaks all languages, and wins all peopled lands.

Thy conscience and thy country's laws obey ;
  The first shall ever prompt thy thoughts aright,
Shall guide thee as a moving cloud by day,
  And flaming pillar in the darkest night ;
If human wisdom fails to guard thy feet from sin,
Then listen to the Godhead's voice that speaks within.

And win and wear a Christian's noble name,
  The highest man can wear in woe or weal ;
For thee more meet than rank, or wealth, or fame :
  It is the legend on the Godhead's seal ;
The badge that brands our sacred compact with the sky,
For all that Christ hath died, for all that men can die.

THE LOT OF LIFE.

With bitter heart, and haggard face
  Man toileth for his bread,
And leaves behind a wretched trace,
Until he takes his resting place
  In the gardens of the dead.

And dumbly in the loom of life
  He tuggeth night and day,—
While o'er the web, like shadows rife,
Contention, Care, and Woe, and Strife,
  In doleful figures stray.

With bloodless hands and fleshless bone,
  And eyes that ceaseless weep,
In startling dreams, with dismal groan,
He rolls a Sisyphean stone
  Up Care's infernal steep.

Worn out and tired with life's long fray,
  His wearied fancies roam
To lands of promise far away,
Where Hope points out a brighter day,
  And paints a happier home.

For Death with joy he waiting stands,
  And greets him with a smile ;
And smiling feels his clammy hands
Unloose the cords, and silver bands,
  That held him slave erewhile.

Now he is great, where all are great
  Who bear Christ's cross and name ;
And messengers from Heaven's gate,
In jewell'd plumes around him wait,
  His victory to proclaim.

THOUGHTS IN A LIBRARY.

HERE humbly bow and lightly tread,
For round about thee, richly spread,
Are splendours of the shadowy dead;
  Each verse a star, each thought a gem,
  That lights some spirit's diadem.

The while thy hands the pages ope,
With freedom give thy fancy scope,
As flocking round thee thickly troop,
  And gazing wistful on each hand,
  Are shrouded ghosts from spirit land.

Romance and song, and legend rare
Of redcross knight and princess fair,
And captive ward of beauty rare,
  And amorous ditties deftly told,
  Are hid beneath these clasps of gold.

And baron proud of high degree,
And lady prouder far than he,
And burnished lists of chivalry,
  Heraldic pomp and spangled train,
  All hurry by in cold disdain.

Oh! list the trumpet's quivering sound,
As trembles now the solid ground,
With war-steed's tramp or sudden bound,
  As madly meet the clashing hosts,
  And wildly shriek the wailing ghosts.

And hark! the roar and thundering din,
Of fire-lock hot and culverin,
How many lose whoever win,
  In carnivals of bloody strife,
  Of hand to hand, and life to life.

But softly! there are other themes
Than ladies' loves and soldiers' dreams,
Or wild Ambition's wildest schemes,
  Exploits and aims that prove the seeds
  Of nobler aims and nobler deeds.

And maxims weighty, counsels sage,
The current coin of every age,
Are thickly studding every page,
  And works where costly ingots shine,
  Each heavy tome an unwrought mine,

And poets sweep their living lyres,
And patriot sons of patriot sires
Again they feel impulsive fires,
  And captive lead our every sense
  With gushing tides of eloquence.

Consult, without foreboding fear,
Those mute companions dwelling here,
Prophetic sage and holy seer;
  So softly now their voices speak,
  They call no blush on beauty's cheek.

And built as by magician's wand,
Behold this patrimony grand,
The gathered gems of every land:
  And would'st thou join this banquet rare,
  Go learn to read, and thou art heir!

'TIS SWEET, ETC.

'Tis sweet to common mortals' seeing
  To be the favoured few among,
Who wear the higher modes of being,
  Who sweep the lyre and trill the song :
While Flattery's lips their days beguile,
And Minstrel's song and Beauty's smile.

O'er poet's glories cease thy grieving,
  As sadness sweeps his every line,
And 'midst the measures now he's weaving,
  The threads of Sorrow deeply twine :
With burthened heart, and brow of gloom,
He weaves the web of Fancy's loom.

Sick men when they see the morning,
  They pray that evening would appear ;
And moon and stars the heavens adorning
  Soon usher in the evening clear ;
When tired of night, and worn with pain,
Behold they seek the morn again.

Yond ragged pauper strong with health,
  Relieved from ailing, free from care,
He asks of Heaven to give him wealth,
  And Fortune grants his ready prayer :
Yet scarcely felt his new-got store,
Than, miser-like, he pleads for more.

Then where's the use of man's contending,
  And changing oft his drift and aim,
If, as it seems, one common ending
  Proclaims the race of life the same ?
Contentment ne'er could purchased be
By rank, or wealth, or golden fee.

THE FUTURE.

Oh! what a volume huge is folded here,
  The book of things that Time shall yet rehearse,
The goings forth of every distant year,
  The index vast, the chapter and the verse,
That head the oracles and mysteries sublime
That fill the scroll of unrecorded time!

Thou silent king, thou unseen prophet dumb,
  Those mighty portals veiled now backwards roll,
That we may catch a glimse of things to come;
  With shadowy hand uplift the sable pall
That hides the future from our longing gaze,
With all the pomp and pageantry of coming days.

How fondly man essays the future to divine!
  Into the gulph of nothingness profound
He eager casts his plummet and his line,
  Nor anchorage finds, nor hold, nor base, nor bound;
His compass points not where he would explore;
He knows the future is, and knows no more.

Of joy, how small the sum for one and all,
  This weary world of care and woe can give ;
Why should we then its daily ills forestall,
  Or try a double share of grief to live ?
But rather clothe untold events in tenfold gloom,
Than feel for aye the scourge of our impending doom.

Would'st thou the highest gifts of God secure,
  A holy future build upon the past,
And thou shalt blessings reap that shall endure
  While time remains and coming ages last :
Tho' man his highest bounty gives with griping hand,
Our God unnumbered blessings showers upon the land.

DEATH.

THOU Bony King, in shroud arrayed and iron crown,
Who worlds hast reaped to store within the grave,
Mankind in every form thou mowest down,
And gather'st in alike from shore and wave,
To fill the trophied garners of the awful tomb,
And swell the triumphs of thy harvest home.

No tournament is death of fictious strife,
But overthrow that makes the strong man quail;
It boasts no blazonries that garnish life,
No song of triumph save the funeral wail;
The shroud the victim's robe, the grave his temple low,
The slimy trail of worm the garland on his brow.

'Tis pride that prompts our faculties to roam
On subjects bearing death's mysterious seal;
No spell hath man to win thesecrets of the tomb,
No mystic shibboleth by which he can reveal
The masonry that binds the brotherhood of the grave,
Or break the vows that dumbly all the dead enslave.

A few among earth's multitudes are found
  Whose frames are built like rocky granite firm,
From them the arrowy shafts of death rebound
  As from the iron hide of pachyderm;
And though each lengthened life a pyramid uprears,
'Tis based upon the griefs and cares of four score years.

And some there are of more ethereal mould,
  That flit like visions bright o'er life's dull stage;
To hectic suns their beauties they unfold,
  Nor feel they manhood's bloom, nor chill of age;
They are not of that iron race of men,
Who weave the weary coil of three score years and ten.

But children of the skies in earthly vestures clad,
  Or fragile fabrics of a subtler essence framed;
The beings fair who realize the maxim sad,
  "The loved of heaven by heaven are early claimed:"
Flowers of other climes, whose blossoms dimly pale,
With all their garnered sweets to heaven exhale.

And men of lying lips and purjured breath,
  By honour hated and by truth denied,
Have furnished thousands to the lists of death,
  And thousands more their tongues have crucified;
If not with nails their unoffending palms have nailed—
On burning calumnies their living souls impaled.

The harridan who with the dawn begins,
  And loudly chants throughout the livelong day,
The calendar of all her neighbours' sins,
  Her thousands slays ; not as assasins slay,
But deeper strikes, by cruel hint and sneering jibe,
Or kills by crushing weight of some foul diatribe.

CONSCIENCE.

In early life the gay pursue their course,
  And muse, mayhap, that life will last for aye,
Or little think of griefs or deep remorse,
  When Conscience will appoint a judgment day,
And all shall be into the trembling balance cast,
The thoughts and deeds, the good and evil of the past.

Hope ever sees a rainbow in the skies,
  That flatters with its harbingers of good;
But while we on it gaze the pageant flies,
  And tempests gather where its glories stood:
Oh, that our lives might be what youthful hopes inspire,
And we might wear the hues that ardent hearts desire!

We may escape the laws which men erect,
  The weak to succour or to bind the strong;
But Heaven's implanted rules at once detect
  The slightest shades of right and erring wrong,
And never fail, with dread inexorable hand,
Their verdicts deeply on the guilty soul to brand.

When sin hath laid us prostrate in the dust,
  Our souls the ignominious sackcloth wear;
And of the world sick, and all that in it trust,
  We cast repentant ashes o'er our hair,
While Conscience, like the fiery worm that never dies,
With burning fear our sinking spirit terrifies.

Within the soul's mysterious abode
  The sacred tables of the conscience stand,
The scrolls that bear the everlasting code,
  The tablets graven by Jehovah's hand,
O'er which eternal Justice sits sublime and dim
Within her council hall the spirit's Sanhedrim.

And here are gold and fame of no avail,
  Useless the sophist's tongue or pleader's wit,
Or light as dust they weigh in Wisdom's scale;
  No blow can they avert no pain remit:
There Conscience sits, the arbiter and judge inborn,
And mocks the scoffer's tongue, and laughs his gold to
    scorn.

Thou dealest not in punishment alone,
  But from thy heavenly treasures thou can'st bless:
How many suppliants bow before thy throne,
  Thy succour seeking, and imploring thy redress;
Beneath the zealot's hand or bigot's scorching fires,
Thy smiles with hope the dying martyr's breast inspires!

Thy cord that scourge, in charity are sent,
  And mercy mingles with inflicted pain,
And love both ordeal is and chastisement,
  And antidotes entwine with every bane :
But hypocrites shall feel thine all avenging rod,
Who, while they bow to Rimnon, bend the knee to God.

TO THE SUN.

GREAT Patriarch of all the fires that climb the sky,
Well might primeval man thy glories deify ;
In transport on thee gaze through all revolving time,
And to thee bow in rapt idolatry sublime !

Most glorious idol of the ancient world,
For thee its altars blazed, its incense curled,
For thee its priests and acolytes of royal rank
Their vestal fires watched and trimmed their sacred lamp.

Thou king with diadem of ancient days,
Adorned in panoply of burnished rays,
Thy garments of the lightning's flash are wove,
And lightning is thy crown forged from the bolts of Jove.

The stars with all the beauties of the night
Thy advent tell, and pale their glories bright,
Nor leave on heaven's broad shield one silver gem,
But quickly fades before thy peerless diadem.

The time shall come when thou, great god of day,
A driveller slow shalt stagger on thy way,
Thy power and effort gone, thy vigour chill,
Obstructed all thy founts or frozen still.

The earth a dotard grown, the reeling spheres
In zigzag orbs shall mark the hoary years,
The laggard moon shall droop, the seasons fail in rank,
And heaven's face wax dull with many a starless blank.

The keystone sprung, the fabric tottering on the brink,
The big dome cracked with many a crazy chink,
And then, Inexorable Power, by hand unknown,
Shall strike earth's props and smite creation's scaffold
down.

PROVIDENCE.

No cloud can hide, nor shadows intermit
Those lamps which God's Almighty arm hath lit;
His breath through ages vast their fires hath fann'd,
And still he keeps them in the hollow of his hand.

His creatures he supplies by rules divine,
And fills the earth with corn, and oil, and wine;
He spreads for all mankind their daily fare,
And men and beasts alike his bounties share.

No mortal lives that bears not heaven's regard,
And angels o'er us keep their watch and ward;
No starry crevice bright of yonder sky
But with the glory burns of seraph's eye.

Why should we shrink when men their threats display?
What heaven shields no mortal hand can slay;
No fiend of earth, nor prince, nor power of air,
Can harm the things of God's peculiar care.

When sin and grief our trembling hearts assail,
What else for feeble flesh can countervail
Than faith and prayers more deep, and lives more just,
And in our common God profounder trust.

The world to wealth and fortune basely bends,
But Christ the weak and impotent befriends;
He to His table calls the abject and the mean,
And tells the maim'd and blind upon his arms to lean.

Though princely halls his wandering steps disdain'd,
He friendship with the lowly poor maintained;
He sought not fame, nor worldly honour found,
And human glories trampled on the ground.

He asked not earthly pomp nor earthly praise,
Nor men invoked their loud acclaim to raise;
He sought and found a sacrifice more meet,
The humbled sinner prostrate at his feet.

Why should we then our gracious Lord displease,
And like the sluggard fold our arms in ease;
With all his love and all his prayers dispense,
Till scorching sorrows wake each slumbering sense!

Shall man select from earth its choicest fruit,
Nor thank his God till time and pleasure suit?
To reap his gifts shall mortals be so bold,
And still from heaven's God their fealty withhold?

Why should we not the nobler lesson learn,
And thank our God for gifts we cannot earn ?
For boons above the reach of rank and wealth
For life, for promised heaven, and present health ?

Omnipotent and good, God wisely reigns,
From day to day our wasting dust sustains ; [lives ;
Without He moves and guides, within He rules and
He joy imparts for woe, and beauty for our ashes gives.

TRANSITION FROM DEATH TO LIFE ETERNAL

—✦—

And what is this that softly o'er me steals,
That gently ev'ry frozen fount unseals,
That changes all and gives me vital breath,
That fans rekindling fires and conquers death?

While every sense in joyous tumult swims,
No vision foul expiring reason dims,
No ailments dire, no fevers fierce and dark,
Around me cling to quench life's lingering spark.

Though clad in death and drench'd in mortal dews,
I feel the breath of life my veins suffuse;
And as my trembling soul expands with bliss,
I burst with joy this earthly chrysalis.

The mystry's solved, the seal is broken;
Behold! the immortal portals open.
And lo! the song I list, by angles first begun,
Of man redeem'd, and God's incarnate son.

I see the heavenly hosts in phalanx grand,
And rank o'er rank the immortal armies stand,
Diverging still yet brighter and more bright,
Till palms and crowns are lost in everlasting light.

With faces veiled, and on the Godhead bent,
Who sits enthroned upon the firmament,
They strike their harps to airs and themes divine,
While round their heads immortal glories shine.

Am I a spirit newly born, indeed,
And now from death and worldly trouble free'd ?
Through earthly stewardship approved the heir
To crowns of gold and all these mansions fair ?

My earthly manacles away are torn,
And up I float on softest pinions borne :
Endowments rare expand and raise my soul,
As round my path the brightest visions roll.

And higher yet my yearning soul shall soar,
Where all the ransom'd hosts their God adore ;
With loud hosannahs saints and seraphs meet,
And cast their palms and crowns at Jesu's feet.

The morning stars join in the wondrous song,
Which heaven's heirs from age to age prolong :
While Jesus stands lost sinners to redeem,
From age to age shall roll the mighty theme.

While thousands' anthems peal and heavenly psalms,
Uplift their crowns and wave exalting palms,
We know redemption's song is incomplete
While sinners cast their guilt at Jesu's feet.

But worlds on worlds unknown shall gathered be,
To hail their great Redeemer's Jubilee;
When in one song, by every land and every tongue,
Redemption's closing triumphs shall be sung.

When heaven's glories shall our spirits greet,
We hope again our long lost friends to meet,
And to our hearts once more to feel restored
The long-time parted and the long-adored.

When from our arms our treasured idols perish,
In heavenly courts above we know they flourish,
Where soon we back shall win their long lost faces,
Again shall lock them in our warm embraces.

If earthly hope with bliss the bosom fills,
How shall we feel to tread immortal hills,
And thoughtless of the world and all its strife,
The waters drink that give immortal life?

SOCIALISTIC LIFE.

And this is life, to struggle to the last,
To agonize and die till life and all is past,
With single arm to breast the surging wave,
To grope in darkness to the hopeless grave.

Yes, such may be the sceptics' dreary creed,
Who shun the truth when most its aid they need;
Who both from harbour and from pilot fly,
When clouds and blackest tempests stud the sky.

Against Eternal God their heads they lift,
And would despise both Giver and the gift,
With Reason's puny lamps their task they ply,
And shun the sun when in the noonday sky.

The works and wisdom of the Eternal King,
To their own little level they would bring,
Would bid the moon irradiate the god of day—
The potter wise implore instruction of his clay.

And, impious, ask the Great Creator wise,
His works to see through theirs—his creatures' eyes,
Each doubt to test, to put in force each plan,
Or else resign his godhead to the wiser man.

They from the skies would all the stars erase,
And hang some gaudy papers in their place;
Would make the fields for ever glad with sheaves,
And clothe the woods with fruit instead of useless leaves.

In gorgeous robes they would themselves array,
In linen walk and purple every day;
Our creeds and customs all confuse in utter wreck,
And men and vulgar brutes in fancy costume deck.

Would give mankind an aldermanic creed,
And furnish turtle for their daily feed;
Round groaning boards from morn to night would dwell,
The earth a harem make as well as huge hotel.

HOPE.

Hope, the friend and prophet of the poor,
A welcome meets at every door ;
And every board with manna spreads,
Or like an angel guards our beds.
Hope inscribes the soldier's glaive,
Hope forms the seaman's highest prize,
And Hope ! the dying Christian cries,
And sinks into the grave !

With pleasure Hope is ever gay,
And sings from dawn to closing day ;
While wrapt in mournful weeds forlorn,
From evening Sorrow weeps till morn,
But Hope dispels the gathering cloud,
And drops, with voice as trumpet clear,
Prophetic words in Sorrow's ear,
Till Sorrow laughs aloud !

Elate, Hope shoots her golden ray
Beyond the barriers of to-day,
And in each breast the rainbow builds,
That all its aims and aspirations gilds ;
Or on a base more wide and vast,
By nobler arch and and bolder span
She bridges o'er the life of man,
Till death and all is past!

Hope knows no bounds, no frontier lands,
And chains she scorns, and gyves and bands,
All legal craft and quirks disdains,
And laughs at threats and penal pains.
Hope hails the prisoner from afar,
And as she lifts her potent wand,
The gyves fall from the prisoner's hand,
And bursts his prison bar !

When pestilence and death the earth appal,
And men for mercy on Jehovah call,
With index-finger pointed to the sky,
Hope, like an Atlas, lifts the world on high !
Hope bids contending passions cease,
And when life's floods are rolling dark,
She sees the dove drop o'er the ark
The olive-branch of peace !

With early dawn Hope leaves her bed,
And decks with flowers her rosy head,
While Sorrow weeps with ceaseless tear,
And ever deems misfortunes near.
Though round Hope's ship the loud winds bay,
And rent above her pennant streams,
Through darkness dense and lightning's gleams
She dances on her way !

In morning's prime Hope holds some goal in view,
Which youth and age in aftertimes pursue,
And thus through life we're ever loath to part
With early dreams that charmed our youthful heart.
While Hope the glittering gem displays,
Through troubles dark, and toil and strife,
We chase from youth to closing life
The dream of early days !

Happy the man, and doubly blessed,
That boasteth Hope his constant guest,
Who hails each morning with a song,
Nor thinks the dullest day too long ;
Wakes with the lark, and sings as free,
Whose head the brightest glories gem,
Who wears the triple diadem
Of Faith, and Hope, and Charity !

The cup of life with Hope we'll drink,
Till Sorrow's eyelids laugh and blink;
And gaily tug with woe and strife,
While rainbows gild the storms of life.
Though come regrets and blackest gloom,
Through winter's dark and murky haze,
Hope's radiant eye, with diamond blaze,
Shall all around illume!

Then Hope, dear friends, shall be our boast,
At every feast our crowning toast;
Hope shall aye our warmest praises bear;
Hope shall aye the victor's garland wear;
Hope for time, and Hope for evermore,
In every home a welcome guest,
A healing balm for every breast,
Till life and all is o'er!

THE MURDERER.

THE night is clad in darkest shroud,
And black as coal is every cloud,
And nought there is hath voice so loud,
As the gusty blasts that soar on high,
And the ominous night-birds' piercing cry,
That flap their wings, and onward fly
At their utmost speed.

And list the din of hurrying feet,
Unearthly sounds the night-winds greet,
And busy murmurs fill the street;
Moon and stars are blotted out,
And terrors shake the hale and stout;
And hearts the bravest fear and doubt
Some bloody deed!

Forsooth, some feat of hell's undone,
On which shall blush to-morrow's sun,
When horror every soul shall stun,
The strong heart's pang, the weak heart's quail,
The maiden's shriek, and matron's wail,
With woe shall freight the sullen gale
As it sweeps away!

The owl hath left his lonely round,
The grey bat flutters near the ground,
The air is filled with a fitful sound :
Heard ye that shreik, that dismal yell !
That chilled the heart as by some spell ?
'Twas a demon's laugh from the depths of hell,
O'er a victory won !

A struggle see of deadly strife !
And well she shuns the glistening knife,
And fights as strong men fight for life,
And wardeth off the fatal blade,
The vengeful stroke is yet delayed ;
But now the deadly plunge is made,
The deed is done !

With hands that shed a sister's gore,
His reeking blade cast on the floor,
The murderer quits his father's door :
Where'er he runs he runs with fear ;
Where'er he looks are spectres there,
That eye him o'er with deadly glare,
And vicious glee !

His victim welters all alone,
Her cheek upon the cold hearthstone ;
Her throat gives forth a gurgling groan ;
'Tis done : her nostrils heave a breath,
Her eyes are dim, and glazed in death,
And now her final victor saith,
"Away with me."

And time the deed shall fail to blot,
And when in ruins fall the cot,
This tale of blood shall mark the spot;
The maiden now, when sere and grey,
Shall lead her child the lonely way,
And pointing there shall sorrowing say,
"'Twas here she bled!"

And woe hath breathed o'er the valley of Aire,
And the cheeks of the young a gloom doth wear,
The heart of the gay is touched with despair;
The rocks of old Rivacke look haggard and bleak,
And high in the mist he uplifteth his peak,
As if in his sorrow some cloud he would seek
To bury his head!

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Our tongues are parched, earth's founts are dry,
To heaven we lift a suppliant eye;
The cup is raised, but ere we sip,
'Tis dashed away from opening lip.

The hills we scan, and smile to see
The hands that come to set us free;
We look again, and vainly sigh—
'Twas but a cloud that mocked the eye.

Around our homes glad voices ring,
And fly the hours on wanton wing:
Happy again our lot we deem;
We wake, alas! 'twas but a dream.

Ill the burthened heart must bear,
That's doomed thy galling chain to wear,
To bend beneath thy heavy load,
And feel for aye thy piercing goad.

'Tis hard to reap reproach and scorn
From those who were our equals born;
To be repulsed from gate and door
Where erst we served the neighbouring poor.

Look on the hues thy children wear,
Pale as the victims of despair;
When dead of heaven and hope bereft,
Death on the dead such looks hath left.

Thine is the canker worm of sorrow,
That blights the sunshine of each morrow;
That digs the grave, prepares the tomb
Of hopes and joys before they bloom.

ARCADIA.

—✦—

Is this the land that pleases bard and sage,
That makes the poet's theme of every age,
That calls the Muse its glories to prolong,
And weave its chaplet of immortal song ?

Is it my senses warp'd, my vision dull,
That sees its grinding laws with terror full,
And deems that every spirit stoops amain,
Beneath some dismal spell or tyrant's chain ?

Not here is happiness the peasant's lot,
No garden trim leads to his humble cot ;
We spy no glimmering hearth or tidy floor,
No rose or woodbine hangs the trellised door.

For signs of busy life in vain we watch,
For smoke in fitful curls above the thatch ;
No labourer's song, no cheerful laugh is heard,
Nor watch-dog's bay nor chirp of singing bird.

No village gossip where the smithy stands,
No swarthy smith is there with brawny hands;
No truant school-boy peering near his door,
To watch the sparks and list the bellows' roar.

It is not death that makes the place so vague,
Nor promised visit of the coming plague;
And if some charm hangs o'er the place and air,
The potent spell is but a neighbouring fair.

It is the reign of idleness and sport,
When old King Beer installs his annual court,
And to his presence calls his ally Gin,
Before the feats of Great Misrule begin.

Now Beer and Gin their potent counsels join,
And from the people's heads their wits purloin,
In tubs and vats the people's brains they souse,
And bid them pay their court in deep carouse.

Old topers rally at their high behest,
From north and south they come, from east and west,
And blubbering dotards meet with kindred sots,
And drinking deeper drivel o'er their pots.

Some, drunken tribute pay the "Chough and Crow,"
While some propitiate the "Brindled Cow;"
No doubt the beer-pot service is the same,
Although both church and priest may bear another name.

What objects make the wonders of our fairs,
From philosophic pigs to dancing bears ;
All made to fascinate each outward sense,
To catch the yoeman's pound or peasant's pence.

Here dirty men through lengthened tunnels blow,
And shout of girls and boys to see their show,
Or ladies fine invite to take their places,
While merry andrews mock and pull grimaces.

A soldier dances minus both his legs,
And cuts and shuffles on his wooden pegs,
He scrapes and bows, and deftly backs and sets,
And on a single shank he pirouettes.

For alms he now appeals, nor asks in vain,
And in his tinsell'd hat the coppers rain ;
Well pleased, he now prepares more daring feat,
And smacks him down on honour's ancient seat.

While at the man the yokels gape and stare,
He casts his timber standers in the air,
And quickly on his wooden stage he jumps,
And polkas dances on his native stumps.

Hard by, a stripling dress'd in fleshings tight,
Alike devoid of fear or air of fright,
By dint of bird-lime shoes and powdered chalk,
Essays upon a tightened rope to dance and walk.

While at his feats applauding people stare,
A lengthen'd pole he poises in the air,
To fall some luckless fate the pole disposes,
When down it drops and breaks a dozen noses.

Two Indians fierce and red from Seven Dials,
Their savage life enact and all its trials,
With dismal yells they dance upon the stage,
And at each others scalps a bloody warfare wage !

And near, a man with husky voice declares
He shows both feather'd sheep and scaly hares,
Besides a pig that beats all nations out,
That boasts two tails but ne'er a single snout.

As friends come up his vocal powers expand,
And now he loudly vows he has on hand
More brutes than e'er were seen by Bruce or Park,
And quite enough to stock a Noah's ark.

But nobler game the lounging idler calls—
The travell'd auctioneer and rows of stalls,
The freaks of ancient Punch and prudent pigs,
Jugglers fresh from India, and dusky whirligigs.

To stun the crowd, and catch the gape and stare,
Bill Vargus takes Nan Lilbuck to the fair,
Aloud Bill's mates her ancles quiz of doubtful cut,
While Nan in gibing slang retorts, and choicest smut.

Loll Nandy asks his lass, with chuckling note,
To take a voyage in the swimming boat ;
Sall reels and sickens in the moving barge,
While Nandy's lap receives a double charge.

Moll Slotch swigs of a pot with Gaby Ned,
Which blows her turnip cheeks a deeper red :
While Dodge and Swanky Bob inbibe their pipes,
Their trulls come up to taste their foaming swipes.

Midst hosts of carts, and trucks, and trays, and stalls,
Two bumpkins strip to end their drunken brawls—
'Midst women's screams, and curses deep, and groans,
They bruise their fists and baste each others bones.

From right to left the growing rabble sway,
Till carts, and truck, and tray, and stalls give way,
'Midst curse and yell, and every Babel sound,
Gingerbread and nuts are trampled on the ground.

Of vengeance full, and fired with deadly rage,
A bloody war the injured owners wage ;
And each with splinters armed of broken stall,
While none they spare, they bruise the heads of all.

By keen resentment prompted to rebel,
This onslaught quick the multitude repel ;
And, furious for the fray, each man begins
To curse his neighbour's eyes and split his shins.

Two justices the raging tumult scent,
And haste the fight to quell, with best intent,
But e'er their worships reached the battle plain,
Both armies had resumed their swipes again.

Yet scarcely had the magistrates retired,
When grog or ale two heroes brave inspired;
Both far and near the mob the war-whoop sound,
While Tyke and Nozzle Dick walk o'er the ground.

As Nozzle deals his friend a trimming blow,
A well-aimed bludgeon laid him staggering low,
Another struck the Tyke with terror pale,
While both received their billets on the county jail.

On rolls the noise and buzz as heretofore,
While dogs and pigs assist the general roar; [speak,
Thro' whistles children blow, thro' trumpets showmen
Above them all old Punch asserts his ancient squeak.

"The greatest wonder of this living age!"
Now calls the gaping spoonies round his stage;
With tow and wool he crams his wizard crop,
Then vomits up the contents of a draper's shop.

Beneath his hands a rustic stands agape,
While from his gab he draws a roll of tape;
From cabalistic flask he slakes his drought,
Then blows a stream of lightning from his mouth.

As Joan and Darby strain their necks and legs,
He crams a gun with half-a-dozen eggs;
As Joan and Darby quirk, and laugh, and shout,
He fires six living chickens from its snout.

As breath returns, old codgers nod and wink,
And sighing, bye-and-bye, aloud they think,—
"The man has purchased dearly gun and trick,
"By sale of soul and body to old Nick."

If done in prose or spun in flowing verse,
Short falls the time the wonders to rehearse;
The many magic things that go to make
The common marvels of a fair or wake.

But now the thing is coming to an end,
And men and brutes their homeward journey wend,
Wives jolt their drunken mates from side to side,
Resolved to fill the road howe'er so wide.

The men now leave the honoured "Chough and Crow,"
And meet their brethren of the "Brindled Cow;"
With hands and feet their doubtful way they feel,
Or downward to the dirty kennel reel.

Beneath their load of drink their timbers bend,
And friend his arm entwines with drunken friend,
Each other's backs with freedom bold they strike,
And then discuss the points of Nozzle Dick and Tyke.

Each owner for his horse or carriage calls,
And to the absent groom a ditty bawls:
By lanthorn's aid and landlord's burly shout,
By turns the various traps are trundled out.

Dim burn the lights down many a dreary street,
Where rakes and watch in drunken quarrel meet;
And far beyond the lamps and tallow fires flare,
And show the tinsel glories of the fading fair.

'Midst trumpets din, and sound of noisy gongs,
Great Hamlet lives to prove his uncle's wrongs;
He struts in seedy pride, attired in dismal traps,
While o'er his yellow neck his battered beaver flaps.

If carts and waggons take the darksome road,
Hundreds homeward stagger with their drunken loads,
And shout in turns, and mutter as they reel along,
Or bawl some drunken catch, or end of dirty song.

Now Dodge and Swanky Bob, their money spent,
In noisy oaths their drunken loss lament;
With empty pipe each tugs away and pulls,
While on their arms they sport their faithful trulls.

Ned Gaby gloats on Molly's dreary face,
And hugs her warmly in his rude embrace;
And as a climax to their drunken bliss,
Together rub their snouts and deem the feat a kiss.

From midnight dark to break of morning grey,
The dribbling drunkards trudge their homeward way,
Where angry spouses list each staggering tramp,
Or watch with sullen brow the wasting lamp.

If at the door elate each loon appears,
At once he drops his crest and guilty ears,
While Madam's mien and scowling eyes bespeak,
The family lectures for the coming week.

Gay Benedicts who stay behind may laugh,
And round the board the mellow vintage quaff,
May boast they have no mates to share their beds,
Or give them lectures for their splitting heads.

A man whose aim is simply wealth and ease,
Few things can want his vulgar taste to please :
To simply be the pimp and tosspot of mine host,
May be of such the melancholy boast.

But why should I this tedious yarn prolong,
Or add another stanza to my song?
If future virtues crown a pleasing task,
No other meed I seek, no other lays I ask.

THE PAST: A FRAGMENT.

GRIM skeleton of generations fled,
  The voiceless ghost of ages now no more,
Great record, keeper of the mighty dead,
  How vast the wonders of thy ancient lore!
Unveil thy mysteries, and let me gaze,
Thou bony wreck of all our yesterdays.

Thoughts from the past, from out the womb of time,
  Are born that all enduring verdure wear;
Things of immortal beauty, deeds sublime,
  Their record have and have their garner there:
From thee culls Poesy her brightest gems,
And Wisdom, her profoundest apothegms.

With thoughts upborne as on an eagle's wing,
  We brood o'er hopes that perished ere their bloom,
As vainly to the past our passions cling,
  Till like the things we loved, we meet our doom:
We die, and forth of kindred spirits led,
We wind the streets and cities of the dead.

Yet love survives the victories of death!
  Destruction sweeps our all with bitter blast:
Love lives, nor wasteth with our wasting breath,
  But from the ashes of misfortunes past,
She springs anew, with plume of pride, and eye of light,
She higher soars, and, soaring, takes a bolder flight!

LIFE'S HERITAGE.

To sorrows we are married from life's morn,
  Unto the grave where all shall go ;
To bear the scourge of sin, and scowl of scorn,
Is but the heritage to which we're born,
  In this wide world of guilt and woe.

Seen of others, yet ourselves not seeing,
  We stumble on the verge of life ;
  And youth, the poetry of our being,
Is but a gilded shade before us fleeing,
  That vanisheth in worldly strife.

For ever changing are the hues we take,
  Like bubbles with their silken dyes ;
Frail as those bubbles which the zephyrs break,
The breath that made, as quickly can unmake,
  And off the unchained spirit flies.

Its nurse hath infancy, but none hath age,
  And yet it is a childhood frail,
Of life's stern prose it is the sternest page,—
Unfound the balm its anguish to assuage,
  Unknown the charm that would avail.

We freight a vessel drifting to the shore,
  Whose sea knows no returning tide;
No homeward voyager it ever bore;
Once landed he was landed evermore,
  Inexorable fate to abide.

SORROWS.

Woes are the guide-posts o'er the road of life,
  The stars that dimly shine with feeble ray,
'Midst shoals of bitter sin and rocks of strife,
  That humbly point to heaven the narrow way.

Ingratitude, neglect, and care, and wrong,
  That fall upon the head like mildew's blight,
Are but the Shepherd's hands that lead along
  Unto his gentle fold where all is right.

And grim disease, with its delirious dream,
  Is but the smarting of the chastening rod;
Happy are we when such we can it deem,
  For He who kindly wields it is our God.

It is the fire by which the ore is tried,
  It is the lamp that lights us home to bliss,
The hand unto the silver cord applied,
  And death the bursting of the chrysalis!

THE BOOK OF NATURE.

Nature speaketh everywhere: from East to glowing West,
A thousand hymning voices move at her behest;
And as from South they come, or come from frozen North,
A thousand crystal censers shoot their incense forth.

From angels bright and fair to things of meanest birth,
From man erect and noble to vilest worm of earth,
The stars in heaven blooming and flowers upon the sod,
Are but the symbols shining in the heraldry of God.

Go ask the gathering storm, who bids his forces wheel?
Why the couchant earth he smites with his fiery heel,
And rends with lightning bolts the black and rolling cloud,
As with exultant peal his thunders shout aloud?

A voice above us breathes from where yon gems are hung,
Each ray a living word—each star a burning tongue,
Whose eloquence sublime is now to man as free,
As when the sons of God proclaimed their jubilee.

What sage chalked out their paths, their onward course
to curb,
And from his plastic fingers spun each rolling orb?
Who with gold and silver strewed his glistening sands,
Or the mandate gave when old Ocean clapp'd his hands?

From the fields of sapphire, the zenith far above,
Looketh down each gentle sphere with an eye of love;
And when the Iris spreads her many coloured bow,
It symbols from our God His love to man below.

What hand the shuttle sped, what power framed
the loom,
That wove the gorgeous tapestry of yonder fretted dome?
With gems that nightly shine, who decked each
lustrous fold,
And bade the orb of life to fringe the whole with gold?

When to morning gales he bends her purple plumes,
Go pore o'er yonder sea as o'er some ancient tomes,
With eye and soul intent upon each breaking line,
Behold the Author's name, the signature Divine.

O what a precious volume, what a glowing page,
Alike that cheereth man from youth to hoary age,
That whispers this poor dust, this animated clod,
Worship thy Creator, bow down before thy God.

HAPPY LAND.

My claims are vested in the parish purse;
I heir a Briton's right and Briton's curse:
The bitter right that bids me bow my head,
And ask, with burning cheek, a pauper's bread.

No soft attire, no gifts of precious worth,
The hour hailed that saw my luckless birth;
No friends or kindly gossips gathered there,
To praise my guileless eyes and downy hair.

The master's anger on my mother lowered,
And e'en her groans the matron's temper sour'd;
The parish midwife came with maudlin aid,
And seemed far more for drink—than midwife made.

From child to youth, from youth to man I grew,
And bade awhile my workhouse mates adieu;
And yet I felt my rights were duly stored,
My interests vested in the Parish Board.

When bankrupt rogues our merchant princes vex,
And all the laws of merchandise perplex ;
Two things can claim the happy pauper's thanks,
His cash and stock within the parish banks.

For gratitude these wise provisions call,
Which on the pauper's heart like manna fall ;
Where'er my lot is cast, whate'er my fate,
My words shall praise the wisdom of the state.

My home, my rags and bed, my fire and coal,
Are but the droppings of the parish dole ;
And on its civil list the eye may see
My claims, and my parochial pedigree.

On civil lists my name is writ with pen,
The same as titled rogues or bigger men :
And well those lists the time and place display,
When paupers claim hereditary pay.

And daily men those wise arrangements see,
Nor yearn their hearts to chant a jubilee,
Nor do they praise accord to State or King,
Nor to the Nation loud hosannas sing.

The warrior bold is counted brave and good,
Who reaps a vintage of his brother's blood ;
While stars and gauds that down upon him rain,
The madman urge to tap another vein.

And mortals who achieve some common deed,
More praise and fame they reap than is their meed,
And bells, and towers, and ringers, ring and reel,
As if they did some noisy impulse feel.

But men who quietly aid the public weal,
As if they went about some hens to steal,
Are never honoured as their country's chiefs,
No more than tinkers are or common thieves.

If Wisdom heirs—she rarely wears the victor's crown ;
As all men know the ass can bray the lion down ;
And men with cant are caught, and chaff, and flam,
And daily say their prayers to gods of sham.

But why should we on men our songs obtrude,
And chant ecstatic hymns who feel no gratitude ?
We yield to bigger knaves the right to fawn and kneel,
To sing in peans loud the praise they never feel.

The class that forms the nation's head should ne'er assail
The class, less fortunate, that forms the nation's tail ;
If both are right, and in their order due appear,
Let tail respect the head as well as front the rear.

It seems that law or gospel otherwise designs,
And if the upper sneers the lower class repines ;
The one assumes the right to make the rules and laws,
By which the other lives and moves its parish jaws.

And daily head and front do their very best
To make the rump and tail to live by rule and test;
They set both rump and tail to break the parish stones,
And draw from rump and tail the marrow from their
bones.

I hate my birthright and my lowly fate;
The attributes of poverty I hate;
The fault I grieve while I avow the sin,
I hate to join the pauper's kith and kin.

Though beggars have no vanities to toast,
They may one attribute with paupers boast;
The luckless wight no power on earth can hurt,
Whose name and line are written in the dirt.

Men call the pauper blest beneath his fate,
Because unborn to rank or large estate;
Such dolts might think him blest a little more,
Were they to steal his rags and pauper store.

Can Dives love the poor, his natural foes?
He'd sooner put a pole-cat to his nose:
And cadgers poor seem monsters to the rich,
Who beggars love just as they love the itch.

For alms old Dives gives the needy man a kick,
And if he asks for bread he gets a stone or brick;
When at his outer door with trembling hand he knocks,
An order hails him for a sitting in the stocks.

The man whose ample larder knows no scant,
May walk abroad nor feel the tooth of want;
Beneath the generous charms of bread and beef,
No wish he feels to act the rogue or thief.

From head to foot his port and presence shine,
And shed abroad an afflatus divine;
While social virtues ornament his mind,
He feels at home and peace with all mankind.

But poverty has quite another source,
And runs a different way and different course:
When once the pauper cub deserts his kith and kin,
He first becomes a child, and then a man of sin.

Whether to good or evil ways inclined,
No nurse hath he to train his budding mind,
No pious hand is there to add the christian leaven,
Or give its plastic shoots an upward twist to heaven.

The greatest virtues and the greatest crimes,
The fruitage are of different skies and climes;
They draw their hues, and powers, and tastes, and bents,
From different moral suns and firmaments.

Throughout his life and from his earliest hours,
Man's nature is attuned by various powers;
And if the child we train on Wisdom's plan,
Much what we will we make the future man.

If nature gives the world the shapeless clay,
Man calls its hidden graces into play,
And leavens each sense with good or bad desires,
Or else the whole inflames with Virtue's sacred fires.

But what can we expect from workhouse stock,
Or from the scions of the parish flock:
A soil untilled and cast with random seeds,
And rank of roughest grist and vilest weeds?

Of dirty rags the pauper's bed is scant;
His richest meal begins and ends in want;
His hungry crop is ever on its trial,
And lives from day to day on self-denial.

The poor at every turn by want are met,
And dangers dark their rugged path beset,
A double share of earthly ills infest their way;
In dreams at night they live the terrors of the day.

Let luckless bards no longer sing from door to door
About the joys and comforts of the humble poor,
But rather let them come and live the happy lots
Of men with stomachs empty, and with empty cots.

And priests with ruddy cheeks may point us out the way
The laws to keep, and how our rules to obey:
First let those priests our minds and stomachs set at ease,
And then our rulers we will serve just as they please.

Although the nations' eyes are on us ever turned,
Alike by men and nations we are ever spurned :
And let content or war the Commonwealth betide,
The pauper is a worm still gnawing in its side.

And nought so much the mind from virtue draws
As stomachs empty, and unfurnished jaws,
And every thought and yearning sense they bend,
To contemplate the larder of some friend.

Let public men of common peasants learn
How hard they toil and yet how little earn ;
Let bards and witlings work from day to day,
On paupers' fodder and on paupers' pay.

Let moralists, who high on stilted theories stalk,
And of the dignity of toil and labour talk,
Let writers leave their pens and editorial stools,
And condescend to work with men and meaner tools.

This boon from soft tongued loons we ask,
Who see in hardest labour sweetest task,
Who view in horny hand and brow of sweat,
Honour's badge, and Labour's brightest coronet :

Those cockney swains who dote on rural toil,
And long to plough and sow, and grub the soil,
Who look on spades and flails with languid sighs,
And deem such tools the keys to paradise :

Romantic snobs who yearn in verdant vales to stray,
And sweetly dream all night of making love and hay ;
Who would assume the shepherd's garb, the silly elves,
And pipe their reeds to sheep as lovesick as themselves :

Oh ! could these scribes but just one quarter plod
With peasants rude, who turn the stubborn sod ;
Or hold the plough, or guide the factious yoke,
Or on the anvil beat the measured stroke.

Oh ! that they would their dreams and theories shelve,
And in the field and quarry learn to delve ;
Or daily cross-legged sit upon a heap of stones,
With paupers' pay to weave a cushion for their bones.

Soon would our cockneys yearn to see St. Paul's ;
Or sigh to gain the Abbey's mouldering walls ;
To roam the slums where barrow merchants dwell,
And dainty skewers of dog's and cat's meat sell.

And oft, with streaming eyes, they would rehearse
Their memories dear, beyond the reach of verse ;
And to their mates the chief of London cries detail,
Far sweeter now to them than song of nightingale.

In dreams, mayhap, they would disport at will,
And scale the heights of Snow or Holborn Hill ;
Or to the sacred groves repair of Dials Seven,
Whereof each index points to every place but heaven.

To other streets their thoughts and limbs might turn,
Where nightly rows of gas and tallow fires burn;
Where New Cut bards in husky notes discuss their lays,
And sing for pence and lush in lieu of verdant bays.

But we must leave this dull and moralising strain,
And turn our thoughts to pauper principles again,
And at some handy pump Pierian sweets imbibe,
While we attempt the parish workhouse to describe.

Methinks the parish workhouse is the very thing
For soldier's barracks, or a palace for a king,
Or a house of Parliament, or a lawyer's forum,
Or a justice shop for a justice of the quorum.

In woods embowered, with walks well trimm'd and neat,
It is the pauper's mansion fair, his country seat;
Where soon or late he to its pleasant wards retires,
And then his knuckles warms before the parish fires.

The whole is finished off upon a patent plan,
That saves the toil of beast, as well as thought of man.
The kitchens back and front boast their iron stoves,
With regiments of pans all fitted into grooves.

Stew pots and gridirons around the kitchen stand,
And ovens great and small on patent models plann'd;
Besides all the kettles that fill so many holes,
And all are set a-cooking by a box of coals.

Machines of curious cut are spinning through the air,
Which all the turnips slice, and the potatoes pare,
Without attendant cook each oven cooks and bakes,
And by some patent quirk it turns the loaves and cakes.

The nose is ne'er assailed by smell of steaming suds,
As by electric soap they scour all their goods:
Instead of making beds by shaking and by thumping,
'Tis done by Arnott's tunnels, and a little pumping.

And everything is ruled by scientific march,
Such as making porridge, or the mixing of the starch;
A patent sempstress plies her patent thread and stitches,
And darns each pauper's hose, as well as clouts his
breeches.

The steam-pipe daily for the pauper slaves,
It cooks his dinner, and his dirty chin it shaves;
No doubt in future days it will begin the theme,
As when in happy times he is allowed to dream.

All the rooms below are quick with noise and jangles,
From wheels that churn and turn the patent mangles;
While whistles from the ovens scream aloud, and puff,
The hour to announce when the puddings are enough.

Can strife and wrath so grand a place infest,
A place by steam and all its virtues blest?
Where patents bake the bread, as well as mix the starch,
And daily hand in hand with steam and science march.

Alas ! that it should be the poetaster's fate,
Alike its glories and its failings to narrate ;
And gladly would the bard the heavy task resign
Unto hands more able, and to poets more divine.

Most bards pretend their limping yarns to spin
From harps of gold, or fiddles made of tin,
And then by way of extra show or flourish,
They drink Pierian sweets their theme to nourish.

No doubt the poet's lines will prove exceeding dull,
Who rides a common calf or Ninevehan bull ;
While he who skims the clouds upon aerial steeds,
No blast of trumpet asks, or aid of critic needs.

Parochial bards must not sit down in doleful dumps,
Because they inspiration draw from parish pumps :
No doubt the bird of song to higher regions mounts,
With plumage freshly preen'd and dipt in heavenly
founts.

But heathen harps and fiddles, we must cast aside,
Nor calves, nor cows, nor bulls, nor flying horses ride ;
Unused to flying steeds, to bulls or asses sturdy,
The while we sing our song we turn our hurdy-gurdy !

But classic bards must ne'er themselves disgrace,
By singing out of tune, or time, or place,
But poetasters on the parish bounty born,
May treat Pierian springs with utter scorn.

But why should we this fruitless theme discuss,
Or on disputed points raise such noise and fuss,
While everything bespeaks the fulness of the time,
When we should grind our tools to epic strains sublime.

It was the dinner hour, when all were sat,
Engaged in eating or in busy chat;
I at my usual post was sitting near,
And saw Jem Noggins steal Black Billum's beer.

Billum, by wrath or quick reprisals led,
The pot regain'd, and broke it on Jem Noggins' head;
Another pot Jem prigged, and from another place,
And threw both pot and beer in Billum's face.

Billum for war declared, and stripp'd his coat,
Then seized the drunken villain by the throat;
Beneath his heavy grip he kicked and fret,
Till table and its contents were upset.

And thus from trifles as the bubbles light,
Ensued a tumult and a general fight,
When human passions in hot anger raged,
And friends with foes and foes with friends engaged.

And quick as plague their heated passions ran,
And man in wrath assailed his brother man; [drew,
And though no greivance prompted, and no challenge
Yet at each other's throats in fiery mood they flew.

From pots and pans they ready arms devise,
And thus equipped each to the warfare flies ;
Heedless alike of blows or random kicks,
They with their mates in hottest battle mix.

As strategists they fought, on no particular plan, [man
But man with woman tugg'd, and woman tugg'd with;
Determined was each noisy hero of the place
To share the glories of this workhouse Chevy Chase.

Old Longjaw Dick, a pauper hale and stout,
The parish bellows clutching by the snout,
Thrice o'er his head the deadly tool revolved,
When snout and boards their partnership dissolved.

All gazed around to see the mighty shock,
When lo, the flappers caught the cuckoo clock ;
Midst din of arms, and shouts, and thundering sound,
Both clock and cuckoo tumbled to the ground.

With glaring eye, and soul with fury fraught,
Black Jemmy saw the ruin Dick had wrought ;
The bird, if not the clock, he deem'd divine—
They were the idols of his household shrine.

Both fleet of supple limb, and glib of tongue,
Upon his feet Black Jemmy quickly sprung ;
With fiery blood, and with a tiger's angry note,
He flew at Longjaw's grinning face and whiskered
throat.

With stifled vengeance, and a fiendish roar,
He brought the braggart coward to the floor,
Then o'er his fallen foe exulting stood,
With teeth and fingers dabbled in his blood.

Tuplegs engaged with Bandy Jim with all his might,
While Jolly Codger near enjoyed the precious sight;
As Tup with open mouth at Bandy Jimmy flew,
The Codger in his mouth a lot of rubbish threw.

With Bandy Jim no sooner had brave Tuplegs done,
Than with the Codger he another fight began;
Right on the Codger's face his bloody fists he plies,
When loud for quarter and for time the Codger cries.

Before the angry two in deadly combat close,
A square of hardened soap hits Codger on the nose;
O'er all his trembling frame a clammy sweat he feels,
And slowly to the sickening summons downward reels.

The crash of pots, and smash of panell'd door,
With varied noise assist the general roar;
While through the air the splintered fragments fly,
And fall on precious head and still more precious eye.

As though they deemed their nobler kindred in disgrace
The workhouse pigs longtime had wandered from the
place;
The parish donkey viewed the fight with equal scorn,
And threw his heels on high, and blew his classic horn.

With pleasant face, old Tinker saw the spreading fun,
But neither seemed inclined to fight, nor yet to run,
And to an empty seat his nearest mate he hailed,
When both with jibes and jokes the busy throng
assailed.

With dirty hints the Tinker and old Ned began,
To cast their slurs on Scutcheon Bob and lightsome Nan;
Bob felt the rising blood his tingling ears inflame,
As swiftly to his cheeks the colour went and came.

Hard by he spied some offal boiling in a vat,
And soused a dirty towl in the seething fat,
Then slyly round the Tinker's chair he goes,
And slaps the steaming rags right on his nose.

Upon his feet old Tinker sprang with furious shout,
And tore the burning towel from his scalded snout,
Then to his laughing foe he clung with dismal yell,
Till on the sounding floor they both exhausted fell.

As Nan in silence vainly strove to hide her wrath,
She filled an ample ladle full of boiling broth,
And cast the savory mess plump in the face of Ned,
Then with the empty vessel beat his steaming head.

In turns Ned jumps and dances round the place,
And with his hands he rubs his greasy face;
He curses loud, but curses loud in vain,
As on his head the blows in volleys rain.

Anon the skirmish grew from little into more,
And heads o'er heads were seen to peer at every door,
Bed-ridden crones of shrivelled limbs and faded sense,
Began with beds and crutches quickly to dispense.

And some, with stiffened joints and eyeballs blank and dim,
Invoked the aid of quicker foot and stronger limb ;
If to the fight they could nor arms nor vigour lend,
They showed their presence on the backs of kindly friend.

As high and low the tramping din of battle swelled,
They groaned as others groaned, and yelled as others yelled ;
As high or low the sanguinary combat raged,
They felt their kindled blood, if not their limbs engaged.

To quell the howling storm the angry master tries,
When drunken Ned in fury at his weasand flies ;
Although no science ruled the varlet's doubled fists,
By might and main he drove the master from the lists.

All further strife at once the vanquished master shuns,
And to the 'larum bell with hurried steps he runs ;
But there his faith and hope were sorely hurt and puzzled,
As long before some cunning tyke the bell had muzzled.

Foiled on all hands, his greasy hat he seizes,
And thinks on fifty things, but nothing pleases;
He thinks again, and thinks the riot is no dream,
And then again he thinks, and lastly thinks on steam.

And as a last resource, and as a hope forlorn,
From its dusty home he takes an ancient horn,
And blows a blast that shakes the trembling sky,
To which the donkey and some neighbouring cows reply.

As if to foils and disappointment proof,
He hoists a signal from the highest roof;
Behind he looks, before he stares in wild distress,
But neither gods nor new police his vision bless.

To noise and roar below his ear he turns,
Where all the fight in tenfold fury burns; [cup,
The shouts he hears, and hears the crash of dish and
As if the premises beneath were blowing up.

A respite comes, awhile the horrid din recoils;
Yet nearer and more near again the tumult boils;
And swiftly on the roof the angry inmates jump,
Resolved to drag their honoured master to the pump.

With fright his tongue is sealed, and yet he tries
To see what he can see with both his streaming eyes;
And now those pallid lips, that erst with fear were dumb, [come!"
Can thunder forth, "The new police, they come, they

I cannot sing how all before the blueskins quailed,
How Dick, and Ned, and Joan O'Caffs were bailed,
Or how the master told his tale of wrong and bias
Before the learned court yclept the Nisi Prius.

And now my lengthened carol I dismiss,
As well as paupers' sorrows and their bliss ;
'Tis time to lay both pen and ink aside,
When theme is worn out, and ink in pen is dried.

TO JUDAS ——, ESQ.

In sin conceived, in baseness born,—
Come forth thou low-bred reptile of my scorn!
Fresh honours shall thy name adorn,
  As now thy hated self I dub,
  The thin-lipp'd Judas and the pale-faced scrub!

How was thy mind to physic bent,
So far from nature's first intent,
Who thee into the world sent
  A mangle's winch to work, or washing tub,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub?

'Twas easier for thy tongue to rattle,
In dowdy's ear to gloze and twattle,
To drink Bohea and talk soft prattle,
  Than bleed the sick, and pound the drug,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub!

To sit with girls their locks to tweedle,
With witching smile their hearts to wheedle;
To strum the harp and drive the needle,
  Through gauzy net and woolly rug,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale faced scrub!

To talk of friends just newly wed,
How to the altar each was led;
Or lighter things that fill thy head,
  As brainless as the head of chub,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub.

Who taught thee how the nobs to salve,
Or hang with gloze thy tongue so swave,
Like slimy lips of sucking calf,
  And reptile-like thy way to grub,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub?

Most surely thou wert very sly,
To steal what thou couldst never buy,
And filch the grapes that hung so high,
  And no one near thy sins to snub,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub!

Did Satan teach thee how to play
Thy wily part both night and day,
And thy best friends how to betray,
  And o'er thee cast his club,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub!

But conscience yet may prove her reign ;
Her kindling fires shall brand thy brain,
As outraged Heaven branded Cain,
  Sin's favourite child and Satan's cub,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub !

With better things thyself acquaint
Than foul hypocrisy and feint ;
No longer act both rogue and saint,
  False colours from thy carcase rub,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub !

Thy namesake part fulfil thou elf,
Who sold his God for vulgar pelf,
A rope go buy, and hang thyself,
  Some native Ketch engage thy heels to lug,
  Thou thin-lipp'd Judas and thou pale-faced scrub !

FLOWERS.

Oh ! what glories in your leaves I see,
  What lessons in your petals scan ;
Like stars upon the fields are ye,
  Designed to bless your brother man.

The darkest path your lights illume,
  And ye the poorest peasant greet,
For him the morning's breath perfume,
  And strew your gems beneath his feet.

I pray not here mine eyes to feast
  On southern flowers so bright and grand,
Nor wish the blossom of the east,
  To deck my home or native land.

In all the wide and varied range,
  From Iceland cold to warm Peru,
No flowers grow I would exchange
  For blossom'd thorn and violet blue.

Then tell me not where myrtles grow,
  In sunny climes and eastern bowers,
I'll weave a garland for my brow,
  Of mountain heath and hedgeway flowers.

When stretching on my couch to rest,
  A dream of youth my vision fills,
I see each flower and wild bird's nest,
  And tread the everlasting hills.

Could I command all Nature's stores,
  And change my lot with changing hours,
I'd seek the wide and solemn moors,
  With all their vast expanse of flowers.

I love the lanes so old and lone,
  With tangled blossoms over head,
And find a joy in every stone,
  A gem where'er my footsteps tread.

I would not change, had I the power,
  For dazzling gifts or golden mine,
The hills, the birds, and forest flower,
  That round my soul their lights entwine.

If when away on foreign shores,
  A thought of home bedims my eye,
It is to be upon her moors,
  To hear the piping wild bird's cry.

The city's joys all end in pain,
  I'll bid them hence a long adieu,
And hie me to the hills again,
  Where Nature's face is ever new.

Let high-born dames and lordlings proud,
  The playhouse gay and opera haunt,
And hail with plaudits long and loud,
  The airs which Paphian damsels chant.

Let prodigals by lust debased,
  And burning with ancestral fires,
Improve upon paternal tastes,
  And spend more madly than their sires.

To join creation's hymn of praise,
  Shall daily be my nobler part,
And wisdom find in all his ways,
  While God aright attunes my heart.

THE DUTIES OF LIFE.

Why in the slough despairing cry ?
  Why to our gods appealing kneel ?
We will the wiser method try,
  And put our shoulders to the wheel.

While honour guards our chamber dark,
  And nightfall knows some triumph won,
At dawn we'll emulate the lark,
  And rise exulting with the sun.

We are but servants of our God,
  Each born to labour at his post ;
And of these frames in which we plod,
  We are but stewards at the most.

With willing hands then let us yield
  Those services to God we owe,
Whether as reapers in the field,
  Or steersmen at the vessel's prow.

As workmen taught some useful craft,
  To wield all tools from spade to pen,
To write the song or build the raft,
  And bear our parts like honest men.

We ll shun the harlot and the rake,
  Who waste both time and health in drink,—
And at the brook our thirst we slake,
  And make our toilet at its brink.

We 'll shun the seat where scorners sit,
  And be our talents great or small,
Or have we strength, or gold, or wit,
  We 'll use them for the good of all.

Then grumble not thou peasant poor,
  Although thou own'st no coach of state,
Nor gilded lacqueys at the door,
  Thou hast thy cot and smiling mate.

When ruddy health and cozy nest,
  And garden round thy trellised door,
Are all thou ask'st to make thee blest,
  I wonder men will call thee poor.

Those lips that hailed thee at the morn,
  Shall smile to make thy evening sweet,
Those nestlings that thy hearth adorn,
  Shall shout their toiling sire to greet.

Those prattling gems, shall hail their sire,
As weary home he comes at night,
While on the bright and new-heaped fire,
The fuel crackles with delight.

With heavy cares and woes oppressed,
No gold can ease the wearied head,
Nor lightest down from cygnet's breast
Make soft the groaning sufferer's bed.

Domains and halls no comfort give,
Or often fail their heirs to bless ;
With these or more we can but live,
And happy are to live with less.

It is the clown and niggard old,
Who deem that joys on wealth are built,
Who measure happiness by gold,
And worship vice when duly gilt.

Then let the truth be now confessed,
Alike of wealth, estate, and power,
They give to sense no keener zest,
Nor lengthen out enjoyment's hour.

Contentedly thy lot abide,
Nor shrink when irksome duties call,
And learn with every want supplied,
That more would on the palate pall.

No gold can ward off woes or strife,
  Nor yield the power to mortal man
To add a moment to his life,
  Or to his stature give a span.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

TIER over tier the waiting boxes sit,
  With lenses arm'd, and barnacles, and goggles,
And ladies bright their fair companions twit,
  And each gay spark some charming spinster ogles,
While gallery gods above, and gods in pits below,
The quirists bore and jibe for being so very slow.

Whatever are the minstrels all adoing,
  With legs astride and some with arms a kimbo,
And others rubbing, scrubbing, blowing, screwing,
  Ugly sounds from deep profound or noisy limbo ?
Such hot work and bother, and yet no music stewing,—
With so many hands at work and nothing brewing ;

Such work ! unmufflings, unrobings, and doffings,
  Of wondrous tools in pokes, and tubs, and sacks,
And little fiddles in little coffins,
  And music racks built up in lofty stacks ;
While some con o'er the air in books of common leather,
Others curse the room and blame the foggy weather.

I never saw such monstrous men, so void of graces,
  Whence do they come? and whither do they go?
I'm sure they must have got those horrid faces
  From duck-bill'd Platypus and Kangaroo,
And heads so clad with hair of red, and grizzle, and black;
You can't tell where the front is or where the back.

A frightful plume of whiskers each cheek fledges;
  And of faces round and oval, and of faces square,
Some are clad with lumps of rushes and sedges,
  And some with a forest of foxey hair;
Whilst vulgar country snob and home-spun fellow
Try each to look right foreign, and hairy, and yellow.

Oh! what a row, a blow, and a rumpus,
  With horselegs brazen, and haut-boys of brass,
And cornets and pistons to cram and pump us,
  And our feelings to shiver like shivered glass,
With books of flats and sharps, and notes, and words,
    and airs,
And the following printed list of foreign affairs.

Signor and Senora Lahlligro Flugel,
  And Jonni Stickolorum Kettle Drumi,
With the Baron Billtomnosi Bugle,
  And Herr and Fraulem Von Trakelbohmi,
With Mulligatawny Singocazzinetti,
And Antini Tognoany and Signor Bazzizetti.

Waiting yet, and will this music never come,
  Till all are tired of rubbings, and snaps and cracks,
Of boaring rub-a-dub, squeak, and heavy strum,
  And shoutings for glue, for rosin, and wax,
Is this the way in which our time the leader spends,
By overtures of knocks, and snaps, and odds and ends ?

He comes at last, the great Apollo comes !
  Of sounds the master, and the leader of the quire,
The hero great of fiddles, fifes, and drums,
  And arm'd with staff instead of ancient lyre :
Of art he gives the gazing throng the touch and flavour,
By cutting thro' the air with quick and mystic quaver.

He throws his staff with wondrous sweep,
  And gives the book of notes such lusty thwacks,
You'd think the tunes and airs were all asleep,
  And so deserved the hardest blows and smacks,
Aright to marshall forth and name their lazy numbers,
And rouse them up from deep and spell-bound slumbers.

Now list the piping loud, the noises shrill !
  The rasping rough, and deep and droning strum ;
Behold each straining eye and leathern gill,
  From whence the loud and booming thunders come !
Each crazy kettle-drum its peal of sound delivers,
And all the heavens thrill as if they'd smash to shivers !

Of fiddles, the family little and big,
  Their capers begin of splitting and slitting,
With air of reel, and squeak of lilt and jig,
  As if ten thousand cats were sneezing and spitting?
Or a concert assisting of calf and pig;
Or playing a game of scratch me, claw me, cheek by jowl,
With an accompaniment sweet of lively caterwaul!

Fiddle the father, and fiddle the son,
  Fiddle the mother, and fiddle the daughter,
Have now the fiddling scrape begun,
  And they fiddle away as if in hot water,
And could not get out till the tune was done;
They fiddle as if they would their screaming fiddles slay,
And the leading fiddler had fiddled his fiddle away!

He stopp'd not to ask where his fiddle went,
  But took to his lungs, and began to shout,
And another man for a fiddle sent,
  But fool as he was and a bungling lout,
He found the fiddler his fiddle had lent,
  And as a matter of course came back without;
But fiddler the first, as we hinted before,
Still kept to his lungs and continued to roar.

With a hurly-burly, onslaught, and slash!
  The minstrels work'd their tools like Tartars,
And cat-gut and timber were going to hash,
  By the rub and scrub of these musical martyrs;
And bugle and trumpet assisted the crash,
And the drums at their stations trembled and shivered,
When every sound to a climax of cat-gut quivered!

Again they go, and soft and slow they now begin,
  And quick from right to left and left to right,
On fiddles of cedar, box, and tin;
  Their sticks they draw with fingers firm and light;
And the fiddles they tremble, and quiver, and quake,
As from their shrieking bows they give the last new
    shake.

A respite again but they start amain,
  With notions multiform and centrifugal;
And the fiddles they scream like fiddles insane,
  And blares aloud each trumpet and bugle;
And the music comes down in a furor and shower,
While each drummer he drums with a fifty horse-power!

If volcanoes were brought on the stage to act,
  Or if you could hear the rush of ten thousand rivers,
Or sit on the dome above when cracked,
  Or be in the moon when blown to shivers,
Then—partly, my friends, you might understand,
What a roar and a din was made by the band!

As every man there did more than his best!
To help the blowing, the roaring, and rasping,
While the fiddles partook of the fiddlers' zest,
And the brazen bugles for breath seem'd gasping;
Why in the world should any one wonder,
That our concert came off like a concert of thunder?

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