

THE ⁸⁰
COMIC RECITER:

A SELECTION OF THE
BEST & MOST POPULAR COMIC PIECES
FOR RECITATION.



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.
1856.

Price One Penny.

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EDINBURGH

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THE PORTER OUTWITTED.

At Trin. Col., Cam.,
Which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge,
There resided one
Harry Dorrington ;
A youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who chose that classic station
For finishing their education :
That is, he understood computing
The odds at any match,
Or race ;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
Could kick up rows, knock down the watch,
Play the truant, and the rake at random,
Drink, tie cravats, and drive a tandem.
Remonstrance, fine, or rustication,
Instead of working reformation,
Only made his lapses greater ;
Until warned, the next offence
Should have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his college.
One need not be a necromancer,
To judge, that with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurred next night,
When our incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the college bell—
No answer ;
The second peal was vain ;
The third made the street echo its alarm,
When, to his great delight, he heard

That sordid janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den;

“Who’s there? I suppose young haram searum.”

“’Tis I, my worthy Ben—’tis Harry.”

“Ay, I thought so, and there you’ll tarry;

’Tis past the hour, I’ve closed the gate,

You know my orders; you’re too late;

I shall lose my place if I undo the door.”

“And I,” young hopeful interposed,

“Shall be expelled, if you refuse.”

Ben began to snore.

“I’m wet,” cries Harry, “to the skin,

Ilip! holloa, Ben! don’t be a ninny,

Beneath the gate I’ve thrust a guinea,

So tumble out and let me in.”

“Humph,” growled the greedy old curmudgeon,

Half overjoyed, and half in dudgeon,

“There now, you may pass,

But make no fuss,

On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”

“Look on the stones, old surly,”

Cries Harry, as he passed the gate;

“I’ve dropp’d a shilling; take the light,

You’ll find it just outside—good night.”

Behold the Porter, in his shirt,

Chiding the rain which never stopt,

Roping and groping in the dirt,

And all without success;

But that need hardly to be wondered at

Because no shilling had been dropt.

So, tired, he gave o’er the search at last,

Regain’d the door, and found it fast;

With sundry growls and groans he rang—

Once, twice, thrice;

When, mingled with giggling, heard the tones of Ha

Mimicking old Ben:—

“Whose there?

It is really a disgrace to ring so loud;

It’s past the hour; I’ve closed the gate;

You know my orders—you’re too late;

You would not have me lose my place?”

“Fshaw, Mr. Dorrington, remember

This is the middle of November;

I’m stripp’d—’tis raining cats and dogs.”

“Hush! hush!” quoth Hal, “I’m fast asleep,”

And then he snored as loud and deep

As a whole company of hogs.
 "But harkee, Ben, I'll grant admittance
 At the same rate I paid myself."
 "Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
 Cried the avaricious elf.
 "No, no—all or none; a full acquittance:
 The terms are somewhat high, I own,
 But it was you who fixed the price—not I."
 So, finding all his haggling vain,
 Ben, with a grin and groan of pain,
 Drew out the guinea and restored it.
 "Surely you'll give me,"—cried the outwitted Porter,
 When again admitted,
 "Something, now you've done your joking,
 For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
 "Oh! surely, surely," Harry cries;
 "Since, as you urge, I brokc your rest,
 You are half drowned, and quite undrest,
 I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

ANON.

THE MILKMAID AND THE BANKER.

A milkmaid, with a very pretty face,
 Who lived at Acton,
 Had a black cow, the ugliest in the place,
 A crooked back'd one;
 A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
 Vicious and spiteful,
 And so confirm'd a truant, that she bounded
 Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
 'Twas all vain to tie her with a tether,
 For then both cord and cow eloped together.
 Arm'd with oaken bough, (what folly!
 It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly,)
 Patty, one day, was driving home the beast,
 Which had, as usual, slipp'd its anchor,
 When on the road she met a certain banker,
 Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast.
 By gazing on her features crimson'd high
 By a long cow-chase in July.
 "Arc you from Acton, pretty lass," he cried:
 "Yes," with a courtsey, she replied.
 "Why, then, you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"
 "She is my cousin, sir, and next door neighbour."

"That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
 Which needs despatch, and you may save my labour;
 Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
 But mind you owe me one—I've only lent it."
 "She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandish'd her bough,
 "Of the loving intentions you bore me;
 But as to the kiss, as there's haste you'll allow,
 That you'd better run forward and give it my cow;
 For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
 Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

ANON.

THE CLOWN AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
 Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing, and maltreating
 Women or other timid folks,
 In a late cause, resolv'd to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Apppear'd expressly meant by Fate,
 For being quizz'd and played upon.
 So having tipped the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"

"Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs instead of two."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,

"Do, pray, keep silence down below there.
 Now look at me, clown, and attend,
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"

"Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
 The Counsel cried, with grin sardonic;—

"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I,
On circuit, was at York residing.—
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why, no, Sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there."

ANON.

DANIEL *versus* DISH-CLOUT.

From Stevens' Lecture on Heads, and delivered by Mr. Matthews, at
various Provincial Theatres.

We shall now consider the law, as our laws are very con- siderable, both in bulk and number, according as the States declare, "considerandi, considerando, considerandum;" and are not to be meddled with by those that don't understand them. Law always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders; except, indeed, when a woman happens to be slain, when the verdict is always brought in manslaughter. The essence of the law is altercation, for the law can altercation, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts:—the first is the beginning, or incipiendum; the second, the uncertainty, or dubitendum; the third delay, or tuzzleendum; fourthly, replication without endum; and, fifthly, nostrum and horendum. All which are exemplified in the following case:—

DANIEL against DISH-CLOUT—Daniel was groom in the same family wherein Dishclout was cook-maid; and Daniel returning home one day fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the dripping-pan; Dishclout pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes, and he was advised to bring his action against the cook-maid, the pleadings of which were as follows:—The first person who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle; he began by saying, "Since I have the honour to be pitched upon to open this case to your Lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your Lordship's time by a round-about circumlocutory manner of speaking or talking, quite foreign to the purpose,

and not any way relating to the matter in hand! I shall will, I design to show what damages my client has sustained hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my Lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishclout, and not being at board wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping pan; therefore he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand, which the defendant replevied with her left hand, tripped us up, and tumbled us into the dripping pan. Now, in Broughton's Reports, *St. versus Smallwood*, it is said that *primus strocus sine jure absolutus est provokus*; now, who gave the primus strocus? who gave the first offence? Why, the cook; she brought the dripping-pan there; for, my Lord, though we will allow if we had not been there we could not have been there down there; yet, my Lord, if the dripping-pan had not been there for us to have tumbled down into, we could not have tumbled down into the dripping-pan."

The next counsel on the same side began with, "My Lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, says not much to say for himself; therefore I shall come to the point at once, and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor; the liquor in him having served as an ejectment upon his understanding, common sense was nonsuited, and he was a man beside himself, as Dr. Biblius declares, in his Dissertation upon Bumpers. In the 130th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1286, he says, that a drunken man is *homo duplicans*, or a double man, not only because he sees things double, but also because he is not what he should be, *perfecto ipse he*, but is, as he should not be, *defecto ipse he*."

The counsel on the other side rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the tyes of his wig about emphatically. He began with, "My Lud, and you gentlemen of the jury, I humbly do conceive I have the authority to declare, that I am counsel in this case for the defendant; therefore, my Lud, I shall not flourish away in words; words are no more than filagree work. Some people may think them an embellishment, but to me it is a matter of astonishment how any one can be so impertinent to the detriment of all rudiment; but, my Lud, this is not to be looked through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but its shadows. Now in the first place, they have called my client's premises a kitchen. Now, a kitchen is nobody's premises; a kitchen is not a warehouse nor a washhouse; a brewhouse nor a bakehouse; an outhouse nor an innhouse, nor a dwelling house."

any house; no, my Lnd, 'tis absolutely and *bona fide*,
 either more nor less than a kitchen; or, as the law more
 precisely expresses, a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usus*
culinæ, cum saucepannis, stew pannis, scullero, dressero, coal-
co, stovis smokejacko, pro rostandum, boilandum, fryandum, et
in puddings, mixandum, pro turtle soupes, calve's head hashi-
ng, cum calipee et calipashibus. But we shall not avail our-
 selves of an alibi, but admit of the existence of a cook-maid;
 now, my Lud, we shall take it upon a new ground, and beg
 a new trial, for as they have entailed our name, from plain
 Harry into Moll, I hope the Court will not allow of this; for
 if they were to allow of mistakes, what would the law do?
 when the law don't find mistakes, it is the business of
 the law to make them." Therefore the Court allowed them
 the liberty of a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and it is
 happy for us that we have the liberty to go to law.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT.

In Broad-Street Buildings, on a winter night,
 Snug by his parlour fire, a gouty wight
 Sat all alone with one hand rubbing
 His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
 While t'other held beneath his nose
 The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
 He noted all the sales of hops,
 Ships, shops, and slops,
 Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
 Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;—
 When lo! a decent personage in black
 Enter'd, and most politely said,—
 "Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
 To the King's Head,
 And left your door ajar, which I
 Observ'd in passing by,
 And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."
 "Ten thousand thanks—how very few get,
 In time of danger,
 Such kind attentions from a stranger!
 Assuredly that fellow's throat is
 Doom'd to a final drop at Newgate;
 He know's, too, the unconseionable elf,
 That there's no soul at home except myself."
 "Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave;
 "Then he's a double knave:

He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
 Nightly beset unguarded doors;
 And see how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your very nose,
 Perform his knavish tricks,—
 Enter your room as I have done,
 Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off—thus.
 So said—so done—he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But march'd off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

THE TOE.

Once on a time—no matter when—
 Whether of recent date, or long ago,—
 A Potentate, the pride of British men,
 Felt direful twinges in his royal toe;
 And quick consulted his physicians
 Upon the cause of the complaint,
 Which certainly was bad enough to vex a saint,
 Or make a lady faint.
 Ay, or a Parson swear, if giv'n to wrathful ebullitions,
 Not that I mean to say, this truly great
 And all-accomplish'd Potentate
 Did ever swear—far be it from my tongue
 To do such mildness and such virtue wrong;
 Oh, no! he merely said in accents mild,
 (Nay, some assert that, while he spoke, he smiled,)
 So very patiently he bore the pain,
 “Dear Doctor —— I am very ill,
 The very d——l's in me, I believe;
 My toe! my toe!—exert your utmost skill,
 And find out something that will quick relieve,
 For, oh! the gont has seized my toe again.”
 The doctor, as in duty bound, look'd sad,
 And stooping low,
 Peep'd at the toe,
 Then felt the pulse of his right royal master;
 “Indeed,” said he, “your Majesty is bad,
 And pain, we know, will drive a wise man mad,

But your complaint is not the gout."—
"Indeed!"—"Oh! no; I've found it out,
And speedily I will apply a plaster.
Meanwhile, with your permission,
I'll show the cause of all your pain,
And trust it never can occur again,
If you'll be guided by your old physician.
Your shoes have been too tight—too tight by half,
So that you've quite compress'd your royal toes,
And giv'n a wrong direction
To the corneous substance call'd the nail;
Now, as your toes support so large a calf,
'Tis evident upon reflection,
That the corneous substance inward grows,
And must be rooted out, or else we fail—
The fact is, sire!
That men of goodly size and certain ages
Must not aspire
To pass for youths in ladies' eyes,—
It ne'er will do—therefore, be wise,
And leave such dandy tricks to boys and pages."

ANON.

LOVE SICK WILLY.

One Willy Wright who kept a store,
But nothing kept therein,
Save earthen jugs, and some few kegs
Of whisky, ale, and gin—

Grew sick, and often would exclaim,
"O how my poor heart burns!"
And every week the poor man lived,
He had a weakly turn.

Now, when they saw him thus decline,
Some said that death must come;
Some wondered what the ail could be;
Some said his ail was rum!

At last the very cause was known
Of every pang he felt;
Remote, at one end of the town,
Miss Martha Townsend dwelt.

A portly, love-resisting dame,
Contemptuous, proud, and haughty;
But yet, tho' "fat, and forty," too,
She was not two-and-forty.

And Willy long had sought and sighed,
To gain this pretty maid;
"I have no trade," said he, "so, sure,
My love can't be betrayed."

To Martha, then, he trembling went,
And said, "My dear, 'tis true,
Though I have nothing in my store,
I've love in store for you.

"And if thou wilt, thou may'st become—"
But here his tongue was tied;
And then she bridled up, and said,
She ne'er would be his bride.

Then, turning Willie out of doors,
She said, "Go, go along;
I hate the man who's always Wright,
Yet always doing wrong."

"I leave you, then," said he: "farewell!
Of peace I'm now bereft;
If I am always right and wrong,
You must be right—and left."

So then he closed his little store,
Shut up his door and blind;
And settled his accounts, and died,
And left no Will behind.

M.

RICHARD AND BETTY AT HICKLETON FAIR.

As I waur ganging out last Sat'day neet to buy half-a pound o' bakon, who shou'd I meet but my old sweet-heart, Betty Hunt, un she said, "Aye, Richard, be that thou," un I said, "Ees, sure it be," un she said, "Richard, wudn't thee be ganging to Hieckleton Vair at morrow?" and I said, "I nowd'nt not, haply I mought," and Betty la'aught; and I said, "I wou'd," and I did, and I went to Hieckleton Vair.

And so in morning I gotten up and putten on my best
soen, clogen shoen ware out at fashion then, and I went
ink ma clank, clink ma clank, all t' way to townend, and
irst I seed were Betty, standing at her vather's door, wi'
vo chaps hauging on either haarm, un I felt all over in sike
conflagration, all my blood gotten into ma knuckles—oh,
d a nation good mind to gi'en a bat o't' chops, for Betty
ok na notice of me; so I stared at her, but she minded not
: so I nudged her at elbow, un she said, "Aye, Richard, be
at thou?" and I said, "Ees sure it be;" and she said,
Richard, wou'dn't thee come into house," and I said, "Ees,
wou'd," and I did, and I went into house; and there were
vary many people, vary many indeed, and Betty said,
Richard, wou'dn't thee have a drap o' sum'mat t' drink?"
nd I said, "Ees, I wou'd," and I did, and I had a drap o'
m'mat t' drink, and I la'af'd, and wur vary merry, vary
erry indeed; and Betty said,—“Richard, wou'dn't thee
ng us a song?” and I said, “Ees, I wou'd,” and I did, and
aunted a steave—

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,
But the morn came on as grey as a rat,
The cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
Grunting pigs too had left their stye.

Down in a vale,
Carrying a pail,
Cicely was met by her true love Harry
Vurst they kiss't,
Then shook fist,

And lok'd like two fools just going to marry.

ye, I remember vary weel that war the vurst song I ever
ng Betty Hunt, and she said, “thee'd sing us another song”
-aye, I remember vary weel that waur the last song I ever
ng poor Betty; un at last I said, “I must be ganging,
Betty,” and I said, “Thee'd cum and see ma suminat way
hoam,” and she said she would, and she did, and she see'd
e a bit, 'ut way—all the way to townend; and I said,
Betty, thee'd gi' us a buss, wou'dn't thee,” and she said,
es, she won'd, and she did, and she giv'd me a buss. “Weel,
Betty, thee't let me cum and see thee at morrow nect,” and
he said, “an thee wo't, Richard;” so I gang mysen whoam
nd gotten to bed, and went at morrow nect to meet Betty—
ght o'clock and na Betty—nine o'clock, ten o'clock, and na
Betty—eleven, twelve o'clock, and na Betty; so I tho't I'd
ng mysen whoam; so, in the morning I were told poor
Betty wur vary badly, vary badly iudced, and she had sent

to see ma; so I went to see poor Betty, and she said,
"Richard, if I shou'd dee, thee'd goo to my burying, wou'dn't
thee?" and I said, I nowd'nt not, haply I mought, so I said
I wou'd, and I did, and I went to her burying, for poor Betty
deed; and I ne'er goo through Hickleton churchyard with-
out dropping a tear to the memory of poor Betty Hunt.

THE THRIVING TRADESMEN.

When a couple of broom-men had chatted one day
On a number of things in a sociable way,
A new subject they started. Says Jack, "My friend Joe,
I have long been most plaguedly puzzled to know
How you manage to sell your brooms cheaper than mine,
As I steal the materials."—"I like your design,"
Replied Joe; "but improvement's the soul of a trade:
All the brooms I dispose of, I steal ready made."

THE LADIES' PETITION.

Dear Doctor, let it not transpire
How much your lectures we admire;
How at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explain the cause of thunder,
Of lightning, and of electricity,
With so much plainness and simplicity;
The origin of rocks and mountains,
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains:
Of rain and hills, and frost and snow,
And all the storms and winds that blow;
Besides a hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before.

But now, dear Doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter,
A matter which you never touch on,
A matter which our thoughts run much on;
A subject, if we right conjecture,
That well deserves a long, long lecture,
Which all the ladies would approve—
The *Natural History of Love!*

Deny us not, dear Doctor Moyce:
O list to our entreating voice!

Tell us why our poor tender hearts
 So easily admit love's darts.
 Teach us the marks of love's beginning,
 What makes us think a beau so winning,
 What makes us think a coxcomb witty,
 A black coat wise, a red coat pretty;
 Why we believe such horrid lies,
 That we are angels from the skies,
 Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,
 Our eyes like stars, such charming noses!
 Explain our dreams, awake or sleeping,
 Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping,
 Teach us, dear Doctor, if you can,
 To humble that proud creature, Man;
 To turn the wise ones into fools,
 The proud and insolent to tools;
 To make them all run helter skelter,
 Their necks into the *marriage halter* :
 Then leave us to ourselves with these,
 We'll turn and rule them as we please.
 Dear Doctor, if you grant our wishes,
 We promise you five hundred kisses;
 And, rather than the affair be blundered,
 We'll give you *six score* to the hundred.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To wed, or not to wed?—that is the question,
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous love,
 Or to take arms against the pow'ful flame,
 And by opposing, quench it. To wed—to marry—
 No more—and by a marriage say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand painful shocks
 Love makes us heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd!—to wed—to marry—
 To marry—perchance a *scold*—ay, *there's the rub* :
 For in that wedded life what ills may come,
 When we have shuffled off our single state,
 Must give us serious pause—there's the respect
 That makes the Bachelors a num'rous race—
 For who would bear the dull, unsocial hours
 Spent by unmarried men—cheer'd by no snile,
 To sit like hermit at a lonely board
 In silence?—who would bear the cruel gibes

With which the Bachelor is daily teased,
 When he himself might end such heart-felt griefs
 By wedding some fair maid? O! who would live
 Yawning and staring sadly in the fire,
 Till celiabaey becomes a weary life,
 But that the dread of something *after* wedlock
 (That undiscover'd state from whose strong chains
 No captive can get free) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather choose those ills we have,
 Than fly to others which a wife may bring?
 Thus caution does make Bachelors of us all,
 And thus our natural wish for matrimony
 Is siekled o'er with the pale east of thought—
 And love-adventures of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And miss the name of wedlock.

THE LAND SHIPWRECK.

This gentleman and I
 Pass'd but just now by your next neighbour's house,
 Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
 An unthrift youth—his father now at sea;
 And there this night was held a sumptuous feast.
 In the height of their carousing, all their brains
 Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
 Of ships and storms at sea; when suddenly,
 Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
 The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnaee,
 Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
 To be the murmuring winds, gust, mariners
 That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
 From rocking of the vessel. This conceiv'd,
 Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
 And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
 Up to the main-top, and discover. He
 Climbs by the bed-post to the tester, there
 Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
 And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
 To cast their lading overboard. At this
 All fast to work, and hoist into the street,
 As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
 Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bedsteads, cups,
 Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;
 They take him for the boatswain: one lies struggling

Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
 A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
 Sits in the belly on't, labours, and rows;
 His oar the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
 A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
 (As did Arion) on the dolpbin's back,
 Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multitude,
 Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
 Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it
 The constable is call'd t' atone the broil;
 Which done, and hearing such a noise within
 Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
 In this confusion: they adore his staff,
 And think it Neptune's Trident; and that he
 Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch,)
 To calm the tempest, and appease the waves;
 And at this point we left them.—

TOBY TOSSPOT.

Alas! what pity 'tis, that regularity,
 Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity!
 But there are swelling wights in London town,
 Term'd, Jolly Dogs—Choice Spirits—alias Swine;
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus outrun,
 Dosing, with headaches, till the afternoon,
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney, Toby Tossopot hight,
 Was coming from the Bedford, late at night;
 And being *Bacchi plenus*, full of wine,
 Although he had a tolerable notion,
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'Twas not direct, 'twas serpentine,
 He work'd, with sinuosities, along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming thro' a cork;
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy—stiff Don Prong,
 A fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,

When reading, "Please to ring the bell;"
And being civil, beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby, "very well!
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk, that almost jerk'd it down.
He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more; and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame!
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac in a fright;
Who, quick as lightning popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes in bed,
Pale as a parsnip, bolt upright.

At length he wisely to himself did say,
Calming his fears—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung, and ran away,"
When peal the second rattled in his ears.

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
He grop'd down stairs, and opened the street door,
While Toby was performing peal the third!

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askaunt,
And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall;
Then put this question—"Pray, Sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby—"I want nothing, Sir, at all."

"Want nothing? Sir! you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire!"
Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow—
"I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire."

"At mine?"—"Yes, yours!—I hope I've done it well!
High time for bed, Sir!—I was hastening to it;
But if you write up—'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

THE FARMER'S BLUNDER.

A Farmer once to London went
To pay the worthy Squire his rent;
He comes, he knocks, soon entrance gains—
Who at the door such guest detains?
Forth struts the Squire exceeding smart;
“Farmer, you're welcome to my heart;
You've brought my rent, then.”—“To a hair.”
“The best of tenants, I declare.”
The steward's call'd, accounts made even,
And money paid, receipt is given.

“Well,” quoth the Squire, “you now shall stay
And dine with me, old friend, to-day:
I've here some ladies, wond'rous pretty,
And pleasant sparks, too, that will fit thee;”
Hob scratch'd his ears, and held his hat,
And said, “No, zur, two words to that,
For look, d'ye zee, when I'ze to dine
With gentlefolk zo cruel fine,
I'ze use to make (and 'tis no wonder)
In deed or word some plaghy blunder;
Zo, if your honour will permit,
I'll with your zarvants pick a bit.”

“Pho,” says the Squire, “it sha'nt be done,”
And to the parlour push'd him on.
To all around Hob nods and scrapes,
Not waiting-maid or butler 'scapes;
With often bidding takes his scat,
But at a distance mighty great:
Tho' often ask'd to draw his chair,
He nods, nor comes an inch more near.
By madam serv'd with body bended,
“With knife and fork, and arms extended,
He reached as far as he was able,
To plate that overhung the table:
With little morsels cheats his chops,
And in the passage some he drops;
To show where most his heart inclin'd,
He talked and drank to John behind.
When drank to in the modish way,
“Your love's sufficient, zur,” he'd say;
And to be thought a man of manners,
Still rose to make his awkward honours.

“Pish,” says the Squire, “pray keep your sitting.”
“No, no,” Hob cries, “zur, ’tis not fitting;
Tho’ I’in no scholar, vars’d in letters,
I knaws my duty to my betters.”
Much mirth the Farmer’s ways afford,
And hearty laughs go round the board.
Thus the first course was ended well,
But at the next, ah, what besel!
The dishes now were timely plac’d,
And table with fresh luxury grac’d.
When drank to by a neighb’ring charmer,
Up, as was usual, stands the Farmer.
A wag, to carry on the joke,
Thus to the servant softly spoke,—
“Come hither, Dick, step gently there,
And pull away the Farmer’s chair.”
’Tis done, his congee made, the clown
Draws back, and stoops to sit him down;
But by posteriors overweigh’d,
And of his trusty seat betray’d,
As men at twigs in river sprawling,
He seiz’d the cloth to save his falling.
In vain: sad fortune! down he wallow’d,
And, rattling, all the dishes follow’d.
The soplings lost their little wits,
The ladies squall’d, some fell in fits;
Here tumbled turkies, tarts, and widgeons,
And there mine’d pies, and geese, and pigeons;
A pear-pie on his belly drops,
A custard pudding meets his chops.
Zounds, what ado ’twixt belles and beaux!
Some curse, some cry, and wipe their clothes.
This lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her spatter’d gown:
One spark bemoans his greased waistcoat,
One “Rot him,” cries, “he’s spoil’d my lac’d coat.”
Amidst the rout, the Farmer long
The pudding suck’d and held his tongue,
At length he gets him on his breech,
And scrambles up to make his speech;
Scrapes eyes, and mouth and nostril twangs,
Then smacks his fingers, and harangues,
“Plague tak’t—I’ze told ye how ’twou’d be,
Luck, here’s a pickle, zur, d’ye see?
And zome, I’ll warrant, that makes this chatter,
Have clothes bedaub’d with grease and batter,

That cost"—He had gone on, but here
Was stopt at once in his career.

"Peace, brute! begone," the ladies cry,
The beaux exclaim, "Fly, rascal, fly!"
"I'll tear his eyes out," squeaks Miss Dolly,
"I'll pink his soul out," roars a bully.

At this the farmer sweats through fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Steals off, and cries, "Ay, kill me, then,
Whene'er you catch me here again."
So home he jogs, and leaves the Squire
To cool the sparks, and ladies' ire.
Thus ends my tale, and now I'll try
Like Prior, something to apply.

This may teach rulers of a nation,
Ne'er to place men above their station;
And this may show the wanton wit,
That whilst he bites he may be bit.

BILLY DIP.

Chloe, a maid at fifty-five,
Was at her toilette dressing;
Her waiting-maid, with iron hot,
Each paper'd curl was pressing.

The looking-glass her eyes engross,
While Betty humm'd a ditty;
She gazed so much upon her face,
She really thought it pretty.

Her painted checks and peneil brows
She could not but approve;
Her thoughts on various subjects turn'd,
At length they fixed on love.

"And shall," said she, "a virgin life
Await these pleasing charms?
And will no sighing blooming youth
Receive me to his arms?—

Forbid it, Love!" She scarce had spoke,
When Cupid laid a trap;

For at the chamber door was heard
A soft and gentle rap :

Cried Betty, "Who is at the door?"
"Ay, tell," quoth Chloe, "true:"
When straight a tender voice replied,
"Dear ma'am, I dye for you."

"What's that!" she said, "O, Betty, say!
A man! and dio for me!
And can I see the youth expire—
O, no!—it must not be!

"Haste, Betty—open quick the door;"
'Tis done; and, lo! to view,
A little man with bundle stood,
In sleeves and apron blue.

"Ye powers!" cried Chloe, "what is this?
What vision do I see!
Is this the man, O mighty Love—
The man that dies for me?"

"Yes, ma'am; your ladyship is right,"
The figure straight replied;
"And hard for me it would have been
If I had never dyed.

"La! ma'am, you must have heard of me,
Although I'm no highflyer;
I live just by at No. 1,
I'm Billy Dip, the dyer.

"'Twas I, ma'am, Betty there employed
To dye your lustring gown;
And I not only dye for you,
But dye for all the town."

THE TWO STAMMERERS.

While others fluent verse abuse,
And prostitute the Comic muse;
In less indecent manner, I
Her Comic Ladyship will try.

O let my prayer, bright maid, prevail!
 Grant inspiration to my tale!
 A tale both comical and new,
 And with a swinging moral, too!

In a small quiet country town
 Lived Bob; a blunt, but honest clown:
 Who, spite of all the school could teach,
 From habit, stammer'd in his speech;
 And second nature, soon, we're sure,
 Confirm'd the case beyond a cure.

Ask him to say, Hot rolls and butter;
 "A hag-a-gag, and splitter-splutter"
 Stopp'd every word he strove to utter.
 It happened once upon a time—

I word it thus to suit my rhyme;
 For all our country neighbours know
 It can't be twenty years ago.—

Our sturdy ploughman, apt to strike,
 Was busy delving at his dyke;
 Which, let me not forget to say,
 Stood close behind a public way:

And, as he lean'd upon his spade
 Reviewing o'er the work he'd made,
 A youth, a stranger in that place,
 Stood right before him, face to face.

"P-p-p-pray," says he,
 "How f-f-f-far may't be
 To-o,"—the words would not come out,

"To-o Borough-Bridge, or thereabout?"
 Our clown took huff; thrice hemm'd upon't,
 Then smelt a kind of an affront.

Thought he—"This bluff, fool-hardy fellow,
 A little cracked, perhaps, or mellow,
 Knowing my tongue an inch too short,
 Is come to fleer and make his sport:

Wauns! if I thought he meant to quarrel,
 I'd hoop the roynish rascal's barrel!
 If me be means, or darses deride,

By all that's good, I'll tan his hide!
 I'll dress his vile calf's skin in buff,
 And thrash it tender where 'tis tough.

Thus, full resolv'd, he stood aloof,
 And waited mute, for farther proof.
 While t'other, in a kind of pain,

Applied him to his tongue again—
 "Speak, friend; c-c-e-can you, pray,

Sh-sh-sh-show me—on my—way?
 Nay, sp-e-eak!—I'll smoke thy bacon!
 You have a t-ongue, or I'm mistaken."

"Yes—that, th-that I-I-I-have;
 But not for y-y-you—you knave!"
 "What!" cried the stranger, "wh-wh-what!
 Dy'e mock me? 'T-t-take you that!"
 "Hugh! you mock—me!" quoth Hob amain,
 "So t-t-take you—that, again!"

Then to't they fell, in furious plight,
 While each one thought himself i' th' right;
 And, if you dare believe my song,
 They likewise thought each other wrong
 'The battle o'er, and somewhat cool—
 Each half suspects himself a fool;
 For, when to cholera folks incline 'em,
 Your argumentum baculinum,
 Administered in dose terrific,
 Was ever held a grand specific.

Each word the combatants now utter'd,
 Conviction brought, that both dolts stutter'd;
 And each assum'd a look as stupid,
 As, after combat, looks Dan Cupid:
 Each scratch'd his silly head, and thought
 He'd argue ere again he fought.

Hence I this moral shall deduce—
 Would Anger deign to sign a truce
 Till Reason could discover truly,
 Why this mad Madam were unruly,
 So well she would explain their words,
 Men little use could find for swords.

THE WAGER DECIDED.

Such little hopes I'd always found
 Of gaining Betsy for my wife,
 That I had waghered Dick a pound,
 I should not win her all my life.

But, thanks to heaven! my anxious care
 Is all removed—the knot is ty'd,
 And Betsy, fairest of the fair,
 Consents at length to be my bride.

To Dick, then, as in honour bound,
 Well pleased, I hold myself in debt;
 Thus, by the oddest luck, 'tis found
 I lose my wager, win my BET.